

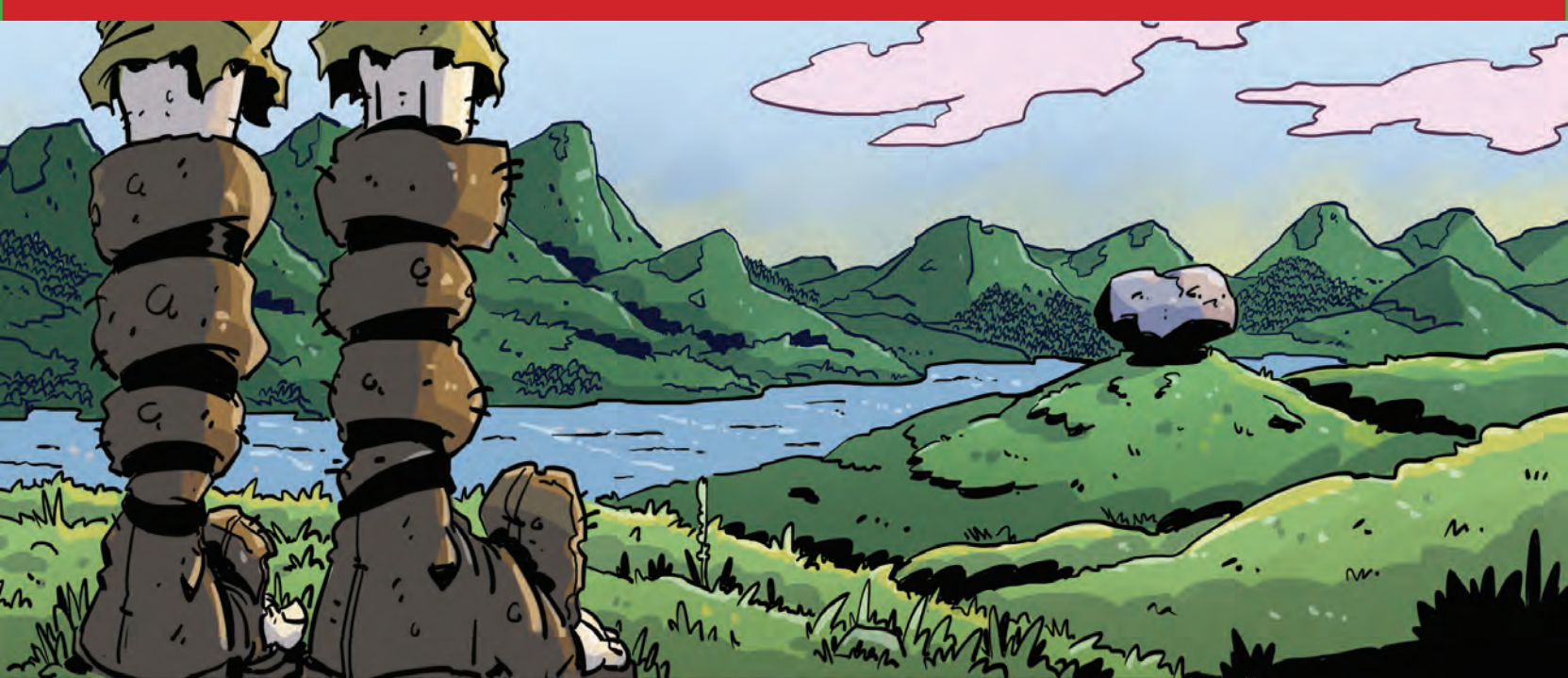


CALASRAID

ÀITE NAN SGEULACHDAN



CALLANDER : PLACE OF THE STORIES



Calasraid: Àite nan Sgeulachdan (Callander : Place of the Stories)

Created by Callander Primary School and Riverside Primary School (Stirling) in September 2019.

Thanks to Dr Michael Newton for collecting many of these traditional Gaelic stories and for supporting this retelling. Thanks to Alasdair MacCaluim for providing Gaelic proof-reading and editing. Thanks to Roddy Maclean for bringing to life the story of Diarmad and Gràinne in the landscape of Callander. Thanks to Dr Kate Mathis and Alex Mulholland for their various insights.

Thanks to Callander Primary School and Riverside Primary School for hosting the workshop events. Many thanks in particular to Ms Starkey, Mrs Wallace, Miss Rennie, Miss Ferguson, Ms Burns and Miss MacRae for their help and support during the project. Most of all, we must give a huge thanks to the class pupils for all their enthusiasm and creativity!

Magic Torch Comics would like to thank Dr Ross Crawford, Community Heritage Adviser for Callander's Landscape project for getting the project off the ground and for his amazing energy and commitment throughout every stage of the project delivery.

