

**C1-4-1-1 Modal 4 Aonad 1****Dè an latha a th' ann an-diugh?****Earrannan Èisteachd****C1-4-1-2 Earrann 1 (1. Èist) Na làithean**

Diluain, Dimàirt, Diciadain, Diardaoin, Dihaoine, Disathairne, Là na Sàbaid, Didòmhnaich (x2)

**C1-4-1-3 Earrann 2 (3. Èist) Dè an latha a th' ann?**

- C1-4-1-4 a. Tidsear: Madainn mhath, a chlas! Nise, 's e Diluain a th' ann an-diugh. Fosglaidh ur leabhraichean agus sgrìobhaibh seo...
- C1-4-1-5 b. Raonaid: Dè an latha a th' ann an-diugh, a Sheòrais?  
Seòras: 'S e Diardaoin a th' ann an-diugh.
- C1-4-1-6 c. Iain: Dè an latha a th' ann an-diugh, a Mhaighstir Rois?  
Mgr Ros: 'S e Diciadain a th' ann, Iain.  
Iain: Tapadh leibh.
- C1-4-1-7 d. Anna: A Shìne?  
Sìne: Seadh Anna.  
Anna: Dè an latha a th' ann an-diugh?  
Sìne: 'S e Disathairne a th' ann.  
Anna: Ò, 's math sin!
- C1-4-1-8 e. Ailean: Dè an latha a th' ann, a Ruairidh?  
Ruairidh: An-diugh? 'S e Dimàirt a th' ann an-diugh.  
Ailean: Tapadh leat.
- C1-4-1-9 f. Sharon: A Phàdraig, dè an latha a th' ann an-diugh? An e Diardaoin a th' ann?  
Pàdraig: Chan e. 'S e Dihaoine a th' ann an-diugh.  
Sharon: Math fhèin!
- C1-4-1-10 g. Mairead: Dè an latha a th' ann an-diugh, Karen?  
Karen: Umm, fuirich mionaid! Disathairne an-dè ... 's e Là na Sàbaid a th' ann an-diugh.  
Mairead: Obh, obh! 'S e Diluain a th' ann a-màireach!



**C1-4-1-11 Earrann 3 (5. Èist) Na Mìosan**

C1-4-1-12 Am Faoilleach, An Gearran, Am Màrt, An Giblean, An Cèitean, An t-Ògmhios, An t-Iuchar, An Lùnastal, An t-Sultain, An Dàmhair, An t-Samhain, An Dùbhlachd (x3)

**C1-4-1-13 Earrann 4 (7. Èist) Co-là-breith**

- C1-4-1-14 a. Seonag: Cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann, Ailein?  
Ailean: Tha mo cho-là-breith anns an Fhaoilleach.
- C1-4-1-15 b. Pòl: Cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann, a Mhairead?  
Mairead: Tha mo cho-là-breith anns a' Mhàrt.
- C1-4-1-16 c. Alasdair: Cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann, a Ruairidh?  
Ruairidh: Tha mo cho-là-breith anns an Dùbhlachd.
- C1-4-1-17 d. Iain: A Chairistiona, cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann?  
Cairistiona: Tha e anns a' Chèitean.
- C1-4-1-18 e. Màiri: A Dhaibhidh, cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann?  
Daibhidh: Tha mo cho-là-breith anns an t-Sultain.
- C1-4-1-19 f. Niall: Cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann, Anndra?  
Anndra: Tha mo cho-là-breith anns an Lùnastal.
- C1-4-1-20 g. Sìne: Cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann, a Mhàrtainn?  
Màrtainn: Tha mo cho-là-breith ann an-diugh.  
Sìne: Ò, meal do naidheachd!  
Màrtainn: Tapadh leat.

**C1-4-1-21 Earrann 6 (12. Èist) Dè tha dol Dihaoine?**

- C1-4-1-22 a. Tha ball-coise ann Dimàirt.
- C1-4-1-23 b. Disathairne, tha rugbaidh ann.
- C1-4-1-24 c. Tha club-òigridh ann Dihaoine.



- C1-4-1-25 d. Tha dannsa ann Diciadain.  
 C1-4-1-26 e. Tha hocaidh ann Diardaoin. Tha mi a' dol ann.  
 C1-4-1-27 f. Chan eil dealbh-chluich ann Là na Sàbaid.

