



NA GAISGICH



GAELIC FOLK TALES RETOLD

BY SCHOOLS FROM ISLAY & JURA, MULL AND TIREE



NA GAISGICH

THE SUNKEN SPANISH GALLEON OF MULL
BY TOBERMORY PS, SALEN PS,
ULVA PS, LOCHDONHEAD PS

3

THE BATTLE OF TRAIGH GHRUINEARD
BOWMORE PS AND PORT ELLEN PS

7

GORAIDH CHROBHAN AND THE DRAGON
PORT CHARLOTTE PS, KEILLS PS, SMALL ISLES PS

11

PILOT
TIREE PS AND TIREE HS

15

BEHIND THE SCENES / CLASS COMICS

19

COMICS WITH FULL GAELIC TEXT

23



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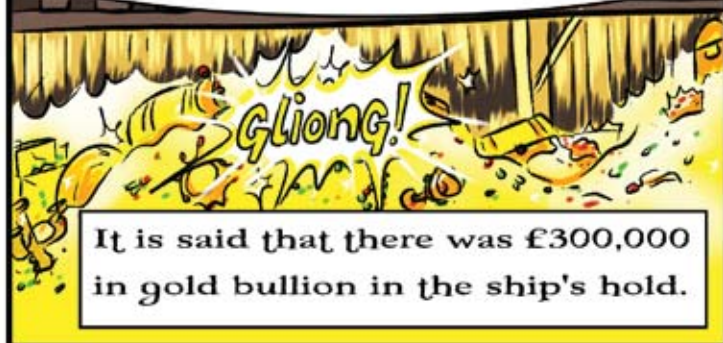
Legend has it that the wreck of a Spanish galleon, laden with gold, lies somewhere in the mud at the bottom of Tobermory Bay.



Some say the ship is the Florencia, part of the Spanish Armada fleeing the English fleet in 1588.



AIRGEAD! AIRGEAD! AIRGEAD!



It is said that there was £300,000 in gold bullion in the ship's hold.

The story goes, that Florencia headed to Tobermory bay for repair and provisions, but soon ran into trouble.



Some say that the Clan Chief MacLean fell in love with the Spanish princess on board the ship...



FEASGAR MATH!

...which would have been fine if he wasn't already married.

When his wife found out, she asked the Mull Witches *Na Dòideagan* to cast a spell to get rid of the ship and the princess.



MÌLE MHOLLACHD!

SÌOS, SÌOS, SÌOS!

At the witches command, a ferocious cat attacked the galleon, sending sparks flying all around the ship.



