

# **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 500 (which corresponds to Litir 804). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

*I'll finish the old story 'The Butler's Son'. The landlord wasn't pleased that the butler's son was back. He asked the lad to steal the bedsheet that would be under himself and his wife that night. That was to prove how skilful he was as a thief. If he didn't do that, he'd get a bullet in his head.*

*The evening dusk came. The lad went to the cemetery. He dug up a body that had been newly buried. He put clothes of his own on the body. He went to the big house with the body.*

*The night was dark. People were in bed. The lad put a ladder up to the landlord's bedroom window. He pulled the body up with him. He opened the window a little. He put the head of the body inside.*

*The landlord was awake. He fired a gun at the corpse's head. 'I got him,' he said to his wife, 'and I must bury him.' He put the body on his shoulder and he went downstairs.*

*While he was outside, the lad ran inside. He knew the house. He*

Cuiridh mi crìoch air an t-seann stòiridh 'Mac a' Bhuidealair'. Cha robh an t-uachdaran toilichte gun robh mac a' bhuidealair air ais. Dh'iarr e air a' ghille an siota-leapa a bhiodh fodha 's fo a bhean air an oidhche sin a ghoid. Bha sin airson dearbhadh cho sgileil 's a bha e mar mhèirleach. Mura dèanadh e sin, gheibheadh e peilear na cheann.

Thàinig ciaradh an fheasgair. Chaidh an gille don chladh. Chladhaich e suas corp a bha air ùr-thiodhlacadh. Chuir e aodach aige fhèin timcheall a' chuirp. Chaidh e don taigh mhòr leis a' chorp.

Bha an oidhche dorch. Bha daoine san leabaidh. Chuir an gille àradh suas gu uinneag seòmair-cadail an uachdarain. Tharraing e an corp suas leis. Dh'fhosgail e an uinneag beagan. Chuir e ceann a' chuirp a-steach.

Bha an t-uachdaran na dhùisg. Loisg e gunna air ceann a' chuirp. 'Fhuair mi e,' thuirt e ri a bhean, 'agus feumaidh mi a thiodhlacadh.' Chuir e an corp air a ghualainn agus chaidh e sìos an staidhre.

Fhad 's a bha esan a-muigh, ruith an gille a-steach. Bha e eòlach air an

*went upstairs to the bedroom. The landlord's wife was sitting in the dark. She was very upset.*

*The lad changed his voice. He pretended he was the landlord. 'The lad's too heavy,' he said. 'Give me the sheet off the bed. I'll put the body in it. It'll be easier to take away.' He left with the sheet.*

*The landlord returned. His wife was rummaging in the cupboard. 'Why are you not in bed?' he said.*

*I'm looking for a new sheet,' she said, 'since you took the other one away.'*

*The landlord looked at his wife. He looked at the bed. He understood that the lad had beaten him. He was indeed a thief of the first order.*

*The landlord kept quiet about the matter. He kept the lad's father on as butler. But whatever happened to the lad after that, I don't know. I heard nothing more about him.*

taigh. Chaidh e suas an staidhre don t-seòmar-chadail. Bha bean an uachdarain na suidhe anns an dorchadas. Bha i troimhe-chèile.

Dh'atharraich an gille an guth aige. Thug e a' chreidsinn gum b' esan an t-uachdaran. 'Tha an gille ro throm,' thuirt e. 'Thoir dhomh an siota far na leapa. Cuiridh mi an corp ann. Bidh e nas fhasa a thoirt air falbh.' Dh'fhalbh e leis an t-siota.

Thill an t-uachdaran. Bha a bhean a' rùrachadh anns a' phreas. 'Carson nach eil thu san leabaidh?' thuirt e.

'Tha mi a' coimhead airson siota ùr,' fhreagair i, 'bhon a thug thu am fear eile air falbh.'

Choimhead an t-uachdaran air a bhean. Choimhead e air an leabaidh. Thuig e gun do rinn an gille an gnothach air. 'S e sàr-mhèirleach a bha ann, gun teagamh.

Chùm an t-uachdaran sàmhach mun gnothach. Chùm e athair a' ghille air mar bhuidealair. Ach dè thachair don ghille an dèidh sin, chan eil fhios a'm. Cha chuala mi an còrr mu dheidhinn.