

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 503 (which corresponds to Litir 807). Ruairidh can be contacted at rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

I was telling you the old story – The Golden Fish. The fish promised a reward to the fisherman.

'Wee golden fish!' he called. The fish's head appeared.

'Aye, what can I do for you?' said the fish.

'My wife wants bread. There is no food in the house.'

'Go home,' said the fish. 'There will be plenty of bread at the front door.'

The fisherman returned home. There was plenty of bread. 'We have plenty of bread now,' he said to his wife.

'Yes,' she said. 'But look at me. I only have rags to wear. Ask the fish to give me new clothes.'

The fisherman returned to the shore. 'Wee golden fish!' he called.

'Aye, friend, what do you want?' said the fish.

'My wife wants new smart clothes.'

'Go home. There will be new clothes waiting for you,' said the fish.

The fisherman returned home. There were new clothes there.

'You have new clothes,' he said

Bha mi ag aithris dhuibh an seann stòiridh – an t-Iasg Òir. Gheall an t-iasg duais don iasgair.

'Èisg bhig òir!' dh'èigh e. Nochd ceann an èisg.

'Seadh, dè nì mi dhut?' ars an t-iasg.

'Tha mo bhean ag iarraidh aran. Chan eil biadh anns an taigh.'

'Thalla dhachaigh,' thuirt an t-iasg. 'Bidh aran gu leòr aig an doras mhòr.'

Thill an t-iasgair dhachaigh. Bha aran gu leòr ann. 'Tha aran gu leòr againn a-nise,' thuirt e ri a bhean.

'Tha,' fhreagair i. 'Ach seall orm. Chan eil orm ach piullagan. Iarr air an iasg aodach ùr a thoirt dhomh.'

Thill an t-iasgair don chladach. 'Èisg bhig òir!' dh'èigh e.

'Seadh, a charaid, dè tha bhuat?' thuirt an t-iasg.

'Tha mo bhean ag iarraidh aodach spaideil ùr.'

'Thalla dhachaigh. Bidh aodach ùr a' feitheamh riut,' thuirt an t-iasg.

Thill an t-iasgair dhachaigh. Bha aodach ùr ann.

'Tha aodach ùr agad,' thuirt e ri a

to his wife.

'Yes,' she replied. 'But what use are new clothes if I'm living in this house? I want a smart new house.'

The fishermen went to the shore again. 'Wee golden fish!' he called.

'Aye, friend,' said the fish. 'What do you want now?'

'My wife wants a smart new house.'

'Go home,' said the golden fish. 'There will be a smart new house there.'

The old man returned home. There was a smart new house there.

'You have a new house,' he said to his wife. 'Are you satisfied now?'

'No,' she said. 'I'd like to be a lady, with a much larger house, and servants, and a golden carriage in front of the house.'

The old man returned to the shore.

'Wee golden fish!' he called.

'You're here again,' said the fish.

'Yes,' replied the fisherman. 'She now wants a much larger house, with servants and a golden carriage.'

'Go home,' replied the fish. 'There will be a mansion. It will have a golden carriage in front of it. And servants.'

The fisherman went home. There was a mansion there, with a golden carriage in front of it. I'll tell you what happened then, when I finish the story in the next Litir.

bhean.

'Tha,' fhreagair ise. 'Ach dè feum a tha ann an aodach ùr ma tha mi a' fuireach ann an taigh mar seo? Tha mi ag iarraidh taigh ùr spaideil.'

Dh'fhalbh an t-iasgair don chladach a-rithist. 'Èisg bhig òir!' dh'èigh e.

'Seadh, a charaid,' thuirt an t-iasg. 'Dè tha bhuat a-nise?'

'Tha mo bhean ag iarraidh taigh ùr spaideil.'

'Thalla dhachaigh,' thuirt an t-iasg òir. 'Bidh taigh ùr spaideil ann.'

Thill am bodach dhachaigh. Bha taigh ùr spaideil ann.

'Tha taigh ùr agad,' thuirt e ri a bhean. 'A bheil thu riaraichte a-nise?'

'Chan eil,' thuirt i. 'Bu mhath leam a bhith nam bhean-uasal, le taigh cus nas motha, agus searbhantan, agus carbad òir air beulaibh an taighe.'

Thill am bodach don chladach.

'Èisg bhig òir!' dh'èigh e.

'Tha thu ann a-rithist,' thuirt an t-iasg.

'Tha,' fhreagair an t-iasgair. 'Tha i a-nise ag iarraidh taigh cus nas motha, le searbhantan agus carbad òir.'

'Thalla dhachaigh,' fhreagair an t-iasg. 'Bidh taigh mòr mòr ann. Bidh carbad òir air a bheulaibh. Agus searbhantan.'

Dh'fhalbh an t-iasgair dhachaigh. Bha taigh mòr mòr ann, le carbad òir air a bheulaibh. Innsidh mi dhuibh dè thachair an uair sin, nuair a chuireas mi crìoch air an stòiridh anns an ath Litir.