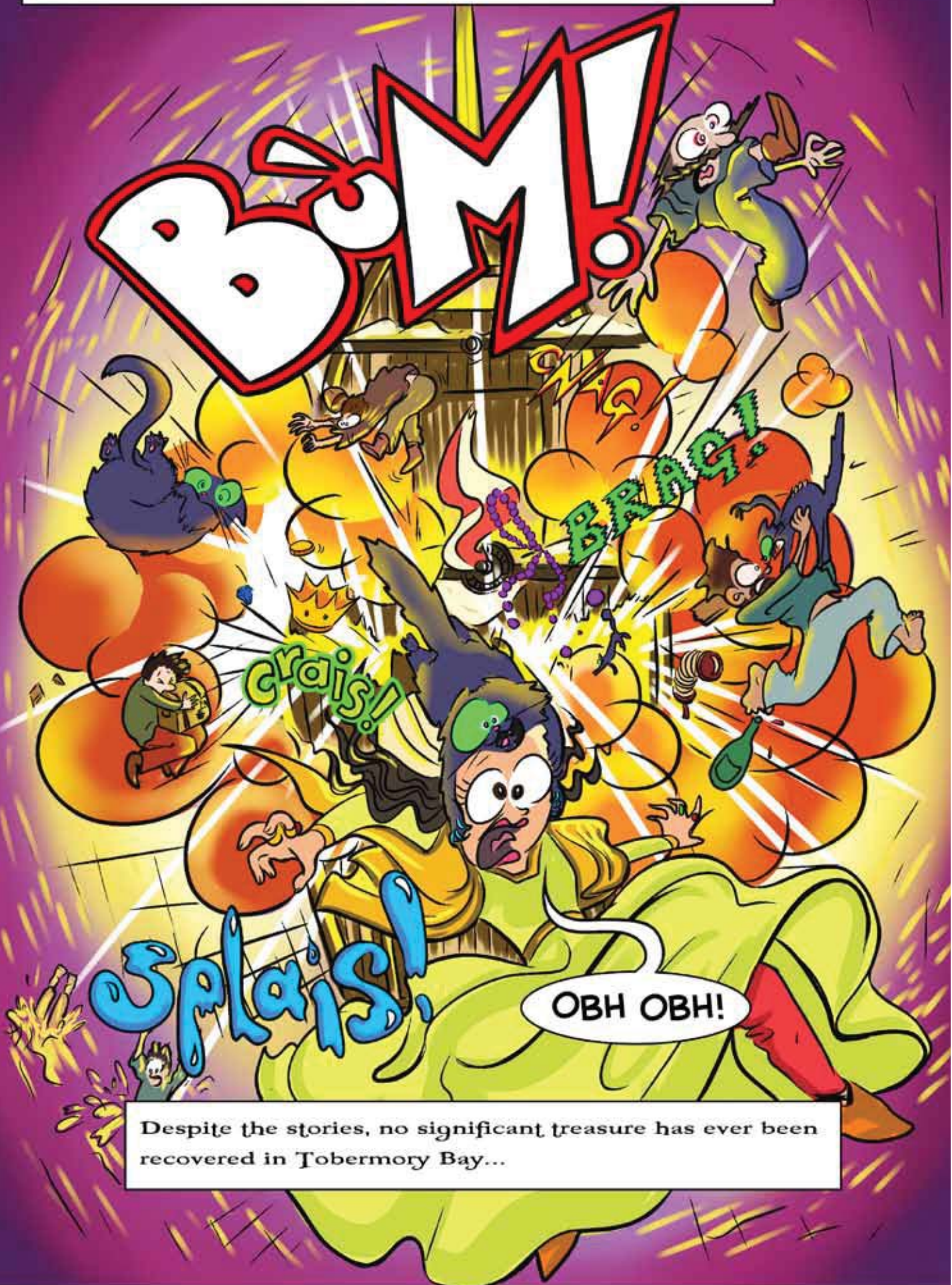
ÀS MO BHÀTA!

Others say that the Spanish ship refused to pay for repairs to the ship and so family members of the Clan Chief Lachlan Maclean set fire to the gunpowder store.



IST!

Whatever happened, the ship exploded, sinking the vessel, and any treasure stowed on board.



Despite the stories, no significant treasure has ever been recovered in Tobermory Bay...

In 1950 the Duke of Argyll asked the British Admiralty to help him search for the galleon – the largest search made to this day.

Nothing was found.

CÀITE BHEIL E?

Glong!

Although it did help develop new technology to search for sunken ships.

Perhaps there was treasure and it was recovered long ago.

AIRGEAD, AIRGEAD 'S BARRACHD AIRGEAD! 'S ANN LEAMSA A THA E!

Plwbadaich!

Or perhaps it waits there still to be discovered...

The battle of Tràigh Ghrùineard in 1598 was the last big Clan battle to be fought in the Island of Islay.

Sir Lachlan Mòr MacLean, the 14th Chief of Duart and his nephew Sir James MacDonald of Islay fought over possession of the Rhinns.

MacLean decided that the only way to settle things was to invade Islay and do battle with Angus' son James.

At that time no chief would go into battle without consulting a ban-fhaidh and this MacLean did...

NA FALBH!

She told him,
"do not arrive on Islay on a Thursday, do not fight on the shores of Loch Gruineard, do not drink from the well known as Tobar Niall Neònaich...or else you will surely DIE."

