

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Am Fear a Fhuair na Trì Comhairlean (3)

A special programme, in the form of a “letter”, designed for Gaelic learners who already have some knowledge of the language. A short vocabulary and comments on points of grammar and figures of speech are included with the text. If you have comments, Ruairidh can be contacted at rodny.macleam@bbc.co.uk. This is Litir 728. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 424 corresponds to Litir 728.

Tha mi a’ dol a chur crìoch air an stòiridh thraidiseanta *Am Fear a Fhuair na Trì Comhairlean*. B’ e a’ chiad chomhairle – *gabh an rathad fada glan, seach an rathad goirid salach*. B’ e an dàrna comhairle – *gun a bhith a’ cur seachad oidhche ann an taigh far an robh seann duine agus bean òg*. B’ e an treas comhairle *gun a bhith a’ dèanamh dad air feasgar no oidhche gun a bhith a’ meòrachadh air, eagal ’s nach gabh thu aithreachas air a shon air madainn an làrna-mhàireach*.

Lean ar caraid air, air a shlighe dhachaigh. Ràinig e an taigh. Bha an oidhche ann, agus bha a h-uile càil dubh dorch. Bha e air a bhith air falbh fad ùine mhòr. Anns an ùine sin, thàinig atharrachadh mòr air gnothaichean aig an taigh.

Chaidh e a-steach don taigh anns an dorchadas. Chunnaic e fear na shìneadh air an leabaidh. Shaoil e gur e fear a bh’ ann a bh’ air a bhith a’ fuireach cuide ri a bhean fhad ’s a bha e air falbh. Chaidh e a lorg sgian no tuagh no claidheamh airson an duine a mharbhadh.

Ach smaoinich e air an treas comhairle a fhuair e bhon fhear-fhastaidh – gun dad a dhèanamh air feasgar no oidhche gun a bhith a’ meòrachadh air, eagal ’s nach gabhadh e aithreachas air a shon air madainn an làrna-mhàireach. Bha e air an còrr dhen tuarastal aige a chosg air a’ chomhairle, agus shaoil e gur e deagh chomhairle a bh’ innte air sgàth sin.

Thill e a **dh’ionnsaigh na leapa**, gun armachd na làimh, airson ’s gum faigheadh e a-mach le cinnt cò am fear a bh’ ann. Agus cò lorg e san leabaidh ach a mhac fhèin. Bha e air fàs cho mòr ’s nach robh e air aithneachadh.

Thàinig a bhean agus chuir iad fàilte air a chèile. Dh’fhaighnich a bhean dheth gu dè bha e air a thoirt dhachaigh mar thuarastal. Oir b’ e sin an t-adhbhar a dh’fhàg e an taigh anns a’ chiad àite.

‘Uill,’ ars esan, ‘fhuair mi tuarastal, ceart gu leòr.’

‘Agus?’ dh’fhaighnich ise. ‘Càite a bheil e?’

‘Uill,’ ars esan, ‘’s ann mar seo a tha e. Chosg mi e air trì comhairlean. Ach ’s e comhairlean riatanach a bh’ annta.’ Agus mhinich e dhi mar a thachair dha air a rathad dhachaigh. Feumaidh nach robh i fhèin uabhasach toilichte, ge-tà, oir cha robh e air a thuarastal a thoirt dhachaigh leis.

‘Agus dh’inns e rudeigin eile dhomh,’ thuirt an duine. Thug e an lof arain do a bhean. ‘Seo lof arain,’ thuirt e. ‘Am fear a dh’fhastaich mi, thuirt e gum biodh tusa a’ feitheamh ris an aran seo.’

Chaidh i a-null a dh'ionnsaigh a' bhùird. Thog i sgian mhòr. Agus gheàrr i an t-aran ann an dà leth. Nuair a dh'fhosgail i an lof, 's ann a thuit airgead a-mach às – a h-uile sgillinn a bha an duine aice air cosnadh fhad 's a bha e air falbh. Bha am fear eile air a chur a-steach don lof.

Leis gun robh an duine cho dìleas 's **gun tug e feairt air** trì comhairlean an fhir eile, bha e air a dhachaigh a ruigsinn slàn sàbhailte. Agus sin agaibh an naidheachd air an *Fhear a Fhuair na Trì Comhairlean*.

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Faclan na Litreach: treas: *third*; dubh dorch: *pitch black*; dorchadas: *darkness*; fear-fastaidh: *employer*; riatanach: *essential*; lof arain: *a loaf of bread*.

Abairtean na Litreach: Tha mi a' dol a chur crìoch air: *I'm going to conclude*; gun a bhith a' dèanamh dad air feasgar no oidhche gun a bhith a' meòrachadh air: *not to do anything in the evening or night without considering it*; eagal 's nach gabh thu aithreachas air a shon air madainn an làrna-mhàireach: *in case you might regret it the next morning*; lean ar caraaid air, air a shlighe dhachaigh: *our friend continued, on his way home*; fear na shìneadh air an leabaidh: *a man stretched out on the bed*; sgian no tuagh no claidheamh: *a knife, axe or sword*; bha e air an còrr dhen tuarastal aige a chosg: *he had spent the rest of his wages*; shaoil e gur e deagh chomhairle a bh' innte air sgàth sin: *he reckoned it was good advice because of that*; gun armachd na làimh: *without carrying a weapon*; cho mòr 's nach robh e air aithneachadh: *so big that he hadn't recognised him*; b' e sin an t-adhbhar a dh'fhàg e an taigh: *that was the reason he left the house*; mhìnich e dhi mar a thachair dha: *he explained to her what happened to him*; cha robh e air a thuarastal a thoirt dhachaigh leis: *he hadn't brought his wages home with him*; thog i sgian mhòr: *she picked up a big knife*; gheàrr i an t-aran ann an dà leth: *she cut the bread in half [in two halves]*; 's ann a thuit airgead a-mach às: *money fell out of it*; a h-uile sgillinn a bha an duine aice air cosnadh fhad 's a bha e air falbh: *every penny her husband had earned while he was away*; bha e air a dhachaigh a ruigsinn slàn sàbhailte: *he had reached his home safe and in one piece*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: **Chaidh i a-null a dh'ionnsaigh a' bhùird:** *she went over to the table. A dh'ionnsaigh is a compound preposition; thus, the noun commanded by it, bòrd, goes into the genitive case, particularly where the article is present. Thus we say a dh'ionnsaigh a' bhùird. Other examples would be airson a' bhùird, air beulaibh a' bhùird, mu choinneimh a' bhùird.*

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: cho dìleas 's **gun tug e feairt air** trì comhairlean an fhir eile: *so faithful that he [had] paid attention to the other man's three pieces of advice.*

Tha "Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh" air a maoineachadh le MG ALBA