

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 167 (which corresponds to Litir 471). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

I started last week on the story "The Three Green Dogs". The prince and the three dogs, Fios, Luaths and Trom, returned to the hunting mountain. The prince sat on a hill. Fios knew where the deer were. Luaths caught them. Trom took them home.

The prince's sister asked her brother to go to the cave and give three shouts at the door. The prince and dogs went to the cave. The prince gave the three shouts. The giants came out. The dogs killed one of the giants.

On the afternoon of the next day, the prince and dogs returned to the cave. The prince gave three shouts at the door. The giants came out. The dogs killed another giant. There was just one giant left alive.

The following day [next day again], the prince and dogs returned to the cave. The prince shouted three times at the door. The giant came out. The dogs killed the giant. The prince and dogs went into the cave. They got gold and silver.

Thòisich mi an t-seachdain sa chaidh air an sgeulachd "Na Trì Coin Uaine". Thill am prionnsa agus na trì coin, Fios, Luaths agus Trom, don bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am prionnsa air cnoc. Bha fios aig Fios far an robh na fèidh. Rug Luaths orra. Thug Trom dhachaigh iad.

Dh'iarr piuthar a' phrionnsa air a bràthair dhol don uaimh agus trì glaodhan a thoirt aig an doras. Chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin don uaimh. Thug am prionnsa na trì glaodhan. Thàinig na fàmhairean amach. Mharbh na coin fear de na fàmhairean.

Feasgar an ath latha, thill am prionnsa agus na coin don uaimh. Thug am prionnsa trì glaodhan aig an doras. Thàinig na fàmhairean amach. Mharbh na coin fàmhair eile. Bha dìreach aon fàmhair air fhàgail beò.

An ath latha a-rithist, thill am prionnsa agus na coin don uaimh. Ghlaodh am prionnsa trì uairean aig an doras. Thàinig am fàmhair amach. Mharbh na coin am fàmhair. Chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin a-steach don uaimh. Fhuair iad òr is airgead.

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| <p><i>The prince went home. His sister was waiting with a drink of poison. “Here you are, love,” she said, “drink this drink.”</i></p> <p><i>He drank the drink and he fell dead. The dogs started to cry. They left. They reached a well. There were two men at the well. One man was filling a vessel with water. The other man was watching him.</i></p> <p><i>“What are you doing?” said Fios.</i></p> <p><i>“Oh,” said the man who was filling the vessel, “this is a healing well. I am giving this man water.”</i></p> <p><i>“I’d like,” said Fios, “to get water for myself.”</i></p> <p><i>He got water. The dogs returned to the prince’s house. They poured the water on the prince. The prince arose hale and hearty.</i></p> <p><i>“Now,” said Fios, “myself and the other dogs are leaving.” The prince wasn’t pleased. “We must leave,” said Fios. They left. And next week we’ll see how the story ends.</i></p> | <p>Chaidh am prionnsa dhachaigh. Bha a phiuthar a’ feitheamh ris le deoch phuinnsein. “Siuthad, a ghaoil,” ars ise, “agus òl an deoch seo.”</p> <p>Dh’òl e an deoch agus thuit e marbh. Thòisich na coin air caoineadh. Dh’fhalbh iad. Ràinig iad tobar. Bha dithis aig an tobar. Bha fear a’ lionadh soitheach le uisge. Bha am fear eile ag amharc air.</p> <p>“Dè tha sibh a’ dèanamh?” arsa Fios.</p> <p>“O,” fhreagair am fear a bha a’ lionadh an t-soithich, “s e tobar leigheis a tha seo. Tha mi a’ toirt uisge don duine seo.”</p> <p>“Bu toigh leam,” arsa Fios, “uisge fhaighinn dhomh fhìn.”</p> <p>Fhuair e uisge. Thill na coin gu taigh a’ phrionnsa. Dhòirt iad an t-uisge air a’ phrionnsa. Dh’èirich am prionnsa gu slàn, fallain.</p> <p>“A-nis,” arsa Fios, “tha mi fhìn agus na coin eile a’ falbh.” Cha robh am prionnsa toilichte. “Feumaidh sinn falbh,” thuirt Fios. Dh’fhalbh iad. Agus an ath sheachdain chì sinn mar a tha an stòiridh a’ tighinn gu crìch.</p> |
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