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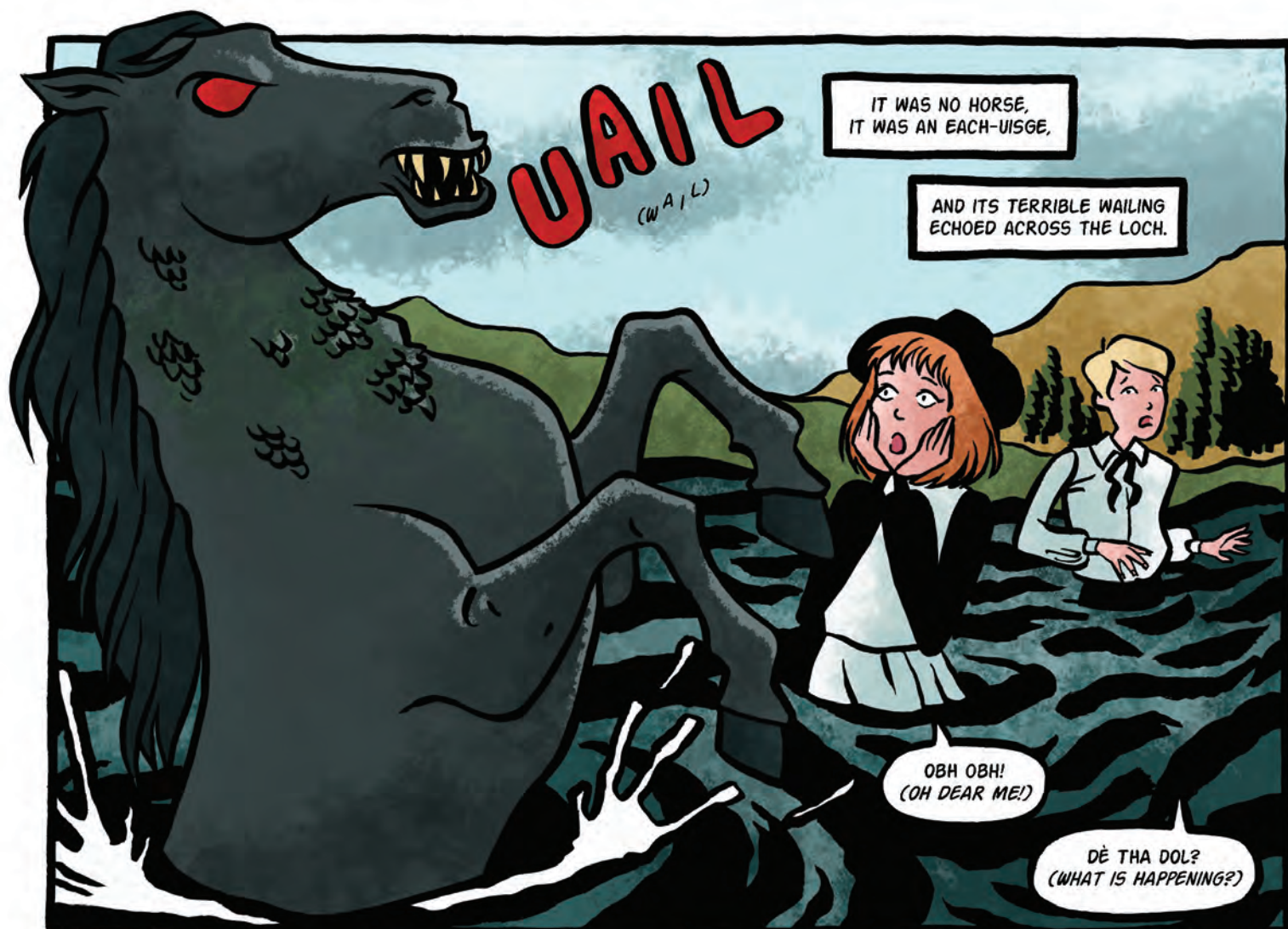
@MAGICTORCHCOMIX



BRIG O' TURK, 1870.







UAIL
(WAIL)

IT WAS NO HORSE,
IT WAS AN EACH-UISGE,

AND ITS TERRIBLE WAILING
ECHOED ACROSS THE LOCH.

OBH OBH!
(OH DEAR ME!)

DÈ THA DOL?
(WHAT IS HAPPENING?)



CUIDICHIBH MI!
(HELP ME!)

SPLAIS
(SPLA SH)
SPULT
(SP LA SH)



IT HAD TWO OF MY FRIENDS
BUT IT WAS NOT DONE WITH US...

THE EACH-UISGE THRASHED AT THE WATERS
OF LOCH VENACHAR, CREATING HUGE WHIRLING
WAVES, TRYING TO PULL US ALL IN.

BEIR AIR MO LÀIMH!
(TAKE MY HAND!)



NOW, HERE'S ANOTHER STORY ABOUT SOMETHING YOU FIND IN THE WATER.
THANKFULLY THIS TIME, IT'S JUST FISH...

IT WAS THE DAY OF ST KESSOG'S
FAIR IN CALLANDER...

MADAINN MHATH
(GOOD MORNING)

CIAMAR A THA THU AN-DIUGH?
(HOW ARE YOU TODAY?)

DÈ NA THA AM BREAC SIN?
(HOW MUCH IS THAT TROUT?)

CALLANDER WAS THE TERRITORY
OF THE BUCHANAN CLAN.

