

# **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 879 (which corresponds to Litir 1,183). Ruairidh can be contacted at [fios@learngaelic.scot](mailto:fios@learngaelic.scot).

*I was telling you the story 'Lochbuie and his two herdsmen'. MacFadyen had refused to remove a shoe from the foot of the hanged man. He was thinking he was still alive.*

*There was a disabled man in the room. 'If I could walk,' he said to MacFadyen, 'I would myself take the shoe from the man's foot.'*

*MacFadyen put the disabled man on his shoulder. He went to the wood with him. They came in sight of the herdsman. The herdsman thought it was the other herdsman, with the ox. 'Is it yourself?' he said.*

*'Yes,' replied MacFadyen.*

*'Do you have him?' asked the herdsman.*

*'Yes,' said MacFadyen.*

*'Is he fat?'*

*'Fat or thin, here he is for you!' And MacFadyen threw the disabled man off his shoulder.*

*MacFadyen fled. The disabled man followed him as he could. The herdsman was thinking that he was under suspicion from Lochbuie. He thought he would be wise to admit the truth.*

Bha mi ag innse na sgeulachd 'Locha Buidhe 's a Dhà Bhuachaille'. Bha MacPhàidein air diùltadh bròg a thoirt far cas an duine chrochte. Bha e a' smaoinichadh gun robh e fhathast beò.

Bha fear ciorramach san t-seòmar. 'Nam biodh comas coiseachd agam,' thuirt e ri MacPhàidein, 'bheirinn fhìn a' bhròg far cas an duine.'

Chuir MacPhàidein am fear ciorramach air a ghualainn. Dh'fhalbh e don choille leis. Thàinig iad ann an sealladh a' bhuachaille. Shaoil am buachaille gur e am buachaille eile a bha ann, agus an damh aige. 'An tu a th' ann?' thuirt e.

'S mi,' fhreagair MacPhàidein.

'A bheil e agad?' dh'fhaighnich am buachaille.

'Tha,' arsa MacPhàidein.

'A bheil e reamhar?'

'Reamhar no caol, seo agad e!' Agus thilg MacPhàidein am fear ciorramach far a ghualainn.

Theich MacPhàidein. Lean am fear ciorramach e mar a b' urrainn dha. Bha am buachaille a' smaoinichadh gun robh e fo amharas aig tighearna Loch Buidhe. Shaoil e gum biodh e glic an fhèrrinn aideachadh.

*'I didn't get the shoe,' admitted MacFadyen to the gentry. 'The dead man asked if the disabled man was fat. He'll have eaten him by now.'*

*The disabled man reached the door. He hadn't been eaten! They let him in and they locked the door after him. The herdsman came. 'Let me in!' he shouted. But the ones inside thought he was the man they had hanged!*

*'I'm the herdsman!' he shouted. With that, they admitted him. The herdsman told about the plan to steal an ox. In the wood, he was asking if the ox was fat, rather than the man!*

*The laird of Lochbuie was finding this extremely funny. The herdsman had to tell the story several times.*

*The other herdsman was now in the wood with the ox. There was no sign of his friend. He walked around in the dark. He bumped into the body that was hanging.*

*'Oh my goodness!' he said. 'They caught you and hanged you!' Without looking at its face, he took the body with him to the house of the other herdsman. To be continued ... next week.*

*'Cha d' fhuair mi a' bhròg,' dh'aidich MacPhàidein do na h-uaislean. 'Dh'fhaighnich an duine marbh an robh am fear ciorramach reamhar. Bidh e air ithe a-nise.'*

*Ràinig am fear ciorramach an doras. Cha robh e air ithe! Leig iad a-steach e agus ghlas iad an doras às a dhèidh. Thàinig am buachaille. 'Leigibh a-steach mi!' dh'èigh e. Ach bha an fheadhainn a-staigh dhen bheachd gum b' esan an duine a chroch iad!*

*'Is mis' am buachaille!' dh'èigh e. Le sin, leig iad a-steach e. Dh'inns am buachaille mun phlana airson damh a ghoid. Anns a' choille, bha e a' faighneachd an robh an damh reamhar, seach an duine!*

*Bha tighearna Locha Bhuidhe a' faighinn seo uabhasach èibhinn. Bha aig a' bhuachaille ris an stòiridh innse grunn tursan.*

*Bha am buachaille eile a-nise sa choille leis an damh. Cha robh sgeul air a charaid. Choisich e timcheall anns an dorchadas. Bhuail e anns a' chorp a bha crochte.*

*'Murt mhòr!' thuirt e. 'Ghlaic iad thu agus chroch iad thu!' Gun a bhith a' coimhead air aodann, thug e a chorp leis gu taigh a' bhuachaille eile. Ri leantainn ... an-ath-sheachdain.*