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**C1-4-1-28 Earrann 7 (13. Èist) Càit a bheil an dannsa?**

- C1-4-1-29 a. Tha dannsa anns an taigh-òsta Dihaoine.  
 C1-4-1-30 b. Tha iomain aig a' phàirc anns a' mhadainn.  
 C1-4-1-31 c. Tha cèilidh anns an talla Dimàirt.  
 C1-4-1-32 d. Tha gèam rugbaidh aig an sgoil a-màireach.  
 C1-4-1-33 e. Tha club-òigridh anns an eaglais Diardaoin.  
 C1-4-1-34 f. Tha film anns an taigh-dhealbh Diluain agus Dimàirt.  
 C1-4-1-35 g. Tha fèis anns an taigh-chluiche Diciadain, Diardaoin agus Dihaoine.  
 C1-4-1-36 h. Tha ball-coise aig an ionad-spòrs an-diugh.  
 C1-4-1-37 i. Tha partaidh co-là-breith ann an talla a' bhaile Disathairne.

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**C1-4-1-38 Earrann 8 (16. Èist) Air an rèidio**

- C1-4-1-39 a. Hallò! Feasgar math agus fàilt' oirbh chun a' phrògram Dè tha dol? Is mise Màiri Anna NicLeòid agus seo agaibh Dè tha dol? air an t-seachdain seo.  
 C1-4-1-40 b. Diluain, tha cèilidh ann an taigh-òsta anns a' Ghearasdan. Tha an taigh-òsta air taobh siar a' bhaile.  
 C1-4-1-41 c. Tha diosgo ann Dimàirt anns an sgoil ann an Steòrnabagh. Tha tiogaidean aig an doras.  
 C1-4-1-42 d. Diciadain, tha dealbh-chluich ann an Talla-cluiche Eden Court ann an Inbhir Nis. 'S e Am Baile Mòr an t-ainm a th' air.  
 C1-4-1-43 e. Diardaoin, tha film ann am Port Rìgh. 'S e film Gàidhlig a th' ann.  
 C1-4-1-44 f. Tha Mòd ann an Sruighlea Dihaoine. Tha sin ann an talla a' bhaile. Tha cèilidh ann feasgar. Thigibh ann!  
 C1-4-1-45 g. Agus Disathairne tha gèam ball-coise ann aig Pàirc Ibrox ann an Glaschu. Rangers an aghaidh Celtic – abair spòrs!



**C1-4-1-46 Earrann 9 (20. Èist, sgrìobh agus bruidhinn) Is mise Dòmhnall**

C1-4-1-47 Hallò! Ciamar a tha thu? Is mise Dòmhnall Moireach. Dè an t-ainm a th' ort? Tha mi ceithir bliadhna deug a dh'aois. Dè an aois a tha thu fhèin? Tha mi a' fuireach ann an Steòrnabhagh ann an Leòdhas. Tha e beag agus trang. Càit a bheil thu fhèin a' fuireach? Cò ris a tha e coltach? An-diugh, tha briogais dhubh agus geansaidh donn orm. Dè an t-aodach a th' ort fhèin? Nam bhaga, tha fòn-làimhe, leabhar-sgrìobhaidh agus peann. Dè tha nad bhaga fhèin? Dè an latha a th' ann an-diugh? Tha mo cho-là-breith anns a' Mhàrt. Cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann? Dè tha dol Disathairne? A bheil thu a' dol ann? Mar sin leat!

**C1-4-1-48 Earrann 10 (Sùil air ais 4) Sgeulachd An Co-là-breith**

Tha co-là-breith Ceitidh agus Anndra ann an-diugh agus tha iad trì-deug. Saoil am bi co-là-breith sona aca? Tha Ceitidh air a cois tràth. Tha i airson a preasantan fhosgladh. Tha Anndra fhathast na leabaidh.

C1-4-1-49 Pàirt A

Ceitidh: Madainn mhath, Anndra! Anndra! Anndra! Dùisg! Fosgail an doras!

Anndra: Seadh? Dè? Càit a bheil mi? Dè an latha a th' ann?

Ceitidh: 'S e Diardaoin a th' ann!

Anndra: Agus...?

Ceitidh: Agus tha mo cho-là-breith ann an-diugh! Tha mi trì-deug!

