

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 287 (which corresponds to Litir 591). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

Here is the traditional story "Billy". It was collected in Barra in the 19th Century. I hope you enjoy it.

There was once a farmer. He had a son called Billy. Billy would steal things. He would steal from the gentleman nearby. The gentleman came. He asked Billy to learn a trade. There was no better trade than thieving.

Billy went out to learn thieving. He met three men on the road. They asked him where he was going. Billy said that he was going to learn thieving. He said that he was wanting a master.

"Well, well," said one of them. "I want an apprentice for thieving. I'll give you work."

Billy left with him. They went to a pub. The man wanted to steal things. He had a rope. "Now," he said to Billy, "you'll go down the chimney on the rope. Send everything valuable up. Then I'll bring you yourself up on the rope."

At night, Billy went on to the roof of the pub. He went down the chimney on the rope. He sent every-thing valuable up on the rope. But the other guy fled.

Seo an sgeulachd thraidiseanta "Bilidh". Chaidh a cruinneachadh ann am Barraigh anns an naoidheamh linn deug. Tha mi an dòchas gun còrd i ribh.

Bha uaireigin tuathanach ann. Bha mac aige air an robh Bilidh. Bhiodh Bilidh a' goid rudan. Bhiodh e a' goid air an duine-uasal faisg air làimh. Thàinig an duine-uasal. Dh'iarr e air Bilidh ceàird ionnsachadh. Cha robh ceàird na b' fheàrr na mèirle.

Chaidh Bilidh a-mach a dh'ionnsachadh mèirle. Choinnich e ri triùir air an rathad. Dh'fhaighnich iad cà' robh e a' dol. Thuirt Bilidh gun robh e a' dol a dh'ionnsachadh mèirle. Thuirt e gun robh e ag iarraidh maighstir.

"Uill, uill," arsa fear dhiubh. "Tha mise ag iarraidh gille airson mèirle. Bheir mi obair dhut."

Dh'fhalbh Bilidh leis. Chaidh iad gu taigh-seinnse. Bha an duine ag iarraidh rudan a ghoid. Bha ròp aige. "Nise," thuirt e ri Bilidh, "thèid thusa sìos an similear air an ròp. Cuir a h-uile rud luachmhor suas. An uair sin bheir mise thu fhèin suas air an ròp."

Air an oidhche, chaidh Bilidh air mullach an taigh-sheinnse. Chaidh e sìos an similear air an ròp. Chuir e a h-uile rud luachmhor suas an ròp. Ach theich

<p><i>Billy was in a tight fix. He looked around. He found a cow's hide. There were horns on the hide. He put the hide around him. He started to scream.</i></p> <p><i>The maid-servant arose. She opened the door of the room. When she saw Billy with a cow's hide and horns on it, she became afraid. She shouted to her master.</i></p> <p><i>"What's upsetting you?" said her master.</i></p> <p><i>"I saw the Devil!" she said.</i></p> <p><i>The master went into the room. He spoke to the "Devil". "What made you come here?" he said.</i></p> <p><i>"I come here often," replied Billy.</i></p> <p><i>"What will you take," said the pub-owner, "to never return? Will you take fifty pounds?"</i></p> <p><i>"No," replied Billy. "But if I get a hundred, I'll be pleased."</i></p> <p><i>And Billy went home with a hundred pounds in his pocket.</i></p>	<p>am fear eile.</p> <p>Bha Bilidh ann an èiginn. Sheall e mun cuairt. Lorg e seiche mairt. Bha adhaircean air an t-seiche. Chuir e an t-seiche timcheall air. Thòisich e air sgriachail.</p> <p>Dh'èirich a' bhean-mhuinntir. Dh'fhosgail i doras an t-seòmair. Nuair a chunnaic i Bilidh le seiche mairt is adhaircean air, ghabh i eagal. Ghlaodh i ri a maighstir.</p> <p>"Dè tha a' cur ort?" ars a maighstir.</p> <p>"Chunnaic mi an Donas!" thuirt i.</p> <p>Chaidh am maighstir don t-seòmair. Bhruidhinn e ris an "Donas". "Dè chuir an seo thu?" thuirt e.</p> <p>"Is tric a thig mi an seo," fhreagair Bilidh.</p> <p>"Dè ghabhas tu", arsa fear an taigh-sheinnse, "agus gun tighinn tuilleadh? An gabh thu leth-cheud nota?"</p> <p>"Cha ghabh," fhreagair Bilidh. "Ach ma gheibh mi ceud, bidh mi toilichte."</p> <p>Agus chaidh Bilidh dhachaigh le ceud nota na phòcaid.</p>
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