

## 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 159 (which corresponds to Litir 463). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

*"The Lass that was Sold" was at a farmer's house near Glasgow. She had a letter for the brother of the man who [had] bought her. The brother was living in Edinburgh. The farmer read the letter. "When the girl reaches Edinburgh, hang her," he read.*

*The lass was frightened of going to Edinburgh. But the farmer was wily.*

*"I'll write you a new letter," he said.*

*Here's what he wrote. "I am sending you a letter, brother. This is the best lass in the world. There is not another like her." He asked his brother to give her an education.*

*The next morning, the lass went to Edinburgh. She went to the brother's house. He was a gentleman. The brother read the letter the farmer wrote [had written]. He thought [was thinking] that it was his brother who wrote it. He gave the girl good clothes. He sent her to school. She was a good scholar [good as a scholar]. She got a good education.*

*After a year the man who [had]*

Bha "An Nighean a Reiceadh" aig taigh tuathanaich faisg air Glaschu. Bha litir aice airson bràthair an duine a cheannaich i. Bha am bràthair a' fuireach ann an Dùn Èideann. Leugh an tuathanach an litir: "Nuair a ruigeas an nighean Dùn Èideann, croch i," leugh e.

Bha an t-eagal air an nighinn dhol a Dhùn Èideann. Ach bha an tuathanach seòlta.

"Sgrìobhaidh mise litir ùr dhut," thuirt e.

Seo na sgrìobh e: "Tha mi a' cur litir thugad, a bhràthair. Seo an nighean as fheàrr anns an t-saoghal. Chan eil a leithid eile ann." Dh'iarr e air a bhràthair foghlam a thoirt dhi.

An ath-mhadainn, chaidh an nighean a Dhùn Èideann. Chaidh i gu taigh a' bhràthar. 'S e duine-uasal a bha ann. Leugh am bràthair an litir a sgrìobh an tuathanach. Bha e a' smaoinichadh gur e a bhràthair a sgrìobh i. Thug e aodach math don nighinn. Chuir e don sgoil i. Bha i math mar sgoilear. Fhuair i foghlam math.

An dèidh bliadhna, thàinig am fear a cheannaich i. Bha e a' dol

*bought her came. He was going to a big ball in Edinburgh. His brother told him that his daughters were at the ball and that the “gentlewoman” was with them.*

*“What gentlewoman is that?” said the other man.*

*“The one you yourself sent here,” said his brother.*

*“I sent her to you to be hanged!” said the other man. “I’ll hang her tomorrow.”*

*The brothers went to the ball. And the lass was the most beautiful woman there.*

*The next day, the bad man came to her [to where she was].*

*“You’re still alive,” he said.*

*“Yes,” she replied. “I’m still alive.”*

*“Are you scared,” he asked, “that I’ll hang you.”*

*“I’ll tell the lawyers of Edinburgh what you did,” she said to him. “They’ll send you to prison.”*

*“Wheesht. Stay quiet,” he said. “I’m seeking forgiveness. Will you marry me?”*

*“I’m scared of you,” she said.*

*“I won’t do anything to [on] you,” he said.*

*They married and many of the gentry of Edinburgh were at the wedding. They bought many houses and there were very few [people] in Edinburgh who were as wealthy as them.*

gu bàl mòr ann an Dùn Èideann. Dh’innis a bhràthair dha gu robh a nigheanan aig a’ bhàl agus gun robh “a’ bhean-ualas” còmhla riutha.

“Dè a’ bhean-ualas a tha sin?” ars am fear eile.

“An tè a chuir thu fhèin an seo,” ars a bhràthair.

“Chuir mi thugad i airson a crochadh!” thuirt am fear eile. “Crochaidh mise a-màireach i.”

Chaidh na bràithrean don bhàl. Agus b’ i an nighean an tè a bu bhrèagha ann.

An ath-latha, thàinig an droch dhuine far an robh i.

“Tha thu beò fhathast,” ars esan.

“Tha,” fhreagair i. “Tha mi beò fhathast.”

“A bheil eagal ort,” dh’fhaighnich e, “gun croch mi thu?”

“Innsidh mise do luchd-lagha Dhùn Èideann dè rinn thu,” thuirt i ris. “Cuiridh iad don phrìosan thu.”

“Ist! Fuirich sàmhach,” ars esan. “Tha mi ag iarraidh maitheanais. Am pòs thu mi?”

“Tha eagal orm romhad,” ars ise.

“Cha dèan mi càil ort,” ars esan.

Phòs iad, agus bha mòran de dh’uaislean Dhùn Èideann aig a’ bhanais. Cheannaich iad mòran thaighean agus bha glè bheag ann an Dùn Èideann a bha cho beartach riutha.