

# **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 525 (which corresponds to Litir 829). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.macleon@bbc.co.uk).

*When the year and a day were over, the Devil came to get the blacksmith. 'A bit of patience, man,' said the blacksmith, 'until I finish my work. Why don't you help me. Take hold of the sledgehammer.*

*The Devil took hold of the sledgehammer. His hands stuck to the handle of the hammer, the hammer stuck to the anvil and the anvil stuck to the floor.*

*'You have trapped me,' he said.*

*'Yes. Before you get out, you'll have to be obedient to me,' said the blacksmith.*

*'Let me go. I'll give you a delay of a year and a day, and plenty of gold and silver,' said the Devil.*

*'I'll let you go,' agreed the blacksmith.*

*The blacksmith and his family spent that year in a good situation. But at the end of a year and a day, the Devil returned. He stayed outside the smiddy door. He shouted, 'Come out, blacksmith.'*

*'I must shave off my beard,' said the blacksmith.*

*'I won't leave you,' said the*

*Nuair a bha an latha is bliadhna seachad, thàinig an Droch Fhear a dh'iarraidh a' ghobha. 'Foighidinn bheag, a dhuine,' ars an gobha, 'gus an cuir mi crìoch air an obair agam. Carson nach toir thu taic dhomh. Beir air an òrd mhòr.'*

*Rug an Droch Fhear air an òrd mhòr. Lean a làmhnan ri cas an ùird, lean an t-òrd ris an innean, agus lean an t-innean ris an ùrlar.*

*'Tha mi an sàs agad,' thuirt e.*

*'Tha. Mus fhaigh thu às, feumaidh tu a bhith umhail dhomh,' ars an gobha.*

*'Leig às mi. Bheir mi dàil latha is bliadhna dhut, agus am pailteas de dh'òr 's de dh'airgead,' ars an Droch Fhear.*

*'Leigidh mi às thu,' dh'aontaich an gobha.*

*Chuir an gobha agus a theaghlach a' bhliadhna ud seachad ann an sunnd. Ach an ceann latha is bliadhna, thill an Droch Fhear. Dh'fhan e taobh a-muigh doras na ceàrdaich. Dh'èigh e, 'Thig a-mach, a ghobha.'*

*'Feumaidh mi m' fheusag a thoirt dhìom,' thuirt an gobha.*

*'Cha dealaich mi riut,' ars an*

*Devil.*

*'You can sit next to me in the [sitting]room,' said the blacksmith.*

*The Devil followed the blacksmith inside. The blacksmith asked him to sit on a chair. The blacksmith took off his beard. When he was ready, he said, 'We'd better be going.'*

*But the Devil stuck to the chair and the chair stuck to the floor.*

*'You have trapped me again,' he said.*

*'Yes,' agreed the blacksmith. 'You won't get away if you don't promise me that you won't come until the end of a year and a day.' The Devil agreed to the bargain.*

*Matters went well with the blacksmith. Eventually, the end of the year came. The Devil came. He shouted through the smiddy door, 'You won't get away today, blacksmith. You must leave with me.'*

*The blacksmith agreed to leave with him.*

*'They say,' said the blacksmith, 'that you can disguise yourself as anything you want.' What was his strategy this time? We'll see next week when I bring the story to a conclusion.*

*Droch Fhear.*

*'Faodaidh tu suidhe làimh rium anns an t-seòmar,' ars an gobha.*

*Lean an Droch Fhear an gobha a-steach. Dh'iarr an gobha air suidhe air cathair. Thug an gobha fheusag dheth. Nuair a bha e deas, thuirt e, ' 'S fheàrr dhuinn falbh.'*

*Ach lean an Droch Fhear ris a' chathair agus lean a' chathair ris an ùrlar.*

*'Tha mi an sàs agad a-rithist,' thuirt e.*

*'Tha,' dh'aontaich an gobha. 'Chan fhaigh thu às mura geall thu dhomh nach tig thu gu ceann latha 's bliadhna.' Dh'aontaich an Droch Fhear ris a' chùmhnant.*

*Chaidh gnothaichean gu math leis a' ghobha. Mu dheireadh, thàinig ceann na bliadhna. Thàinig an Droch Fhear. Dh'èigh e tro dhoras na ceàrdaich, 'Chan eil a-null no a-nall agad an-diugh, a ghobha. Feumaidh tu falbh còmhla rium.'*

*Dh'aontaich an gobha falbh còmhla ris.*

*'Tha iad ag ràdh,' thuirt an gobha, 'gun tèid agadsa air thu fhèin a chur ann an riochd sam bith a thogras tu.' Dè am plòigh a bh' aige an turas seo? Chì sinn an-ath-sheachdain nuair a chuireas mi crìoch air an stòiridh.*