

EISTEDDFOD GADEIRIOL LLANFACHRETH

8/6/19

RHYDDIAITH

1. **Agored:** Pum erthygl o newyddion gwahanol ar gyfer papur bro (heb fod dros 6,000 o eiriau) £30

2. **Dan 25 oed:** Stori Fer £20 £10

3. **Ail Iaith Agored:** "Blog" yn sôn am ddigwyddiadau ar y newyddion £10

4-10: Cystadlaethau Uwchradd a Chynradd

11. **Cyfieithu i'r Gymraeg:** £10

A Child's Christmas in Wales

One Christmas was so much like the other, that I can never remember whether it snowed for six days and six nights when I was twelve, or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six.

It was on the afternoon of the day of Christmas Eve, and I was in Mrs Prothero's garden, waiting for cats, with her son Jim. It was snowing. It was always snowing at Christmas. December, in my memory, is white as Lapland, although there were no reindeers. But there were cats. Patient, cold and callous, our hands wrapped in socks, we waited to snowball the cats.

The wise cats never appeared. We were so still, Eskimo-footed arctic marksmen in the muffling silence of the eternal snows—eternal, ever since Wednesday—that we never heard Mrs Prothero's first cry from her igloo at the bottom of the garden. Or, if we heard it at all, it was, to us, like the far-off challenge of our enemy and prey, the neighbour's polar cat. But soon the voice grew louder. "Fire!" cried Mrs Prothero, and she beat the dinner-gong.

Something was burning all right; perhaps it was Mr Prothero, who always slept there after midday dinner with a newspaper over his face. But he was standing in the middle of the room, saying, "A fine Christmas!" and smacking at the smoke with a slipper.

"Call the fire brigade," cried Mrs Prothero as she beat the gong. "They won't be here," said Mr Prothero, "it's Christmas."

There was no fire to be seen, only clouds of smoke and Mr Prothero standing in the middle of them, waving his slipper as though he were conducting.

"Do something," he said.

And we threw all our snowballs into the smoke—I think we missed Mr Prothero and ran out of the house to the telephone box.

AGORED AR GYFER EISTEDDFOD 2020:

Ysgrif yn dechrau "Mae'n syndod faint o newid....." (heb fod dros 6,000 o eiriau)

£30

AWEN

12. Cerdd Gaeth neu Rydd (dim mwy na 150 llinell): "Gobaith"		Cadair yr Eisteddfod
13. Telyneg: "Aelwyd"	£20	
14. Dychangerdd: "Pwysigion"	£10	
15. Englyn: "Golau"	£10	
16. Soned: "Cywilydd"	£10	
17. Englyn Ysgafn: "Potel Dŵr Poeth"	£10	
18. Cyfansoddi Emyn: "Addas ar gyfer Gwasanaeth Ysgol"	£10	
19. Pedwar Pennill Telyn: "Adar"	£10	
20. Parodi ar unrhyw gerdd gan Eifion Wyn	£10	
21. Cerdd dan 25 oed – hunanddewisiad	£10	

Cynhyrchion adrannau Rhyddiaith ac Awen i'w danfon at y Beirniad priodol **erbyn Dydd Gwener, Mai 24ain 2019**

BEIRNIAD: Esyllt Tudur Adair, 59 Ffordd yr Orsaf, Llanrwst, Conwy LL26 0EH

Dylai ymgeiswyr anfon ffug enw, enw a chyfeiriad at yr Ysgrifennydd

YSGRIFENNYDD: Rhian Thomas, Nant Cnidyw, Bontnewydd, Dolgellau LL40 2DG

Bydd hawl gan y Pwyllgor i gadw a chyhoeddi cyfansoddiadau buddugol yn "Llên y Llannau". Dychwelir y cynhyrchion anfuddugol ar ôl yr Eisteddfod, ond i'r ymgeiswyr anfon am eu heiddo i'r Ysgrifennydd gan amgau'r ffugenw, rhif y gystadleuaeth a chludiad post. Rhaid gwneud hyn o fewn tri mis ar ôl yr Eisteddfod.