MacLean was uneasy at the warning but he was still determined to secure the Rhinns.

SPLAIS!
SPLAIS!
THA I GARBH.

So on the first Wednesday in August, MacLean set sail for Islay. Unfortunately, a storm arose and he could not land in Islay until the Thursday.

Mustering his troops they camped overnight in the old keep on the islet in Loch Gorm...

OBH OBH!
THA MI SGÌTH.

... while MacDonald and his men camped on the grassy ground at what is now Craigens.

Early next morning, MacDonald rode over to Loch Gorm to talk to his uncle, to try and make peace. By then MacLean had discovered that he had almost twice as many men as Clan Donald.

O MO CHREACH!

The troops began to line up for battle, and only then did MacLean realise that his men had raised his standard on the shores of Loch Ghruineard.



About this time he was visited by the Dubh Sith. The creature's father was a Sbarw from Lagg in Jura and his mother was a fairy woman. Such people make very bad enemies and should always be treated with great care...



The creature offered his services as an archer...



The Dubh Sith slunk away with black burning hatred in his heart...



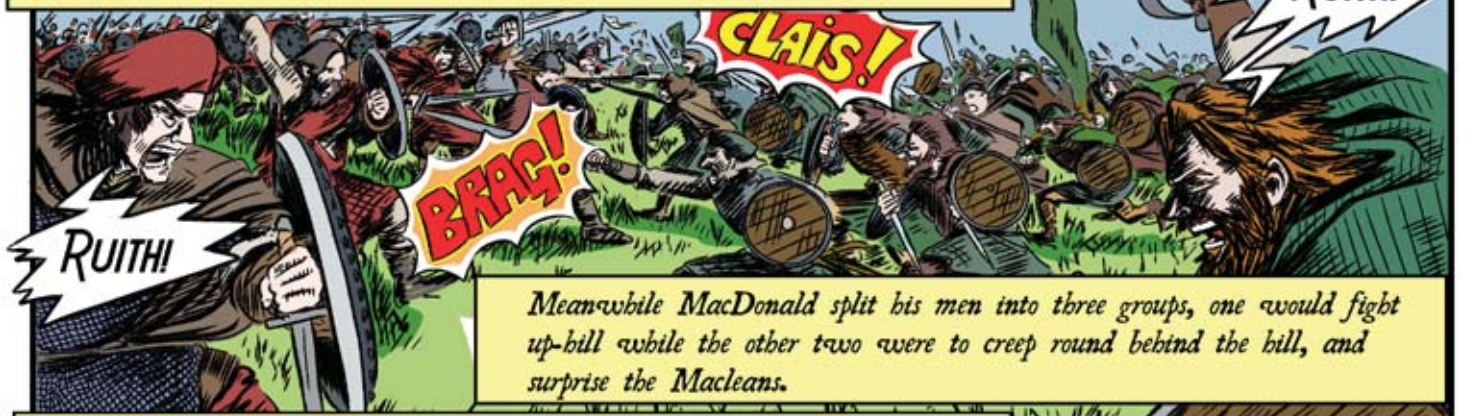
...and instead made his way to MacDonald where he offered his services.



And with that, the Dubh Sith made off and went to the well Tobar Niall Neònaich. He climbed up into the branches of a rowan tree and remained there, hidden from sight.



MacLean assembled his troops on top of a hill, planning to charge down on Clan Donald and force them to defend themselves up-hill.



Meanwhile MacDonald split his men into three groups, one would fight up-hill while the other two were to creep round behind the hill, and surprise the Macleans.

During a break in the battle MacLean wanted a drink and he crossed over to the well...

This was the moment Dubh Sith had waited for, he fired his crossbow and the bolt went straight into the back of MacLean's neck and out through his eye.



CUIDICH MI

IHA MI A' BĀSACHADH...

The MacLeans found themselves without a Chief and in danger of all being killed, when suddenly young Sir James fell on the ground wounded.



His men thought he was dead, and went after the Macleans with murder in their hearts.