Anndra: Ò, seadh! An e do cho-là-breith a th' ann? Huh! 'S e mo cho-là-breith a th' ann cuideachd agus tha mi fhèin trì-deug.

Ceitidh: Och, greas ort, Anndra!

Anndra: Ceart, ceart.

C1-4-1-50 Pàirt B

Tha Ceitidh a' ruith sìos an staidhre.

Ceitidh: Madainn mhath, a Mham!

Mam: Madainn mhath, a ghràidh. Meal do naidheachd!

Ceitidh: Tapadh leibh.

Mam: Nise suidh sìos! Cupa tì? Tost?



Ceitidh: Tapadh leibh.  
 Mam: Càit a bheil Anndra? Ò, seo e. Madainn mhath, a ghràidh!  
 Meal do naidheachd! Seo cupa tì agus pìos tost.  
 Anndra: Tapadh leibh.

C1-4-1-51

Pàirt C

Fhuair Ceitidh is Anndra preasantan bho an seanmhair.

Mam: Seo dhuibh.  
 Ceitidh: Ò, fhuair mi preasant bho Ghranaidh. Fhuair mi preasant.  
 Anndra: Dè th' ann?  
 Ceitidh: Chan eil fhios agam.  
 Anndra: Fosgail e!  
 Ceitidh: Hmm... An e бага a th' ann? An e fòn-làimhe a th' ann?  
 Anndra: Chan eil fhios agam! Fosgail e!  
 Mam: Dè fhuair thu, a ghràidh?  
 Ceitidh: Obh, obh! Chan e бага no fòn-làimhe a th' ann. 'S e geansaidh mòr a th' ann. Tha e donn agus grànda.  
 Mam: Bi modhail, a Cheitidh! Tha e snog. Cuir ort e!  
 Ceitidh: Ach...  
 Mam: Cuir ort e an-dràsta fhèin!  
 Ceitidh: Ceart gu leòr.  
 Mam: Nise. Ò, tha sin uabhasach snog.  
 Anndra: Ooo, tha sin uabhasach brèagha, a Cheitidh!  
 Ceitidh: Och, bi sàmhach, Anndra!  
 Mam: A Cheitidh, bi modhail!  
 Ceitidh: Dè fhuair thu fhèin, Anndra? Geansaidh cuideachd?  
 Anndra: Fhuair mi fhèin lèine-T Celtic! Tha seo uabhasach math.  
 Ceitidh: Huh! Nach buidhe dhut!

C1-4-1-52

Pàirt D

Tha Ceitidh agus Anndra a' dol dhan sgoil. Dè th' aca nam багаichean?

Mam: Ceart! Sgoil! A bheil sibh deiseil? Dè tha nad бага, a Cheitidh?  
 Ceitidh: Nam бага, tha mo phoca-peansail, mo leabhar-sgrìobhaidh, mo phlanair agus botal uisge.



Mam: Ceart. Anndra? Dè tha nad bhaga?  
 Anndra: Tha mo phoca-peansail, mo phlanair, mo leabhar-sgrìobhaidh,  
 mo sporan agus tha mo bhrògan-spòrs ann cuideachd.  
 Mam: Agus d' aodach-spòrs?  
 Anndra: Um ... er ... tha an lèine-T Celtic nam bhaga.  
 Mam: Dè?

## C1-4-1-53 Pàirt E

Tha Anndra ag iarraidh lèine-T Celtic a thoirt dhan sgoil airson a' chlas Spòrs.  
 Anndra: Ò, a Mham, am faod mi? Am faod mi? Mas e ur toil e?  
 Mam: Chan fhaod, Anndra. Tha thu a' dol dhan sgoil.  
 Anndra: Ceart gu leòr.  
 Mam: Nise, cuiribh oirbh ur seacaidean agus mach à seo!  
 Ceitidh: Tioraidh, a Mham!  
 Anndra: Mar sin leibh, a Mham!  
 Mam: Mar sin leibh! Bithibh modhail a-nis!

