

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Luran (1)

A special programme, in the form of a “letter”, designed for Gaelic learners who already have some knowledge of the language. A short vocabulary and comments on points of grammar and figures of speech are included with the text. If you have comments, Ruairidh can be contacted at rodny.maclea@bbc.co.uk. This is Litir 651. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 347 corresponds to Litir 651.

Ma choimheadas sibh ann an faclair Dwelly fon cheann-fhacal *luran*, gheibh sibh mar a leanas: ‘pretty youth or boy, beloved youth or boy, term of endearment’. Tha am facal a’ nochdadh corra uair mar ainm ann an seann sgeulachdan. An t-seachdain seo, agus an-ath-sheachdain, tha mi a’ dol a dh’innse dhuibh dà stòiridh eadar-dhealaichte anns a bheil an t-ainm Luran a’ nochdadh. Chan e an t-ainm a-mhàin a tha sa chumantas eatarra, ge-tà. Tha sìthichean agus brochan, no lite, a’ nochdadh anns an dà stòiridh cuideachd.

Tha na stòiridhean agam à Uibhist a Deas agus Barraigh. An toiseach, an t-seachdain seo, an tè à Uibhist a chaidh a chlàradh bho fhear Donnchadh Dòmhnallach: Uair a bh’ ann, bha fear a’ fuireach ann an Staoinebrig cuide ri a bhean. ’S e Luran an t-ainm a bh’ air. Bhiodh e an-còmhnaidh ag obair a-muigh fad an latha, agus a’ tilleadh dhachaigh air an oidhche. Bhiodh a’ bhean aige a’ fuireach aig an taigh leatha fhèin fad an latha.

Latha a bha seo, thàinig Luran dhachaigh agus bha sgeul aig a bhean dha. Nuair a bha Luran air falbh bhon taigh, thuirt i, bhiodh fear a bha seo a’ tighinn timcheall. An toiseach, bhiodh e a’ coimhead a-steach air uinneag. Nuair a bha e follaiseach gun robh a’ bhean leatha fhèin, thigeadh e don doras. Bhiodh i a’ leigeil an duine a-steach agus bhiodh e a’ fuireach cuide rithe fad an latha.

Dh’iarr a’ bhean air Luran fuireach aig an taigh agus a dhol am falach. Nuair a thigeadh an duine a-steach, gheibheadh Luran grèim air. Chaidh Luran am falach anns an taigh, a’ fuireach gus an tigeadh an srainnsear.

Thàinig an duine do dh’uinneag. Choimhead e a-steach oirre. Chunnaic e gun robh am boireannach leatha fhèin agus thàinig e chun an dorais. Dh’fhosgail am boireannach an doras dha. Thàinig e a-steach agus rinn e suidhe. Ach cho luath ’s a shuidh e, leum Luran a-steach don t-seòmar.

A-mach air an doras a theich an srainnsear, agus Luran air a thòir. Rinn am fear air a’ mhonadh na dheann. Bha Luran air a shàilean. Bha iad faisg air loch sa mhonadh ris an canar Loch Iarais. Ràinig am fear Taigh Iarais – càrn mòr chlathan faisg air an loch. Thionndaidh an srainnsear agus thuirt e, “Tha Luran luath gu leòr ach tha a chuid arain cruaidh. Nam biodh brochan aig Luran mar bhiadh, bhiodh e comasach air a bhith a’ ruith nam fiadh.” An uair sin, chaidh am fear à fianais. Agus thill Luran dhachaigh.

Bhiodh e a' smaoinichadh gu tric air na thuirt an duine ris mu bhrochan agus thòisich e air brochan a ghabhail seach aran. Ach, an dèidh greis air a' bhiadh sin, thòisich Luran air cuideam a chur air. Dh'fhàs e mòr, trom is cliobach.

Thuig e gur ann ri plòigh a bha an srainnsear nuair a thug e a chomhairle dha. Bha e ag iarraidh gum biodh Luran a' fàs mall. Chaidh Luran air ais don t-seann daithhead aige. Leig e seachad am brochan, agus ghabh e aran. Cha b' fhada gus an robh e cho fut is sgiobalta 's a bha e riamh. Agus cha tàinig an srainnsear faisg air an taigh a-rithist.

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Faclan na Litreach: sìthichean: *fairies*; brochan, lite: *porridge*; Uibhist a Deas: *South Uist*; Barraigh: *Barra*; Staoinebrig: *Stoneybridge*; theich: *fled*; cliobach: *clumsy*; comhairle: *advice*.

Abairtean na Litreach: Chan e an t-ainm a-mhàin a tha sa chumantas eatarra: *it's not only the name they have in common*; bhiodh e an-còmhnaidh ag obair a-muigh: *he'd always be working outside*; a' tilleadh dhachaigh air an oidhche: *returning home at night*; leatha fhèin: *by herself*; bha sgeul aig a bhean dha: *his wife had a story for him*; a' coimhead a-steach air uinneag: *looking in a window*; thigeadh e don doras: *he would come to the door*; fuireach aig an taigh agus a dhol am falach: *stay at home and hide*; gus an tigeadh an srainnsear: *until the stranger would come*; chun an dorais: *to the door*; rinn e suidhe: *he sat down*; air a thòir: *in pursuit of him*; rinn am fear air a' mhonadh na dheann: *the man made for the hill country at great speed*; tha a chuid arain cruaidh: *his bread is hard*; nam biodh brochan aig X mar bhiadh: *if X had porridge for food*; thòisich X air cuideam a chur air: *X started to put on weight*; thuig e gur ann ri plòigh a bha an srainnsear: *he understood that the stranger had a strategy*; don t-seann daithhead aige: *to his old diet*; leig e seachad am brochan: *he gave up the porridge*; cho fut is sgiobalta: *as fit and nimble*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: Should you call porridge lite or brochan? It really depends on where you live or with whom you are mixing – check it out with a fluent speaker. But you should be aware of both words as both are in common currency. Brochan does not have to be made of oats. Two other types of porridge or gruel are brochan feòla ('gruel of flesh juice') and brochan-ghall-pheasair ('lentil porridge'). Thick porridge is brochan tiugh. Sgobag brochain is 'a spoonful of porridge', a plub is the noise porridge makes when boiling ('tha am brochan a' plubadh') and dubh-bhrochain is very runny porridge. The refrain in the famous song brochan lom, tana, lom, brochan lom sùghain means 'thin porridge, sowans'. Sowans (from Gaelic sùghan) is a pudding made from oatmeal husks, steeped, fermented and boiled. Okay, we don't claim to be a world power in culinary matters and not all our songs are deep and meaningful!

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: bhiodh e comasach air a bhith a' ruith nam fiadh he would be able to *chase down the deer*.

Tha "Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh" air a maoinichadh le MG ALBA