

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An Oidhche a bha i a' Sileadh na Lite

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.macleon@bbc.co.uk. This is Litir 1,051. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 747 corresponds to Litir 1,051.

Bu toigh leam naidheachd à Ceap Breatainn innse dhuibh. Tha i a' tighinn bhon chruinneachadh *Sgeul gu Latha* le Iain Seathach. B' e an sgeulaiche Eòs Nìll Bhig nach maireann agus fhuair esan i bho thè, **Bean Mhìcheil 'ic'Illeain**. 'S e an t-ainm oirre 'An Oidhche a bha i a' Sileadh na Lite'. Nì mi beagan nas giorra agus nas sìmplidh' i.

Bha bantrach ann agus cha robh aice ach aon mhac. 'S e seòrsa de leth-ghloic a bh' ann, ach bha e mòr is làidir. Chuir a mhàthair air falbh e gu margaidh le mart air ceann ròpa.

Thachair e ri fear aig a' mhargaidh. 'Dè tha thu ag iarraidh air a' mhart?' thuirt am fear eile.

'O,' ars an gille, 'tha mi ag iarraidh rudeigin.'

'Fosgail do làmh, ma-thà,' ars am fear eile. Thilg e smugaid na làimh. 'Seo rudeigin,' thuirt e.

'Agus seo am mart,' fhreagair an leth-ghloic. Thug e ceann an ròpa don duine eile. Chùm e a dhòrn dùinte oir 's ann an sin a bha an 'rudeigin' a fhuair e.

Air an rathad dhachaigh, bha a' dol tarsainn allt nuair a shleamhnaich e. Nuair a thuit e don uisge, dh'fhosgail e a làmh agus dh'fhalbh an smugaid. Thòisich an gille air rùrach anns an allt, feuch am faigheadh e i. Aig an dearbh mhionaid thàinig ceannaiche-paca, no mar a chanadh iad ann am Beurla, *peddlar*.

'Dè tha thu a' dèanamh?' thuirt am *peddlar*.

'Tha mi a' coimhead airson rudeigin,' ars an gille.

Dh'fheuch am *peddlar* ri faighinn a-null agus shleamhnaich esan cuideachd. 'O, seo rudeigin,' thuirt e gu h-aotrom.

'Lorg thu mo rudeigin?' thuirt an gille.

'Cha do lorg,' fhreagair am *peddlar*.

Bha an gille deimhinne gun do lorg am *peddlar* an 'rudeigin' aige. Ghabh iad am bad a chèile agus mharbh an gille am *peddlar*. Thiodhlaic an gille a chorp. Thill e dhachaigh. Fhuair a mhàthair a-mach dè bh' air tachairt agus far an robh corp a' cheannaiche. Dh'iarr i air a mac norrag a ghabhail. Fhad 's a bha e na chadal, rinn i lite thana. Chrath i an lite air an talamh taobh a-muigh an taighe.

Nuair a dh'èirich an gille, chaidh e mach. 'Tha i a' sileadh lite,' thuirt e ri a mhàthair. 'Tha lite air an talamh.'

'A bheil?' ars ise. **'Coma leat mu dheidhinn.'**

Nise, bha reithe aice. 'S e 'Peddlar' an t-ainm a bh' air oir bhiodh e falbh air feadh na sgìre aig amannan. Thug i an reithe don t-sloc far an robh corp a' cheannaiche. Mharbh i an reithe. Chuir i a chlosach anns an t-sloc, agus ghluais i corp an duine gu àite eile.

Goirid an dèidh sin, thàinig dithis phoileas don taigh. Dh'fhaighnich iad dhen ghille am fac' e 'peddlar'.

'O,' ars an leth-ghloic, 'mharbh mi e.'

'Cuin a bha sin?' dh'fhaighnich poileas.

'An oidhche a bha i a' sileadh na lite,' fhreagair an gille. Agus mhìnich e far an robh corp a' pheddlar.

Bha na poilis dhen bheachd nach robh sa ghille ach fear gòrach. Ach thug iad sùil air an àite-thiodhlacaidh. Lorg iad reithe. 'Nach tuirt mi riut gun robh e gun toinisd?' thuirt fear de na poilis. 'An oidhche a bha a' sileadh na lite! Sin am "peddlar" a mharbh e.' Agus sin agaibh mo naidheachd. Beannachd leibh.

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Faclan na Litreach: Ceap Breatainn: *Cape Breton [Island, Nova Scotia]*; bantrach: *widow*; rudeigin: *something*; shleamhnaich: *slipped*; lite thana: *thin porridge*; mhìnich: *explained*; gòrach: *foolish*.

Abairtean na Litreach: An Oidhche a bha i a' Sileadh na Lite: *the night it rained porridge*; nì mi beagan nas giorra agus nas sìmplidh' i: *I'll make it a bit shorter and simpler*; 's e seòrsa de leth-ghloic a bh' ann: *he was a sort of half-wit*; le mart air ceann ròpa: *with a cow at the end of a rope*; dè tha thu ag iarraidh air a' mhart?: *what do you want for the cow?*; thilg e smugaid na làimh: *he spat in his hand*; chùm e a dhòrn dùinte oir 's ann an sin a bha an 'rudeigin' a fhuair e: *he kept his fist closed because that was where the 'something' was that he got*; thòisich an gille air rùrach anns an allt, feuch am faigheadh e i: *the lad started to search in the burn to see if he could find it*; aig an dearbh mhionaid thàinig ceannaiche-paca: *at that very moment a pack-merchant came*; 'O, seo rudeigin,' thuirt e gu h-aotrom: *'Oh, here's something,' he said lightly*; ghabh iad am bad a chèile: *they went at each other [fought]*; dh'iarr i air a mac norrag a ghabhail: *she asked her son to take a nap*; chrath i an lite air an talamh taobh a-muigh an taighe: *she shook the porridge on the ground outside the house*; bhiodh e falbh air feadh na sgìre aig amannan: *he would go wandering at times*; chuir i a chlosach anns an t-sloc: *she put its carcass in the pit*; ghluais i corp an duine gu àite eile: *she moved the man's body to another place*; nach tuirt mi riut gun robh e gun toinisd?: *didn't I tell you he was without sense?*

Puing-chànain na Litreach: bho thè, **Bean Mhìcheil 'ic'Illeain:** *from a woman, the wife of Michael Maclean. This is an old way of naming a married woman which is disappearing today; it appears to have been retained more strongly on Cape Breton Island than in Scotland.*

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: Coma leat mu dheidhinn: *don't worry about it.*

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