GABH MO LEISGEUL
(EXCUSE ME)

SO WHEN SOMEONE FROM
THE MACLAREN CLAN CAME
TO MARKET THERE WAS
BOUND TO BE TROUBLE.

DUDA? (HUH?)



HAOTH! PATH!
(laughs)

ABAIR GLAIC!
(WHAT A FOOL!)

FEUCH SIN AIG FÈILL
BHOTH CHUIDIR
(TRY THAT AT
BALQUHIDDER FAIR)

THE BUCHANAN'S WERE CHALLENGED
TO COME TO BALQUIDDER FAIR IF
THEY WANTED TROUBLE...
HONOUR WAS AT STAKE.

DÙBHLAN ORT!
(I DARE YOU)

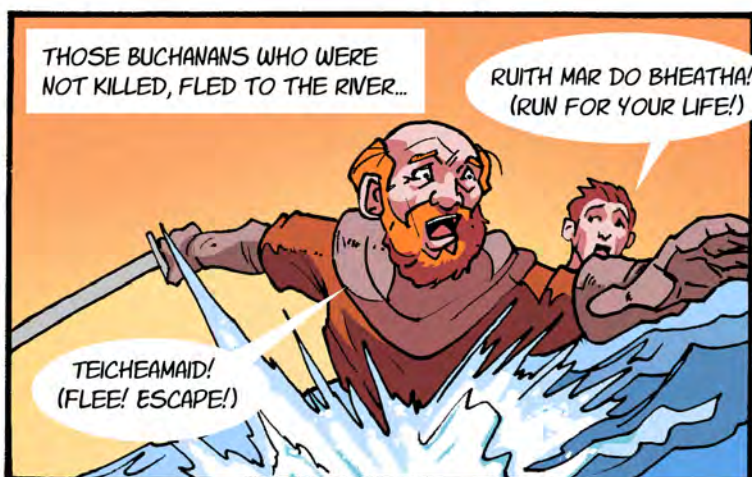




AND SUDDENLY THE
TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED.

DÈANAMAID IONNSAIGH!
(ATTACK!)

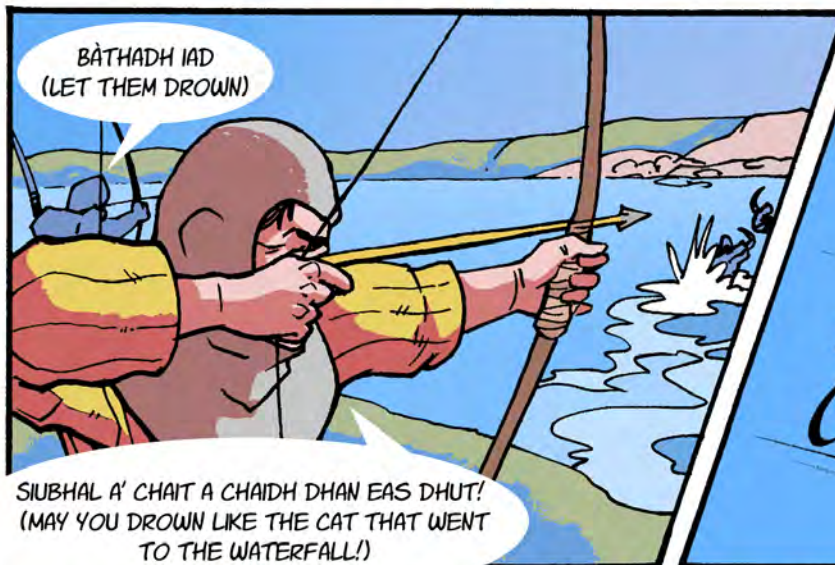
CREAG AN TUIRC!



THOSE BUCHANANS WHO WERE
NOT KILLED, FLED TO THE RIVER...

