

## **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 958 (which corresponds to Litir 1,262). Ruairidh can be contacted at [fios@learngaelic.scot](mailto:fios@learngaelic.scot).

*I'm was telling you a tale about the Wren. The farmer had broken his own shank. He was taken up to the house. He was on a bed beside a window. The wren came. There were cows and a bull in the field.*

*'You don't have much to eat, poor thing,' said the wren to the bull. 'And your master has plenty in the barn.'*

*'However, I can't get to it,' said the bull.*

*'Put your horns under the door,' said the wren, 'and lift the door off the hinges.' In that manner, the bull opened the barn door. He and the cows went in. They ate everything there was until they split open. They were dead.*

*The wren came. There was a bitch there, with puppies. 'If you do one thing for me,' said the wren, 'I'll give you plenty of food.'*

*'What will I do?' said the bitch.*

*Kill the fox that killed the wee sheep,' he said. 'And I'll give you plenty of meat.'*

*The wren went to the fox's den. 'Och och,' he said to the fox, 'you are very badly off there. There is plenty of food out here.'*

Bha mi ag innse sgeul mun Dreathan-donn. Bha an tuathanach air a lurgainn fhèin a bhriseadh. Chaidh a thoirt suas don taigh. Bha e air leabaidh ri taobh uinneag. Thàinig an dreathan-donn. Bha crodh agus tarbh anns a' phàirc.

'Chan eil mòran agad ri ithe, a bhròinein,' thuirt an dreathan-donn ris an tarbh. 'Agus gu leòr aig do mhaighstir anns an t-sabhal.'

'Ge-tà, chan fhaigh mi thuige,' ars an tarbh.

'Cuir na h-adharcan agad fon doras,' ars an dreathan-donn, 'agus tog an doras far nam banntaichean.' Anns an dòigh sin, dh'fhosgail an tarbh doras an t-sabhail. Chaidh e fhèin agus an crodh a-steach. Dh'ith iad a h-uile dad a bh' ann agus an do sgàin iad. Bha iad marbh.

Thàinig an dreathan-donn. Bha galla ann, agus cuileanan aice. 'Ma nì thu aon rud dhòmhsa,' thuirt an dreathan-donn, bheir mi dhut biadh gu leòr.'

'Dè nì mi?' ars a' ghalla.

'Marbh am madadh a mharbh a' chaorag,' thuirt e. 'Agus bheir mi dhut feòil gu leòr.'

Chaidh an dreathan-donn don t-saobhaidh. 'Och och,' thuirt e ris a' mhadadh-ruadh, 'tha thu cianail an sin. Tha biadh gu leòr a-muigh an seo.'

*'If so,' said the fox, 'I'll come out and get my share of it.' The fox came out of the den and the bitch killed it.*

*'If you go down to the shore,' said the wren to the bitch, 'you'll see a horse there that was killed today. You'll get a sufficiency of food.'*

*That night, it was a night of snowing and blizzarding. The old man's window was open. The wren was close and the wind blew him in. The old man caught him.*

*'Let me go,' said the wren. 'I have a lump of gold under my wing. If you open your hand, I'll give it to you.'*

*He did that and the wren defecated on his hand. The bird went over to the dresser. The old man arose and picked up a shepherd's crook. The wren jumped around. The old man was breaking everything with the crook. But, as far as I know, he didn't get the wren yet!*

*'Ma tha,' ars am madadh-ruadh, 'thig mi a-mach agus gheibh mi mo chuid dheth.' Thàinig am madadh a-mach às an t-saobhaidh agus mharbh a' ghalla e.*

*'Ma thèid thu a-bhàn don chladach,' thuirt an dreathan-donn ris a' ghalla, 'chì thu each an sin a chaidh a mharbhadh an-diugh. Gheibh thu do leòr de bhiadh.'*

*An oidhche sin, 's e oidhche cur-cathaidh a bha ann. Bha uinneag a' bhodaich fosgailte. Bha an dreathan-donn faisg agus shèid a' ghaoth a-steach e. Rug am bodach air.*

*'Leig às mi,' thuirt an dreathan-donn. 'Tha meall òir agam fo mo sgiath. Ma dh'fhosglas tu do làmh, bheir mi dhut e.'*

*Rinn e sin agus chac an dreathan-donn air a làimh. Leum an t-eun a-null don dreasair. Dh'èirich am bodach agus thog e cromag. Leum an dreathan-donn mun cuairt. Bha am bodach a' briseadh a h-uile dad a bha ann leis a' chromaig. Ach, fhad 's as aithne dhomh, cha d' fhuair e an dreathan-donn fhathast!*