

## An Litir Bheag le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An Litir Bheag is a shortened and simplified version of Ruairidh's Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh (also available on the BBC website), designed for those who are at an earlier stage of learning Gaelic. The topic each week is the same as Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh so that, once the Litir Bheag is mastered, a student of the language might wish to try the full Litir. This is Litir Bheag 158 (which corresponds to Litir 462). Ruairidh can be contacted at [roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

*I started last week on the story "The Lass that was Sold". The lass swore on a ring that the stranger wasn't going to see her ever again. The stranger threw the ring into the sea.*

*The lass came to a gentleman's house. She worked for [was working at] the gentleman. At the end of three years, the stranger came to the house.*

*The lass was cutting open a fish. What jumped out of the fish but a ring! The lass looked at the ring. The stranger's name was on it. That was the ring he threw into the sea. The lass put the ring on her finger.*

*The next day, the stranger was at dinner along with the gentleman. When they were finished, the stranger said to the lass, "Come here." She went over to him [where he was]. "You swore to me," he said, "that I wasn't going to see you ever again – except if you had the ring."*

*"I did [swear]," she said. She took the ring off her finger. "Do you see the ring you threw out?" she said.*

*"I can't get rid of you," the*

Thòisich mi an t-seachdain sa chaidh air an stòiridh *An Nighean a Reiceadh*. Mhionnaich an nighean air fàinne nach robh an coigreach a' dol ga faicinn tuilleadh. Thilg an coigreach am fàinne don mhuir.

Thàinig an nighean gu taigh duine-uasal. Bha i ag obair aig an duine-uasal. An ceann trì bliadhna thàinig an coigreach don taigh.

Bha an nighean a' sgoltadh iasg. Dè leum a-mach às an iasg ach fàinne! Choimhead an nighean air an fhàinne. Bha ainm a' choigrich air. B' e sin am fàinne a thilg e don mhuir! Chuir an nighean am fàinne air a' chorraig aice.

An ath latha, bha an coigreach aig dinnear còmhla ris an duine-uasal. Nuair a bha iad deiseil, thuir an coigreach ris an nighinn, "Trohad an seo." Chaidh i far an robh e. "Mhionnaich thu dhomh," ars esan, "nach robh mi a' dol gad fhaicinn tuilleadh – ach nam biodh am fàinne agad."

"Mhionnaich," ars ise. Thug i am fàinne far na corraig aice. "A bheil thu a' faicinn an fhàinne a thilg thu a-mach?" thuir i.

"Chan urrainn dhomh

*man said. Then he said a strange thing. "I'll marry you. I'll write a letter. I'll send you to Edinburgh. You'll go to school in Edinburgh.*

*The man wrote a letter to his brother in Edinburgh. "My brother lives in Edinburgh," he said. "You'll be in school along with his daughters. At the end of a year I'll come and we'll marry."*

*He gave her the letter. She left with the letter. She was on the road, outside Glasgow. Night came. She went to a farmer's house.*

*"What's your news?" said the farmer.*

*"I have plenty of news," she said. She told what had happened to her, from start to finish.*

*"May I see the letter?" said the farmer. He read the letter.*

*"Do you know what is in the letter?" the farmer said.*

*"No," replied the lass.*

*We'll find out what was in the letter in the next letter (Litir) of our own.*

faighinn cuidhteas thu," thuirt an duine. An uair sin thuirt e rud annasach. "Pòsaidh mi thu. Sgrìobhaidh mi litir. Cuiridh mi a Dhùn Èideann thu. Bidh thu a' dol gu sgoil ann an Dùn Èideann."

Sgrìobh an duine litir gu a bhràthair ann an Dùn Èideann. "Tha mo bhràthair a' fuireach ann an Dùn Èideann" thuirt e. "Bidh thu ann an sgoil còmhla ris na nigheanan aige fhèin. An ceann bliadhna thig mi agus pòsaidh sinn."

Thug e dhi an litir. Dh'fhalbh i leis an litir. Bha i air an rathad, taobh a-muigh Ghlaschu. Thàinig an oidhche. Chaidh i gu taigh tuathanaich.

"Dè an naidheachd a tha agad?" ars an tuathanach.

"Tha naidheachdan gu leòr agam," thuirt i. Dh'innis i mar a dh'èirich dhi, o thoiseach gu deireadh.

"Am faod mi an litir fhaicinn?" thuirt an tuathanach. Leugh e an litir.

"A bheil fios agad dè tha anns an litir?" thuirt an tuathanach.

"Chan eil," fhreagair an nighean.

Gheibh sinn a-mach dè bha anns an litir anns an ath Litir againne.