

**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 300 (which corresponds to Litir 604). Ruairidh can be contacted at [roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

*I was telling you the old story Great Gulp. The Widow's Son built a vessel. He was hoping to marry the King's daughter.*

*The vessel was good at sailing on sea or land. The Widow's Son was the skipper. He went to look for a crew. He was sailing beside a wood. A deer ran out. A fast man ran after it. He caught the deer.*

*"You run well," the skipper said. "What's your name?"*

*"I'm Nimble Shanks," said the other man.*

*"Will you come with me?" the skipper asked. Nimble Shanks went on board.*

*They saw another man. He had his ear to the ground. The skipper asked what he was doing.*

*"I'm listening to the grass coming through the ground," he said.*

*"Will you come with me?" the skipper asked.*

*"Yes," said the other man.*

*"What's your name?" the skipper asked.*

*"I'm Good Hearing," he replied.*

*They didn't go far and they*

Bha mi ag innse dhuibh na seann sgeulachd *Balgam Mòr*. Thog Mac na Bantraich soitheach. Bha e an dòchas nighean an Rìgh a phòsadh.

Bha an soitheach math air seòladh air muir no tìr. B' e Mac na Bantraich an sgiobair. Chaidh e a choimhead airson sgioba. Bha e a' seòladh ri taobh coille. Ruith fiadh a-mach. Ruith fear luath às a dhèidh. Rug e air an fhiadh.

"Is math a ruitheas tu," thuirt an sgiobair. "Dè an t-ainm a th' ort?"

"Is mise Lurga Luath," thuirt am fear eile.

"An tig thu còmhla rium?" dh'fhaighnich an sgiobair. Chaidh Lurga Luath air bòrd.

Chunnaic iad fear eile. Bha a chluas ris an talamh. Dh'fhaighnich an sgiobair gu dè bha e a' dèanamh.

"Tha mi ag èisteachd an fheòir a' tighinn tron talamh," thuirt e.

"An tig thu còmhla rium?" ars an sgiobair.

"Thig," fhreagair an duine eile.

"Dè an t-ainm a th' ort?" dh'fhaighnich an sgiobair.

"Is mise Claisneachd Mhath," fhreagair e.

Cha deach iad fada agus

*saw another man. He was splintering [the] rock[s] with his backside. The skipper asked what he was doing.*

*“I’m passing the day in this way,” he replied.*

*“Will you come with me?” the skipper said.*

*“Yes,” said the other man.*

*“What is your name?” the skipper asked.*

*“I’m Hard Haunches,” he replied.*

*They saw another man. He had a gun to his eye. The skipper asked what he was doing.*

*“I’m aiming at a bird over in Ireland,” he said.*

*“Will you come with me?” said the skipper.*

*“Yes,” said the other man.*

*“What is your name?” the skipper asked.*

*“I’m Straight Aim,” he replied.*

*They saw another man. He was sucking up a wee loch and spouting the water out. “Will you come with me?” the skipper said.*

*“Yes,” said the other man.*

*“What is your name?” the skipper asked.*

*“Great Gulp,” said the other man.*

*The crew was complete. They kept on and they reached the King’s house. But the King wasn’t willing to give his daughter to the Widow’s Son. He asked the nobles for advice. And we’ll see what happened next week.*

chunnaic iad fear eile. Bha e a’ sgealbadh na creige le a thòin. Dh’fhaighnich an sgiobair gu dè bha e a’ dèanamh.

“Tha mi a’ cur seachad an latha mar seo,” fhreagair e.

“An tig thu còmhla rium?” ars an sgiobair.

“Thig,” ars am fear eile.

“Dè an t-ainm a th’ ort?” dh’fhaighnich an sgiobair.

“Is mise Tòn Chruaidh,” fhreagair e.

Chunnaic iad fear eile. Bha gunna ri a shùil. Dh’fhaighnich an sgiobair gu dè bha e a’ dèanamh.

“Tha mi a’ dèanamh cuimse air eun thall ann an Èirinn,” thuirt e.

“An tig thu còmhla rium?” ars an sgiobair.

“Thig,” thuirt am fear eile.

“Dè an t-ainm a th’ ort?” dh’fhaighnich an sgiobair.

“Is mise Cuimse Dhìreach,” fhreagair e.

Chunnaic iad fear eile. Bha esan a’ srùbadh lochan is a’ spùtadh an uisge a-mach. “An tig thu còmhla rium?” thuirt an sgiobair.

“Thig,” ars am fear eile.

“Dè an t-ainm a th’ ort?” dh’fhaighnich an sgiobair.

“Balgam Mòr,” thuirt am fear eile.

Bha an sgioba làn. Chùm iad orra agus ràinig iad taigh an Rìgh. Ach cha robh an Rìgh deònach a nighean a thoirt do Mhac na Bantraich. Dh’iarr e comhairle bho na h-uaislean. Agus chì sinn dè thachair an-ath-sheachdain.