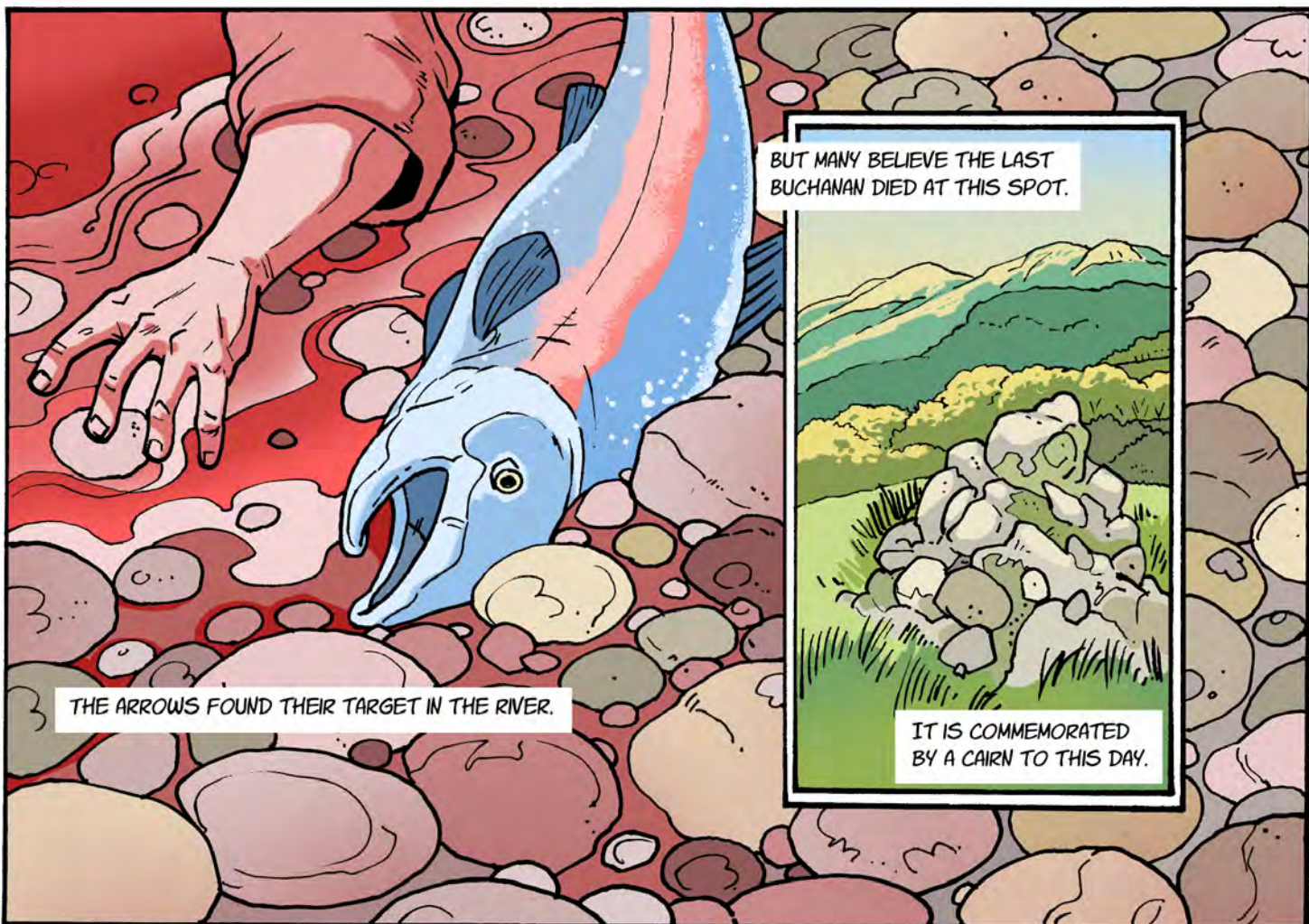
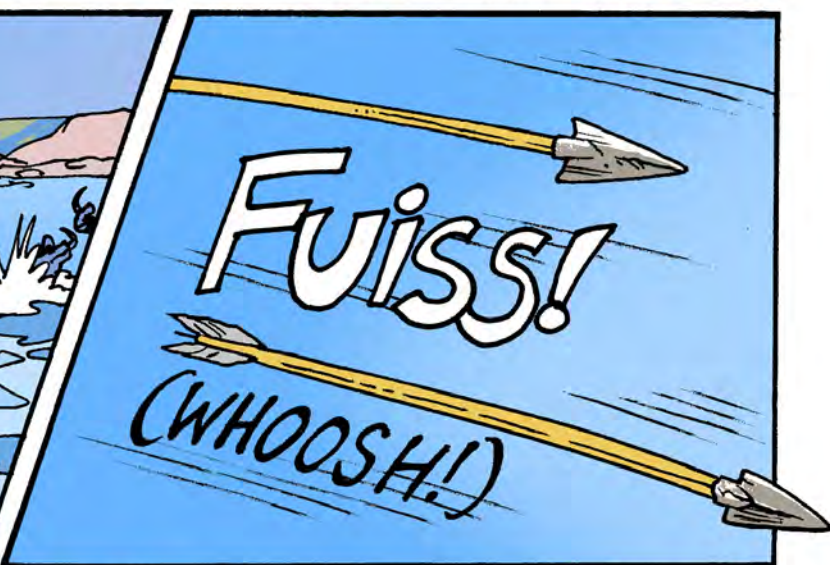
RUITH MAR DO BHEATHA!
(RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!)

TEICHEAMAID!
(FLEE! ESCAPE!)

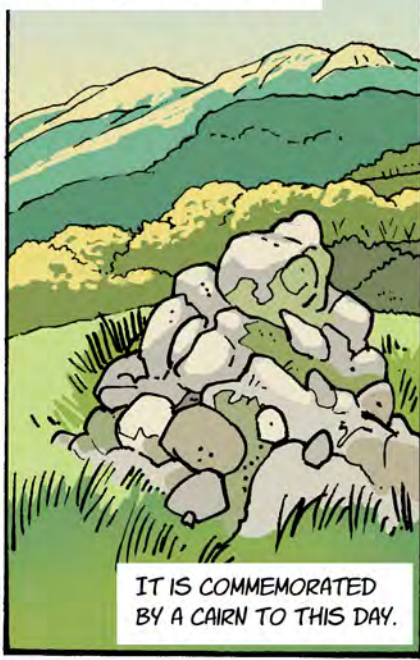


BÀTHADH IAD
(LET THEM DROWN)

SIUBHAL A' CHAIT A CHAIDH DHAN EAS DHUT!
(MAY YOU DROWN LIKE THE CAT THAT WENT
TO THE WATERFALL!)

