

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 509 (which corresponds to Litir 813). Ruairidh can be contacted at rodgy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

Here is a story about the second sight, and it's true. I heard it, told in Gaelic, on the Isle of Skye. It's connected to an air accident in 1945.

There was a policeman based in Uig in the north of Skye. He was a Uist man. His name was Roderick MacDonald, or Big Roderick. He went to live in Uig in 1926.

Roderick didn't have a car, only a motorbike. He was very keen on hunting. Often he was on his motorbike with a rifle or shotgun on his back. He was hunting the rabbits on the Trotternish Ridge.

One day, he went to Beinn Eadra. It was early in January in 1945. Roderick was often giving the rabbits to poor people. This time, however, he was going to give them to the Inspector of Police in Portree.

Suddenly, there was a peal of thunder. Lightning and hailstones came. Roderick found shelter under a rock. There was a storm. While

Seo agaibh stòiridh mun dà-shealladh, agus tha e fìor. Chuala mi e, air aithris ann an Gàidhlig, anns an Eilean Sgitheanach. Tha e co-cheangailte ri tubaist-adhair ann an naoi ceud deug, ceathrad 's a còig (1945).

Bha poileas stèidhichte ann an Ùig, ann an ceann a tuath an Eilein Sgitheanaich. 'S e Uibhisteach a bha ann. B' e Ruairidh Dòmhnallach, no Ruairidh Mòr, ainm an duine. Chaidh e a dh'fhuireach ann an Ùig ann an naoi ceud deug, fichead 's a sia (1926).

Cha robh càr aig Ruairidh, dìreach motar-baidhsagal. Bha air leth measail air sealg. Gu tric, bha e air a mhotar-baidhg le raidhfil no gunna-froise air a dhruim. Bha e a' sealg nan coineanach air Druim Thròndairnis.

Latha a bha seo, chaidh e gu Beinn Eadra. Bha e tràth san Fhaoilleach ann an naoi ceud deug, ceathrad 's a còig (1945). Gu tric bha Ruairidh a' toirt nan coineanach do dhaoine bochda. An turas seo, ge-tà, bha e a' dol gan toirt do dh'Inspeactair nam Poileas ann am Port Rìgh.

Gu h-obann, bha brag tàirneanaich. Thàinig dealanaich agus clachan-meallain. Lorg Ruairidh fasgadh fo chreag. Bha gailleann ann. Fhad 's a bha an stoirm a'

the storm was on, Roderick heard a noise. It was as if somebody in extremis was shouting.

When the wind subsided, Roderick had a good look all around. But he found nothing. He went to Portree with the rabbits. He told the inspector what had happened. The other man didn't make much of the matter. But Roderick was upset.

Two months later, Roderick's daughter heard a noise like thunder. It was coming from the direction of the Trotternish Ridge. A little later she saw her father. He was going to Staffin at speed on his motorbike. An American plane – a Flying Fortress – had crashed into Beinn Eadra.

A rescue party was set up. But nobody was alive on the mountain. Everybody on board the plane – nine of them – was dead. It's thought that Roderick heard a premonition of the accident two months before it happened.

dol, dh'fhairich Ruairidh fuaim. Bha e mar gun robh cuideigin ag èigheachd, agus e ann an èiginn.

Nuair a shocraich a' ghaoth, thug Ruairidh sùil gheur air feadh an àite. Ach cha do lorg e dad. Chaidh e a Phort Rìgh leis na coineanaich. Dh'inns e mar a thachair don inspeactair. Cha do rinn am fear eile cus dhen ghnathach. Ach bha dragh air Ruairidh.

Dà mhìos an dèidh sin, dh'fhairich nighean Ruairidh fuaim coltach ri tàirneanaich. Bha e a' tighinn bho thaobh Dhruim Thròndairnis. Goidid an dèidh sin chunnaic i a h-athair. Bha e a' dol a Stafainn aig astar air a mhotar-baidhg. Bha itealan Ameireaganach – *Flying Fortress* – air bualadh ann am Beinn Eadra.

Chaidh sgioba-theasairginn a chur air dòigh. Ach cha robh duine beò air a' bheinn. Bha a h-uile duine air bòrd an itealain – naoinear dhiubh – marbh. Thathar dhen bheachd gun d' fhairich Ruairidh Mòr taibhs na tubaist dà mhìos mus do thachair i.