

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 497 (which corresponds to Litir 801). Ruairidh can be contacted at rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk.

There was a man from Skye who was living in Leeds in England. His name was William.

One day, he bought a bus ticket from Glasgow to Broadford. 'Single to Broadford,' he said to the ticket officer. William had a drink problem. He was drunk.

'Sure, pal,' said the ticket officer. 'Stance 5. It's leavin' the noo.'

William ran out to the bus. When he awoke after his journey, he was in Bradford, rather than Broadford.

And he never left. Well, he went as far as Leeds. He met Tracey who was a hairdresser. They married, and William was happy enough. He started a business. He had a white van with The Handy Skyeman: No Jobs Too Tough on it. But his problem with drink continued. He was in the pub every night.

He was trying to get in quietly in the wee hours of the morning. But Tracey was always awake. She was not happy.

One particular night, William came home at three in the morning. The front door was open. William became suspicious. Why was the

Bha fear às an Eilean Sgitheanach a' fuireach ann an Leeds ann an Sasainn. 'S e Uilleam an t-ainm a bha air.

Latha a bha seo, cheannaich e tiogaid bus bho Ghlaschu don Ath Leathann. 'Single to Broadford,' thuir e ri fear nan tiogaidean. Bha trioblaid aig Uilleam le deoch làidir. Bha smùid air.

'Sure, pal,' thuir fear nan tiogaidean. 'Stance 5. It's leavin' the noo.'

Ruith Uilleam a-mach don bhus. Nuair a dhùisg e an dèidh a thurais bha e ann am Bradford, seach Broadford.

*Agus cha do dh'fhalbh e. Uill, chaidh e cho fada ri Leeds. Thachair e ri Tracey a bha na gruagaire. Phòs iad, agus bha Uilleam dòigheil gu leòr. Thòisich e gnìomhachas. Bha bhana gheal aige le *The Handy Skyeman: No Jobs Too Tough* oirre. Ach lean a thrioblaid leis an deoch. Bha e anns an taigh-seinnse a h-uile oidhche.*

Bha e a' feuchainn ri faighinn a-steach gu sàmhach ann an uairean beaga na maidne. Ach bha Tracey an-còmhnaidh na dùisg. Cha robh i toilichte.

Oidhche a bha seo, thàinig Uilleam dhachaigh aig trì uairean sa mhadainn. Bha an doras mòr fosgailte. Dh'fhàs Uilleam amharasach. Carson

door not locked?

He walked in. He saw that a window was broken. Stuff was lying on the floor. The television was gone. A burglar had been there. And he walked out the front door. William became concerned. Was Tracey alright?

He ran up the stairs. His wife was asleep. William woke her and he told her about the burglary. It surprised her. She heard nothing.

Next day, William went to the police station. 'When you get the burglar,' he said to the sergeant, 'I want to speak to him.'

'You'll have an opportunity to see him in court,' said the policeman.

'I must speak to him,' said William again. 'I want information.'

This surprised the sergeant. 'What information?'

'I want to find out,' said William, 'how the burglar got in without waking my wife. I've been trying for years and she always hears me!'

nach robh an doras glaiste?

Choisich e a-steach. Chunnaic e gun robh uinneag briste. Bha stuth na laighe air an ùrlar. Bha an telebhisean air falbh. Bha mèirleach air a bhith ann. Agus choisich e a-mach air an doras mhòr. Dh'fhàs Uilleam iomagaineach. An robh Tracey ceart gu leòr?

Ruith e suas an staidhre. Bha a bhean na cadal. Dhùisg Uilleam i agus dh'inns e dhi mun mhèirle. Chuir e iongnadh oirre. Cha chuala i dad.

An ath latha, chaidh Uilleam gu stèisean nam poileas. 'Nuair a gheibh sibh am mèirleach,' thuirt e ris an t-sàirdseant, 'tha mi ag iarraidh bruidhinn ris.'

'Bidh cothrom agad fhaicinn sa chùirt,' thuirt am poileas.

'Feumaidh mi bruidhinn ris,' thuirt Uilleam a-rithist. 'Tha mi ag iarraidh fiosrachadh.'

Chuir seo iongnadh air an t-sàirdseant. 'Dè am fiosrachadh?'

'Tha mi airson faighinn a-mach,' thuirt Uilleam, 'ciamar a fhuair am mèirleach a-steach gun a bhith a' dùsgadh mo mhnà. Tha mise air a bhith a' feuchainn airson bhliadhnaichean agus bidh i gam chluinntinn an-còmhnaidh!'