

## **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 498 (which corresponds to Litir 802). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk).

*There was a landlord in the Highlands. He had a butler. The butler was honest. He had a son. When the son reached maturity, he himself got employment in the estate house.*

*But he was stealing things. The landlord said to the butler that the lad would have to leave. Or they would all lose work and a place to live.*

*The butler and his son went to Glasgow. They were looking for a new career for the lad. They met a man on the street. The man asked why they were in Glasgow.*

*'My son is seeking a trade,' said the butler.*

*'I'll teach him a trade,' said the other man.*

*'What trade?' said the butler.*

*'Thieving,' replied the other man.*

*'It's thieving that brought him here,' said the butler.*

*'All the better,' said the other man. And the lad went to live with a gang of thieves.*

*After a day or two, the lad went out with one of the thieves. They went to a watchmaker's shop.*

Bha uachdaran air a' Ghàidhealtachd. Bha buidealair aige. Bha am buidealair onarach. Bha mac aige. Nuair a ràinig am mac ìre, fhuair e fhèin obair anns an taigh mhòr.

Ach bha e a' goid rudan. Thuirt an t-uachdaran ris a' bhuidealair gu feumadh an gille falbh. No gun cailleadh iad uile obair is àite-fuirich.

Chaidh am buidealair agus a mhac a Ghlaschu. Bha iad a' sireadh dreuchd ùr airson a' ghille. Thachair iad ri duine air an t-sràid. Dh'fhaighnich an duine dhiubh carson a bha iad ann an Glaschu.

'Tha an gille agam a' lorg ceàird,' thuirt am buidealair.

'Ionnsaichidh mise ceàird dha,' thuirt am fear eile,

'Dè a' cheàird?' thuirt am buidealair.

'Mèirle,' fhreagair am fear eile.

'S e mèirle a thug an seo e,' ars am buidealair.

'Nas fheàrr buileach,' thuirt am fear eile. Agus chaidh an gille a dh'fhuireach cuide ri gràisg de mhèirlich.

An dèidh latha no dhà, chaidh an gille a-mach le fear de na mèirlich. Chaidh iad gu bùth aig fear-reic

*'I want to buy a gold watch,' said the thief. The shopkeeper put a box of them on the counter.*

*'Do you have another sort?' said the thief.*

*The shopkeeper went to pick up another box. When his back was to the counter, the thief put a watch up his sleeve. The shopkeeper put another box on the counter.*

*'None of these are suitable,' said the thief. He thanked the shopkeeper and he left.*

*But the lad didn't go out. He said to the shopkeeper, 'Did you see that?'*

*'What?' asked the shopkeeper.*

*That man put a watch up his sleeve.' The shopkeeper counted the watches and, right enough, one was missing. He ran out of the shop to try and find a police officer.*

*While he was out, the lad put a box of watches inside his jacket. He went to the thieves' house.*

*'Wasn't I good?' said the thief. But the lad brought out the box of watches. 'You were good,' he said, 'but I was better.' And I'll tell you what happened then next week.*

uaireadairean.

*'Tha mi ag iarraidh uaireadair òir a cheannach,' thuir am mèirleach. Chuir fear na bùtha bogsa dhiubh air a' chunntair.*

*'A bheil seòrsa eile agad?' ars am mèirleach.*

*Chaidh fear na bùtha a thogail bogsa eile. Nuair a bha a chùl ris a' chunntair, chuir am mèirleach uaireadair suas a mhuinchill. Chuir fear na bùtha bogsa eile air a' chunntair.*

*'Chan eil gin dhiubh seo freagarrach,' thuir am mèirleach. Thug e taing do dh'fhear na bùtha agus dh'fhalbh e.*

*Ach cha deach an gille a-mach. Thuir e ri fear na bùtha, 'Am faca tu sin?'*

*'Dè?' dh'fhaighnich fear na bùtha.*

*'Chuir am fear sin uaireadair suas a mhuinchill.' Chunnt fear na bùtha na h-uaireadairean agus, ceart gu leòr, bha aonan a dhìth. Ruith e a-mach às a' bhùth, feuch poileas a lorg.*

*Fhad 's a bha e a-muigh, chuir an gille bogsa de dh'uaireadairean am broinn a sheacaid. Dh'fhalbh e gu àros nam mèirleach.*

*'Nach robh mi math?' thuir am mèirleach. Ach thug an gille am bogsa de dh'uaireadairean a-mach. 'Bha thu math,' thuir e, 'ach bha mise na b' fheàrr.' Agus innsidh mi dhuibh dè thachair an uair sin an-ath-sheachdain.*