

## 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 276 (which corresponds to Litir 580). Ruairidh can be contacted at [roddy.macleon@bbc.co.uk](mailto:roddy.macleon@bbc.co.uk).

*Here is the story An Nios agus an Sionnach. The Weasel and the Fox. An Nios agus an Sionnach. It's from Loch Lomondside. Foxes are very crafty. But this weasel was craftier.*

*A fox was living in the wood. It was killing hens every night. It was killing rabbits every day. That annoyed a weasel. It couldn't care less about the hens. But it was wanting the rabbits.*

*One day, the weasel was hunting. It saw the gamekeeper. The gamekeeper was asleep. Beside him there was a gun, a snuff box and ten rabbits.*

*The weasel lifted the rabbits one by one. It took them to the wood. It picked up the snuff box also. It left with it. It went out to look for the fox.*

*"Come and see my supper," it said to the fox. I have ten rabbits."*

*The fox left with the weasel. Right enough, he had ten rabbits. They were dead on the ground. "You did well," said the fox. "How did you catch ten rabbits?"*

*"It was easy," replied the weasel. "I sniffed the gamekeeper's*

*Seo agaibh an stòiridh An Nios agus an Sionnach. The Weasel and the Fox. An Nios agus an Sionnach. Tha e à taobh Loch Laomainn. Tha sionnaich gu math carach. Ach bha an nios seo na bu charaiche.*

*Bha sionnach a' fuireach anns a' choille. Bha e a' marbhadh chearcan a h-uile oidhche. Bha e a' marbhadh rabaidean a h-uile latha. Chuir sin dragh air nios. Bha e coma mu na cearcan. Ach bha e ag iarraidh nan rabaidean.*

*Latha a bha seo, bha an nios a' sealg. Chunnaic e an geamair. Bha an geamair na chadal. Ri a thaobh bha gunna, bogsa snaoisein agus deich rabaidean.*

*Thog an nios na rabaidean fear ma seach. Thug e don choille iad. Thog e am bogsa snaoisein cuideachd. Dh'fhalbh e leis. Chaidh e a-mach a lorg an t-sionnach.*

*"Thig is faic an t-suipear agam," thuirt e ris an t-sionnach. Tha deich rabaidean agam."*

*Dh'fhalbh an sionnach leis an nios. Ceart gu leòr, bha deich rabaidean aige. Bha iad marbh air an talamh. "Is math a rinn thu," thuirt an sionnach. "Ciamar a ghlac thu deich rabaidean?"*

*"Bha e furasta," fhreagair an nios. "Rinn mi snotadh air an fhùdair*

*magic powder. I became really strong.”*

*The fox looked at the snuff box. “Will you try it yourself?” said the weasel. “Yes,” replied the fox.*

*“Right, then,” said the weasel. “Open the box. Sniff the powder. You will be fast and strong.”*

*The fox opened the box. He sniffed. He made a great howling. He sneezed. The weasel left. He bit the gamekeeper’s ear. The gamekeeper awoke. He heard a noise in the wood. He picked his gun. After a time the weasel heard a gunshot. The noise stopped.*

*That night, the weasel went home past the gamekeeper’s house. The fox’s tail was hanging up near the door. The weasel had the rabbits now. What a crafty, cunning weasel!*

*dhraoidheil aig a’ gheamair. Thàinig neart mòr orm.”*

*Choimhead an sionnach air a’ bhogsa shnaoisein. “Am feuch thu fhèin e?” thuirt an nios. “Feuchaidh,” fhreagair an sionnach.*

*“Ceart, ma-thà,” ars an nios. “Fosgail am bogsa. Dèan snotadh air an fhùdair. Bidh thu luath is neartmhor.”*

*Dh’fhosgail an sionnach am bogsa. Rinn e snotadh. Rinn e nuall mòr. Rinn e sreathartaich. Dh’fhalbh an nios. Bhìd e cluas a’ gheamair. Dhùisg an geamair. Chuala e am fuaim anns a’ choille. Thog e a ghunna. An ceann greis chuala an nios brag gunna. Sguir am fuaim.*

*Air an oidhche sin, chaidh an nios dhachaigh seachad air taigh a’ gheamair. Bha earball an t-sionnaich crochte faisg air an doras. Bha na rabaidean aig an nios a-nis. B’ esan an nios carach, seòlta!*