Nadolig Llawen

oddi wrth

F Bryn.



Cylchgrawn Dwyieithog
Ysgol Gyfun Bryntirion
Bilingual Magazine

RHAGFYR 2023

Phifyn appennig wedi'i gpen gan.../special issue created by...





Clawr/Front Cover gan Jasmine Scott-Reynolds

Tudalen 2: Anagramau Nadolig/Christmas Anagrams

Tudalen 3-4: Taflen Waith Nadolig/Christmas Worksheet gan Millie Drew ac Amber Nathwani.

Tudalen 5-9: The Snow Spider

Tudalen 10: Cwis The Snow Spider Quiz

Tudalen 11: Pethau i wneud dros y Nadolig/ Things to do over Christmas by Luke Close

Tudalen 12-14: Nodyn Nadolig

Tudalen 15: Enillwyr Nodyn Nadolig Winners

Tudalen 16: Chwilair/Wordsearch by Dylan Landon

Tudalen 17: Cwis Emoji Quiz by Lloyd Hart

Tudalen 18-19: Lliwio/Colouring by Aaliyah Cross

Tudalen 20: Christmas Poster Nadolig gan Miah Thurlow

Tudalen 21: Amser Coginio/Cooking gan Jazzmin Bridgeman

Tudalen 22: Calenig gan Jake Beynon

Tudalen 23: Nadolig yng Nghymru/Christmas in Wales gan Poppy Phillips ac Ellie Palmer

Tudalen 24: Eisiau Dysgu Cymraeg?/Want to learn Welsh?

ANAGRAMAU NADOLIG!

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CELYN

COEDEN NADOLIG CARW SEREN

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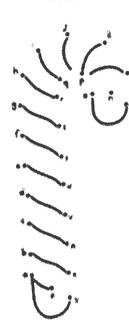
ANGEL
PWDIN NADOLIG
CLYCHAU



NADOLIG

Potto dot

Ffon Candi



What's red white and blue at Christmas?

A sad candy cane







What does a snowman say when they don't want to do something?

Snowway man!





Match the image to the word



Anrheg



Pluen eira



Dyn eira



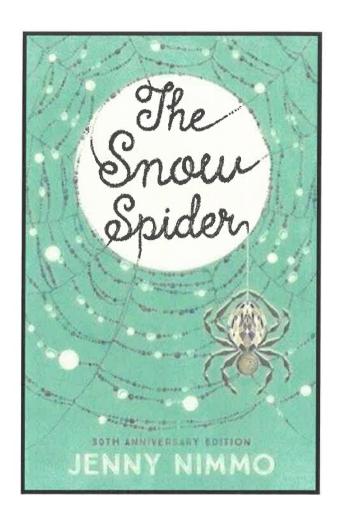
Coeden Nadolig



gan

Millie Brew ac Amber Nathwani. Blwyddyn 9

Have you ever read...?



The Snow Spider is a tale woven with ancient Welsh folklore and magic, one that reflects the author's love of the Welsh landscape.

When Gwyn is given five mysterious birthday gifts by his grandmother, they give him access to a new and fantastic universe; a universe that will endow Gwyn with ancient Welsh magical powers and may even help him to find his missing sister Bethan.



CHAPTER ONE

The five gifts

Gwyn's grandmother gave him five gifts for his birthday, his ninth birthday. They were very unusual gifts and if Gwyn had not been the sort of boy he was, he might have been disappointed.

'Happy Birthday!' said his grandmother, turning her basket upside down.

Gwyn stared at the objects on the kitchen floor, none of them wrapped in bright birthday paper: a piece of seaweed, a yellow scarf, a tin whistle, a twisted metal brooch, and a small, broken horse.

'Thank you, Nain!' said Gwyn, calling his grandmother the name she liked best.

"Time to find out if you are a magician, Gwydion Gwyn!" said Nain.

'A magician?' Gwyn inquired.

'Time to remember your ancestors: Math, Lord of Gwynedd, Gwydion and Gilfaethwy!'

'Who?'

'The magicians, boy! They lived here, in these mountains, maybe a thousand years ago, and they could do anything they

wanted, turn men into eagles and soldiers into dust; they could make dreams come true, and so, perhaps could you!'

On special occasions Nain often said peculiar things. Gwyn could not think of a reply.

'There has been an ache in this house since your sister – went,' said Nain, 'the ache of emptiness. You need help. If you have inherited the power of Gwydion you can use it to get your heart's desire.' She turned on her heel. 'I won't stay for tea!'

'We've only just had breakfast, Nain!'

'Nevertheless...' She swept away, down the passage and through the open front door, her black hair sparkling in the golden mist that hung over the garden, her dress as gaudy as the autumn flowers crowding by the gate. Then she looked back and sang out, 'Give them to the wind, Gwydion Gwyn, one by one, and you'll see!'

