

**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 289 (which corresponds to Litir 593). Ruairidh can be contacted at [roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

*I'm going to finish the traditional story, Billy. This young guy, Billy, was keen on thieving. The gentleman was wanting to set him one more test.*

*"I have a sword and a pistol," he said. Take with you the sheet that will be under my wife's back. Or I'll kill you."*

*"That's difficult," said Billy.*

*But he left that night. He went to the cemetery. He lifted a body that had been newly buried there. He put clothes on the body. He reached the gentleman's house. He went up on the roof. He had a rope. He let the body down the chimney on the rope.*

*The gentleman heard a noise. He arose. He saw legs coming down the chimney. He was thinking that it was Billy. When the body appeared he put a bullet in it.*

*"That's it" he said. "He's dead. I'll leave him there until day[light] comes."*

*"For [on] the love of God, don't [leave him]!" said his wife. "Go and bury him."*

*The gentleman put the body on his shoulder. He went to the cemetery with it. Billy saw that the*

Tha mi a' dol a chur crìoch air an stòiridh thraidiseanta, *Bilidh*. Bha am fear òg seo, Bilidh, measail air mèirle. Bha an duine uasal ag iarraidh aon deuchainn eile a chur air.

"Tha claidheamh agus daga agam," thuirt e. Thoir leat an siota a bhios fo dhruim mo mhnà. Air neo marbhaidh mi thu."

"Tha sin doirbh," arsa Bilidh.

Ach dh'fhalbh e air an oidhche sin. Chaidh e don chladh. Thog e corp a bh' air ùr-thiodhacadh ann. Chuir e aodach air a' chorp. Ràinig e taigh an duine uasail. Chaidh e suas air a' mhullach. Bha ròp aige. Leig e an corp sìos an similear air an ròp.

Dh'fhairich an duine uasal fuaim. Dh'èirich e. Chunnaic e casan a' tighinn sìos an similear. Bha e a' smaoineachadh gur e Bilidh a bha ann. Nuair a nochd an corp chuir e peilear ann.

"Sin e!" thuirt e. "Tha e marbh. Fàgaidh mi an sin e gus an tig an latha."

"Air gaol Dhè, na fàg!" ars a bhean. "Thalla agus tiodhlaic e."

Chuir an duine uasal an corp air a ghualainn. Chaidh e don chladh leis.

*gentleman had left. He went inside. It was dark in the house. Billy pretended to the gentleman's wife that he was her husband.*

*"The body is heavy," he said in a gentleman's voice. "I can't leave with it just now."*

*And Billy went to bed with the gentleman's wife. Little by little, he worked the sheet to his side. When he had the sheet, he rose and left.*

*The gentleman returned. "I'm tired," he said.*

*"Why are you tired?" his wife asked. "You left me in bed just two minutes ago."*

*The gentleman looked at the bed. The sheet was missing. Billy had defeated him.*

*"He can be yours now," he said to his wife. He left. Billy now had the gentleman's house and wife. I'm certain he was no longer concerned about being involved in thieving.*

Chunnaic Bilidh gun robh an duine uasal air falbh. Chaidh e a-steach. Bha e dorch anns an taigh. Thug Bilidh a chreidsinn do bhean an duine uasail gum b' esan an duine aice.

"Tha an corp trom," thuirt e ann an guth uasal. "Chan urrainn dhomh falbh leis an-dràsta."

Agus chaidh Bilidh don leabaidh le bean an duine uasail. Beag air bheag, dh'obraich e an siota don taobh aigesan. Nuair a bha an siota aige, dh'èirich e is dh'fhalbh e.

Thill an duine uasal. "Tha mi sgìth," thuirt e.

"Carson a tha thu sgìth?" dh'fhaighnich a bhean. "Dh'fhàg thu mi anns an leabaidh dìreach dà mhionaid air ais."

Sheall an duine uasal air an leabaidh. Bha an siota a dhìth. Bha Bilidh air a' chùis a dhèanamh air.

"Faodaidh e a bhith agad fhèin anise," thuirt e ri a bhean. Dh'fhalbh e. Bha taigh agus bean an duine uasail anise aig Bilidh. Tha mi cinnteach nach robh dragh air tuilleadh mu bhith ri mèirle.