## C1-4-1-54 Pàirt F

Anns an sgoil, tha Anndra ag iarraidh deit le nighean anns an sgoil. Chan eil cùisean a' dol ro mhath, ge-tà!  
 Anndra: Hai!  
 Sharon: Hallò!  
 Anndra: 'S e Anndra an t-ainm a th' orm. Dè an t-ainm a th' ort fhèin?  
 Sharon: Is mise Sharon.  
 Anndra: Dè tha dol?  
 Sharon: Chan eil mòran.  
 Anndra: Tha mo cho-là-breith ann an-diugh. Tha mi trì-deug.  
 Sharon: Ò? Meal do naidheachd!  
 Anndra: Cuin a tha do cho-là-breith ann, Sharon?  
 Sharon: Anns an Dàmhair.  
 Anndra: Dè an aois a tha thu a-nis?  
 Sharon: Tha mi còig-deug.  
 Anndra: Ò. Uill, tha partaidh ann a-nochd airson mo cho-là-breith...  
 Sharon: Tha mi trang.  
 Anndra: Ceart. Tha club-òigridh anns an talla Dihaoine. A bheil thu



a' dol ann?

Sharon: Club-òigridh? Chan eil. Tha dannsa ann Dihaoine.

Anndra: 'S math sin! Am faod mise a dhol ann cuideachd?

Sharon: Chan eil fhios agam. 'S dòcha. Chì mi.

Tha Sharon a' falbh.

Anndra: Mar sin leat, Sharon! Ò, tha i brèagha.

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### **C1-4-1-55 Earrann 11 (Sùil air ais 5) Na Mìosan**

C1-4-1-56 Na Mìosan

(air fonn: Teann a-nall 's thoir dhomh do làmh)

Seall mar tha a' bhliadhn' a' dol

Nuair a tha sinn anns an sgoil.

Seall mar tha a' bhliadhn' a' dol

'S na mìosan a' dol seachad.

Anns an Fhaoilleach, bliadhna ùr,

Anns a' Ghearran, tha i fuar.

Thig an t-Earrach anns a' Mhàrt,

Is gogaireachd sa Ghiblean.

Anns a' Chèitean, thig am blàths,

Grian san Ògmhios fad an latha.

Anns an Iuchar, saor bhon sgoil,

San Lùnastal air ais innt'.

Anns an t-Sultain, àm a' bhuain

Mòd san Dàmhair, seinn an duan!

Anns an t-Samhain, lasair-luath,

Is Nollaig anns an Dùbhlachd.



**C1-4-1-57 Earrann 12 (Cultar) Am Fear Crotach agus na Sithichean)**

C1-4-1-58 O chionn fhada an t-saoghail ... bha Cailean Crotach a' fuireach ann am Baile nan Cnoc, baile beag faisg air Ùige anns an Eilean Sgitheanach...

Once upon a time, Cailean Crotach (Colin the Hunchback) lived in the village of Baile nan Cnoc, near Uig in the Isle of Skye. One evening as twilight was falling, Cailean was on his way back home from the nearby village of Siadar. Between the villages of Siadar and Baile nan Cnoc lies the Fairy Glen. Cailean knew that he would have to pass through Fairy Glen to get home and was more than a little bit nervous as night was falling fast. As he walked, his mind was filled with images of the stories he had heard from neighbours about na sithichean. All around him things seemed to dart and dance in the shadows and once or twice he was sure that he heard the ringing of distant laughter and the rustling of little feet in the bracken. "Mice and rabbits!" he reassured himself, as he whistled a tuneless tune.

All of a sudden, something scurried across the road in front of him and shot into the long grass. Cailean Crotach strained his eyes to follow the creature and what he saw was neither mouse nor rabbit! It was a man! The tiniest man he ever saw, with long green shirt-tails and little hobnail boots. Against his better judgement, Cailean immediately found himself chasing the little creature through the tangled bracken, but it was useless. It had grown so dark he could hardly see his own hands in front of his face. More than a little relieved, he turned to head back to the road, scolding himself for being so gullible. "Hud! Geifilis is nonsaireachd a th' ann. 'S e th' ann gun teagamh, a Chailein," he said to himself. "Amadain thu ann!" But whichever way he turned, he just couldn't find the road again. "Chan eil mi a' tuigsinn seo. Dè idir a tha dol air adhart?" he cried out. Just then he saw some lights in the distance. "Ò, tapadh leibh! Tapadh leibh!" he said to himself, as relief flooded over him. The lights would be from his own village of Baile nan Cnoc and he would soon be safe and sound in his own little house.

