His real name was Alastair Roderic Caraigellachie Dalhousie Gowan Donnybristle MacMac, but that took too long to say, so everybody just called him Wee Gillis.

उसका असली नाम अल्स्टेर रोडरिक क्रेगेल्लाशी डलहूसिय गोवन डोन्नब्रिस्ल चाउमाक था। पर क्योंकि यह नाम बहुत लम्बा था इसलिये लोग उसे वी गिलिस के नाम से बुलाते थे।
His mother’s relations were all Lowlanders. They stayed down in the valleys and raised long-haired cows.

His father’s relations were all Highlanders. They stayed up in the hills and stalked stags.

Wee Gillis didn’t know which he wanted to be, a Lowlander or a Highlander.

His mother’s relations all thought that his father’s relations were very foolish to run and climb and creep around the hills stalking stags.
His father's relations all thought that his mother’s relations were very silly to drive and call and milk their long-haired cows.

Wee Gillis didn’t know, but he watched them both and he was cheerful and amiable.

So for one year he went to live in the Lowlands, with his mother’s relations.
Every day he rose early and ate a large bowl of oatmeal.

Then he drove the long-haired cows out along the valleys and at night he called and called them, and drove them home again in time for his mother’s relations to milk them.
Once he was late in getting them home. Then the relations all asked him what had kept him and he had to tell them that the cows wouldn’t come when he called.

Then the relations all said that he didn’t shout loud enough and that the cows couldn’t hear him through the heavy mist.

So every night when the mists would come down over the valleys, Wee Gillis would shout a little louder than he had before.

That was fine for his lungs and by the end of the year they were very, very strong.

एक बार उसे घर आने में देरी हो गयी। सभी रिश्तेदारों ने उससे देरी का कारण पूछा। उसने बताया कि उसके बुलाने के बाद भी गायें उसके पास नहीं आयीं। माँ के रिश्तेदारों ने उसे गला फाड़कर चिल्लाने की हिड़ायत दी - अगर आवाज धीमी होगी तो गहरे कोहरे की चीर कर आवाज गायों तक कैसे पहुंचेगी?

इसलिये जब शाम के समय घाटी में कोहरा छा जाता था तो वी गिलिस पहले से कुछ अधिक जोर से चिल्लाता था। यह उसके फेफड़ों के लिये बहुत अच्छी वजिंश थी। धीरे-धीरे उसके फेफड़े बहुत मजबूत हो गये।
On the first day of the New Year Wee Gillis went up into the Highlands.

Every day he rose early and ate a large bowl of oatmeal with his father’s relations.

वो रोज़ाना सुबह तड़के उठकर अपने पिता के रिश्तेदारों के साथ एक बड़ा कटोरा भर कर दलिया खाता था।
Then he sat out walking and crawling, running and creeping all over the hills stalking stags.

**Hindi Translation**

फिर वो पहाड़ियों पर चढ़ता, रंगता, दौड़ता और हिरणों का पीछा करता।

He would hide behind thistles and sit on the heather and sometimes he would have to be so quiet for hours at a time that you would have thought he was a stone.

**Hindi Translation**

वो झाड़ियों के पीछे छिपता और सांस रोक कर किसी पत्थर के बुन जैसे चुपचाप घरों बैठा रहता था।
Once while he was stalking he sighed a big sigh because he had stayed still for so long.

And the noise that it made frightened a stag so that it ran away.

Then the relations all told Wee Gillis that he didn’t keep quiet enough and that he must learn to hold his breath.

So, day after day, sitting among the thistles and on the heather, Wee Gillis would hold his breath longer and longer to keep from sighing so he wouldn’t frighten the stags.

That was fine for his lungs and by the end of the year they were very, very strong.

