

# **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 687 (which corresponds to Litir 991). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

*I was telling you the story Peter of the Mountain. Peter took a cow to the market. But he returned home without anything in his pocket. He had a wager with a friend to the value of a hundred pounds that he wouldn't be scolded by his wife. His friend waited outside Peter's house, eavesdropping.*

*'How did you get on in the town?' his wife asked.*

*'Well,' said Peter, 'I swapped the cow for a horse.'*

*'A horse?' she said. 'Aren't you a wise man. We won't walk to the church anymore.'*

*'But we don't have the horse,' said Peter. 'I gave it away. I got a pig in its place.'*

*'That's good,' said his wife. 'We'll now have pork.'*

*'However,' Peter admitted, 'I don't have the pig now. I got a goat in its place.'*

*'Bless me!' cried his wife. 'That's good. We'll get milk and cheese.'*

*'But I gave the goat away and I got a sheep.'*

*'Och, Peter,' said his wife, 'I'm so pleased. The sheep will give us*

Bha mi ag innse dhuibh an sgeulachd Pàdraig na Beinne. Thug Pàdraig bò don mhargaidh. Ach thill e dhachaigh gun sgàth na phòcaid. Bha geall luach ceud not aige le caraid nach fhaigheadh e trod sam bith bho a bhean. Dh'fhan a charaid taobh a-muigh taigh Phàdraig, a' cumail cluas ri claisneachd.

'Ciamar a chaidh dhut anns a' bhaile mhòr?' dh'fhaighnich a bhean.

'Uill,' thuirt Pàdraig, 'thug mi a' bhò seachad air each.'

'Air each?' ars ise. 'Nach tu fhèin an duine glic. Cha bhi sinn a' coiseachd don eaglais tuilleadh.'

'Ach chan eil an t-each againn,' thuirt Pàdraig. 'Thug mi seachad e. Fhuair mi muc na àite.'

'Tha sin math,' thuirt a bhean. 'Bidh muicfheadil againn a-nise.'

'Ge-tà,' dh'aidich Pàdraig, 'chan eil a' mhuc agam a-nise. Fhuair mi gobhar na h-àite.'

'Beannaich mise!' ghlaodh a' bhean aige. 'Tha sin math. Gheibh sinn bainne is càise.'

'Ach thug mi a' ghobhar seachad agus fhuair mi caora.'

'Och, a Phàdraig,' thuirt a bhean, 'tha mi cho toilichte. Bheir a' chaora clòimh is bainne dhuinn.'

*wool and milk.'*

*'That's if we had the sheep,'  
replied her husband. I gave her away.  
I got a goose in her place.'*

*'Weren't you wise,' said his wife.  
'There's nothing tastier than roasted  
goose.'*

*'But I don't have the goose,' said  
Peter. 'I got a cockerel in its place.'*

*'That's good,' said his wife.  
'There will be no day that the cockerel  
won't waken us in the morning. We'll  
never be late for anything.'*

*'I sold the cockerel for a shilling  
because I was hungry,' admitted  
Peter.*

*'Very good, darling, we can now  
stay in bed for as long as we want. I'm  
so grateful that you returned home fit  
and well, and that you did everything  
so well.'*

*Peter turned to the front door  
and he opened it. He called to the man  
who was outside. 'What's your  
opinion now. Did I win the wager?'*

*His friend admitted that he did  
without doubt, and he payed him the  
wager.*

*' 'S e sin nam biodh a' chaora  
againn,' fhreagair an duine aice. 'Thug  
mi seachad i. Fhuair mi gèadh na h-  
àite.'*

*'Nach tu a bha glic,' thuirt a  
bhean. 'Chan eil càil nas blasta na  
gèadh ròsta.'*

*'Ach chan eil an gèadh agam,'  
arsa Pàdraig. 'Fhuair mi coileach na  
àite.'*

*'Is math sin,' thuirt a bhean.  
'Cha bhi latha ann nach dùisg an  
coileach sinn sa mhadainn. Cha bhi sinn  
fadalach airson nì sam bith.'*

*'Reic mi an coileach air tasan  
oir bha an t-acras orm,' dh'aidich  
Pàdraig.*

*'Glè mhath, a ghràidh, faodaidh  
sinn a-nise fuireach anns an leabaidh  
cho fada 's a thogras sinn. Is mise a tha  
taingeil gun do thill thu dhachaigh slàn,  
sàbhailte agus gun do rinn thu a h-uile  
rud gu dòigheil.'*

*Thionndaidh Pàdraig chun an  
dorais mhòir agus dh'fhosgail e e.  
Dh'èigh e ris an fhear a bha a-muigh.  
'Dè do bheachd a-nise? An do  
bhuannaich mi an geall?'*

*Dh'aidich a charaid gun do rinn e  
sin gun teagamh, agus phàigh e an geall  
dha.*