

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An t-Ollamh Muileach (2)

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 1,400. There is also a simpler version – An Litir Bheag – which is broadcast at 2:30pm each Sunday. Litir Bheag 1,096 corresponds to Litir 1,400. The Litir is also available at www.bbc.co.uk/litir and www.learnghaelic.scot/litir. Ruairidh can be contacted at fios@learnghaelic.scot.

Bha mi ag innse dhuibh mun lighiche ainmeil ann am Muile, air an robh 'An t-Ollamh Muileach' mar ainm. Bha ceathrar ann, thairis air ùine, air an robh an t-ainm 'An t-Ollamh Muileach'. 'S e Peutanaich a bh' annta air fad.

B' e am fear mu dheireadh agus am fear a b' ainmeile aca – an Dotair Iain. Bha e beò anns an t-seachdamh linn deug. Thathar ag innse sgeulachdan is naidheachdan fhathast mun duine, agus mu na comasan aige mar lighiche.

Bha fear a bha seo ann am Muile, agus bha e a' fulang sùilean goirte. Chaidh e a shireadh comhairle aig an Ollamh Mhuileach. Rinn an dotair sgrùdadh air.

'Cha ghabhainn cus dragh mu na sùilean agad,' thuirt e. 'Ach ... do ghlùinean ... obh obh.'

'Dè tha ceàrr air mo ghlùinean?' dh'fhaighnich am fear eile.

'Ò, chan fhada gum bi adharcan à' fàs orra,' fhreagair an t-Ollamh Muileach.

'Adharcan?!' thuirt am fear eile. 'Mo chreach!'

'Chan eil ann ach aon dòigh do ghlùinean a chumail saor bho na h-adharcan,' thuirt an Dotair Iain. 'Feumaidh tu do làmhan a chumail air do ghlùinean airson trì seachdainean, a latha 's a dh'oidhche.'

Uill, 's e lighiche cliùmhòr a bh' anns an Ollamh Mhuileach, agus ghabh am fear eile ri a chomhairle. An dèidh trì seachdainean, thill e gu taigh an Ollaimh. Dh'fhaighnich an lighiche dheth an robh na h-adharcan air nochdadh. Fhreagair am fear eile nach robh. 'Agus ciamar a tha do shùilean?' dh'fhaighnich an Dotair.

'Tha iad math gu leòr,' fhreagair am fear eile.

'Is math sin,' ars an t-Ollamh Muileach. 'Thalla dhachaigh. Na gabh dragh mu na h-adharcan. Agus na suath do shùilean le do làmhan a-chaidh tuilleadh!'

Am measg nan sgeulan eile à beul-aithris mun Dotair Iain, tha am fear – rudeigin brònach – air a bheil 'An Losgann agus an Deanntag'. Cha robh ach aon nighean aige, agus dh'fhàs i tinn. Cha robh comas aig an Ollamh Mhuileach – no lighiche sam bith eile – càil a dhèanamh dhi. Mu dheireadh thall, chaochail i.

A rèir an sgeòil, ged a tha e doirbh a chreidsinn, rinn a h-athair corp-sgianadaireachd oirre. Lorg e losgann beò anns a' chaolan aice. Bha e deimhinne gur e an losgann a dh'adhbharaich bàs na h-ìghne. Ge-tà, chùm an t-Ollamh an losgann beò, a' toirt an aon bhìdh dha 's a bha an teaghlach a' gabhail gach latha.

Ach latha a bha seo, bha aige ri bhith air falbh bhon taigh airson grunn uairean a thìde. Dh'fhàg e òrdugh aig na searbhantan aige biadh a thoirt don losgann dìreach mar a bhitheadh gach latha. An latha sin, bha càl-deanntaig aca airson dinnear. **Ghabh an losgann a leòr dheth.** Agus, goirid an dèidh sin, bha e air a lorg marbh.

Bha eagal air na searbhantan gum biodh an t-Ollamh Muileach feargach nuair a thilleadh e. Ach cha robh. **'Mo thruaighe!'** thuirt e. 'Nam biodh fios air a bhith agam, seall cho furasta 's a bha e air a bhith mo nighean a shàbhaladh.'

Le bhith ag atharrachadh biadh an losgainn gach latha, bha an t-Ollamh a' feuchainn ri faighinn a-mach dè am biadh a mharbhadh e. Agus, an dèidh sin, mhol e càl-deanntaig do dhaoine as t-Earrach. Bha na Gàidheil an uair sin a' gabhail càl-deanntaig gu tric aig an àm sin dhen bhliadhna, agus bithidh fhathast.

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Faclan na Litreach: lighiche: *physician*; Peutanaich: *Beatoans*; do ghlùinean: *your knees*; rudeigin brònach: *a bit sad*; chaochail: *died*; càl-deanntaig: *thick nettle soup*; mhol e: *he recommended*.

Abairtean na Litreach: am fear mu dheireadh agus am fear a b' ainmeile: *the last and most famous one*; a' fulang sùilean goirte: *suffering [from] sore eyes*; cha ghabhainn cus dragh mu na sùilean agad: *I wouldn't worry too much about your eyes*; chan fhada gum bi adharcan a' fàs orra: *it's not long until horns will be growing on them*; feumaidh tu do làmhan a chumail air do ghlùinean airson trì seachdainean, a latha 's a dh'oidhche: *you'll have to keep your hands on your knees for three weeks, day and night*; ghabh am fear eile ri a chomhairle: *the other man accepted his advice*; thalla dhachaigh: *go home*; na suath do shùilean le do làmhan a-chaidh tuilleadh: *don't ever rub your eyes with your hands again*; cha robh ach aon nighean aige, agus dh'fhàs i tinn: *he only had one daughter, and she grew ill*; rinn a h-athair corp-sgianadaireachd oirre: *her father dissected her*; lorg e losgann beò anns a' chaolan aice: *he found a living frog in her intestine*; deimhinne gur e an losgann a dh'adhbharaich bàs na h-ighne: *certain that it was the frog that caused the girl's death*; a' toirt an aon bhìdh dha 's a bha an teaghlach a' gabhail gach latha: *giving it the same food as the family was taking every day*; bha e air a lorg marbh: *it was found dead*; bha eagal air na searbhantan gum biodh an t-Ollamh Muileach feargach nuair a thilleadh e: *the servants were fearful that the Ollamh Muileach would be angry when he returned*; nam biodh fios air a bhith agam, seall cho furasta 's a bha e air a bhith mo nighean a shàbhaladh: *if I had known, look how easy it would have been [for me] to save my daughter*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: **Ghabh an losgann a leòr dheth:** *the frog took its fill of it.* Leòr means 'a sufficiency, what satisfies'. You will know it in the expression gu leòr 'enough, galore'. The noun leòr is often used with possessive pronouns e.g. ith do leòr 'eat your fill'; fhuair mi mo leòr dheth 'I had enough of it'. If you had an oversufficiency of something you might say fhuair mi mo leòr agus mo dhà leòr dheth!

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: **Mo thruaighe!:** *alas!*

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