

Accents One

"I'm curious about what you said about your accent. It's so lovely to hear it, though." I looked at her and felt tension in my jaw while I clenched my fists; here we go again, for goodness' sake, why does everyone have to draw attention to my accent all the time? The old falseness, "oh it's so quaint..." and so on. Suddenly I feel uncomfortable; I really don't want to be here at all. "Well, I'm a bit self-conscious of my accent actually....," I said. "You really shouldn't be, it's so lovely, you should be so proud...", she said trying to flatter me.

"Well, it does and I'm not," I said quite abruptly. The woman looked straight into my eyes; she looked confused. "You sound angry..." she said. "Angry," I said to myself. "You haven't a clue how I feel and you're not even trying either. What's the point in my wasting my time trying to explain how I feel about this - I haven't started with the things that are really worrying me?" From that point onwards, emotionally, I left the room; this person wasn't going to get to know what was going on in my head - no way!

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Edrychais arni, gan deimlo tyndra yn fy ngên, wrth glensio fy nyrnau; dyma ni eto, iesgob annwyl, pam mae rhaid i bawb dynnu sylw at acen fi o hyd? Ryw hen ffalsrwydd, "oh it's so quaint..." ac ati. Yn sydyn reit dwi'n teimlo'n anghyfforddus, fi wir ddim isio bod yma o gwbl. "Well, I'm a bit self-conscious of my accent actually....," medda fi. "You really shouldn't be, it's so lovely, you should be so proud..." meddai hi yn wenieithus.

"Well, it does and I'm not," medda fi yn reit swta. Edrychodd y fenyw arna i fyw fy llygaid, gan edrych mewn penbleth. "You sound angry..." medda hi. 'Angry', medda fi yn fy mhen, 'sdim cliw 'da ti am sut dwi'n teimlo a ti ddim 'di trio chwaith. Be 'di'r iws i mi wastio amser fi yn trio egluro am sut dwi'n teimlo am hyn - 'dwi ddim 'di dechrau ar y pethe sy' wir yn poeni fi.' O'r pwynt yna 'mlaen, yn emosiynol, nes i adel y stafell, doedd hon ddim yn mynd i gal gwybod am be' oedd yn mynd mlaen yn ben i - no wê!