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.

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BRIG O' TURK, 1870.

COME IN, COME IN!
I'M CEIT MHOR, OR MUCKLE KATE.

WELCOME TO THE TAIGH A' MHAIDE.

YER WELCOME TO SIT FOR A WHILE AND HEAR A FEW STORIES.
NOTHING LIKE STORIES TO BRING FOLK TOGETHER.

AND I KNOW ALL THE STORIES
OF THE GAELS FROM CALLANDER.
THIS FIRST TALE, I KNOW ONLY
TOO WELL... FOR I WAS THERE
WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED...
It was too nice a day to be indoors. It was a day to play.

We ran through the woods, down to the shore, ready to skip stones and swim.

'S mise as fhéarr! (I'm the best?)

Tha mi a’ dol a chluich air dallan-dà (I’m going to play a game of blind man’s bluff.)

But it was the strangest thing, when we got to the shore... there was a horse in Loch Venachar.

Thà e brèagha. (He is pretty.)
Deagh each. (Good horse.)

At first, we thought it was stuck in the water and needed help.

Tha e stiuicте san uisge. (It is stuck in the water.)

Bu chòr dhuinn cuideachadh! (We should help!)

A few of my friends waded out to try and grab him.

Fuirichibh riu! (Wait for me?)
Na rachaidh dhàn uisge! (Don’t go in the water!)

Gille luideagach is lòth phèallagach. (Looks can be deceiving.)
It was no horse, it was an each-uisge.

And its terrible wailing echoed across the loch.

Obh obh! (Oh dear me!)

Dé tha dol? (What is happening?)

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 lèimh! (Take my hand!)

Cuidichibh mi! (Help me!)

Splaís, spult! (Splash, splash!)
I tried to pull Charlie from the water, but the waves just grew stronger.

A thearlach! (Charlie?)

And I was sure the each-usge looked right at me.

So I ran.

Behind me, my friends sank down to the bottom of Loch Venachar to be devoured by the water horse.

I visit coille a' bhòrn still, to remember my friends, the wood of sorrow.

Though I never stray too near the water.

Tha mi gur n-ionndrainn uile. (I miss you all.)

Everything was eaten but their livers, which floated back up to the surface.
NOW, HERE'S ANOTHER STORY ABOUT SOMETHING YOU FIND IN THE WATER. THANKFULLY THIS TIME, IT'S JUST FISH...

MADHAN MHATH (GOOD MORNING)

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

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

DE NÀ THA AM BREAC SIN? (HOW MUCH IS THAT TROUT?)

CALLANDER WAS THE TERRITORY OF THE BUCHANAN CLAN.

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

GABH MO LEISGEUL (EXCUSE ME)

DUIDA? (HUH?)
Sgealp! (Skelp!)

Haoth! Path! (laughs)

Abair glaon! (What a fool!)

Fech sín aig fèill bhoth chuidir (Try that at Balquhidder Fair)

Dùblan ort! (I dare you)

The Buchanans were challenged to come to Balquhidder Fair if they wanted trouble... honour was at stake.
Balquidder Fair came along soon enough, and sure enough, the Buchanans marched to pay it a visit.

Thor an aire! (Look out!)

Cuidichbh! (Help!)

Fully armed for battle.

The enemies met near Balquidder, and the Macarens were getting the worst of it.

Tha sinn dannaichtе (We are doomed)

Tha sinn a' call (We're losing!)

Crais! (Crash!)

And when it seemed things could get no worse, the chief of the Macarens saw his son cut down.

Mo mhac! (My son!)

Ud! Ud! (No! No! Pity, pity!)

Creag an turc! (Crash of the boar - Macaren battlecry)

The Macarens would take no more, they were filled with anger and vengeance.
AND SUDDENLY THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED.

Déarnaimd Iohnaisgh! (Attack!)

CREAG AN TURC!

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

Rúth mar do bheatha! (Run for your life!)

Báthadh iad (Let them drown)

Teicheamadh! (Flee! Escape!)

Fuiss! (Whoosh!)

Subhal a' chaith a chaidh dhan eas dhuit! (May you drown like the cat that went to the waterfall!)

THE ARROWS FOUND THEIR TARGET IN THE RIVER.

