

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 347 (which corresponds to Litir 651). Ruairidh can be contacted at rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

I'm going to tell you two stories both called 'Luran'. In the two stories – from South Uist and Barra – there are fairies and porridge. But there are differences between the stories also. To begin with, this week, the Uist story.

There was a man who lived in Stoneybridge with his wife. He was called Luran. He worked outside all day long. He was returning home at night. His wife was all day at the house by herself.

One day, Luran came home. His wife had a story for him. When Luran was away, this man was coming. He was looking in the window. When he knew the wife was by herself, he was coming to the door. She was opening the door to him. He was with her all day.

Luran stayed at home. He hid. The man came to a window. He looked in. He saw that the woman was by herself. He came to the door. The woman opened the door to him. The stranger came in. Luran jumped into the room.

Out of the door went the stranger. Luran was in pursuit of him. The man made quickly for the

Tha mi a' dol a dh'innse dhuibh dà stòiridh air a bheil 'Luran' mar ainm. Anns an dà stòiridh – à Uibhist a Deas agus Barraigh – tha sìthichean agus brochan, no lite. Ach tha rudan diofraichte eadar na stòiridhean cuideachd. An toiseach, an t-seachdain seo, an sgeulachd Uibhisteach:

Bha fear ann a bha a' fuireach ann an Staoinebrig còmhla ri a bhean. 'S e Luran an t-ainm a bha air. Bha e ag obair a-muigh fad an latha. Bha e a' tilleadh dhachaigh air an oidhche. Bha a' bhean aige leatha fhèin aig an taigh.

Latha a bha seo, thàinig Luran dhachaigh. Bha sgeul aig a bhean dha. Nuair a bha Luran air falbh, bha fear a bha seo a' tighinn. Bha e a' coimhead a-steach air uinneag. Nuair a bha fios aige gun robh a' bhean leatha fhèin, bha e a' tighinn don doras. Bha ise a' fosgladh an dorais dha. Bha esan còmhla rithe fad an latha.

Dh'fhuirich Luran aig an taigh. Chaidh e am falach. Thàinig an duine do dh'uinneag. Choimhead e a-steach. Chunnaic e gun robh am boireannach leatha fhèin. Thàinig e don doras. Dh'fhosgail am boireannach an doras dha. Thàinig an srainnsear a-steach. Leum Luran a-steach don t-seòmair.

A-mach air an doras a dh'fhalbh an srainnsear. Bha Luran air a thòir. Rinn am fear air a' mhonadh gu luath. Bha Luran air

hill country. Luran was on his heels. They were close to a loch called Loch Iarais. The man reached Taigh Iarais – a big cairn of stones near the loch.

The stranger turned around. He said, “Luran is quick enough but his bread is hard. If he had porridge for food, he’d be much faster.” The man disappeared. And Luran went home.

He started to take porridge rather than bread. But, after a while, he started to put weight on. He grew big, heavy and clumsy.

He understood that the stranger had had a strategy. He was wanting Luran to become slow. Luran went back to his old diet. He gave up porridge. He ate bread. He was fit and nimble once more. And the stranger was never seen again.

a shàilean. Bha iad faisg air loch ris an canar Loch Iarais. Ràinig am fear Taigh Iarais – càrn mòr chlachan faisg air an loch.

Thionndaidh an srainnsear. Thuir e, “Tha Luran luath gu leòr ach tha a chuid arain cruaidh. Nam biodh brochan aige mar bhiadh, bhiodh e fada na bu luaithe.” Chaidh am fear à fianais. Agus thill Luran dhachaigh.

Thòisich e air brochan a ghabhail seach aran. Ach, an dèidh greis, thòisich e air cuideam a chur air. Dh’fhàs e mòr, trom is cliobach.

Thuig e gun robh an srainnsear ri plòigh. Bha e ag iarraidh gum biodh Luran a’ fàs mall. Chaidh Luran air ais don t-seann daihead aige. Leig e seachad am brochan. Dh’ith e aran. Bha e fut is sgiobalta a-rithist. Agus chan fhacas an srainnsear tuilleadh.