

# **An Litir Bheag**

**Ie 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 892 (which corresponds to Litir 1,196). Ruairidh can be contacted at [fios@learngaelic.scot](mailto:fios@learngaelic.scot).

*I am continuing with the story 'The Ship That Went to America'. 'Did you do what I asked you to do with the giants?' enquired the old man – who was in the form of a horse.*

*'Yes,' replied Iain.*

*Iain leaped onto the back of the horse. They reached a loch. 'There is a big fish on the beach,' said the horse. 'Put it in the loch.'*

*Iain did that. 'The fish said he would remember me,' he said.*

*They left again. They reached a brazen castle [made of brass]. 'Go inside,' said the horse. 'You'll see rooms full of gold and silver. Don't touch anything.'*

*Iain went to the castle. He saw the rooms that were full of gold and silver. He saw a bundle of goose feathers. He took one of the feathers to make a pen.*

*When he returned, the horse said to him, 'Did you touch anything, Iain?'*

*'No,' said Iain. They left and they reached a King's palace.*

*'Ask the King if he wants a clerk,' said the horse. Iain did that. They were wanting a clerk and he accepted the work. 'If you get into*

*Tha mi a' leantainn leis an sgeulachd An Long a Chaidh a dh'Ameireagaidh. 'An do rinn thu na dh'iarr mi ort leis na fannhairean?' dh'fhaighnich am bodach – a bh' ann an riochd eich.*

*'Rinn,' fhreagair Iain.*

*Leum Iain air muin an eich. Ràinig iad loch. 'Tha iasg mòr air an tràigh,' thuirt an t-each. 'Cuir don loch e.'*

*Rinn Iain sin. 'Thuirt an t-iasg gun cuimhnicheadh e mi,' thuirt e.*

*Dh'fhalbh iad a-rithist. Ràinig iad caisteal pràise. 'Thalla a-steach,' thuirt an t-each. 'Chì thu seòmraichean làn òir is airgid. Na bean ri dad.'*

*Chaidh Iain don chaisteal. Chunnaic e na seòmraichean a bha làn òir is airgid. Chunnaic e pasg de dh'itean geòidh. Thug e tè de na h-itean leis airson peann a dhèanamh.*

*Nuair a thill e, thuirt an t-each ris, 'An do bhean thu ri dad, Iain?'*

*'Cha do bhean,' thuirt Iain. Dh'fhalbh iad agus ràinig iad lùchairt Rìgh.*

*'Faighnich dhen Rìgh a bheil e ag iarraidh clèireach,' ars an t-each. Rinn Iain sin. Bha iad ag iarraidh clèireach agus ghabh e ris an obair. 'Ma thig èiginn*

*trouble,' said the horse, 'remember me and I'll come.'*

*Iain did not like the pens in the castle. He remembered his feather. He made a pen of it. His writing was elegant. The King heard about it. The King tried the pen. His own writing was just as elegant. 'Where did you get this pen?' he asked.*

*'In the brazen castle,' replied Iain.*

*'Aha!' said the King. 'Bring the lady of the brazen castle here. I want to marry her.'*

*'I cannot,' said Iain.*

*'You must,' asserted the King. 'Or you'll be hanged.'*

*In his room, Iain was weeping. 'It would be good if the grey-haired old man were!' he said.*

*The old man came. 'What is upsetting you?' he asked. Iain explained the situation to him. 'I'll bet that you touched something in the brazen castle,' said the old man.*

*'Only a feather,' admitted Iain. He was scolded. They went to the brazen castle, that was on the far side of a strait. More next week.*

*ort,' thuir an t-each, 'cuimhnich orm agus thig mi.'*

*Cha do chòrd na pinn anns a' chaisteal ri Iain. Chuimhnich e an ite a bha aige. Rinn e peann dhith. Bha an sgrìobhadh aige snasail. Chuala an Rìgh mu dheidhinn. Dh'fheuch an Rìgh am peann. Bha an sgrìobhadh aige fhèin a cheart cho snasail. 'Càit an d' fhuair thu am peann seo?' dh'fhaighnich e.*

*'Anns a' chaisteal phràise,' fhreagair Iain.*

*'Aha!' ars an Rìgh. 'Thoir baintighearna a' chaisteil phràise an seo. Tha mi airson a pòsadh.'*

*'Chan urrainn dhomh,' ars Iain.*

*'Feumaidh tu,' dhearbh an Rìgh. 'No thèid do chrochadh.'*

*San t-seòmar aige, bha Iain a' caoineadh. 'Bhiodh e math nam biodh am bodach liath an seo!' thuir e.*

*Thàinig am bodach. 'Dè tha a' cur ort?' dh'fhaighnich e. Mhìnich Iain an suidheachadh dha. 'Cuiridh mi geall gun do bhean thu ri rudeigin sa chaisteal phràise,' thuir am bodach.*

*'Direach ite,' dh'aidich Iain. Fhuair e trod. Dh'fhalbh iad don chaisteal phràise, a bha air taobh thall caolais. Tuilleadh an-ath-sheachdain.*