The MacLeans ran to Ardnave Point, just in time to see their ships putting out to sea...



...the sailors had realised that the battle was lost.

In desperation thirty MacLeans sought sanctuary in Kilnave Chapel.



They waited, hoping that the MacDonalds would respect holy ground.

Sadly, the men were half mad with grief and anger at the thought that their chief had been killed.



Looking for revenge, they set fire to the roof of the chapel.

The men inside were all killed apart from one man, a Mac Mbuirich who managed to climb through a hole in the roof when the burning thatch collapsed.



He ran into the loch, hoping to swim to Nave Island.



He managed to pluck a reed and hid under water, breathing through the reed.

Eventually the MacDonalds decided that he must have drowned, and left.



Later the exhausted man staggered ashore and found refuge somewhere in Islay, and his descendants, the Currie's are still here today.

Sir James' life was saved by the doctor who was tending the wounded;



The doctor would almost certainly be a Beaton from Ballinaby.

MacLean's men would have lifted their dead chief from the muddy well and laid him on dry ground.

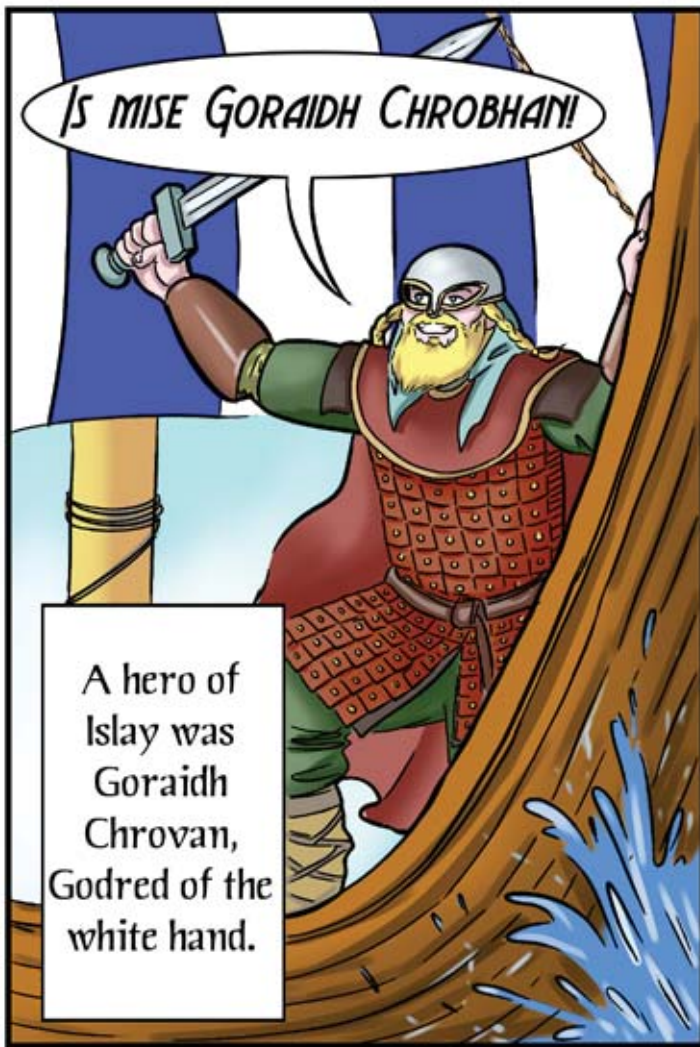


Many believe that is why the stone Clach Mhic 'illeann lies some way from the well.

Sir James had no heart for the battle of Traigh Ghruineard, and far from rewarding the Dubh Sith for killing MacLean, MacDonald turned on him.



The dwarf was glad to slink back to Jura in fear of his life.



A hero of Islay was Goraith Chrovan, Godred of the white hand.

Islay was being attacked by a vicious dragon which had its den at Imerchonart near Ballygrant.



