

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 166 (which corresponds to Litir 470). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

I have a story for you this week. It is called "The Three Green Dogs".

There was once a prince and his sister. They lived together. Each day the prince was leaving for the hill.

One day, the prince met a man. The man had three green dogs.

"Will you buy these dogs?" the man said. "Will you give me a wedder for them?"

"I shall," said the prince.

"The dogs' names are Knowledge, Swiftiness and Heaviness," said the man. "When you go to the hunting mountain, sit on a hill. Fios will know where the deer are. Luaths will catch them. And Trom will bring them home."

The man got the wedder and the prince got the dogs. Next morning, the prince went to the hunting mountain.

The prince sat on a hill. Fios knew where the deer were. Luaths caught them. Trom took them home.

On the way home Fios spoke to the prince. He told him that

Tha stòiridh agam dhuibh an t-seachdain seo. 'S e an t-ainm a tha air "Na Trì Coin Uaine".

Bha ann uaireigin prionnsa agus a phiuthar. Bha iad a' fuireach còmhla. Gach latha bha am prionnsa a' falbh don mhonadh.

Latha a bha seo, thachair am prionnsa ri duine. Bha trì coin uaine aig an duine.

"An ceannaich thu na coin seo?" ars an duine. "An toir thu dhomh molt air an son?"

"Bheir," thuirt am prionnsa.

"Is iad ainmean nan con – Fios, Luaths agus Trom," ars an duine. "Nuair a thèid thu don bheinn-sheilg suidh air cnoc. Bidh fios aig Fios far am bi na fèidh. Beiridh Luaths orra. Agus bheir Trom dhachaigh iad."

Fhuair an duine am molt agus fhuair am prionnsa na coin. An ath mhadainn, chaidh am prionnsa don bheinn-sheilg.

Shuidh am prionnsa air cnoc. Bha fios aig Fios far an robh na fèidh. Rug Luaths orra. Thug Trom dhachaigh iad.

Air an rathad dhachaigh bhruidhinn Fios ris a' phrionnsa.

three giants went to see his sister. The giants made a cave under the house. They made a hole in [through] the floor. On the hole they put a scuttle or trapdoor. On the scuttle they placed a chair. The sister was going to ask her brother to sit on the chair. He was going to fall into the cave. The giants were going to eat him.

“Don’t sit on the chair,” said Fios. “Take the porridge off the fire. Put it on the scuttle. I and the other dogs will fight. We’ll upset the pot, and the scuttle. The porridge will fall on the giants. They will be burned.”

The prince came home. His sister asked him to sit on the chair. He refused. He took the porridge off the fire. He put it on the scuttle. The dogs started to fight. The porridge fell on the giants.

The prince and the dogs went after them. The giants entered the door of the cave.

The next morning, the prince and the dogs returned to the hunting mountain. But the bad work of the giants was not over and done with yet.

Dh’innis e dha gun deach trì famhairean a choimhead a pheathar. Rinn na famhairean uamh fon taigh. Rinn iad toll tron ùrlar. Air an toll chuir iad sguiteal no *trapdoor*. Air an sguiteal chuir iad cathair. Bha a’ phiuthar a’ dol a dh’iarraidh air a bràthair suidhe air a’ chathair. Bha e a’ dol a thuiteam don uaimh. Bha na famhairean a’ dol ga ithe.

“Na suidh air a’ chathair,” thuir Fios. “Thoir am brochan dhen teine. Cuir air an sguiteal e. Bidh mise agus na coin eile a’ sabaid. Cuiridh sinn car dhen phoit, agus dhen sguiteal. Tuitidh am brochan air na famhairean. Bidh iad air an losgadh.”

Thàinig am prionnsa dhachaigh. Dh’iarr a phiuthar air suidhe air a’ chathair. Dhiùlt e. Thug e am brochan dhen teine. Chuir e air an sguiteal e. Thòisich na coin air sabaid. Thuit am brochan air na famhairean.

Chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin às an dèidh. Chaidh na famhairean a-steach air doras na h-uamha.

An ath mhadainn thill am prionnsa agus na coin don bheinn-sheilg. Ach cha robh droch obair nam famhairean seachad fhathast.