

# **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 677 (which corresponds to Litir 981). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.maclean@bbc.co.uk).*

*I was telling you the story of MacVurich of Raasay. The monster built a causeway and peat-stack for MacVurich. But the hunter wasn't satisfied. 'Your child is still under ransom,' he said.*

*'I've paid twice,' said the monster, angrily.*

*'That was just the beginning,' said MacVurich. 'Now, you'll build a big house for me. The thatch will be made of bird feathers.'*

*'A curse on you!' said the monster. It arose and went to the wood. It shouted, 'Every tree in the wood except for the aspen of the crucifixion and the blackthorn of the crown, come and build the house!' Wood came from the trees. It wasn't long until the house was built.*

*Flocks of birds came from every corner of the world. Every bird left a feather on the roof of the new house. Within a day, the thatch was ready.*

*When the monster returned, MacVurich threw his baby out the window. The monster left. But it cursed MacVurich.*

*MacVurich married and he*

*Bha mi ag innse dhuibh an sgeulachd 'MacMhuirich Ratharsair'. Thog an t-Uilebheist cabhsair agus cruach-mhònach do MhacMhuirich. Ach cha robh an sealgair riarachta. 'Tha an leanabh agad air èirig fhathast,' thuirt e.*

*'Phàigh mi i dà thuras,' ars an t-Uilebheist, le fearg.*

*'Cha robh an sin ach an toiseach,' thuirt MacMhuirich. 'A-nise, togaidh thu taigh mòr dhomh. Bidh an tughadh air a dhèanamh de dh'itean eòin.'*

*'Mo mhallachd ort!' thuirt an t-Uilebheist. Dh'èirich e agus dh'fhalbh e don choille. Dh'èigh e, 'Gach craobh anns a' choille ach a-mhàin critheann a' Chrainn-cheusaidh agus Droigheann-dubh a' Chrùn, thigibh agus dèanaibh an taigh!' Thàinig fiodh bho na craobhan. Cha b' fhada gus an robh an taigh air a thogail.*

*Thàinig sgaothan de dh'eòin à gach oisean dhen domhan. Dh'fhàg gach eun ite air mullach an taigh ùir. Taobh a-staigh latha, bha an tughadh deiseil.*

*Nuair a thill an t-Uilebheist, thilg MacMhuirich a leanabh a-mach air an uinneig. Dh'fhalbh an t-Uilebheist. Ach rinn e mallachd air MacMhuirich.*

*Phòs MacMhuirich agus bha triùir mhac aige. Bha iad fhèin 's an athair a-*

*had three sons. They and their father were always falling out. MacVurich only had one friend. That was his servant, Finlay.*

*MacVurich, his sons and Finlay sailed to Moidart. On the way back, they went to Canna. They were there too long. The Lady of Canna asked them to leave, but there was no wind.*

*'We're not going to row to Raasay,' said the sons to their father. 'Won't you call up the wind?'*

*MacVurich called for a 'gentle wind from the east.' The sons mocked him for being timid. He called for a 'hard wind from the north.' That was not favourable to them. The boys again mocked their father.*

*MacVurich was angry. He called for a wind so strong that it would pull a limpet from a rock. His sons were all sick with seasickness. Only MacVurich and Finlay stood up to the hardship. They reached Loch Aineort on Skye. They beached their boat there. And what happened to them after that, I don't know.*

mach air a chèile fad na h-ùine. Cha robh ach aon charaid aig MacMhuirich. B' e sin an sgalag aige, Fionnlagh.

Sheòl MacMhuirich, a mhic agus Fionnlagh a Mhuideart. Air an t-slighe dhachaigh, chaidh iad a Chanaigh. Bha iad ann ro fhada. Dh'iarr Baintighearna Chanaigh orra falbh, ach cha robh gaoth ann.

'Chan eil sinn a' dol a dh'iomradh a Ratharsair,' thuirt na mic ri an athair. 'Nach iarr sibh gun tig a' ghaoth?'

Dh'èigh MacMhuirich airson 'gaoth shocair às an àird an ear.' Rinn na gillean magadh air MacMhuirich airson a bhith meata. Dh'èigh e airson 'gaoth chruaidh às an àird a tuath.' Cha robh sin fàbharach dhaibh. Rinn na gillean magadh air an athair a-rithist.

Bha MacMhuirich feargach. Dh'èigh e airson gaoth cho làidir 's gun tàirneadh i bàirneach à creag. Bha a mhic uile tinn le cur na mara. Cha robh ach MacMhuirich agus Fionnlagh a sheas ris a' chruadal. Ràinig iad Loch Aineort anns an Eilean Sgitheanach. Chuir iad am bàta air tìr an sin. Agus dè thachair dhaibh an uair sin, chan eil fhios domh.