Gwyn took the gifts up to his bedroom and laid them on the windowsill. They looked the most improbable effects for a magician.

'What's she on about now?' He scratched at his uncombed hair. From his tiny attic window he could see Nain's dark head bobbing down the mountain track. 'She travels too fast for a grandmother,' Gwyn muttered. 'If my ancestors were magicians, does that make her a witch?'

His father's voice roared up the stairs, 'Have you done the chickens then, Gwyn? It's Saturday. What about the gate? The sheep will be in the garden again. Was that your grandmother? Why didn't she stay?'

Gwyn answered none of these questions. He gathered

Nain's gifts together, put them in a drawer and went downstairs. His father was outside, shouting at the cows now, as he drove them down the track to pasture.

Gwyn sighed and pulled on his boots. His grandmother had delayed him, but she had remembered his birthday. His father did not wish to remember. There was no rest on Saturday for Gwyn. No time for football matches, no bicycle to ride down to the town. He was the only help his father had on the farm, and weekends were days for catching up with all the work he had missed during the week.

He tried not to think of Bethan, his sister, as he scattered corn to the hens, and searched for eggs in the barn. But when he went to examine the gate, he could not forget.

Beyond the vivid autumn daisies there was a cluster of white flowers nestling beneath the stone wall. Bethan had brought them up from the wood and planted them there, safe against the winds that tore across the mountain. Perhaps, even then, she had known that one day she would be gone, and wanted to leave something for them to remember her by.

'Gwyn, I've something for you.' His mother was leaning out of the kitchen window.

'I've to do the gate, Dad says!'

'Do it later; it's your birthday, Gwyn. Come and see what I've got for you!'

Gwyn dropped his tool box and ran inside.

'I've only just wrapped it,' his mother apologised. 'Did Nain bring you anything?'

'Yes. I thought everyone else had forgotten.'

'Of course not. I was so busy last night, I couldn't find the

paper. Here you are!' His mother held out something very small, wrapped in shiny green paper.

Gwyn took the present, noticing that the paper had gold stars on it.

'I chose the paper specially.' Mrs Griffiths smiled anxiously.

'Wow!' Gwyn had torn off the paper and revealed a black watch in a transparent plastic box. Replacing the numbers, tiny silver moons encircled the dark face of the watch and, as Gwyn moved it, the hands sparkled like shooting stars.

'Oh, thanks, Mam!' Gwyn clasped the box to his chest and flung his free arm round his mother's neck.

'It's from us both, Gwyn. Your dad and me!'

'Yes, Mam,' Gwyn said, though he knew his mother had not spoken the truth. His father did not give him gifts.

'I knew you'd like it; always looking at the stars, you are, you funny boy. Take care of it now!'

'Course I will. It's more the sort of present for a magician. Nain gave me such strange things.'

His mother drew away from him. 'What things? What do you mean, a magician? Has Nain been spouting nonsense again?'

'Come and see!' Gwyn led his mother up to the attic and opened his top drawer. 'There!' He pointed to Nain's gifts.

Mrs Griffiths frowned at the five objects laid in a row on Gwyn's white school shirt. 'Whatever is she on about now? I wish she wouldn't.' She picked up the broken horse and turned it over in her hands.

'It has no ears, Mam,' Gwyn remarked, 'and no tail. Why did she give me a broken horse?'

1.The Snow Spider's 'ancient magic' is based on the Mabinogi. What are the Mabinogi?
2.Gwyn is named after his ancestor, Gwydion. In the Mabinogi, who is Gwydion?
3.What is the meaning of the name 'Nain'?
4.Where is Gwynedd?
5.In the Mabinogi Gwydion creates Lleu a wife. What was her name and what was special about her?

If you would like to borrow a copy of the book. please see Mrs McNaught in D1 at anytime!



THINGS TO DO THIS

NADOLIG

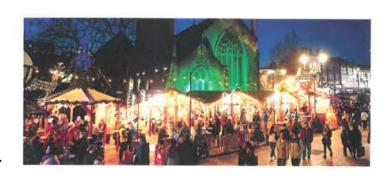
Visit Winter Wonderland



From 16 November 2023 until 2nd January 2024, you can join the ultimate winter experience split across two prestigious locations. You'll be pleased to hear all your festive favourites will be returning such as the ice rink, funfair attractions with plenty of food and drink.

Visit a Christmas Market

The vast majority of amazing shops, quaint Edwardian and Victorian arcades, restaurants and attractions are within a 5 minute walk of the Cardiff Christmas Market. You can also take in the beauty of Bute Park, Cardiff Castle and many other sights all just a stroll away from the market.



