

gwenno gwilym



v + fo

Rhybudd: Mae'r nofel yma'n cynnwys
lot o Wenglish a lot o regi!

v + fo

Gwenno Gwilym

prolog

Wyth mlynedd yn ôl ...

Fedra i'm aros i Rob gyrradd adra. Ers i fi neud y test gynna, dwi'n teimlo'n aflonydd, egseited a nyrfys, gyd run pryd. A sâl. Dwi'n teimlo'n rili sâl. Drw'r adag. Finna'n meddwl ma'r wyau oedd bai. Idiot.

Dwi'n sugno fferen galed arall, ma'n helpu chydig, wedyn dwi'n gorfedd lawr ar y soffia eto a chyrlio rownd Mwsog. Ma'n gynnes braf ac ma'n rhoi'i bawen dros fy llaw i. Cŵn yn dallt bob dim, dydyn? Fel arfer mae o allan ar buarth yn aros am Rob, ond ma di bod dan draed trw dydd, ysgwyd ei gwnffon ac edrych arna i efo'r llgada llwyd del 'na.

Dwi'n teimlo drafft yn dod o gyfeiriad y drws a meddwl eto pa mor neis fydd cal gorffen y tŷ. Ma'i mor oer yn y static yn gaea, hyd yn oed efo'r tân yn rho trw dydd a ci dan flanced efo fi. Fedra i'm aros tan fydd gynnau ni fwy o le a bathrwm go iawn. Ma pedair blynedd mewn static yn ages, dio'm bwys faint o hwyl ti'n gal.

Dwi'n edrych ar y cloc eto. 12.34pm.

Dim ond pedair awr arall nes ga i ddeud wrtho fo. Ella na i ffonio fo i weld os fedrith o ddod adra'n gynt.

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I love this road. The mountains, the memories; mainly racing to pick V up from her parents' farm in my little blue Nova, listening to The Prodigy full blast. How does that song go again ... something total lack of respect for the law something something ... dun dun dun dun. I'm going to listen to that again when I get home.

I check out my new Raybans in the mirror. Can't beat a cool pair of shades. Then I do a quick little drum on the steering wheel, buzzed cos Dad sent us all home before lunch. Even workaholic dictators know better than to make us work til five on Mad Friday, it seems. Whispers of a full-on mutiny were circulating during the morning panad. Christmas has been a long time coming.

Not all bad though. We're on a good job at the moment and Dad finally trusts me to do more than make tea and concrete. Only took ten fucking years. When I finally branch off on my own, I will treat my workers way better.

My phone rings. It's in its little holder on the dash and I see 'WIFE' over a photo of V, naked, diving into the lake. I let it ring for a bit so I can look at it. My wife's so fit. Wife. Still can't get used to that.

"How's it going, cariad?" I shout.

She tells me off for shouting. I turn the radio off. The line is a bit crackly, and I can't quite catch all her words. Signal's always poor up in the mountains. She asks what time I'll be home.

"I'm on my way home now. Finished early," I tell her. "Shall I stop in Tesco bach on the way and get us some cwrw for tomorrow?" I add quickly, in case we get cut off.

She says no as she's still not feeling great and has cancelled my sister coming over. Guttled. We always have a good night on Christmas Eve with Liz. Mum proper told us off last year cos V was too hungover to eat her turkey and Liz had to go lie down before pudding.

I tell her I'll be home in about twenty minutes, and I think she sounds happier, from what I can make out anyway. Not entirely sure why she called, so I put my foot down. Hammering it down this side of the valley always gives me a bit of kick. New Landy's not quite as nippy as the Nova, but still.

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Ma Mwsog yn neidio off y sofffa fel ma Rob yn cerddad trw drws mewn cwmwl o fwg a llwch lli. Dwi'n edrych arno fo yn ei ddillad gwaith budur. Ma 'na wbath am Rob mewn dillad gwaith, neud i fi wenu tu mewn a thu allan.

"Hey, cariad. Can I get you anything?" ma'n gofyn, fel ma'n plygu lawr i blannu sws ar fy nhalcen i. "Panad?"

