

## **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 1,060 (which corresponds to Litir 1,364). Ruairidh can be contacted at [fios@learngaelic.scot](mailto:fios@learngaelic.scot).*

*There was at one time an old fisherman in Kintail in the Western Highlands. One day, he and his sons were fishing. They had a sailing boat.*

*Bad weather came. They had to sail past a headland. But they couldn't. They allowed the boat to go on to the shore. The boat's keel broke.*

*They walked home. The old man went to the wood. He was looking for wood to make a new keel. But he didn't find anything.*

*The night came. The old man found a house and he entered. There were three old women there. They gave him a night's lodging.*

*He lay down on a bed. One of the women came in. The old man pretended he was asleep. The woman went to a chest and took out a bonnet. She put the bonnet on, said 'London again!' and disappeared.*

*A second woman came. She took another bonnet from the chest, said 'London again!' and there was no more sign of her. The third woman came in and the same thing happened.*

*The old man arose and looked in the chest. There was another bonnet in it. He said, 'London again!' In an instant he was in a whisky cellar in London. The three women were laid*

Bha uaireigin seann iasgair ann an Cinn Tàile air taobh an iar na Gàidhealtachd. Latha a bha seo, bha e fhèin agus na mic aige ag iasgach. Bha bàta-seòlaidh aca.

Thàinig droch shìde. Bha aca ri seòladh seachad air rubha. Ach cha b' urrainn dhaibh. Leig iad leis a' bhàta dhol air a' chladach. Bhreis druim a' bhàta.

Choisich iad dhachaigh. Chaidh am bodach don choille. Bha e a' lorg fiodh airson druim ùr a dhèanamh. Ach cha do lorg e dad.

Thàinig an oidhche. Lorg am bodach taigh agus chaidh a-steach. Bha triùir sheann bhoireannach ann. Thug iad cuid na h-oidhche dha.

Laigh e sìos air leabaidh. Thàinig tè de na boireannaich a-steach. Leig am bodach air gun robh e na chadal. Chaidh am boireannach gu ciste agus thug i bonaid a-mach. Chuir i a' bhonaid oirre, thuirt i, 'Lunnainn a-rithist!' agus dh'fhalbh i à fianais.

Thàinig dàrna boireannach. Thug i bonaid eile às a' chiste, thuirt i 'Lunnainn a-rithist!' agus cha robh sgeul oirre tuilleadh. Thàinig an treas boireannach a-steach agus thachair an dearbh rud.

Dh'èirich am bodach agus thug e sùil sa chiste. Bha bonaid eile ann. Chuir e air a cheann i. Thuirt e, 'Lunnainn a-rithist!' Taobh a-staigh tiotan bha e ann an seilear uisge-bheatha ann an Lunnainn. Bha an triùir

<p><i>out on the floor. They were intoxicated.</i></p> <p><i>They had left the taps of the barrels open. The whisky was leaking out of them. The old man drank some of the whisky.</i></p> <p><i>He took a nap. The next thing he noticed, a man was scolding him. He was thinking that the old man was a thief.</i></p> <p><i>The old man was going to be hanged to death. The hangman put him on the gibbet with the noose around his neck. 'I'm innocent,' said the old man. But the hangman didn't listen to him., The old man put the bonnet on his head and said, 'Kintail again!'</i></p> <p><i>The next minute he was back in Kintail, accompanied by the gibbet. Now he had a straight piece of wood that would be suitable for a new keel for his boat!</i></p>	<p>bhoireannach sìnte air an làr. Bha iad air mhisg.</p> <p>Bha iad air tapaichean nam baraillean fhàgail fosgailte. Bha an t-uisge-beatha ag aoidion asta. Ghabh am bodach beagan dhen uisge-bheatha.</p> <p>Ghabh e norrag. An ath rud a mhothaich e, bha fear a' trod ris. Bha e a' smaoineachadh gun robh am bodach na mhèirleach.</p> <p>Bha am bodach gu bhith air a chrochadh gu bàs. Chuir an crochadair air a' chroich e, agus an lùb-ròpa timcheall air amhaich. 'Tha mi neoichiontach,' ars am bodach. Ach cha do dh'èist an crochadair ris. Chuir am bodach a bhonaid air a cheann agus thuirt e, 'Cinn Tàile A-rithist!'</p> <p>An ath mhionaid bha e air ais ann an Cinn Tàile, agus a' chroich na chois. Bha a-nise pìos dìreach fiodha aige a bhiodh freagarrach mar dhruim ùr airson a bhàta!</p>
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