

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Ceatharnach Shiaboist (3)

Each week the West Highland Free Press publishes the text for Ruairidh's "Letter to Gaelic Learners" on BBC Radio nan Gàidheal (103.5-105 FM). Broadcasts are as follows: 2:55pm on Sunday as part of BBC Radio nan Gàidheal's hour-long learning zone, following the Gaelic Learners' programme 'SpeakGaelic Extra', with a repeat at 10.30 pm on Wednesday. This is Litir 1,211. There is also a simpler version – An Litir Bheag – which is broadcast at 2:30pm each Sunday. Litir Bheag 907 corresponds to Litir 1,211. The Litir is also available at www.bbc.co.uk/litir and www.learnghaelic.scot/litir. Ruairidh can be contacted at fios@learnghaelic.scot.

Tha mi a' leantainn leis an sgeul 'Ceatharnach Shiaboist'. Bha Iseabail agus Peigi Mhoireasdan ri taobh Loch Athabhat Mòr. Chunnaic Iseabail dealan-dè brèagha air duilleag-bhàite bhàn. Le bata-coiseachd, dh'fheuch i ris an lus a tharraing gu tìr. Ach dh'fhàilnich oirre agus thuit i don uisge a bha dubh agus domhainn. Dh'fhalbh i fodha.

Thòisich Peigi air sgreuchail. Thàinig ceann Iseabail an-uachdar ach thàinig maoin oirre. Bha i a' **sprìodadh agus a' plumadaich**. An àite a bhith a' tighinn gu tìr, bha i a' **sìor ghluasad** air falbh bho bhruach an locha. Chaidh i fodha agus chaidh a casan an sàs anns a' pholl air grunn an locha. Bha i an impis bàthadh nuair a chuala Peigi fuaim air a cùlaibh. Thàinig fear seachad oirre agus leum e don uisge.

Shnàmh e fodha, lorg e Iseabail, agus thug e don chladach i. Bha i gun mhothachadh ach thàinig i thuige. Thuirte i ris an duine, 'A mhaighstir, shabhail sibh mo bheatha. Ciamar a bheir mi taing dhuibh?'

'Na gabh dragh mu dheidhinn,' fhreagair e. 'S e mo dhuais gun do shabhail mi beatha cuideigin.'

'Gabhaibh mo leisgeul,' thuirte Peigi ris an t-srainnsear, 'ach cò às a thàinig sibh?'

'Na gabh dragh mu dheidhinn,' thuirte am fear. 'Fòghnaidh e gun do shabhail mi beatha do charaid an seo.'

'Tha mo dhachaigh ann am Bràgar,' ars Iseabail ris. Bha i ga fhaighinn air leth tarraingeach. 'Is mise nighean ceann-cinnidh nam Moireasdanach,' lean i. 'Thigibh dhachaigh cuide rium. Bidh m' athair air leth toilichte coinneachadh ribh.'

'Is beag an rud a rinn mi,' thuirte am fear. 'S e do charaid a tha airidh air moladh. 'S e an sgreuchail aice a dh'inns dhomh gun robh thu ann an cunnart do bheatha.' Dhiùlt e a dhol a Bhràgar còmhla ris a' chloinn-nighean. Ach thuirte e gum biodh e a' cèilidh air athair Iseabail an ceann greis bheag.

Choisich an coigreach pàirt dhen rathad còmhla ris an dithis eile. An uair sin stad e, agus thuirte e gu feumadh e falbh. Fhad 's a bha iad an sin, thàinig fitheach faisg orra. Bha iad uile dhen bheachd gun robh sin na chomharra de dhroch naidheachd, bàs eadhon.

Nuair a ràinig i an taigh aice, dh'inns Iseabail mar a thachair dhi. Bha fios aig a bràthair, Alasdair, gur e an ceatharnach às a' Bheinn Mhòir a shabhail i, ach cha tuirte e guth.

Ge-tà, mun àm sin, bha cuid de dhaoine a' gearan mu chall bìdh. Bha mèirleach a' briseadh a-steach do na taighean aca air an oidhche, agus a' goid biadh. Bha daoine dhen bheachd gun robh am mèirleach a' fuireach air a' Bheinn Mhòir. Chaidh Alasdair a chur os cionn feachd, leis an amas an duine a lorg.

Chaidh am feachd seachad air a' bheinn. Shreap iad don mhullach bhon taobh dheas. Faisg air a' mhullach, thuit Alasdair a dh'aona-ghnothach agus rinn a chlaidheamh fuaim nuair a bhuail e ann an creag. Bha sin mar rabhadh don fhear a shàbhail a phiuthar. Agus chì sinn dè thachair an-ath-sheachdain.

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Faclan na Litreach: Ceatharnach Shiaboist: *The Shawbost Freebooter*; bata-coiseachd: *walking-stick*; fodha: *under [the water]*; shnàmh: *swam*; sgreuchail: *screaming*; coigreach: *stranger*; fitheach: *raven*; shreap: *climbed*.

Abairtean na Litreach: dealan-dè brèagha air duilleag-bhàite bhàn: *a beautiful butterfly on a water-lily*; dh'fheuch i ris an lus a tharraing gu tìr: *she tried to draw the plant to land*; dh'fhàilnich oirre agus thuit i don uisge a bha dubh agus domhainn: *she failed and fell into the water that was dark and deep*; thàinig ceann Iseabail an-uachdar ach thàinig maoin oirre: *Ishbel's head came to the surface but she suffered a panic attack*; chaidh a casan an sàs anns a' pholl air grunn an locha: *her feet got stuck in the mud at the bottom of the loch*; an impis bàthadh: *on the point of drowning*; bha i gun mhothachadh ach thàinig i thuige: *she was unconscious but came to*; 's e mo dhuais gun do shàbhail mi beatha cuideigin: *my reward is that I saved somebody's life*; fòghnaidh e gun do shàbhail mi beatha do charaid: *it will suffice that I saved your friend's life*; bha i ga fhaighinn air leth tarraingeach: *she found him very attractive*; bidh m' athair air leth toilichte coinneachadh ribh: *my father will be very pleased to meet you*; airidh air moladh: *deserving of praise*; gum biodh e a' cèilidh air athair Iseabail an ceann greis bheag: *that he would be visiting Ishbel's father in a wee while*; a' gearan mu chall bìdh: *complaining about the loss of food*; a' briseadh a-steach do na taighean aca: *breaking into their houses*; os cionn feachd: *in charge of a [military] force*; thuit Alasdair a dh'aona-ghnothach: *Alasdair fell deliberately*; rinn a chlaidheamh fuaim: *his sword made a noise*; mar rabhadh: *as a warning*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: bha i a' sìor ghluasad air falbh bho bhruach an locha: *she was moving steadily away from the bank of the loch*. Sìor is used in this structure in front of the verbal noun, which it lenites. It means 'perpetually, constantly, moving continually in the same direction'. Tha thu a' sìor fhàs math air 'you're getting better and better at it'; tha i a' sìor dhol am miosad 'she is continually getting worse'; tha prìsean a' sìor dhol an-àirde 'prices are perpetually rising'.

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: a' spriodadh agus a' plumadaich: *floundering and flailing*.

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