As the lights drew nearer, he could hear singing. One of the neighbours must have called round for a cèilidh, but what in the name of fortune were they singing? It was a dreadful tune altogether for it only had two notes and two words. "Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt!" went the song. "Dè fon ghrèin ...?" exclaimed Cailean to himself in disbelief. Cailean lengthened his stride. He couldn't have been more than a few yards from the lights of the village now and had a wee chuckle to himself at the silliness of the song. But the chuckle soon stuck in his throat as he saw where the lights were coming from. Each light was a lantern bobbing and circling round and round the summit of a little hillock, held up by little men wearing long green shirt-tails and hobnail boots...

Round and round they danced, singing their odd little song, "Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt!" His heart in his mouth, Cailean crouched behind a rock and watched them. Before long his fear



disappeared. 'What a comical sight it was and what a funny song,' he thought. But what was he to do? Was he to be stuck here all night listening to this awful dirge? "Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt!" On and on na sithichean sang until Cailean could take no more. "DICIADAIN!" he blurted out. No sooner had the word left his lips than na sithichean froze in their steps and, one by one, turned to stare in his direction. But much to Cailean's relief and surprise, they began to laugh and once again resumed their dance, this time singing "Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt, DICIADAIN!" On and on they sang and danced, delighted with their new song, "Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt, DICIADAIN!"

So pleased were na sithichean that they wanted to repay Cailean Crotach for his help. As the others danced round their little knoll, an elderly sithiche began to approach Cailean's hiding place. "Thig a-mach!" said an sithiche and Cailean edged himself round the rock just far enough to catch a glimpse of the little man. "Thig a-mach!" ordered an sithiche and Cailean summoned all his courage and looked into the creature's wizened little face.

"Dè an t-ainm a th' ort?" asked an sithiche.

"S e ... 's e ... 's e Cailean Caimbeul ... Cailean Crotach an t-ainm a th' orm," Cailean stuttered.

"Uill, tapadh leat, a Chailein. Tapadh leat gu dearbha," said an sithiche. He explained that they had been singing that song for many, many years and that they he had got just a little fed up of it. He told Cailean that they would all enjoy singing their new song and then he gave Cailean a small green sporan made of woven leaves.

"Dè tha seo?" asked Cailean.

"S e preasant a th' ann," said an sithiche, gesturing for Cailean to take the sporan from his hand.

"Dè th' ann?" asked Cailean again. He didn't want to be rude but was very unsure about accepting a gift from na sithichean.

"Siuthad!" encouraged the little man. "Take this home with you. It will grant you one wish. But you must make your wish before dawn as the daylight will take the magic away."

Cailean reached and took the leaf sporan from an sithiche. "Tapadh leibh," he said and put it in his pocket. He looked to the sky and he could see dawn approaching. Where on earth had the night gone and how was he to find his way home? But when he looked back down there was no sign of na sithichean. Not a note could be heard of their song and there he was, standing back on the road, only yards from his village. "Dè fon ghrèin ...? Ach ciamar...?" Cailean gasped in disbelief. Had he dreamed it? Was he losing his mind? The last few yards home were full of unanswered questions. Shoving his hands in his pockets, his fingers touched upon something small, cool and fresh ... "An sporan!" he cried out loud. It wasn't a dream! He ran and danced



the last few steps to his house, singing “Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt, DICIADAIN!” hoping there would be just enough of the night left for the magic to work.

The next morning the people of the village couldn’t believe what they saw. “Cò tha sin?” they asked each other when they saw Cailean come out of his house. “An e Cailean Crotach a th’ ann? Ò, chan e, chan e!” they said.

“S e! Mise a th’ ann!” exclaimed Cailean with delight. Indeed, there he was, standing tall and straight as an arrow – the hump on his back was gone! Cailean told all that would listen about na sithichean and why he was given the magic sporan and before long his story had spread throughout the island.

