

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 762 (which corresponds to Litir 1,066). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

I was telling you about the curse that was on the Mill of [Glen] Banchor. People went to speak to the witch. They asked her to lift her curse so that people would be able to work the mill.

The witch agreed to do that except on St Bride's Feast Day. On that day, anybody who would be working in the mill, he would suffer terribly.

Because of that, the miller of Glen Banchor did no work on St Bride's Feast Day. But a new miller came. He was of the opinion that it was only a superstition. He told people that the mill would be working on St Bride's Feast Day.

That day came. Nobody appeared at the mill. The miller had corn, however. He put it through the mill. The meal was mixed with sand. But the miller told people that the mill was working well.

When other people came with corn, the mill would not work. The granary – where the grain was stored – was full of rats. The miller left before the year was out. But his new mill burned to the ground, and he died in poverty.

Bha mi ag innse dhuibh mun mhallachd a bha air Muileann Bheannchair. Chaidh daoine a bhruidhinn ris a' bhana-bhuidsich. Dh'iarr iad oirre a mallachd a thogail gus am biodh comas aig daoine am muileann obrachadh.

Dh'aontaich a' bhana-bhuidseach sin a dhèanamh ach a-mhàin air Latha Fèill Brìde. Air an latha sin, duine sam bith a bhiodh ag obair sa mhuileann, bhiodh e a' fulang gu dubh.

Air sàillibh sin, cha do rinn muillear Ghleann Bheannchair obair sam bith air Latha Fèill Brìde. Ach thàinig muillear ùr. Bha esan dhen bheachd nach robh ann ach saobh-chràbhadh. Dh'inns e do dhaoine gum biodh am muileann ag obair air Latha Fèill Brìde.

Thàinig an latha sin. Cha do nochd aon duine aig a' mhuileann. Bha arbhar aig a' mhuillear fhèin, ge-tà. Chuir e sin tron mhuileann. Bha a' mhin measgaichte le gainmheach. Ach dh'inns am muillear do dhaoine gum robh am muileann ag obair gu math.

Nuair a thàinig daoine eile le arbhar, chan obraicheadh am muileann. Bha an sìol-lann – far an robh gràn air a stòradh – làn radan. Dh'fhalbh am muillear mus robh a' bhliadhna seachad. Ach loisg am muileann ùr aige gu làr, agus chaochail e ann am bochdainn.

Another miller came. He had an adopted son who belonged to the travelling people. The two [of them] ran the mill, keeping it closed on St Bride's Feast Day. They had no problem[s].

This man died, and another came in his place. He couldn't work the mill. He sent for the old miller's adopted son. The lad agreed to help him. But he wanted to be alone in the mill. He had a special piece of wood hidden there. By using it in a secret way, he set the mill going once more.

The lad refused to divulge his secret to anyone else. He was hired as [the] miller. But, although the mill was working, the lad wasn't good as a miller. The mill closed. It's now a ruin. But the local people still remember how the old folk would refuse to work it on St Bride's Feast Day.

Thàinig muillear eile. Bha uchd-mhac aige a bhuineadh don luchd-siubhail. Ruith an dithis am muileann, ga chumail dùinte air Latha Fèill Bhrìde. Cha robh duilgheadas sam bith aca.

Chaochail an duine seo, agus thàinig fear eile na àite. Cha b' urrainn dha am muileann obrachadh. Chuir e fios gu uchd-mhac an t-seann mhuilleir. Dh'aontaich an gille a chuideachadh. Ach bha e airson a bhith leis fhèin anns a' mhuileann. Bha pìos fiodha sònraichte aige am falach ann. Le bhith a' cleachdadh sin ann an dòigh dhìomhair, chuir e am muileann air dol a-rithist.

Dhiùlt an gille an rùn-dìomhair aige innse do dhuine sam bith eile. Bha e fhèin air fhasadh mar mhuillear. Ach, ged a bha am muileann ag obair, cha robh an gille math mar mhuillear. Dhùin am muileann. Tha e anise na thobhta. Ach tha cuimhne fhathast aig muinntir an àite air mar a bhiodh na seann daoine a' diùltadh obrachadh air Latha Fèill Bhrìde.