

An Litir Bheag

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An Litir Bheag is a shortened and simplified version of Ruairidh's Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh (also available on the BBC website), designed for those who are at an earlier stage of learning Gaelic. The topic each week is the same as Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh so that, once the Litir Bheag is mastered, a student of the language might wish to try the full Litir. This is Litir Bheag 98 (which corresponds to Litir 402). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

Tha sinn a' tighinn gu deireadh na seann sgeulachd *Fionn ann an Taigh a' Bhlàir Bhuidhe*. Chaidh Fionn is càch cuide ri gille fuadain. Bha iad ann an Taigh a' Bhlàir Bhuidhe. Bha iad a' leantainn ris na ballachan is ris an ùrlar. Cha robh comas aca èirigh.

Airson a bhith saor, bha iad feumach air fuil. Fuil mic Rìgh Innis Tìle. Nuair a thàinig ciaradh an fheasgair, thuir Fionn ri Oscar, “bidh an fhuil agad a-nochd.” Dh'fhalbh Oscar is Laoghaire gu beul na h-abhainn.

Thàinig sluagh mòr. Bha mic Rìgh Innis Tìle ann. Thug Oscar ionnsaigh air an t-sluagh mhòr. Thug Laoghaire ionnsaigh air mic an Rìgh. Bha buaidh aig Oscar. Cha do dh'fhàg e aon duine beò. Chaidh e far an robh Laoghaire. Bha làmh-an-uachdair aig Laoghaire.

Ach chunnaic Oscar an fhuil. Bha i a' taomadh air an lòn. Thòisich Oscar air an fhuil a chur ann an cupaichean. Ach mun robh na cupaichean làn dh'fhàs na cuirp rag.

Dh'fhalbh an dà laoch leis an fhuil a bh' aca. Chaidh iad don taigh anns an robh Fionn agus a dhaoine. Thuir Fionn, “Suathaibh an fhuil ris a h-uile pìos dhibh a bheanas don taigh.” Rinn Oscar is Laoghaire sin. Chaidh iad a-staigh. Thòisich iad air na daoine fhuasgladh. Shuath iad fuil ri gach pìos dhiubh a bha a' leantainn ris a' bhalla, no ris an ùrlar. Dh'fhuasgail iad mar sin gach duine. Ach aon duine – Conan. Cha robh fuil gu leòr aca airson Chonain. Bha a cheann ceangailte ri leac an teine.

Dh'fhalbh Fionn. Bha e gu math toilichte. Cha deach e fada, ge-tà. Bha Conan a' tighinn. Thàinig Cònan. Bha e gun fhalt is gun chraiceann eadar a cheann agus amhaich. Nuair a dh'fhairich e gun do dh'fhalbh càch, thug e slaodadh mòr air a cheann. Dh'fhàg e fhalt is a chraiceann ceangailte ri leac an teine. On latha sin a-mach, thuir daoine ris “Conan Maol gun Fhalt”.

Chaidh Fionn agus a dhaoine dhachaigh. Thuir Fionn nach robh e a' dol a dh'fhastadh gille fuadain tuilleadh.

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Faclan is abairtean: deireadh na seann sgeulachd: *the end of the old story*; chaidh Fionn is càch cuide ri gille fuadain: *Fionn and the others went with a wandering*

lad; a' leantainn ris na ballachan is ris an ùrlar: stuck to the walls and the floor; cha robh comas aca èirigh: they couldn't get up; airson a bhith saor: to be free; bha iad feumach air fuil: they needed blood; fuil mic Rìgh Innis Tìle: the blood of the sons of the King of Iceland; ciaradh an fheasgair: dusk; bidh an fhuil agad a-nochd: you will have the blood tonight; beul na h-abhainn: the mouth of the river; thug Laoghaire ionnsaigh air mic an Rìgh: Laoghaire attacked the King's son; buaidh: victory; cha do dh'fhàg e aon duine beò: he didn't leave one man alive; làmh-an-uachdair: the upper hand; a' taomadh air an lòn: spilling onto the meadow; thòisich Oscar air an fhuil a chur ann an cupaichean: Oscar started to put the blood in cups; dh'fhàs na cuirp rag: the bodies grew stiff; leis an fhuil a bh' aca: with the blood they had; suathaibh an fhuil ris a h-uile pìos dhibh a bheanas don taigh: rub the blood on every part of you which will touch the house; a bha a' leantainn ris a' bhalla, no ris an ùrlar: which was sticking to the wall, or to the floor; dh'fhuasgail iad mar sin gach duine: in that way they freed every man; bha a cheann ceangailte ri leac an teine: his head was attached to the hearthstone; cha deach e fada, ge-tà: he didn't go far, however; gun fhalt is gun chraiceann eadar a cheann agus amhaich: without hair and without skin between his head and his neck; nuair a dh'fhairich e gun do dh'fhalbh càch: when he sensed that the others had left; thug e slaodadh mòr air a cheann: he gave a great pull on his head; dh'fhàg e fhalt is a chraiceann ceangailte ri leac an teine: he left his hair and his skin attached to the hearthstone; thuir daoine ris "Conan Maol gun Fhalt": people called him "Bald Conan without Hair"; nach robh e a' dol a dh'fhastadh gille fuadain tuilleadh: that he wasn't going to employ a wandering lad ever again.

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