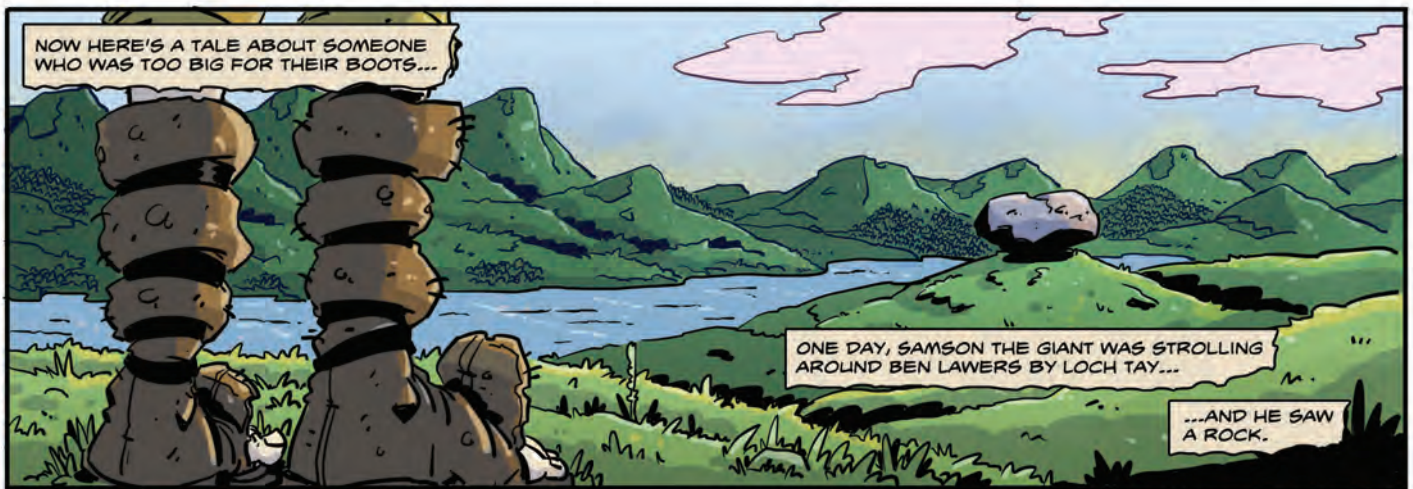


BUT MANY BELIEVE THE LAST
BUCHANAN DIED AT THIS SPOT.



IT IS COMMEMORATED
BY A CAIRN TO THIS DAY.

THE ARROWS FOUND THEIR TARGET IN THE RIVER.



NOW HERE'S A TALE ABOUT SOMEONE WHO WAS TOO BIG FOR THEIR BOOTS...

ONE DAY, SAMSON THE GIANT WAS STROLLING AROUND BEN LAWERS BY LOCH TAY...

...AND HE SAW A ROCK.

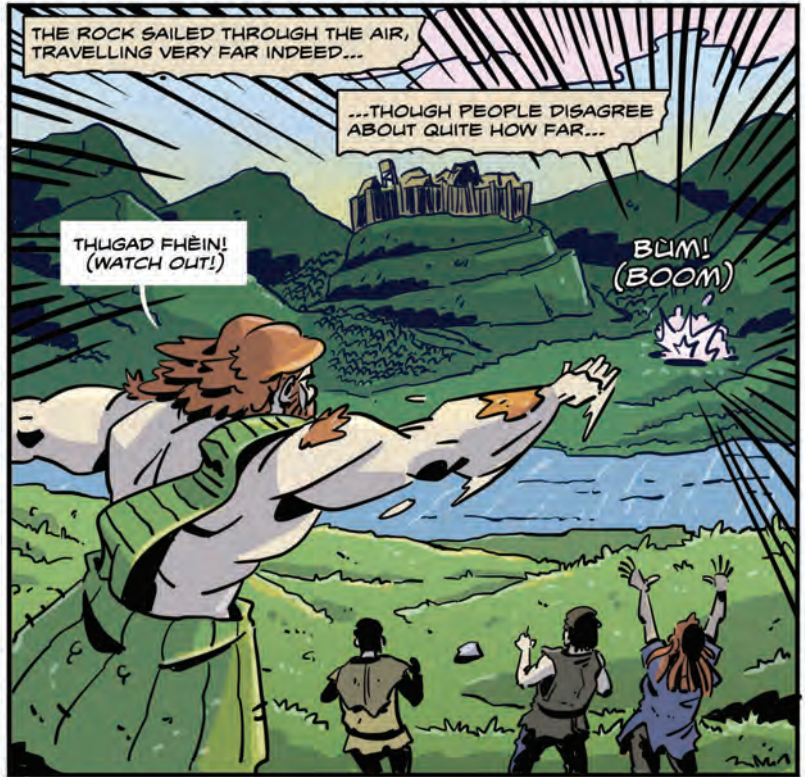


NOT ANY OLD ROCK. A HUGE ROCK.