Ma'n ista wrth yn ymyl i a rhedeg ei law dros fy dreads i, chwara efo'r beads.

"Can you wash your hands and brush your teeth?" dwi'n gofyn. "The smell of smoke's turning my stomach."

"Wow, you're proper poorly," ac ma'n codi a thorch i lewys wrth fynd tuag at y sinc.

"I'm not poorly," dwi'n ateb, "think it might be morning sickness."

Ma'n sefyll yn stond, cyn troi rownd.

"No fucking way?!"

"Yes way," dwi'n gwenu.

Ma'n sefyll wrth y sinc, jest yn syllu.

“Are you serious?” ma’n gofyn, “shit.” Wedyn ma ’na wên ara yn lledu dros ei wyneb o. “Are you serious?” ma’n gofyn eto.

Dwi’n agor yn llgada’n fawr a nodio.

“I did a test earlier. That’s why I’ve been nauseous for bloody ages.”

“Not the eggs then?”

“Nope.”

Ma’n chwerthin yn kind of nyrfys i gyd, efo’i ddwylo ar ei focho, wedyn ma’n neidio a gweddi ar dop ei lais, ac ma Mwsog yn cal hartan, bechod, cyn joinio fewn efo egseiment Rob trw ddechra cyfarth a dawnsio ar ei goesa ôl. Ma gweld Rob mor cin yn neud i fi ymlacio. Mae o mor hapus, a charedig, a cwl. A fi bia fo i gyd.

“Are you excited, Mos?” ma Rob yn gofyn, wrth rwbio’i gefn o.

Ma Mwsog yn syllu ar Rob fel tasa fo’n Dduw. Mwsog ydi’n babi cynta ni, ac ma di sbwylio’n racs. Ma’n ffyddlon ac ufudd ac ma pawb yn meddwl fod o’n lej, ac ma’r ffaith fod o’n ddwyieithog ac yn ateb i ddau enw’n chwalu penna ffrindia Rob yn llwyr.

“You’re going to be a ... big brother? Or uncle? Or cousin? What will Mos be, V?”

“A dog, Rob,” dwi’n chwerthin wrth rowlio’n llgada.

“Are you happy, V?” ma’n gofyn, siriy s i gyd rwan mwya sydyn.

Di hyn ddim yn planned exactly. Dio’m yn unplanned chwaith. Dan ni di bod yn osgoi gneud y penderfyniad, dan ni jest di bod yn sort of consciously careless dros y misoedd dwetha. Dwi’n ddau ddeg saith a dan ni di priodi so ma’n hollol logical.

“Shitting myself, but yeah, probably happy. But ...”

Ma’n edrych fymryn yn ansicr.

“Please go away, you still stink and it’s making me ... cyfogi,” a dwi’n crinclo nhrwyn cyn rhoi’n llaw dros fy ngheg.

Rwan ma’n edrych di ffwandro.

“Cyfogi. Like I’m going to be sick. Can’t remember the English word,” dwi’n mymblo mewn i nwylo fel dwi’n gorfedd lawr ar y soffia eto.

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We are having a baby. A BABY. Can’t wait to tell my parents, and Liz, and everyone. Mum is going to completely lose her shit. Thank God we got married, V’s mum can’t spout any of her capel Cymraeg rubbish.

I look at myself in the mirror as I’m brushing my teeth.

I’m going to have to pull my finger out. Finish the house. Quit smoking. Stop swearing. Eat vegetables. Be an adult. All that. Can’t wait. V’s going to be an amazing mum.

“Times are changing,” I mutter to myself, toothpaste splattering onto the mirror. “V, can we give it like a proper proper Welsh name?” I call out of the bathroom, as I’m spitting.

“Well, I’m hardly going to give my kid an English name, am I?” she laughs.

“We can’t use the double letters though, yeah?” I reply, wiping my mouth with my sleeve. “And I have to be able to spell it.”

And my family have to be able to pronounce it.

“Hang on ... what are you going to do about uni?” I ask as I come back out of the tiny bathroom.
“I’ll have to defer again.”