एक दिन बहुत देर एकदम शांत और चुपचाप बैठने के बाद उसने बहुत जोर की जम्हाई ली। उससे आवाज से डर के मारे सामने खड़ा एक हिरण भाग गया। यह देख वी गिलिस के पिता के पितेरदारों ने उसे सांस रोककर चुपचाप बैठने का अभ्यास करने की सलाह दी।

उसके बाद वी गिलिस दिन भर सांस रोक कर चुपचाप बैठने का अभ्यास करता। वो ज्यादा देर तक सांस रोकने और जम्हाई न लेने की कोशिश करता जिससे कि हिरण डरे नहीं। यह वर्जिश उसके फंडों के लिये अच्छी रही। साल भर में उसके फंड बहुत मजबूत हो गये।
So year in and year out Wee Gillis would take turns calling the cows in the Lowlands and stalking the stags in the Highlands and all the while his lungs grew stronger and stronger.

At last the day came when he must make up his mind and decide forever which to be - a Lowlander who called cows or a Highlander who stalked stags. Bright and early in the morning there were two loud knock on his door.

When he opened it, there stood his Uncle Andrew from the Lowlands and his Uncle Angus from the Highlands.

Gillis put on his kilt in a hurry and away he went out into the morning.
They walked and walked not saying a word, down through the valleys and over the hills, until they found just the right spot for deciding. Then his uncle Andrew and his Uncle Angus stopped and stood very still. They turned to Wee Gillis. He was exactly half way up the side of a medium sized hill not in the Lowlands and not in the Highlands, just in the middle, and he had to choose forever.

They walked and walked not saying a word, down through the valleys and over the hills, until they found just the right spot for deciding. Then his uncle Andrew and his Uncle Angus stopped and stood very still. They turned to Wee Gillis. He was exactly half way up the side of a medium sized hill not in the Lowlands and not in the Highlands, just in the middle, and he had to choose forever.

Gillis looked down and Gillis looked up. Then he looked at his uncles and they began to talk.

पहले वो गिलिस ने नीचे देखा।
फिर वो गिलिस ने ऊपर देखा।
फिर उसने अपने मामा और चाचा की ओर देखा। तभी मामा और चाचा ने बातचीत शुरू की।
First they pleaded and then they begged very softly and very quietly, one at a time, and they politely waited for each to finish what he had to say before the other began.

But still Wee Gillis could not decide.

So the uncle’s voices grew louder and louder and they didn’t wait for each other to finish talking any more but shouted and screamed and yelled until they jumped up and down and stamped their feet.

पहले उन्होंने एक-दूसरे से बहुत प्यार-दुलार से आरजू-मिनत की। उन्होंने एक-दूसरे की बात को बहुत इत्मीनान से सुना। परंतु इससे वह गिलिस किसी निर्णय पर नहीं पहुंच पाया।

धीरे-धीरे मामा और चाचा की आवाजें ऊंची होती गयीं। अब दोनों एक-दूसरे पर चिल्लाने लगे, भौंकने लगे और मुट्ठड़या। भीच कर पैर पटक-पटक कर एक-दूसरे को मारने की चेतावनी देने लगे।
You could hear them shouting all the way down in the valleys and all the way up in the hills.

Suddenly his uncles stopped jumping and shouting because a very large man had come up behind them.

He was carrying something brown and big, but he put it down beside a rock and then he looked at Wee Gillis and then at Uncle Andrew and then at Uncle Angus. When they were very quiet he sat down on the rock.
He picked up the big brown thing that looked like a sack with sticks on it and took a deep breath and puffed his cheeks and shut his eyes and blew into one end of it with all his might, but …

Nothing happened. He shook his head sadly and tried again but nothing happened. And then he was very sad and he said so.

He was almost ready to cry because he was a bagpiper and he had just made these fine new bagpipes to play on, but he had made them too big and he didn’t have breath enough to blow them.