Build a Gingerbread House or Make Your Own Snow Globe!



Edrychwch ar y wê am syniadau! Look online for ideas!

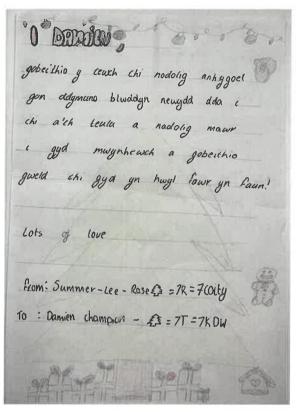


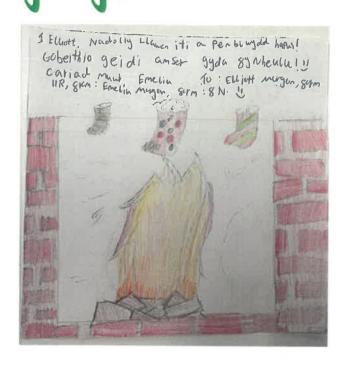
gan Luke Close. Blwyddyn 8



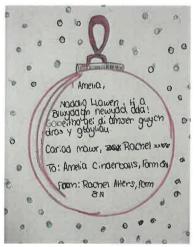


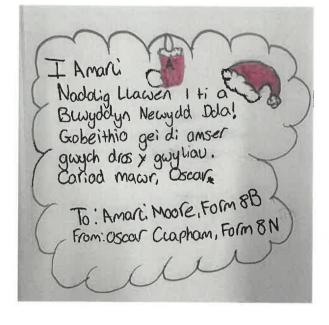
NODYN NADOLIG Gwaith bendigedig!









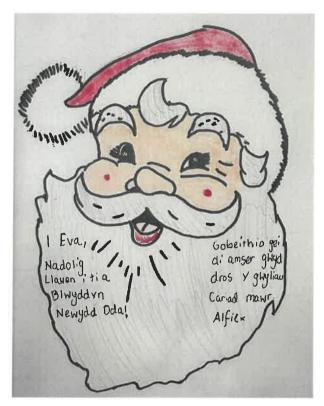


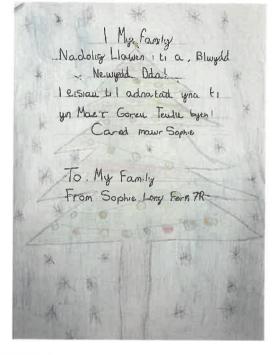


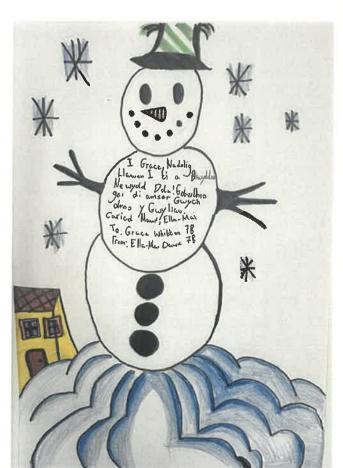


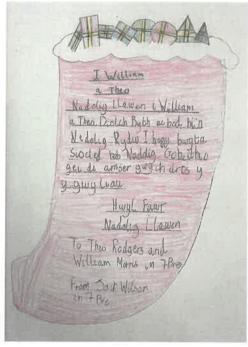
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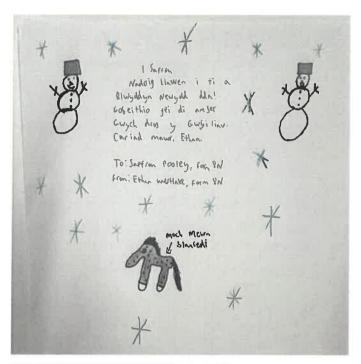


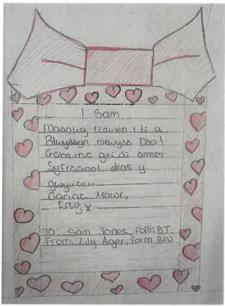






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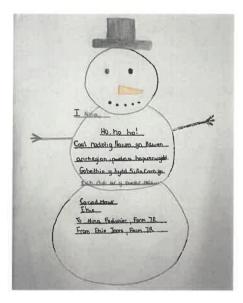






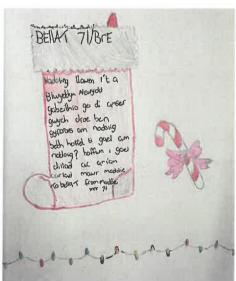
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Dewch i D1 to get your prizes if your work is on this page!