A ROCK THAT HE COULD USE TO SHOW OFF.

SEO SINN A-NIS!
(HERE WE GO!)

TILG FAD DO LAÌMHE!
(THROW AS FAR AS YOU CAN!)



THE ROCK SAILED THROUGH THE AIR, TRAVELLING VERY FAR INDEED...

...THOUGH PEOPLE DISAGREE ABOUT QUITE HOW FAR...

THUGAD FHEIN!
(WATCH OUT!)

BUM!
(BOOM)



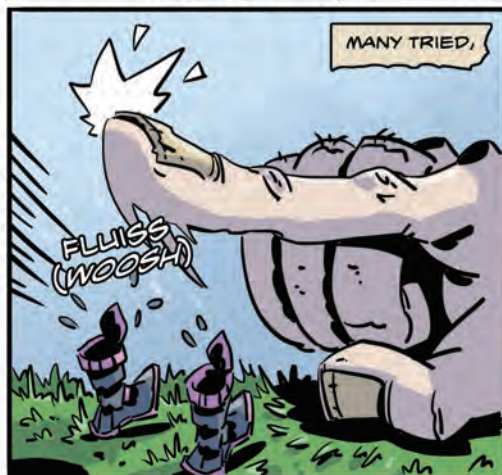
ONE THING WAS FOR SURE, NO OTHER SCOTTISH GIANTS WERE ABLE TO LIFT IT AND THROW IT BACK.

BU CHÒIR DHOMH A BHITH AIR MO BHROCHAN ITHE!
(I SHOULD HAVE EATEN MY PORRIDGE!)



SO SAMSON BECAME FAMOUS AS THE STRONGEST GIANT IN SCOTLAND.

'S MISE AS FHEARR!
(I AM THE BEST!)



BUT LORD ARGATY WAS WISER THAN THE REST. HE CREPT UP TO THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE THAT NIGHT,

AND STAYED READY AND AWAKE UNTIL DAWN.

GNOST
(SNORES)

CHA MHÒR NACH CUIREADH
DO SHRANN NA H-EICH ÀS A' CHOIRCE
(YOU SNORE LIKE A PIG)

IN THE MORNING, SAMSON STUCK HIS HEAD OUT OF THE CAVE TO SEE WHAT SORT OF DAY IT WAS AND.....

MADAINN MHATH A SHAUGHAIL!
(GOOD MORNING, WORLD!)

BÀSAICH,
A BHÈIST!
(DIE, BEAST!)

SLAIS!
(GLASH)

...THE LORD OF ARGATY CHOPPED
HIS HAIRY HEAD RIGHT OFF.

RUMAIL
(RUMBLE)

RUMAIL
(RUMBLE)

MO CHREACH!
(GOODNESS!)

ARGATY GRABBED HIS PRIZE AND MADE
HIS WAY TO SEE THE EARL OF MORAY



WHEN THE EARL SAW LORD ARGATY,
HE TRIED TO GO BACK ON HIS PROMISE.

THA MI AG IARRAIDH
MO PHAIGHEADH.
(MY PAYMENT PLEASE.)

THA MI AIR MY INNTINN
ATHARRACHADH.
(I'VE CHANGED MY MIND)



LORD ARGATY KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY
TO MAKE A MAN LIKE THAT KEEP HIS WORD.

CÙM RI DO GHEALLADH
(KEEP YOUR PROMISE)

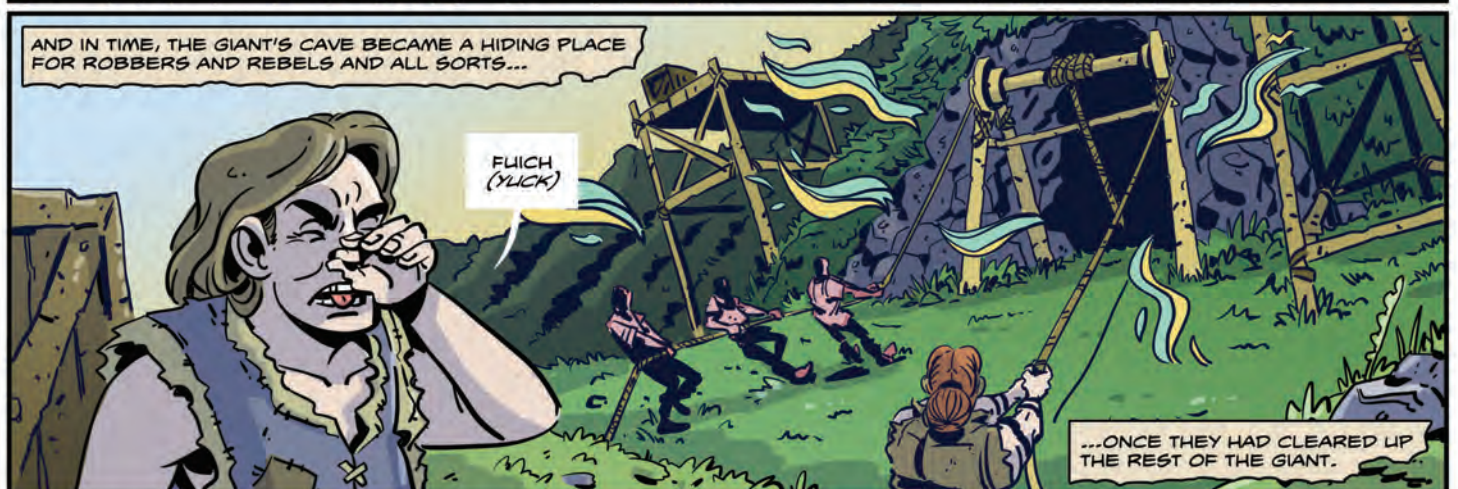
AIR NEO CAILLIDH
TU DO CHEANN
(OTHERWISE YOU WILL
LOSE YOUR HEAD)



