

# **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 614 (which corresponds to Litir 918). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

*Do you like the Fingalian legends? The name of Fionn MacCumhail's dog was Bran. He was brave and wise.*

*I'll tell you how Fionn got Bran. One day, Fionn was on the hill by himself. A man came to him. 'Who are you?' asked Fionn.*

*'I'm a servant,' replied the other man. 'I'm looking for a good master.'*

*'What skills do you have?' asked Fionn.*

*'I've never had a wink of sleep,' said the other man. 'Nothing will get past me without me knowing.'*

*'That's good,' said Fionn. 'Come with me and you'll be well rewarded.'*

*Shortly after that, another man appeared. 'Who are you?' asked Fionn.*

*'I'm a servant,' replied the new man. 'I'm looking for a master.'*

*'What skills do you have?' asked Fionn.*

*'I can hear the grass growing,' said the new man. 'Nothing will get past me without me knowing because I'll hear it.'*

*'That's good,' said Fionn. 'Come with me and you'll be well rewarded.'*

*A third man appeared. They had*

A bheil sibh measail air sgeulachdan na Fèinne? B' e ainm cù Fhinn MhicCumhail – Bran. Bha e treun is glic.

Innsidh mi dhuibh mar a fhuair Fionn Bran. Latha a bha seo, bha Fionn sa mhonadh leis fhèin. Thàinig fear thuige. 'Cò th' agam an seo?' dh'fhaighnich Fionn.

'S e sgalag a th' annam,' fhreagair am fear eile. 'Tha mi a' lorg maighstir math.'

'Dè na sgilean a th' agad?' dh'fhaighnich Fionn.

'Cha d' fhuair mi norrag cadail riamh,' ars am fear eile. 'Chan fhaigh rud sam bith seachad orm gun fhiosta.'

'Tha sin math,' thuirt Fionn. 'Thig cuide rium agus gheibh thu duais mhath.'

Goirid an dèidh sin, nochd fear eile.

'Cò th' agam an seo?' dh'fhaighnich Fionn.

'S e sgalag a th' annam,' fhreagair am fear ùr. 'Tha mi a' lorg maighstir.'

'Dè na sgilean a th' agad?' dh'fhaighnich Fionn.

'Cluinnidh mi am feur a' fàs,' ars am fear ùr. 'Chan fhaigh rud sam bith seachad orm gun fhiosta oir cluinnidh mi e.'

'Tha sin math,' thuirt Fionn. 'Thig cuide rium agus gheibh thu duais mhath.'

Nochd treas fear. Bha an aon

*the same conversation. 'When I get a grip on anything, it will not get away,' said the new man. 'I'm a gripper.'*

*Fionn accepted him. A fourth man came. 'I'm good at stealing,' he said. 'I'll steal the egg from the heron.'*

*'Come with me and you'll be well rewarded,' said Fionn.*

*It wasn't long until a fifth man appeared. He was good at climbing. 'I'll climb a wall that is covered with eel skins,' he said.*

*'If you come with me,' said Fionn, 'you'll be well rewarded.'*

*What a day Fionn had on the hill, for a sixth man came to him. 'I'm an archer,' he said, 'and I'll fire an arrow that will split a hair.'*

*Fionn accepted him. His team was full. They left together across nine hills and nine glens and nine rivers until they reached a king's palace. And I'll tell you next week how Fionn got hold of Bran.*

chòmhradh aca. 'Nuair a gheibh mi grèim air rudeigin, chan fhaigh e air falbh,' ars am fear ùr. 'S e greimiche a th' annam.'

Ghabh Fionn ris. Thàinig ceathramh fear. 'Tha mi math air goid,' thuirt e. 'Goididh mi an t-ugh bhon chorra-ghrithich.'

'Thig cuide rium agus gheibh thu duais mhath,' thuirt Fionn.

Cha b' fhada gus an do nochd còigeamh fear. Bha esan math air sreap. 'Sreapaidh mi balla a tha còmhdachte le craiceannan easgannan,' thuirt e.

'Ma thig thu cuide rium,' thuirt Fionn, 'gheibh thu tuarastal math.'

Abair an latha a bh' aig Fionn sa mhonadh, oir thàinig siathamh fear dha ionnsaigh. 'Tha mi nam bhoghadair,' thuirt e, 'agus losgaidh mi saighead a bhios a' sgàineadh ball fuilt.'

Ghabh Fionn ris. Bha an sgioba aige làn. Dh'fhalbh iad còmhla thairis air naoi cnuic is naoi glinn is naoi aibhnichean gus an do ràinig iad lùchairt aig rìgh. Agus innsidh mi dhuibh an-ath-sheachdain mar a fhuair Fionn grèim air Bran.