Welsh Christmas Word Search

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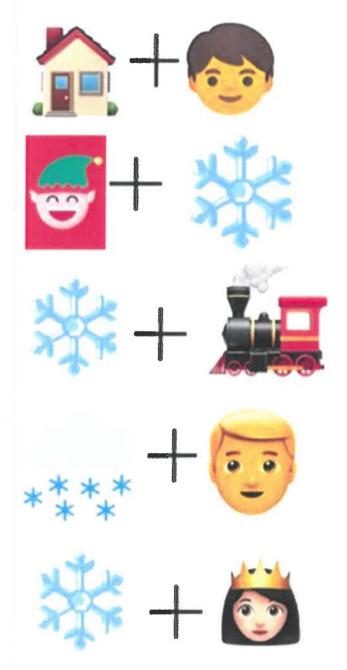
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gan Bylan Landon. Blwyddyn 8

Emoji Match Up

Solve the emoji quiz to reveal the Christmas film then match it up with its Welsh translation.



Joke alert Q: What happens when you cross a snowman and a vampire.
A: Frostbite!

Gartref yn unig Coblyn Trên Pegynol Cyflym Y Dyn Eira Wedi Rhewi

gan Lloyd Hart. Blwyddyn 8



Os wyt ti'n hoffi lliwio dyma i ti!



What do you call a broke Santa? Saint Nickelless





gan Aaliyah Cross. Blwyddyn 1

Christmas Poster Competition!/Cystadleuaeth Poster Nadolig!

Draw a poster based on Christmas and hand it in at D1, Mrs Mcnaught's classroom.

Due date: 8th January Please bring into Mrs Mcnaught's classroom by 8th January



Examples for posters

Why are Christmas trees so fond of the past? Because the presents beneath them!















gan Miah Thurlow. Blwyddyn 1

AMSER COGINIO!

GINGERBREAD RECIPE

Ingredients

• 350g plain flour



- 1 tsp bicarbonate of soda What is Santa's favorite type of sweets
- 2 tsp ground ginger Jolly ranchers
- 100g butter
- 175g light muscovado
- 4 tbsp golden syrup
- 1 large egg



To decorate

- Icing writers or ½ cups of icing sugar
- Smarties, jelly tots, chocolate drops

METHOD

- 1. Start off by pre-heating the others to 190 degrees and line 3 trays with baking paper.
- 2. Chop the butter into small blocks and add the butter and flour into a large mixing bowl. Using your fingertips, rub in the butter until the mixture resembles a fine breadcrumbs.
- 3. Stir the sugar into the flour mixture with the bicarbonate of soda and ginger. Add the golden syrup.
- 4. Crack the egg into a separate bowl then add it too the flour. Mix everything together till you have a smooth dough.
- 5. The recipe makes quite a lot so, if you need to, divide the dough into half and roll out one half on to a lightly floured surface until it is about 5mm (about 0.2 in) thick. Cut out your gingerbread men using a cutter or use any other shapes you have to hand. Place them on your baking tray.
- 6. Gather up any scraps and roll out again. Repeat with more spare dough.
- 7. Bake in the oven for 10-12 minutes until it turns a slightly darker shade. If your shapes are smaller, check 7-8 minutes. Cool slightly and place on a cooling rack to cool. Now Enjoy your cookies! Decorate if you want.



Calenig

I wouldn't buy anything with velcro it's a total rip off

New Year gift

In return, they hope to be given "calennig" which means "New Year gift", or the literal translation is "first day of the month". The calennig given to the children is usually sweets or money.



Jake Beynon. Blwyddyn 8

NADOLIG YNG NGHYMRU

The Mari Lwyd

The Mari Lwyd is a tradition from the South of Wales from the 1800s to the early 20th century. The 'Mari' is a horse's skull carried around on a long pole by a person hidden under a cloak led around by a group of wassailers. Traditionally, this group would knock on door in their village between Christmas Day and the Twelfth Night, and engage in a rhyming ritual called pwnco in exchange for food and beer.



Christmas Morning Swim

On Christmas Day, hundreds of people across Wales head to the beach for a Christmas morning swim. Porthcawl has hosted a Christmas swim now for over 50 years. In Tenby and Pembrey, many partake in a swim on Boxing Day. Several other places across Wales such as Saundersfoot and Morfa Nefyn also host swims but on New Year's Day and most events around the country are raising money for charity.

<u>Plygain</u>



At 3am on Christmas morning in the 18th and 19th centuries, Welsh churchgoers would leave their houses with torches and candles to attend Plygain, a service of carols sung by solos, groups, and choirs. Some Plygain churchgoers had often stayed up all Christmas Eve, or also known at Noson Gyflaith (Toffee NIght). They would make slabs of toffee around the fire as games and stories were also told. It was also the night for decorating houses with holly and mistletoe.



gan

Eisiau dysgu Cymraeg?





