Chrovan, whose galley was at the head of Lochendall, proceeded straight to the dragons den. He took with him, three old horses which he had picked up along the way, placing them all along the road from Lochendall to Imerchonart



When he reached the dragons den, he goaded the dragon into coming out and following him.





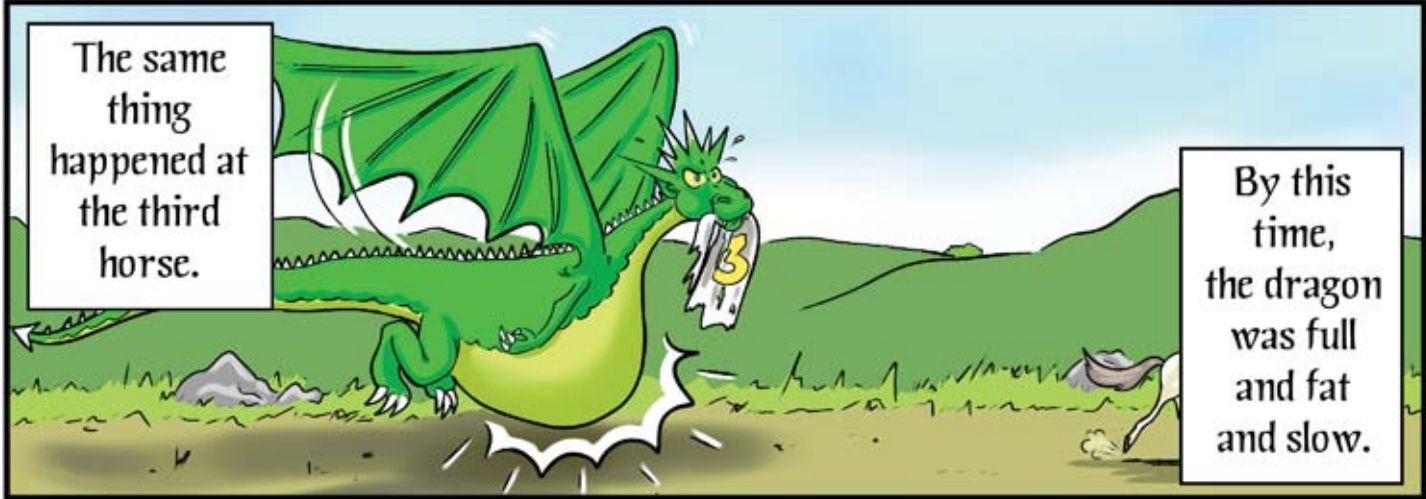
Chrovan galloped, with the dragon at his heels.



When the dragon came to the first horse, he ate it. Giving Chrovan time to gallop ahead.



When the dragon came to the second horse, he ate that too. And Chrovan kept galloping.



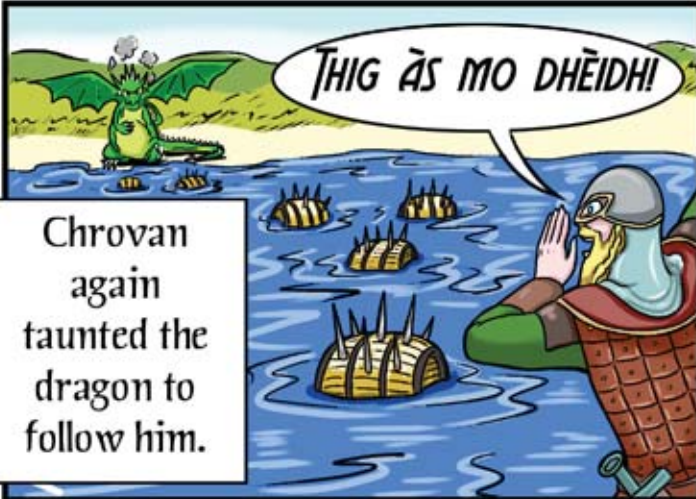
The same thing happened at the third horse.

By this time, the dragon was full and fat and slow.

From the shore to his ship, Chrovan had laid out barrels, into which he had hammered huge iron stakes.



