

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 301 (which corresponds to Litir 605). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.macleon@bbc.co.uk.

I'm telling the story Great Gulp. The Widow's Son wanted to marry the King's daughter. The King wasn't willing to give him his daughter. The Floor-Mischief came. She was hostile to the Widow's Son.

She said that the Widow's Son would have to find a person who would bring a bottle of water from the green well more quickly than the Black-haired Girl of the Ragged Cloth.

"I'm hearing something," said Good Hearing.

"What are you hearing?" said the Widow's Son.

"That you need to take a bottle of water from the green well more quickly than the Black-haired Girl of the Ragged Cloth."

"I'll race against her," said Nimble Shanks. The Black-haired Girl of the Ragged Cloth was swift. But Nimble Shanks was swifter. He reached the well first.

The Black-haired Girl of the Ragged Cloth tried to defeat Nimble Shanks with her tongue. "Sit down and take a breath. I'll stroke your head," she said. He sat down. She

Tha mi ag innse na sgeulachd *Balgam Mòr*. Bha Mac na Banntraich ag iarraidh nighean an Rìgh a phòsadh. Cha robh an Rìgh deònach a nighean a thoirt dha. Thàinig an Earchlais-Ùrlair. Bha ise nàimhdeil do Mhac na Banntraich.

Thuir i gu feumadh Mac na Banntraich neach a lorg a bheireadh botal uisge às an tobar uaine na bu luaithe na Nighean Dubh na Luideig.

"Tha mi a' cluinntinn rud-eigin," thuir Claisneachd Mhath.

"Dè tha thu a' cluinntinn?" thuir Mac na Banntraich.

"Gu feum thu botal uisge a thoirt às an tobar uaine nas luaithe na Nighean Dubh na Luideig."

"Rèisidh mise na h-aghaidh," thuir Lurga Luath. Bha Nighean Dubh na Luideig luath. Ach bha Lurga Luath na bu luaithe. Ràinig esan an tobar an toiseach.

Dh'fheuch Nighean Dubh na Luideig ris a' chùis a dhèanamh air Lurga Luath le a teanga. "Dèan suidhe is leig d' anail. Slìobaidh mi do cheann," thuir i. Shuidh e sìos.

stroked his head. He fell asleep.

She took hold of the skull of a dead horse. She put it under his head. She left.

“I’m hearing something,” said Good Hearing.

“What are you hearing?” said the Widow’s Son.

“I’m hearing Nimble Shanks’ snoring,” he said. “The Black-haired Girl of the Ragged Cloth took the bottle of water from him.”

“I’ll do the job,” said Straight Aim. He shot a bullet at the horse’s skull. He ran after the Black-haired Girl of the Ragged Cloth. He got the bottle of water back. He gave the bottle to the Widow’s Son. The Widow’s Son gave the bottle to the King’s daughter.

But the Floor-Mischief wasn’t finished. She said that the Widow’s Son would have to ride the wild boar to the door of the Palace.

“I’m hearing something,” said Good Hearing.

“What are you hearing?” said the Widow’s Son.

“I’m hearing that you will have to ride the wild boar to the door of the Palace.”

Nimble Shanks and Hard Haunches left together. They got hold of the boar. They took the boar to the door of the Palace. And I’ll finish the story next week.

Shliob i a cheann. Thuit e na chadal.

Rug i air claigeann each marbh. Chuir i fo a cheann e. Dh’fhalbh i.

“Tha mi a’ cluinntinn rud-eigin,” thuir Claisneachd Mhath.

“Dè tha thu a’ cluinntinn?” thuir Mac na Bantraich.

“Tha mi a’ cluinntinn srann Lurga Luaith,” thuir e. “Thug Nighean Dubh na Luideig am botal uisge bhuaithe.”

“Nì mise an gnothach,” thuir Cuimse Dhìreach. Loisg e peilear air claigeann an eich. Dhùisg Lurga Luath. Ruith e às dèidh Nighean Dubh na Luideig. Fhuair e am botal uisge air ais. Thug e am botal do Mhac na Bantraich. Thug Mac na Bantraich am botal do nighean an Rìgh.

Ach cha robh an Earchlais-Ùrlair deiseil. Thuir i gu feumadh Mac na Bantraich an torc nimhe a mharcachd gu doras na Lùchairt.

“Tha mi a’ cluinntinn rud-eigin,” thuir Claisneachd Mhath.

“Dè tha thu a’ cluinntinn?” thuir Mac na Bantraich.

“Tha mi a’ cluinntinn gu feum thu an torc nimhe a mharcachd gu doras na Lùchairt.”

Dh’fhalbh Lurga Luath agus Tòn Chruaidh còmhla. Fhuair iad grèim air an torc. Thug iad an torc gu doras na Lùchairt. Agus cuiridh mi crìoch air an stòiridh an-ath-sheachdain.