... कुछ भी नहीं हुआ। उसने दुखी भाव से अपना सिर हिलाया और एक बार और कोशिश की लेकिन इस बार भी कोई कामयाबी नहीं मिली। अब वो बेहद दुखी हुआ और उसने अपना दुख बाकी लोगों को भी बताया। वो आदमी लगभग रोने की स्थिति में आ गया था। वो एक बैग-पॉइप (बाय-यंत्र) बनाने का उस्ताद था। उसने यह बहुत उम्मद बैग-पॉइप बनाया था, परंतु गलती से वो बैग-पॉइप बहुत बड़ा बन गया था। उसके फेफड़ों में उस बैग-पॉइप से संगीत निकालने का दम न था।
Uncle Andrew was sorry for him, so he tried to blow them but he couldn’t.

Mama Andrew ko uś adhmī ki hālāt pār tarsa āyā. Unhōnē bhi bāg-pōṛāp mēn fōṅkēnē kī kōshish kī pārāṇtu sāngīt pāḍa karnē mēn āsāfāl rāhe.

Uncle Angus was sorry for him too, so he tried to blow them but he couldn’t.

Chāchā ēṅgūs kō bhi uś adhmī kī hālāt pār rham āyā. Unhōnē bhi bāg-pōṛāp mēn fōṅkēnē kī kōshish kī pārāṇtu vō bhi sāngīt pāḍa karnē mēn āsāfāl rāhe.
So they all sat down on the rocks and were sad together. Wee Gillis wished that his uncles would ask him to try – but they didn’t, so he just stood and looked as though he would like to.

After a long time the large man noticed him and shook his head slowly, but because Wee Gillis looked so wanting to, the large man asked him if he would like to try. Wee Gillis said: “Aye,” so he did.

First he took a deep breath the way he used to when he was going to call the cows on a misty night in the Lowlands.

फिर सभी लोग दुखी भाव में चट्टान पर बैठ गये। वी गिलिस चाहता था कि उसके मामा और चाचा उसको भी बैग-पॉइंप में फूंकने का मौका दें। परंतु ऐसा नहीं हुआ। वी गिलिस बैग-पॉइंप में फूंकने को बहुत उत्सुक था। काफी देर बाद उस भीमकाय आदमी ने वी गिलिस को देखा और उसे बैग-पॉइंप में फूंकने की अनुमति दी। इजाजत पाकर वी गिलिस फूला नहीं समाया।

पहले उसने एक गहरी सांस ली। यह बिल्कुल वैसी ही सांस थी जो वी गिलिस घाटी में गायों को कुर्हरे की शाम के समय बुलाने के लिये उपयोग करता था।
Then he held it the way he used to when he was sitting very still stalking stags in the Highlands.

And then he BLEW with all the force in his very, very strong lungs.

The bag filled up and let out a screech through every one of its pipes and the large man and Uncle Andrew and Uncle Angus fell off their rocks with surprise.

फिर वो बिल्कूल शांत बैठा बिल्कूल वैसे जैसे वो पहाड़ी पर हिरणों के शिकार के समय बैठता था।

फिर उसने अपने मजबूत फंफड़ों से जोर लगाकर बैग-पॉप में फूंका। बैग-पॉप की धैर्यी हवा से भरी और उसकी एक नली से जोरदार आवाज निकली। उस आवाज से आरचर्चन्त्रिक होकर वो भीमकाय आदमी और वी मिलिस के मामा और चाचा चट्टान पर से गिर पड़े।
So the large man taught him how to make music and now Wee Gillis is welcome down in the Lowlands and up in the Highlands, but most of the time he just stays in his house half way up the side of a medium sized hill and plays THE BIGGEST BAGPIPES IN ALL SCOTLAND.

फिर उस भीमकाय आदमी ने वी गिलिस को बैग-पॉप बजाना सिखाया। अब वी गिलिस का घाटी में भी स्वागत होता है और पहाड़ी पर भी। परंतु वो अपना ज्यादातर समय घाटी और पहाड़ी के बीच के अपने डेरे पर ही बिताता है और वो पूरे स्कॉटलैंड का सबसे बड़ा बैग-पॉप बजाता है!