

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Mac a' Bhuidealair (2)

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.macleon@bbc.co.uk. This is Litir 803. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 499 corresponds to Litir 803.

Bha mi ag aithris seann stòiridh dhuibh – ‘Mac a’ Bhuidealair’. Bha an gille sgileil mar mhèirleach.

Dh’fhalbh na mèirlich a-mach a-rithist. Bha iad ag amas air mèirle ann an taigh mòr a-muigh air an dùthaich. Bha seilear anns an taigh. Leig na mèirlich an gille sìos air ròp airson faicinn an robh càil luachmhor ann.

Cha robh e shìos fada nuair a thàinig solas air. Bha cuideigin anns an taigh. Theich na mèirlich ach dh’fhàg iad an gille anns an t-seilear.

Bha bogsa mhaidsean aig a’ ghille na phòcaid. Las e maids. Anns an oisean, chunnaic e bian mairt. Bha na casan agus adharcan fhathast air.

Chuir e am bian timcheall air agus thòisich e air fuaim is ùpraid a dhèanamh. Thàinig cuideigin os a chionn. ‘Cò th’ ann an sin?’ thuirt an guth.

‘Mise a th’ ann,’ fhreagair an gille.

‘Cò thu?’

‘**An Donas fhèin,**’ thuirt an gille. ‘Mura faigh mi iuchair an taighe airson faighinn a-mach à seo, bheir mi thu fhèin agus an taigh agad leam a dh’Ifrinn!’

Bha toirds aig an duine shuas. Dh’amais e an solas air a’ ghille agus chunnaic e rud uabhasach. Am Fear Riabhach, gun teagamh! Chuir e ròp sìos, agus iuchraichean an taighe.

Nuair a bha an gille a-muigh, chùm e am bian mairt, agus na casan is adharcan, mu thimcheall, agus rinn e air àros nam mèirleach ann an Glaschu. Nuair a ràinig e an t-àite, gun fhiosta do na mèirlich, chuala e iad ag argamaid mun stuth a ghoid iad bhon taigh mhòr. Chuir e a cheann, leis na h-adharcan, a-steach agus dh’èigh e, ‘Fàgaibh agams’ e. Tha sibh air a bhith ag obair às mo leth co-dhiù!’

Ghabh na mèirlich eagal mòr – **a h-uile mac màthar dhiubh**. Theich iad agus dh’fhàg iad an t-airgead ’s na seudan air a’ bhòrd. Lìon an gille poca leotha.

Dh’fhalbh e an uair sin a dh’ionnsaigh taigh athar. Cha robh athair toilichte. ‘Dè thug ort tilleadh dhachaigh an seo?’ thuirt athair. ‘Caillidh mi m’ obair mar bhuidealair, agus bidh againn uile ri falbh.’

Agus cha robh fad ann gus an cual’ an t-uachdaran gun robh an gille air tilleadh. ‘Nach do thuig mi gun robh an gille agad air a chur air falbh airson ceàird ionnsachadh?’ thuirt e ris a’ bhuidealair.

‘Chuir mi air falbh e,’ thuirt am buidealair, ‘ach cha robh e air falbh fada nuair a thill e.’

‘Uill, cha robh e ann fada gu leòr airson ceàird ionnsachadh,’ ars an t-uachdaran.

‘O, tha mi a’ smaoinichadh gun robh,’ fhreagair am buidealair. ‘Tha e coltach gun robh e gu math soirbheachail.’

‘Agus dè a’ cheàird a bha sin?’

‘Mèirle,’ thuir am buidealair. Cha do chuir sin iongnadh sam bith air an uachdaran. ’S e mèirle a rinn e anns an taigh mhòr a thòisich an gnothach.

‘Ma tha e cho math sin,’ ars an t-uachdaran, ‘thalla dhachaigh agus inns dha seo. Bidh aige ris an siota a bhios sa leabaidh fodham ’s fo mo bhean a-nochd a ghoid fhad ’s a tha sinn nar cadal. Mura dèan e sin, cuiridh mi peilear na cheann.’ Agus chì sinn dè thachair nuair a bheir mi an stòiridh gu crìch an-ath-sheachdain.

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Faclan na Litreach: buidealair: *butler*; seilear: *cellar*; adharcan: *horns*; seudan: *jewels*.

Abairtean na Litreach: Bha an gille air bogsa uaireadairean a ghoid à bùth: *the lad had stolen a box of watches from a shop*; sgileil mar mhèirleach: *skilful as a thief*; a-muigh air an dùthaich: *out in the country*; leig na mèirlich an gille sìos air ròp: *the thieves let the lad down on a rope*; airson faicinn an robh càil luachmhor ann: *to see if there were anything valuable there*; nuair a thàinig solas air: *when a light came on*; bha bogsa mhaidseichean aig a’ ghille na phòcaid: *the lad had a box of matches in his pocket*; anns an oisean, chunnaic e bian mairt: *in the corner, he saw the hide of a cow*; thòisich e air fuaim is ùpraid a dhèanamh: *he started to make a noise and din*; mura faigh mi iuchair an taighe: *if I don’t get the key of the house*; bheir mi thu fhèin agus an taigh agad leam a dh’Ifrinn: *I’ll take you and your house with me to Hell*; dh’amais e an solas air: *he trained the light on*; rinn e air àros nam mèirleach: *he made for the thieves’ house*; gun fhiosta do X: *without X being aware*; ag argamaid mun stuth a ghoid iad: *arguing about the stuff you stole*; tha sibh air a bhith ag obair às mo leth co-dhiù: *you’ve been working for me anyway*; lìon an gille poca leotha: *the lad filled a bag with them*; caillidh mi m’ obair: *I’ll lose my work*; bidh againn uile ri falbh: *we’ll all have to leave*; gus an cual’ an t-uachdaran: *until the landlord heard*; airson ceàird ionnsachadh: *to learn a trade*; thalla dhachaigh agus inns dhà seo: *go home and tell him this*; bidh aige ris an siota a bhios sa leabaidh fodham ’s fo mo bhean a-nochd a ghoid: *he will have to steal the sheet that will be on the bed under myself and my wife tonight*; cuiridh mi peilear na cheann: *I’ll put a bullet in his head*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: **An Donas fhèin:** *the Devil himself [lit. the Evil]. The Devil has many names in Gaelic. They include am Fear Riabhach (in the Litir), am Fear Mòr, an Diabhal, an Droch Fhear, an Deamhan, Sàtan, an t-Aibhistear, an t-Àbharsair, and am Breaman. See if you can collect some more!*

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: **a h-uile mac màthar dhiubh:** *every single one of them.*

Tha “Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh” air a maoinichadh le MG ALBA