

# Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

## Gràinne agus am Buidseach Glas (1)

*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.maclea@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.maclea@bbc.co.uk). This is Litir 983. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 679 corresponds to Litir 983.*

B’ e Oisean mac Fhinn Mhic Cumhail. Tha ainm a’ ciallachadh ‘fiadh beag’ anns an t-seann Ghàidhlig, agus bha rudeigin dhen fhiadh ann. Tha mi a’ dol a dh’innseadh dhuibh stòiridh mu Oisean nuair a bha e òg, agus mar a bha e cho dlùth ris na fèidh. Ach tha e a’ tòiseachadh mus do rugadh e, air taobh an iar na Gàidhealtachd ann an sgìre Ghleann Eilg. Latha a bha seo, bha Fionn cuide ri caraidean ann an Gleann Eilg nuair a nochd boireannach. Bha cleòc dearg oirre. B’ ise Cailleach Ruadh nan Sìthichean. Bha i na seanmhair do Ghràinne, bean Fhinn.

‘Chaidh Gràinne a thoirt am bruid,’ thuirt a’ chailleach.

‘Dè tha sibh ag ràdh?’ dh’fhaighnich Fionn.

‘Thàinig am Buidseach Glas agus thug e Gràinne air falbh leis,’ dhearbha a’ chailleach. ‘Tha i a-nise ann an Tìr an Dorchadais. **Feumaidh tusa – am fear as gaisgeile a th’ ann – a sàbhaladh.**’

‘Ceart gu leòr,’ arsa Fionn. ‘Falbhaidh mi an ceartuair.’

Air dha a ghealltanais a thoirt, thug a’ chailleach trì rudan priseil dha – bioran à craobh-ghiuthais, èiteag ghleansach agus clach bheag gharbh dhubh. ‘Tha draoidheachd anns na trì rudan seo,’ thuirt i. ‘Bidh fios agad mar a nì thu feum dhiubh nuair a thig an t-àm.’

Thàinig osag on àird an iar, agus bha a’ chailleach air a sguabadh air falbh. Dh’fhàs i na bu lugha. An toiseach bha i mar ghobhlan-gaoithe, an uair sin mar sheillean, an uair sin mar dhamhan-allaidh beag air snàth, agus mu dheireadh mar an spot dubh nad fhradharc a thèid à fianais nuair a nì thu priobadh.

Dh’fhalbh Fionn gu Tìr an Dorchadais, gun ach a chladhadh – Mac-an-Luinn – a thoirt leis. Fad làithean a choisich e, agus bha dìreach dà ghràn de choirce aige. Shuidh e aig bonn craoibhe airson an ithe nuair a chuala e gràgail os a chionn. Bha fìtheach mòr na shuidhe air geug. ‘Gròg, gròg,’ ars am fìtheach. ‘An toir thu gràn corca dhomh, Fhinn. Tha an t-acras mòr orm.’

‘Tha an t-acras air an dithis againn, a charaid,’ thuirt Fionn. ‘Agus tha thu fhèin a cheart cho airidh air biadh ’s a tha mise.’ Agus thug e gràn corca don fìtheach.

‘Mo bheannachd agad,’ thuirt am fìtheach. ‘Nuair a bhios feum agad orm, bidh mi ann dhut.’

Lean Fionn air a shlighe agus ràinig e cladach. Bha an t-acras air fhathast agus nuair a chunnaic e ròn glas air a’ chladach, thug e a chladhadh a-mach. Ach thuirt

an ròn ris, ‘Na marbh mi, Fhinn. Ma mharbhas tu mi, gheibh mo chuid cloinne bàs cuideachd – agus cha do rinn duine againn cron ort.’

**Acrach ’s ged a bha e**, chuir Fionn a chlaidheamh air ais na thruaill.

Dh’fhalbh an ròn agus thill e taobh a-staigh dà mhionaid le bradan mòr na bheul. Thug e am bradan do Fhionn. Ghabh an gaisgeach a shàth dhen bhradan.

Thàinig Fionn gu creachann – àite garbh làn chreagan is chlachan anns nach robh lus sam bith a’ fàs. Bhreab e clach gun fhiosta dha gun robh i na dachaigh do luchag. Rinn an luchag bìogan. ‘Carson a mhill thu an taigh agam?’ dh’fhaighnich i. ‘Cha do rinn mi cron sam bith ort.’ Mus d’fhuair Fionn cothrom bruidhinn, thàinig iolaire mhòr a-nuas agus thog i an luchag na spuìrean. Agus innsidh mi dhuibh tuilleadh an-ath-sheachdain.

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**Faclan na Litreach:** sgìre Ghleann Eilg: *the environs of Glenelg*; cleòc: *cloak*; Cailleach Ruadh nan Sìthichean: *the red-haired old woman of the fairies*; dhearbh: *confirmed*; Tìr an Dorchadais: *The Land of Darkness*; prìseil: *valuable*; gobhlan-gaoithe: *swallow*; gràgail: *croaking*; bradan: *salmon*; creachann: *rocky place with virtually no vegetation*.

**Abairtean na Litreach:** B’ e Oisean mac Fhinn Mhic Cumhail: *Oisean was the son of Fionn Mac Cumhail*; bha rudeigin dhen fhiadh ann: *there was something of the deer in him*; mar a bha e cho dlùth ris na fèidh: *how he was so close to the deer*; mus do rugadh e: *before he was born*; bha i na seanmhair do Ghràinne, bean Fhinn: *she was grandmother to Gràinne, Fionn’s wife*; chaidh X a thoirt am bruid: *X was taken into captivity*; falbhaidh mi an ceartuair: *I’ll leave shortly*; air dha a ghealltanais a thoirt: *after he had given his promise*; bioran à craobh-ghiuthais, èiteag ghleansach agus clach bheag gharbh dhubh: *a needle from a pine tree, a shiny white pebble and a little rough, black stone*; thàinig osag on àird an iar: *a puff of wind came from the west*; dh’fhàs i na bu lugha: *she grew smaller*; an spot dubh nad fhradharc a thèid à fianais nuair a nì thu priobadh: *the dark spot in your sight that disappears when you blink*; gun ach a chlaidheamh a thoirt leis: *only taking his sword with him*; bha dìreach dà ghràn de choirce aige: *he only had two grains of oats*; shuidh e aig bonn craoibhe airson an ithe: *he sat at the base of a tree to eat them*; bha fiteach mòr na shuidhe air geug: *a large raven was sitting on a branch*; a cheart cho airidh air biadh ’s a tha mise: *just as deserving of food as I am*; ma mharbhas tu mi, gheibh mo chuid cloinne bàs cuideachd: *if you kill me, my children will also die*; air ais na thruaill: *back in its sheath*; ghabh X a shàth dhen bhradan: *X ate his fill of the salmon*; rinn an luchag bìogan: *the mouse made a small chirp*.

**Puing-chànain na Litreach:** **Feumaidh tusa – am fear as gaisgeile a th’ ann – a sàbhaladh:** *you – the most courageous of men – must save her. ‘a sàbhaladh’ means literally ‘her saving’, using the third person feminine singular possessive pronoun (which does not incur lenition). ‘You must save him’ would be feumaidh tu a shàbhaladh, and ‘you must save them’ would be feumaidh tu an sàbhaladh.*

**Gnathas-cainnt na Litreach:** **Acrach ’s ged a bha e:** *although he was hungry.*

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