BUT MANY BELIEVE THE LAST BUCHANAN DIED AT THIS SPOT.

IT IS COMMENORATED BY A CAIRN TO THIS DAY.
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 sin a-nis! (Here we go!)

Thuigad fhein! (Watch out!)

Bam! (Boom)

Tilg far do laimhe! (Throw as far as you can!)

One thing was for sure, no other Scottish giants were able to lift it and throw it back.

So Samson became famous as the strongest giant in Scotland.

Bu choir dhuinn a bhith air mo bhurcachail (I should have eaten my porridge!)
Samson’s fame made him arrogant... and greedy... and cruel...

Truish be a-mach! (Get lost!)

He made his home in Lamh Mhoir, the big cave, and terrorised all who lived nearby...

...and even those who lived further away when he fancied a day out.

Thoir an aire! ‘Is e Samson a th ann! (Look out, it’s Samson!)

Everyone wanted rid of him. So the Earl of Moray promised that whoever killed the giant would get the lands at Brackland.

Many tried...

Flush (woosh)

Splug (crunch)

Splug (chew)

And many failed...
But Lord Argat was wiser than the rest. He crept up to the mouth of the cave that night, and stayed ready and awake until dawn.

Ghost (snorrs)

Chá mhór nach cleasadh do shrann na h-eich as a choisce (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...

Mádainn mhath a shaoghlail! (Good morning, world!)

Básailch, a bhéist! (Pie, hearty!)

Sliail (sigh)

...the Lord of Argat chopped his hairy head right off.

Rumail (rumble)

Mó chreagh! (Goodness!)

Argat grabbed his prize and made his way to see the Earl of Moray.
When the Earl saw Lord Arsaty, he tried to go back on his promise.

THA MI AG IARRAIDH NO PHAँGHBEACH. (MY PAYMENT PLEASE.)

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

Lord Arsaty knew there was only one way to make a man like that keep his word.

COM RI DO SHEALLAIGH (KEEP YOUR PROMISE)

AIR NBD CALLIADH TU DO CHEANN (OTHERWISE YOU WILL LOSE YOUR HEAD)

So the Earl signed over the rights to Brackland.

DE MUN PHIOS FEARAINN NAS LLUGHA SEO? (WHAT ABOUT THIS SMALLER PIECE OF LAND?)

CHAN BIL CALL 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.

Fionn followed the shavings up into the hills, and there he found Diarmad sharpening his spear.

And then one day, while passing Alt Nan Sliseag, near to the falls of Leny, he saw wood shavings floating in the water.
As if there was no trouble between them, Fionn asked why Diarmad was sharpening his spear.

A Bheil thu a’ dol a mharrowadh an tuirce? (Are you going to kill the boar?)

A boar had been terrifying the area in recent weeks.

Bu Chòir gaisgeach lùdir mar thu fhéin cuideachadh. Cha dhiúlt ach gèaltaire. (A strong hero such as yourself should help, only a coward would refuse.)

Dè an torc? (What boar?)

Thinking quickly, he slashed his sword down instead.

So Diarmad hunted the boar, threw his spear and...

...it bounced off.

And the boar was dead.
Fionn had hoped the boar would kill Diarmad, but now it was dead, he thought of another way to get rid of his enemy.

Abair creuitair! Bu chòir dhut tomhas cho mor's a thá! (What a creature! You should measure how big it is!)

Fionn convinced Diarmad to measure the beast in paces, and so he walked from snout to tail.

A h-aon, a dhà, a tri, a ceithir... (One, two, three, four...)

A poisonous bristle stuck in his foot and venom flooded his veins. Cuidich mi! (Help me!)

Fionn asked him to check again, walking back the other way, against the bristles.

A h-aon, a dhà, a tri, a ceithir... Aobha! (One, two, three, four... Ouch!)
Nearby was a healing stream, Gráinne knew the water could heal Diarmad.

Cuídich e! Déan cabháil! (Save him! Hurry!)

But when he saw Diarmad again, he changed his mind.

An cuídich thu e? (Will you help him?)

Cha cuídich. (No.)

And regretting his actions, Fionn now ran to the spring, gathered up the water and ran back.

And so Diarmad died there on the slope of Ben Gullipen.

Bu chóir dhúth rúth. (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.
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.