

**An Litir Bheag**  
**le Ruairidh MacIleathain**

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 378 (which corresponds to Litir 682). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk).

*Here is a story for you – The One-eyed Miller and the Dumb [non-speaking] Englishman. There was a Scotsman and an Englishman. “There is a dumb man in England,” said the Englishman, “who can ask questions nobody can answer.”*

*“We’ll put a hundred pounds on it,” replied the Scotsman. “We have a schoolmaster who can answer any question.”*

*The Scotsman went to visit the schoolmaster. But the schoolmaster refused to have anything to do with it. On the way home the Scotsman went to visit the one-eyed miller. “Oh,” said the miller, “I’ll go there instead of the schoolmaster.”*

*The one-eyed miller and the dumb Englishman were put together in a room. There was no other person present.*

*The Englishman put a finger up. The miller put up two fingers. The Englishman put up three fingers. The miller closed his fist. The dumb man brought out an apple. The miller brought out oatbread. The Englishman rose and he left the room.*

*“How did you get on?” the other Englishman asked him. He gave paper and a pencil to the dumb man.*

*Seo stòiridh dhuibh – Am Muillear Cam agus am Balbhan Sasannach. Bha Albannach is Sasannach ann. “Tha fear balbh ann an Sasainn,” thuirt an Sasannach, “as urrainn ceistean a chur nach urrainn duine sam bith a fhreagairt.”*

*“Cuiridh sinn ceud not air,” fhreagair an t-Albannach. “Tha maighstir-sgoile againne as urrainn ceist sam bith a fhreagairt.”*

*Chaidh an t-Albannach a chèilidh air a’ mhaighstir-sgoile. Ach dhiùlt am maighstir-sgoile gnothach a ghabhail ris. Air an rathad dhachaigh chaidh an t-Albannach a chèilidh air a’ mhuillear cham. “O,” thuirt am muillear, “thèid mise ann an àite a’ mhaighstir-sgoile.”*

*Chaidh am muillear cam agus am balbhan Sasannach a chur còmhla ann an seòmar. Cha robh duine eile ann.*

*Chuir an Sasannach corrag suas. Chuir am muillear dà chorraig suas. Chuir an Sasannach trì corragan suas. Dhùin am muillear a dhòrn. Thug am fear balbh ubhal a-mach. Thug am muillear aran-coirce a-mach. Dh’èirich an Sasannach balbh agus dh’fhàg e an seòmar.*

*“Ciamar a chaidh dhut?” dh’fhaighnich an Sasannach eile. Thug e pàipear is peansail don fhear bhalbh.*

*“I lost,” wrote the dumb man.*

*“How?”*

*“I put up a finger,” he said. “I was saying that there was only one God. He put up two fingers. He was saying that there were Father and Son. I put up three fingers. I was saying that there were Father, Son and Holy Spirit. He closed his fist. He was saying that the three were one. I took out an apple. That was showing how sin came to the world. He himself took out oatbread. He was telling that that was the bread of life.”*

*When the miller came out, the other Scotsman asked him how he got on.*

*“I won.”*

*“How?”*

*“He put up a finger,” he said. “He was saying that I only had one eye. I put up two fingers. I was saying that he had two eyes. He put up three fingers. He was telling me that we had three eyes between us. I closed my fist. I was angry. He took out an apple. He was showing me what grows in England. I took oatbread out. I was showing him what keeps us alive in Scotland. And I won!”*

*“Chaill mi,” sgrìobh am fear balbh.*

*“Ciamar?”*

*“Chuir mi corrag suas,” sgrìobh e.*

*“Bha mi ag ràdh nach robh ann ach aon Dia. Chuir esan dà chorraig suas. Bha e ag ràdh gun robh Athair agus Mac ann. Chuir mise trì corragan suas. Bha mise ag ràdh gun robh Athair, Mac agus Spiorad Naomh ann. Dhùin esan a dhòrn. Bha e ag ràdh gur e aonan a bha anns an triùir. Thug mise ubhal a-mach. Bha sin a’ sealltainn mar a thàinig peacadh don t-saoghal. Thug e fhèin aran-coirce a-mach. Bha e ag innse gum b’ e sin aran na beatha.”*

*Nuair a thàinig am muillear a-mach, dh’fhàighnich an t-Albannach eile mar a chaidh dha.*

*“Bhuannaich mi.”*

*“Ciamar?”*

*“Chuir esan corrag suas,” thuirt e. “Bha e ag ràdh nach robh agam ach aon sùil. Chuir mise dà chorraig suas. Bha mi ag ràdh gun robh dà shùil aigesan. Chuir esan trì corragan suas. Bha e ag innse dhomh gun robh trì sùilean eadarainn. Dhùin mise mo dhòrn. Bha mi feargach. Thug e ubhal a-mach. Bha e a’ sealltainn dhomh dè tha a’ fàs ann an Sasainn. Thug mise aran-coirce a-mach. Bha mi a’ sealltainn dè tha gar cumail beò ann an Alba. Agus bhuannaich mi!”*