SO THE EARL SIGNED OVER
THE RIGHTS TO BRACKLAND.

DÈ MÙN PHÌOS FEARAINN
NAS LUGHA SEO?
(WHAT ABOUT THIS
SMALLER PIECE OF LAND?)

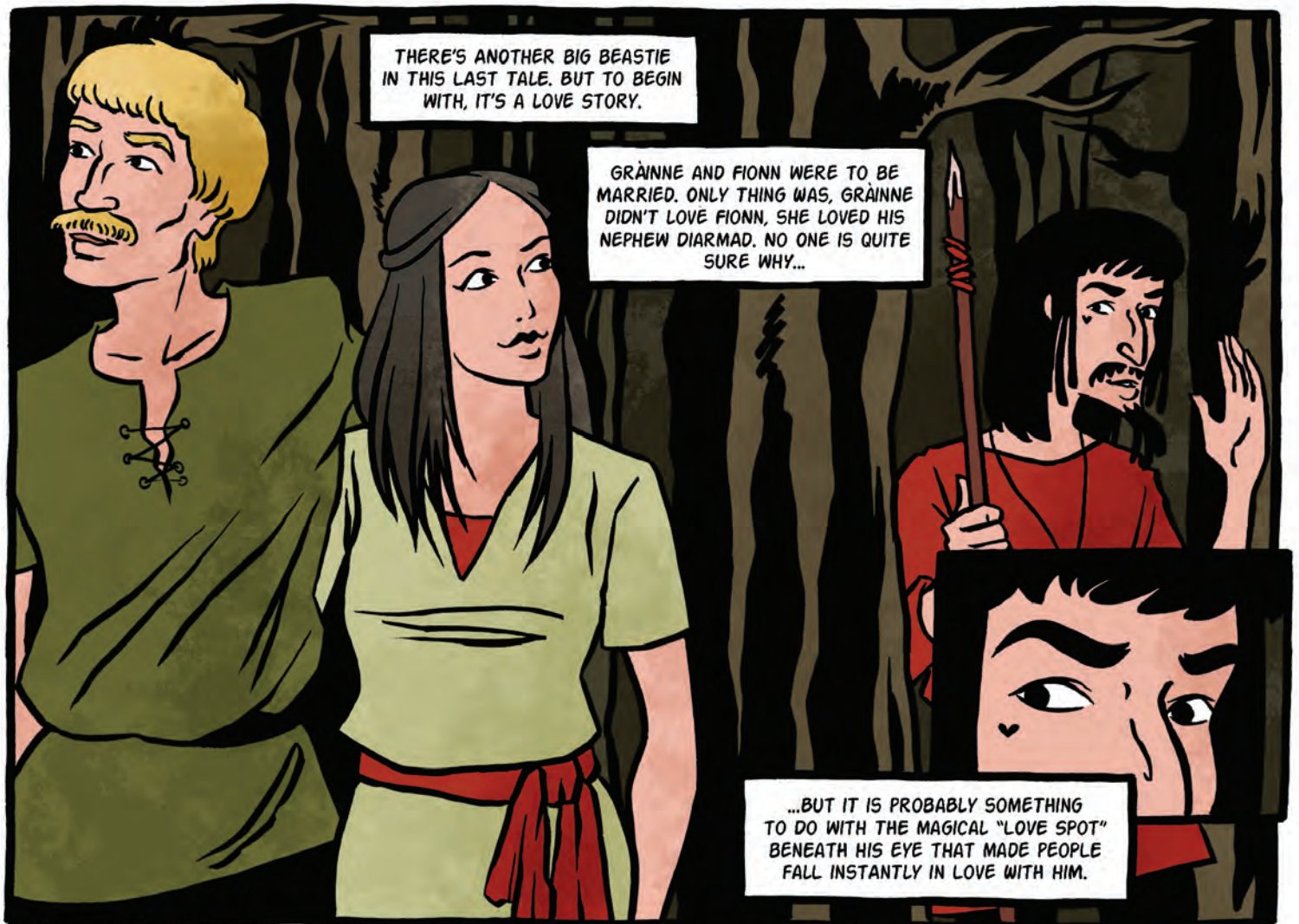
CHAN EIL CÀIL
A SHEANSA!
(NOT A CHANCE!)



