

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An Iolair-bhuidhe

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 1,077. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 773 corresponds to Litir 1,077.

Nuair a bha mi òg, **bhìomaid a’ dol don Chomraich**, ann an Ros an Iar, air saor-làithean gach samhradh. Bha mo sheanmhair is m’ antaidh a’ fuireach ann, agus bhìomaid a’ dol ann airson am faicinn. Chòrd an t-àite gu mòr rium, mar a chòrdas fhathast, agus cha robh càil na b’ fheàrr na bhith a’ falbh air chuairt sa mhonadh, no ann an eathar aig muir.

Timcheall na bliadhna naoi ceud deug, seasgad ’s a h-aon (1961), nuair a bha mi gu math òg, dh’fhalbh m’ athair, mo mhàthair ’s mi fhìn air chuairt gu àite iomallach air a bheil an Àirigh Dhriseach. Tha e grunn mhiltean bho rathad nan carbadan-ola, mar a chanadh na seann daoine. Dh’fheumadh tu coiseachd air ceum garbh – mar a dh’fheumas fhathast.

Bha an latha brèagha agus blàth, agus ’s fhiach a chuimhneachadh airson sin a-mhàin. Ach thachair rudeigin iongantach air an turas don Àirigh Dhrisich a tha a’ ciallachadh gu bheil an latha sin a’ seasamh a-mach ann an sùil mo chuimhne. Lorg sinn iolair mharbh na laighe air an talamh, faisg air a’ cheum. Iolair-bhuidhe a bha mòr is brèagha.

Dè thug bàs dhi? Uill, bha i air itealaich a-steach gu uèirichean-dealain. Cha robh na pòlaichean is uèirichean air a bhith ann fada. **Fhuair a’ Chomraich cumhachd an dealain** dìreach ann an naoi ceud deug, caogad ’s a còig (1955).

Nuair a thill mi gu sgoil, bha agam ri èirigh air beulaibh a’ chlas agam airson innse dhaibh dè rinn mi sna saor-làithean samhraidh. Dh’inns mi dhaibh mun iolair mharbh, agus bha iad beò-ghlacte leis mo chunntas. Airson dearbhadh dhaibh gur e an fhirinn a bh’ agam, thug mi leam ite sgèithe a tharraing mi bhon eun. Bha i na comharra de bhòidhchead nàdair – agus bòidhchead na Gàidhealtachd.

O chionn ghoirid, bha mi a-staigh aig fear air a’ Chomraich, a’ gabhail seachas. Ghluais esan don sgìre mu thrithhead bliadhna air ais. Dh’inns mi dha mun iolair mharbh a lorg sinn o chionn faisg air seasgad bliadhna, agus leum e far a chathrach, le dealas na shùilean. ‘Tha sin iongantach,’ thuirt e. ‘Thig an ath-dhoras cuide rium.’

Chaidh sinn gu seòmar eile agus chuir mo charaid an solas air. Ann an oisean an t-seòmar, bha cèis ghlainne le iolair-bhuidhe mhòr na broinn. Bha i air a bhith air a gleidheadh le *taxidermist* ann an Sasainn, agus abair gun do rinn e seoba math. Bha an iolair brèagha.

‘A bheil fios agad far an d’ fhuair mi an iolair?’ dh’fhaighnich mo charaid.

‘Chan eil, gu dearbh,’ fhreagair mise.

‘Anns a’ mhonadh air ar slighe don Àirigh Dhrisich,’ thuirt e. ‘Mòran bhliadhnaichean as dèidh gun do lorg thu fhèin tè anns an aon sgìre, cha mhòr anns an aon àite.’

‘Dè thug bàs dhi?’ dh’fhaighnich mi.

‘Nach eil fhios agad?’ thuirt mo charaid. ‘Dh’itealaich i a-steach gu na uèirichean-dealain. Feumaidh gun robh i a’ dol aig astar, oir dh’inns an *taxidermist* dhomh gun do bhris i a h-amhaich. ’S e sin a thug bàs dhi.’

‘Uill,’ arsa mise, ‘tha sin iongantach. Dà iolair air am marbhadh anns an aon dòigh – an ìre mhath anns an aon àite, far an tig na uèirichean-dealain faisg air a’ cheum choiseachd.’

Nuair a chanas daoine nach eil dòigh ann airson dealain a chruthachadh is a libhrigeadh gun chron, saoilidh mi gu bheil iad ceart.

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Faclan na Litreach: Ros an Iar: *Wester Ross*; saor-làithean: *holidays*; ite sgèithe: *a flight feather*; seoba: *job*; dh’itealaich: *flew*.

Abairtean na Litreach: mo sheanmhair is m’ antaidh: *my grandmother and aunt*; bhiomaid a’ dol ann airson am faicinn: *we would go there to see them*; chòrd an t-àite gu mòr rium, mar a chòrdas fhathast: *I really enjoyed the place, and still do*; cha robh càil na b’ fheàrr na bhith a’ falbh air chuairt sa mhonadh: *there was nothing better than going for a walk in the hills*; no ann an eathar aig muir: *or in a boat on the sea*; grunn mhiltean bho rathad nan carbadan-ola, mar a chanadh na seann daoine: *several miles from the vehicular road, as the old people would say*; dh’fheumadh tu coiseachd air ceum garbh – mar a dh’fheumas fhathast: *you would have to walk on a rough track – as you must still*; ’s fhiach a chuimhneachadh airson sin a-mhàin: *it’s worth remembering, just for that*; a’ seasamh a-mach ann an sùil mo chuimhne: *standing out in my mind’s eye*; dè thug bàs dhi?: *what caused its death?*; bha i air itealaich a-steach gu uèirichean-dealain: *it had flown into power lines*; bha agam ri èirigh air beulaibh a’ chlas agam: *I had to get up in front of my class*; beò-ghlacte leis mo chunntas: *rapt with my account*; bha mi a-staigh aig fear air a’ Chomraich, a’ gabhail seachas: *I was visiting a man in Applecross, having a chat*; leum e far a chathrach, le dealas na shùilean: *he jumped from his armchair, with enthusiasm in his eyes*; thig an ath-dhoras cuide rium: *come next door with me*; cèis ghlainne le iolair-bhuidhe mhòr na broinn: *a glass case with a large golden eagle in it*; cha mhòr anns an aon àite: *almost in the same place*; nuair a chanas daoine nach eil dòigh ann airson dealain a chruthachadh is a libhrigeadh gun chron: *when people say that there is no way to create and distribute electricity without damage*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: bhiomaid a’ dol don Chomraich: *we would go [be going] to Applecross*. Bhiomaid is an old verbal form (still in common use) – the first person plural of the conditional tense of the verb ‘to be’ – and is unusual in that it does not employ the pronoun – except in some dialects where people say ‘bhiodh sinn’ or, in its emphatic form ‘bhitheadh sinn’. The emphatic form of bhiomaid is written bhitheamaid.

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: Fhuair X cumhachd an dealain: X got electricity (an electricity supply).

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