

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 157 (which corresponds to Litir 461). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

I'm going to tell you a story. The story is called "The Lass that was Sold". (The Lass that was Sold). The Lass that was Sold.

There was once a poor man. He had seven children. A gentleman came by.

"Will you sell one of the children?" said the gentleman.

"Yes," the poor man replied

"No," said his wife.

"Yes," said the poor man.

The gentleman gave the poor man twenty pounds. He bought the youngest daughter. She was only a baby. But the man didn't go far. He threw the infant in a pool, close to a mill.

The miller found the baby. He went home with her. He gave her to his wife. He told everybody his wife had given birth to a baby.

Twelve years passed. A stranger came by. He said to the miller, "Your daughter is beautiful."

"She's very beautiful," said

Tha mi a' dol a dh'innse dhuibh stòiridh. 'S e an t-ainm air an stòiridh "An Nighean a Reiceadh". *The Lass that was Sold*. An Nighean a Reiceadh.

Bha duine bochd ann. Bha seachdnar cloinne aige. Thàinig duine-uasal.

"An reic thu aon dhen chloinn?" ars an duine-uasal.

"Reicidh," fhreagair am fear bochd.

"Cha reic," thuirt a bhean.

"Reicidh," thuirt am fear bochd.

Thug an duine-uasal fichead nota don fhear bochd. Cheannaich e an nighean a b' òige. 'S e dìreach leanabh a bha innte. Ach cha deach an duine fada. Thilg e an leanabh do linne, faisg air muileann.

Lorg am muillear an leanabh. Chaidh e dhachaigh leatha. Thug e dha bhean i. Thuirt e ris a h-uile duine gun do rugadh leanabh do a bhean.

Chaidh dusan bliadhna seachad. Thàinig coigreach. Thuirt e ris a' mhuillear, "Tha an nighean agad brèagha."

"Tha i glè bhrèagha," ars am

the miller.

“How old is she?” the stranger asked.

“Twelve years old.”

“She’s mine,” said the stranger. “I bought her for twenty pounds. I threw her into the water. You got her in the water.”

The stranger took the girl with him. They were on horseback. The miller and his wife were sad. The stranger took a dangerous road above the sea.

“Why are you taking this road?” said the girl.

“Get off the horse,” he said to her. “I’m going to throw [I will throw] you off [down] this rock.”

“Don’t kill me,” said the girl.

The stranger took a gold ring off his finger. “Do you see this ring?” he said.

“Yes,” she said.

“My name is on the ring,” he said. “Swear on the ring that I’ll never see you again.”

The girl swore that on the ring. The stranger threw the ring far out to sea. He didn’t want to ever see the girl again. And I’ll tell you more from the story next week.

muillear.

“Dè an aois a tha i?” dh’fhaighnich an coigreach.

“Tha dusan bliadhna.”

“Is leamsa i,” ars an coigreach. “Cheannaich mi i airson fichead nota. Chaith mi don uisge i. Fhuair thusa san uisge i.”

Thug an coigreach an nighean leis. Bha iad air muin eich. Bha am muillear agus a bhean brònach. Ghabh an coigreach rathad cunnartach os cionn na mara.

“Carson a tha thu a’ gabhail an rathaid seo?” ars a’ chaileag.

“Thig far an eich,” thuir e rithe. “Caithidh mi sìos a’ chreag seo thu.”

“Na marbh mi,” ars a’ chaileag.

Thug an coigreach fàinne òir far a mhedòir. “A bheil thu a’ faicinn an fhàinne seo?” thuir e.

“Tha,” ars ise.

“Tha m’ ainm air an fhàinne,” ars esan. “Mionnaich air an fhàinne nach fhaic mi tuilleadh thu.”

Mhionnaich an nighean sin air an fhàinne. Chaith an coigreach am fàinne fada a-mach don mhuir. Cha robh e ag iarraidh an nighean fhaicinn tuilleadh. Agus innsidh mi tuilleadh bhon stòiridh an ath-sheachdain.