Cailean’s story particularly caught the interest of Murchadh Mòr Mac-a-phì, a man born with the same affliction, who lived south of Uig and as mean and miserable a soul ever to be born in Skye. “I’ll get just the very thing that he got,” Murchadh promised himself. The very next day, Murchadh set out on the long walk towards Baile nan Cnoc in search of na sithichean. He reached the Fairy Glen just as night was falling and settled himself down in the bracken behind the rock he had heard about in Cailean’s story. There, a short distance away, was a little green knoll “Ò-ho! Seo e! Seo an t-àite!” he said to himself, rubbing his hands with glee. As the hours passed, Murchadh became more and more impatient and cross. “Ach càit a bheil iad?” he huffed to himself “Càit a bheil sibh?” he yelled out over and over, growing angrier and angrier by the minute. The night was as dark and still as a tomb. “Huh! Sithichean? Àireamh na h-Aoin’ oirbh!” he shouted over his shoulder in disgust as he hobbled back to the road. No sooner had he set foot on the road back to Uig than he heard singing. “Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt, DICIADAIN!” Murchadh stopped in his tracks, hot-footed it back towards the knoll and there they were! Na sithichean! This was the moment he had waited for.

“Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt! Diluain, Dimàirt, DICIADAIN!” they sang when suddenly they were interrupted.

“DIARDAOIN!” bellowed Murchadh Mòr. He was so pleased with himself, he was bent double laughing. When he opened his eyes and straightened up he saw that the singing had stopped and all but one of the little creatures had disappeared. All but one, who was now standing at his feet looking none too happy.

“Huh! Sin thu!” said Murchadh Mòr rudely to the little man.

The little man stood, glaring at him. “Agus?” he demanded.

“Agus seo! Seall!” retorted Murchadh Mòr, pointing at the hunch on his own back. Slowly, it dawned on an sithiche why this man had interrupted their song.

‘So you think you can teach us a thing or two, eh?’ said an sithiche to himself. ‘Well I can do better than that,’ he thought. Immediately he knew just what to do. “Tha mi a’ tuigsinn a-nis,” began an sithiche.



“Uill, greas ort!” demanded Murchadh Mòr.

“Ceart gu leòr. Suidh sìos an sin.” Calmly and politely, an sìthiche gestured towards the rock where Murchadh had been hiding earlier. Murchadh lurched off in the direction of the rock, muttering as he went. When he sat down, an sìthiche was again at his feet and he was holding out a cloth bag with a big round heavy looking object in it. Murchadh snatched the bag from the little man’s hands.

“Agus dè tha seo?” he demanded.

“S e бага a th’ ann,” replied an sìthiche.

“Tha fios agam! Ach, dè tha ANNS a’ bhaga?” asked Murchadh Mòr, exasperated with the little man as he stood smiling up at him. An sìthiche calmly explained to Murchadh that this was a reward for his patience, thoughtfulness and good nature and he was to carry it home and open it just before dawn. The instructions were quite clear: NA FOSGAIL AM BAGA AN-DRÀSTA. Without even as much as a “Tapadh leibh”, Murchadh was off, lumbering down the road as fast as he could. Of course, Murchadh being Murchadh paid no heed to anyone but himself and as soon as he was out of sight he opened the bag. It was still dark and he couldn’t see very well, but suddenly he was aware that the bag had become very much lighter. He reached his big stubby fingers deep into the bag and rooted around for his reward. “Dè tha anns a’ bhaga seo?” he questioned out loud as he urgently searched the bag. It was then he knew he’d been tricked. “Càit a bheil sibh? Càit a bheil sibh? Chan eil càil anns a’ bhaga seo!” he howled into the darkness. Seething with anger he tossed the empty bag into the ditch and, cursing as he went, headed for home, his back aching like never before. ‘Ah uill, cha tig an aois leatha fhèin!’ he grumbled to himself as he hobbled through the front door. He was so tired he fell straight into bed and into a deep sleep.

The next day, it was midday before Murchadh emerged from his slumber and his back ached terribly. By the time he came out of his house, quite a little crowd had gathered. Incensed that na sìthichean had tricked him and too proud to admit it, he had already decided what he would tell them: that they had granted him one wish, just like they had done to Cailean Crotach of Baile nan Cnoc, but that he had decided to keep his wish a secret. Ready to tell his news, he opened his door to a sea of expectant and anxious faces. Some people gasped, some immediately looked away in shock, others stood quite still, their faces wide eyed and frozen as they pointed. For there stood Murchadh Mòr Mac-a-phì with not one great hunch on his back, but two. Although it had gone unnoticed by him at the time, na sìthichean had given him something. He had been gifted with the very thing he set out for – the very thing that Cailean Crotach once had!

