

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An t-Iasg Òir (2)

Each week the West Highland Free Press publishes the text for Ruairidh's "Letter to Gaelic Learners" on BBC Radio nan Gaidheal (103.5-105 FM). Broadcasts are as follows: 10.00 pm on a Sunday night, following the Gaelic Learners' programme 'Beag air Bheag'. It is repeated at 10.30 pm on Wednesday. This is Litir 807. There is also a simpler version – An Litir Bheag – which goes to air around 7.00 pm on Monday evenings (six days prior to Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh). Litir Bheag 503 corresponds to Litir 807. The Litir is available on the BBC website at bbc.co.uk/litir.

Bha mi ag aithris dhuibh an seann stòiridh mun Iasg Òir. Bha an t-iasg air duais a ghealltainn don iasgair. Thill an t-iasgair don chladach.

‘Èisg bhig òir, nach till thu thugam,’ dh’èigh e. Nochd ceann an èisg.

‘Seadh, a charaid, dè nì mi dhut?’ ars an t-iasg.

‘Tha mo bhean ag iarraidh aran oir chan eil biadh anns an taigh.’

‘Thalla dhachaigh,’ thuirt an t-iasg, ‘agus aig an doras mhòr, bidh aran gu leòr a’ feitheamh riut.’

Thill an t-iasgair dhachaigh. Bha aran gu leòr a’ feitheamh ris air stairsneach an dorais mhòir. ‘Tha aran gu leòr againn a-nise,’ thuirt e ri a bhean.

‘Tha,’ fhreagair i, ‘ach seall air mo choltas. Chan eil orm ach piullagan. Thalla don iasg agus iarr air aodach ùr a thoirt dhomh.’

Thill an t-iasgair don chladach. ‘Èisg bhig òir, nach till thu thugam,’ dh’èigh e.

Nochd ceann an èisg. ‘Seadh, a charaid, **dè tha bhuat?**’ thuirt e.

‘Chan eil aig mo bhean ach aodach luideagach. Tha i ag iarraidh aodach ùr.’

‘Thalla thusa dhachaigh agus bidh aodach ùr a’ feitheamh riut aig an doras mhòr,’ thuirt an t-iasg.

Thill an t-iasgair dhachaigh agus bha aodach ùr airson a mhnà air stairsneach an dorais mhòir.

‘Tha aodach ùr agad,’ thuirt e ri a bhean.

‘Tha,’ fhreagair ise, ‘ach dè feum a th’ ann an aodach ùr ma tha mi a’ fuireach ann an taigh mar seo, le uisge a’ tighinn tron mhullach? Tha mi ag iarraidh taigh ùr spaideil.’

Leis nach robh a bhean toilichte, dh’fhalbh an t-iasgair don chladach a-rithist. ‘Èisg bhig òir, nach till thu thugam,’ dh’èigh e a-rithist.

‘Seadh, a charaid,’ thuirt an t-iasg, ‘dè tha bhuat an turas seo?’

‘Tha mi duilich dragh a chur ort,’ ars an t-iasgair, ‘ach chan eil mo bhean toilichte. Tha i ag iarraidh taigh ùr spaideil.’

‘Tha sin ceart gu leòr,’ thuirt an t-iasg òir. ‘Thalla thusa dhachaigh agus, far a bheil an seann taigh bochd agad an-dràsta, bidh taigh ùr spaideil a’ feitheamh riut.’

Thill am bodach dhachaigh agus, gu dearbh, bha an t-iasg ceart. Far an robh an seann taigh aige roimhe, bha a-nise taigh ùr spaideil, le mullach sglèatach air.

‘Tha taigh ùr agad,’ thuirt e ri a bhean. ‘A bheil thu riarachta a-nise?’

‘S mi nach eil,’ thuir i. ‘Bu mhath leam a bhith nam bhean-ualas, le taigh cus nas motha, agus searbhantan, agus carbad òir air beulaibh an taighe.’

Bha an duine aice a’ fàs mì-thoilichte ach bha e ag iarraidh a bhean a chumail sona. Thill e don chladach.

‘Èisg bhig òir, nach till thu thugam,’ dh’èigh e gu h-àrd.

‘Tha thu ann a-rithist,’ thuir an t-iasg.

‘Tha,’ fhreagair an t-iasgair. ‘Tha i a-nise ag iarraidh taigh cus nas motha, le searbhantan agus carbad òir. Chan eil fhios a’ m an gabh sin dèanamh dhi...’

‘Gabhaidh,’ fhreagair an t-iasg òir. ‘Thalla dhachaigh agus bidh taigh mòr mòr ann. Agus bidh carbad òir air a bheulaibh. Agus bidh searbhantan ann.’

Dh’fhalbh an t-iasgair dhachaigh agus bha taigh mòr mòr ann, le carbad òir air a bheulaibh. Agus innsidh mi dhuibh dè thachair an uair sin, nuair a chuireas mi crìoch air an stòiridh anns an ath Litir.

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Faclan na Litreach: dh’èigh: *called, shouted*; piullagan: *rags*; luideagach: *ragged*; sglèatach: *slated*; searbhantan: *servants*.

Abairtean na Litreach: Bha an t-iasg air duais a ghealltainn don iasgair: *the fish had promised a reward to the fisherman*; èisg bhig òir, nach till thu thugam: *wee golden fish, won't you return to me*; seadh, a charaid, dè nì mi dhut?: *hi, friend, what can I do for you?*; thalla dhachaigh: *go home*; bha aran gu leòr a’ feitheamh ris: *there was plenty of bread waiting for him*; air stairsneach an dorais mhòir: *on the step of the front door*; iarr air aodach ùr a thoirt dhomh: *ask him to give me new clothes*; airson a mhnà: *for his wife*; dè feum a th’ ann an aodach ùr ma tha mi a’ fuireach ann an taigh mar seo?: *what use are new clothes if I’m living in a house like this?*; tha mi duilich dragh a chur ort: *I’m sorry to annoy you*; bu mhath leam a bhith nam bhean-ualas, le taigh cus nas motha: *I would like to be lady with a much bigger house*; carbad òir air beulaibh an taighe: *a golden carriage in front of the house*; bha e ag iarraidh a bhean a chumail sona: *he was wanting to keep his wife happy*; chan eil fhios a’ m an gabh sin dèanamh dhi: *I don’t know if that can be done for her*; nuair a chuireas mi crìoch air an stòiridh: *when I finish the story*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: *dè tha bhuat?: what do you want? lit. is there anything from you? The use of the preposition bho in this way is perhaps starting to go out of fashion, with people saying dè tha thu ag iarraidh? in its stead but I remember my father using it regularly. It’s a nice phrase and still widely understood, although it tends only to be used with the second person form of the prepositional pronoun ie dè tha bhuat or dè tha bhuaibh? But if you’re offering somebody a drink, use the more subtle phrase dè ghabhas tu ‘what would you like?’*

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: ‘S mi nach eil: *certainly not [it’s me that isn’t]*.

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