AND IN TIME, THE GIANT'S CAVE BECAME A HIDING PLACE
FOR ROBBERS AND REBELS AND ALL SORTS...

FUICH
(YUCK)

...ONCE THEY HAD CLEARED UP
THE REST OF THE GIANT.



THERE'S ANOTHER BIG BEASTIE IN THIS LAST TALE. BUT TO BEGIN WITH, IT'S A LOVE STORY.

GRÁINNE AND FIONN WERE TO BE MARRIED. ONLY THING WAS, GRÁINNE DIDN'T LOVE FIONN, SHE LOVED HIS NEPHEW DIARMAD. NO ONE IS QUITE SURE WHY...

...BUT IT IS PROBABLY SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MAGICAL "LOVE SPOT" BENEATH HIS EYE THAT MADE PEOPLE FALL INSTANTLY IN LOVE WITH HIM.



AND SO, GRÁINNE AND DIARMAD RAN OFF TOGETHER. ALL ACROSS IRELAND AND SCOTLAND THEY RAN AND HID FOR MANY YEARS.



ANGRY AND BROKEN HEARTED, FIONN NEVER STOPPED LOOKING FOR THEM.

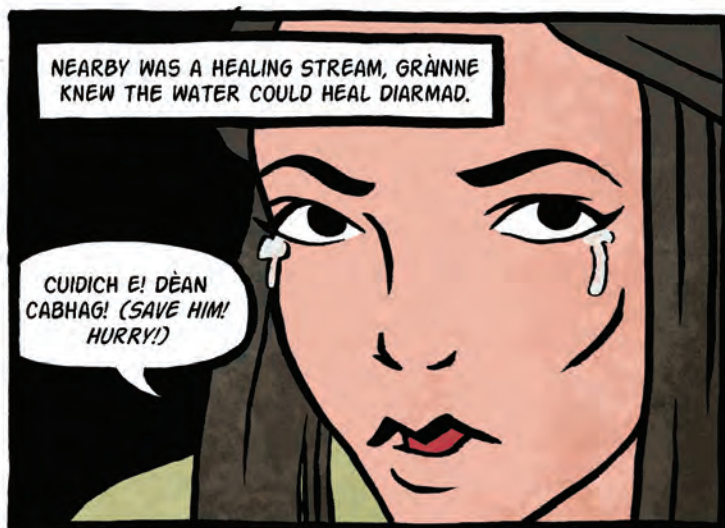
AND THEN ONE DAY, WHILE PASSING ALLT NAN SLISEAG, NEAR TO THE FALLS OF LENY, HE SAW WOOD SHAVINGS FLOATING IN THE WATER.



FIONN FOLLOWED THE SHAVINGS UP INTO THE HILLS, AND THERE HE FOUND DIARMAD SHARPENING HIS SPEAR.







NEARBY WAS A HEALING STREAM, GRÀNNE
KNEW THE WATER COULD HEAL DIARMAD.

CUIDICH E! DÈAN
CABHAG! (SAVE HIM!
HURRY!)



AND REGRETTING
HIS ACTIONS, FIONN
NOW RAN TO THE SPRING,
GATHERED UP THE WATER
AND RAN BACK.



BUT WHEN HE SAW DIARMAD
AGAIN, HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

AN CUIDICH
THU E? (WILL YOU
HELP HIM?)

CHA
CHUIDICH.
(NO.)

SPLASH
(SPLASH)



AND SO DIARMAD DIED THERE
ON THE SLOPE OF BEN GULLIPEN.

BU CHÒIR DHUT RUITH.
(YOU SHOULD RUN.)



SO FIONN RAN. AND
ASHAMED OF HIMSELF, HE
HID AWAY IN A CAVE.

WAITING FOR A DAY HE COULD
MAKE UP FOR HIS TERRIBLE
MISTAKE. AND BE A HERO AGAIN.



WE ALL WANT TO BE
THE HERO IN OUR OWN
WEE STORY EH?

YOU'VE HEARD MY STORIES,
NOW SHARE THEM. THAT'S
HOW WORDS AND STORIES
ARE REMEMBERED...



We had great fun working with Callander Primary School and Riverside Primary School while scripting our Gaelic Folktale comics. Everyone experimented with Gaelic sound effects and created their own Gaelic comics.



Dùthaich Chalasraid

Take a trip to Callander, Place of the Stories, and discover tales of terrifying water horses, angry giants, clan battles and doomed love, all set in and around the wonderful environment of Callander's landscape.

This collection of Gaelic folktales was created with Callander Primary School and Riverside Primary School to celebrate the Gaelic heritage of the area. The stories are narrated in English by Katherine Ferguson, a well-known individual from Callander's history. The dialogue spoken by the characters in the stories is presented in Gaelic, with English translation to support language learning.



**Callander's
Landscape**



**HERITAGE
FUND**

**LOCH
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