

[Page 58 - A Funny Gaelic Story for the Serious Learner](#)ISSUE : [Issue 51](#)

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A Funny Gaelic Story for the Serious Learner Told by Evelyn Smith, Wreck Cove: But yes, the story about the cat. Now that came from Donald Angus MacLeod from Lewis. I don't know if I told you how it came about. We were up in the Community Hall, 4 years ago this summer. And Donald Angus and his wife, and their daughter and her husband and their two children, 'were there. And we were having a ceilidh for them because they were going back to Scotland. And I think Alice D. B. told a story. And I had never been telling stories, up until that. And I think Alice told a little story. And maybe I told one, I can't remember. But anyway, he beckoned to me. He was sitting down near the back of the hall, and made a sign for me to come. And he whispered that story of the cat into my ear, in Gaelic. And he said-- in Gaelic, he said to me, "I'm shy. I don't want to tell it. But I think it's funny. You tell it." And that's the first time that I told that story. And that came from Lewis, Scotland. And he's an elder in the Free Church in Scotland, so when I tell the story, and I tell the source that it came from...! I don't think anyone thinks it's on the smutty side! (Oh, it's not a bit on the smutty side....) Now, you want me to tell the story in Gaelic. (I want you to tell the story in Gaelic, yes.)

Storaidh a' chait Bha Anna agus Mòrag a' fuireach ann an taigh beag snog 's na Hearadh. 'S e dithis pheathraichean a bh'unnta. Cha robh 'ad aosd idir. 'S e nigheanan dg a bh'unnta, agus cha robh 'ad pòsda. Bha taigh beag snog aca, 's bha 'ad an comhnaidh ag iarraidh gum biodh a-huile dad 'na 'ite fhàin. Bha aon chat aca--cat boirionn. Agus cha robh 'ad a' leigeil an cat a mach, o lè na dh' oichdhe, a shamhradh na gheamraidh. 'S tha mi cinnteach gu faod fhios a bhith agaibh gur son nach robh 'ad airson a' chat a leigeil a mach. Na leigeadh 'ad an cat a mach, bha feagal orra gum biodh Suppliers of Commercial Recreational Fencing P.O.Box 98, King St., North Sydney, N. S. B2A 3M1 "" 794-4773 HAVE OUR AUGER TRUCK DIG YOUR HOLES." piseagan aice, agus gun cuireadh na piseagan an taigh beag snog aca treimh' chòile. Faodadh tu bhi cinnteach gu robh iomadach , uair nuair a bha an cat glò nednach gu faigheadh i mach comh' ri na cait eile. nuair a thigeadh na cait firionn timcheall. Ach chan fhaigheadh i mach as a sud. An ceann dìne, chaidh Mòrag an null gu, mar a chanadh sinn as a' Bheurla, gu'n a "mhainland" a' choimhead airson cosnadh. Agus fhuair i sin. Agus bha Anna aig an taigh leis a' chat. Cha robh fad's am bith gus na choinnich i gille 6g, tapaidh. Agus thèidich a' suiridhe. Agus mar a thachras glò thric, an ceann Cìine, rinn 'ad suas an inntinn gum pòsadh 'ad. Agus rinn 'ad sin. Agus dh'fhalbh 'ad air turus mar a ni chuid as motha do mhuinntir 6g an deidh dhaibh pòsadh. Agus bha Anna aig an taigh leatha fhàin, leis a' chat. Agus a h-uile 1', bha i fuidreach, a' feitheamh ach an tigeadh litir bho Mhdrag, ach ciamar a bha gnothaichean a' dol leatha. Bha 1' an deidh 1' a' dol seachad, 's cha robh guth a' tighinn. Ach a 1' seo. chunnaic i 'm post' a' tighinn, agus chuir e litir mòr dhan a' mhailbox. A mach gun a ghabh Anna. Thuirt i rithe fhàin, "Oh, gheibh mi naidheachd a nisd ach ciamar a tha Mòrag a' faighinn air adhart." Thug i a' litir a stigh 's riab i fosgailt' e. Ach an deidh fhosgladh, nuair a sheall i, cha robh sgread air a' sgrìobhadh as a' litir, ach na ceithir facail seo: "Leig a-mach an cat!"