

# Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

## Claigeann a' Bhrusaich

*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](mailto:rodny.macleam@bbc.co.uk). This is Litir 800. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 496 corresponds to Litir 800.*

Bha fear-gnothaich Ameireaganach ann an Dùn Èideann turas. Bha e ann an clobhsa ri taobh na Mìle Rìoghail. Thàinig fear thuige a-mach às an dorchadas. Bha còta fada dubh air, agus ad mhòr dhubh.

Thòisich am fear dorch air a chòta fhuasgladh, gun guth a ràdh. Chlisg am fear-gnothaich. Bha e deiseil airson ruith no sabaid.

‘A dhuine chòir,’ thuirt am fear dorch, ‘tha sibh a’ coimhead coltach ri fear a tha soirbheachail. Bidh sibh ag iarraidh rudan anns an taigh agaibh a tha a’ comharrachadh sin.’

‘**Seadh,**’ thuirt an t-Ameireaganach. Bha e a’ cumail sùil air an fhear eile, eagal ’s nach toireadh e sgian no gunna a-mach.

‘Tha rudeigin agam an seo dhuibh,’ thuirt am fear dorch. Bha a chòta a-nise fuasgailte, agus chunnaic am fear-gnothaich claigeann. Thug am fear dorch an claigeann a-mach. Thug e sùil timcheall, airson dèanamh cinnteach nach robh duine eile ann. ‘Is e seo an claigeann aig Raibeart Brus, seann Rìgh na h-Alba,’ thuirt e ann an cagair. ‘Reicidh mi dhuibh e **air mìle not.**’

‘Raibeart Brus?’ dh’fhaighnich am fear Ameireaganach. ‘Am fear a bhuannaich aig Allt a’ Bhonnaich?’ Bha e air beagan eachdraidh na h-Alba a leughadh.

‘An dearbh dhuine,’ thuirt am fear dorch. ‘Cha robh e furasta fhaighinn, tha mi ag innse dhuibh.’

‘Chan eil mi gad chreidsinn,’ thuirt am fear-gnothaich. ‘Dh’fhaodadh tu claigeann sam bith a shealltainn dhomh, agus ag ràdh gur ann le Raibeart Brus a bha e.’

‘Ach,’ thuirt am fear eile, ‘ma chuireas tu beul a’ chlaiginn seo ri do chluais, bruidhnidh e riut ann am Fraingis is Gàidhlig.’

‘Aidh, aidh, agus dè chanas e?’ dh’fhaighnich am fear-gnothaich.

‘*Vive l’Ecosse* agus *Alba gu Bràth!*’ fhreagair am fear eile.

‘Thalla! Chan eil mi a’ creidsinn facal dheth.’ Thug am fear Ameireaganach a chasan leis sìos an clobhsa. Choimhead e às a dhèidh. Bha am fear dorch air a chòta a dhùnadh. Bha e a’ dèanamh air a’ Mhìle Rìoghail. ‘Annasach dha-rìreabh,’ thuirt am fear-gnothaich ris fhèin.

Mu dhà bhliadhna an dèidh sin, bha am fear-gnothaich air ais ann an Dùn Èideann air ceann turais. Bha e ann an clobhsa eadar-dhealaichte an turas seo, ach thachair an aon rud a-rithist. Thàinig am fear dorch dha ionnsaigh. Bha còta fada dubh

air, agus ad mhòr dhubh. Ach tha e coltach nach do dh'aithnich e am fear Ameireaganach.

'Tha sibh a' coimhead coltach ri fear a tha soirbheachail,' thuirt e. Bha an aon duan aige 's a bh' aige dà bhliadhna roimhe. 'Tha rudeigin agam an seo dhuibh.' Agus dh'fhuasgail e a chòta. Na bhroinn bha claigeann. Mhothaich am fear-gnothaich sa mhionaid gun robh an claigeann seo na bu lugha na 'm fear a bh' ann an turas roimhe. 'Is e seo an claigeann aig Raibeart Brus, seann Rìgh na h-Alba,' thuirt am fear dorch. 'Reicidh mi dhuibh e air mìle not.'

'Dh'fheuch thu seo orm o chionn dà bhliadhna,' thuirt am fear-gnothaich, 'agus innsidh mi seo dhut – tha an claigeann seo nas lugha na 'n claigeann a sheall thu dhomh an uair sin.'

'A, uill,' thuirt am fear eile, 'a, uill, tha adhbhar airson sin.'

'Agus dè an t-adhbhar?' thuirt an t-Ameireaganach.

'Uill,' thuirt am fear dorch, 'seo an claigeann a bh' aig Raibeart Brus nuair a bha e na ghille.' Agus chan inns mi dhuibh dè thuirt am fear eile!

\* \* \* \* \*

**Faclan na Litreach:** fear-gnothaich: *businessman*; clobhsa: *close*; chlisg: *started (with fear)*; soirbheachail: *successful*; claigeann: *skull*; Raibeart Brus: *Robert Bruce*.

**Abairtean na Litreach:** ri taobh na Mìle Rìoghail: *next to the Royal Mile*; thàinig fear thuige a-mach às an dorchadas: *a man came to him out of the darkness*; thòisich am fear dorch air a chòta fhuasgladh: *the dark man started to undo his coat*; gun guth a ràdh: *without saying anything*; a dhuine chòir: *good sir*; eagal 's nach toireadh e sgian no gunna a-mach: *in case he should bring out a knife or a gun*; thug e sùil timcheall: *he looked around*; am fear a bhuannaich aig Allt a' Bhonnaich: *the man who won at Bannockburn*; an dearbh dhuine: *the very man*; cha robh e furasta fhaighinn, tha mi ag innse dhuibh: *it wasn't easy to get I can tell you [I'm telling you]*; chan eil mi gad chreidsinn: *I don't believe you*; dh'fhaodadh tu claigeann sam bith a shealltainn dhomh: *you could show me any [old] skull*; ma chuireas tu beul a' chlaiginn seo ri do chluais: *if you put this skull's mouth to your ear*; thug x a chasan leis: *X walked away*; annasach dha-rìreabh: *very strange*; air ceann turais: *on business*; nach do dh'aithnich e X: *that he didn't recognise X*; na bu lugha: *smaller*; dè an t-adhbhar?: *what [is] the reason?*; nuair a bha e na ghille: *when he was a lad*.

**Puing-chànain na Litreach:** 'Seadh,' thuirt an t-Ameireaganach: *'Uh huh,' said the American. Do you use 'seadh' in your daily speech? It's a very useful word. It means you are taking in what the person has said without disagreeing with it, but without committing yourself to full agreement until you've thought about it further.*

**Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach:** Reicidh mi dhuibh e **air mìle not**: *I'll sell it to you for a thousand pounds.*

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