

**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 424 (which corresponds to Litir 728). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk).

*I'm going to finish the story The Man Who Got the Three Pieces of Advice. The third piece of advice was not to do anything on an evening or night without contemplating whether you might regret it on the next day.*

*Our friend reached his house. It was night-time. Everything was pitch black. He had been away for a long time. During that time, a big change came [had come] over matters at home.*

*He saw a man stretched out on the bed. He thought it was a man who had been living with his wife. He went to seek a knife to kill the man.*

*But he thought about the third piece of advice. He returned to the bed, without a knife. And whom did he find in the bed but his own son. The lad had grown big. The man didn't recognise him.*

*His wife came. They greeted each other. His wife asked what he had brought home in the way of wages.*

*'Well,' he said, 'I got wages.'*

*'And?' he asked. 'Where are they?'*

Tha mi a' dol a chur crìoch air an stòiridh *Am Fear a Fhuair na Trì Comhairlean*. B' e an treas comhairle gun a bhith a' dèanamh sian air feasgar no oidhche gun a bhith a' meòrachadh air co-dhiù bidh aithreachas ort air a shon air an ath latha.

Ràinig ar caraaid an taigh aige. Bha an oidhche ann. Bha a h-uile càil dubh dorch. Bha esan air a bhith air falbh fad ùine mhòr. Anns an ùine sin, thàinig atharrachadh mòr air gnothaichean aig an taigh.

Chunnaic e fear na shìneadh air an leabaidh. Shaoil e gur e fear a bha ann a bha air a bhith a' fuireach cuide ri a bhean. Chaidh e a lorg sgian airson an duine a mharbhadh.

Ach smaoinich e air an treas comhairle. Thill e a dh'ionnsaigh na leapa, gun sgian. Agus cò lorg e san leabaidh ach a mhac fhèin. Bha an gille air fàs mòr. Cha do dh'aithnich an duine e.

Thàinig a bhean. Chuir iad fàilte air a chèile. Dh'fhaighnich a bhean gu dè bha e air a thoirt dhachaigh mar thuarastal.

'Uill,' ars esan, 'fhuair mi tuarastal.'

'Agus?' dh'fhaighnich ise. 'Càite a bheil e?'

*'Well,' he said, 'it's like this. I spent it all on three pieces of advice.' And he explained what happened. She herself can't have been pleased, however.*

*He gave the loaf of bread to his wife. 'Here is a loaf of bread,' he said. The man who hired me, he said that you would be waiting for this bread.'*

*She went over to the table. She picked up a big knife. She cut the bread in two halves. When she opened the loaf, money fell out of it – every penny that her husband had earned while he was away. The employer had put the money into the loaf.*

*Because the man was so faithful that he paid attention to the three pieces of advice, he reached his home in one piece. And that is the tale of the Man Who Got the Three Pieces of Advice.*

*'Uill,' ars esan, 's ann mar seo a tha e. Chosg mi air fad e air trì comhairlean.' Agus mhinich e mar a thachair. Feumaidh nach robh i fhèin uabhasach toilichte, ge-tà.*

*Thug e an lof arain do a bhean. 'Seo lof arain,' thuirt e. Am fear a dh'fhastaich mi, thuirt e gum biodh tusa a' feitheamh ris an aran seo.'*

*Chaidh i a-null a dh'ionnsaigh a' bhùird. Thog i sgian mhòr. Gheàrr i an t-aran ann an dà leth. Nuair a dh'fhosgail i an lof, thuit airgead a-mach às – a h-uile sgillinn a bha an duine aice air cosnadh fhad 's a bha e air falbh. Bha am fear-fastaidh air an t-airgead a chur a-steach don lof.*

*Leis gun robh an duine cho dìleas 's gun tug e feairt air na trì comhairlean, ràinig e a dhachaigh slàn sàbhailte. Agus sin agaibh an naidheachd air an *Fhear a Fhuair na Trì Comhairlean*.*