THA MI 'N DOCHAS GUM BI
SEO AG OBAIR!



Chrovan again taunted the dragon to follow him.

THIG ÌS MO DHÈIDHI!

But the dragon was too full to jump and was moving slowly and clumsily.



Splais!
Splais!



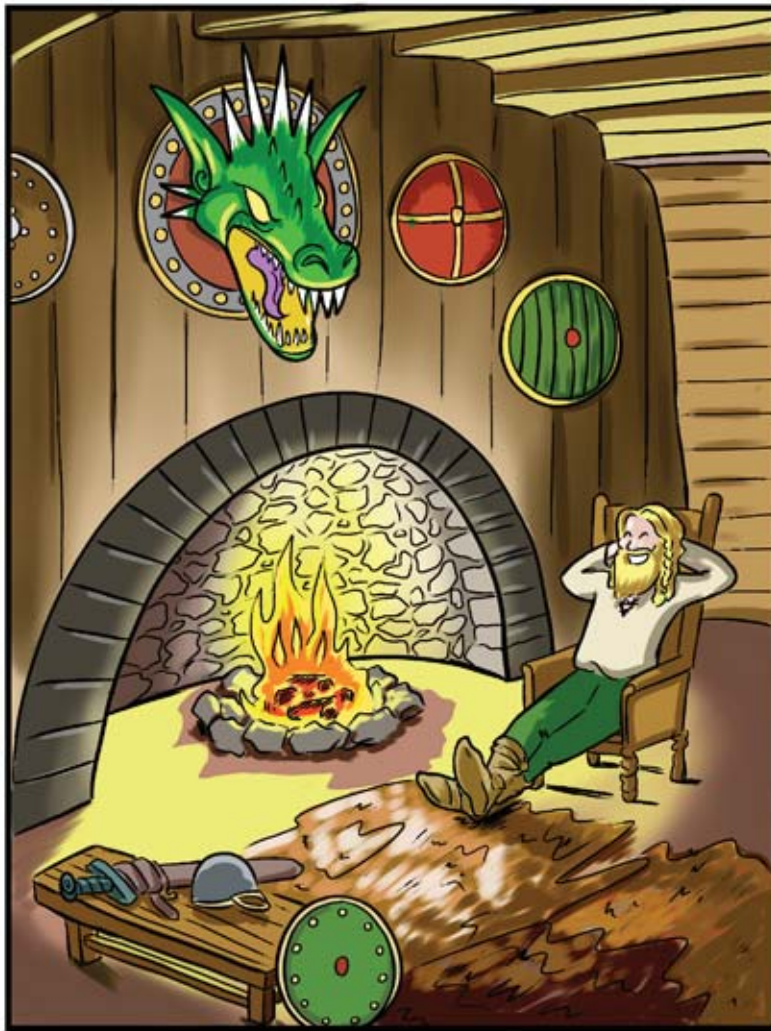
Until finally...

OBHI
OBHI!



Chrovan jumped back across the barrels to finish the dragon off.

OIDHCHE MHATH IS
BEANNACHD LEIBHI



It is said Chrovan died in Islay in 1095, and is buried near Kintra.

A large grey stone marks the place which is called Carragh Ban, the white stone.



And these days, the only dragon on Islay is much friendlier.



They took the eye out of fair Pilot,
They took the eye out of Pilot,

Uaf!

They took the eye out of poor Pilot,
Without any idea of what he had done wrong.

The Cooper's pigs ruined my haystacks!
They wrecked them last night;

Little did I know that they were about,
While Pilot had his two eyes.

He would guard the vegetable garden for me
Till dawn from dusk,

Fan às an t-sealladh!

The Lowlanders never had such a good policeman
On the night watch, as he.

Although I go to bed, I won't
get a wink of sleep
With the town's boys during
the night;



Halò a
bhalachaibh!

Ise! Rinn ise
an cron air
Pìlot!

But the suitors might as well
stay at home
Since the girl blinded my Pìlot.

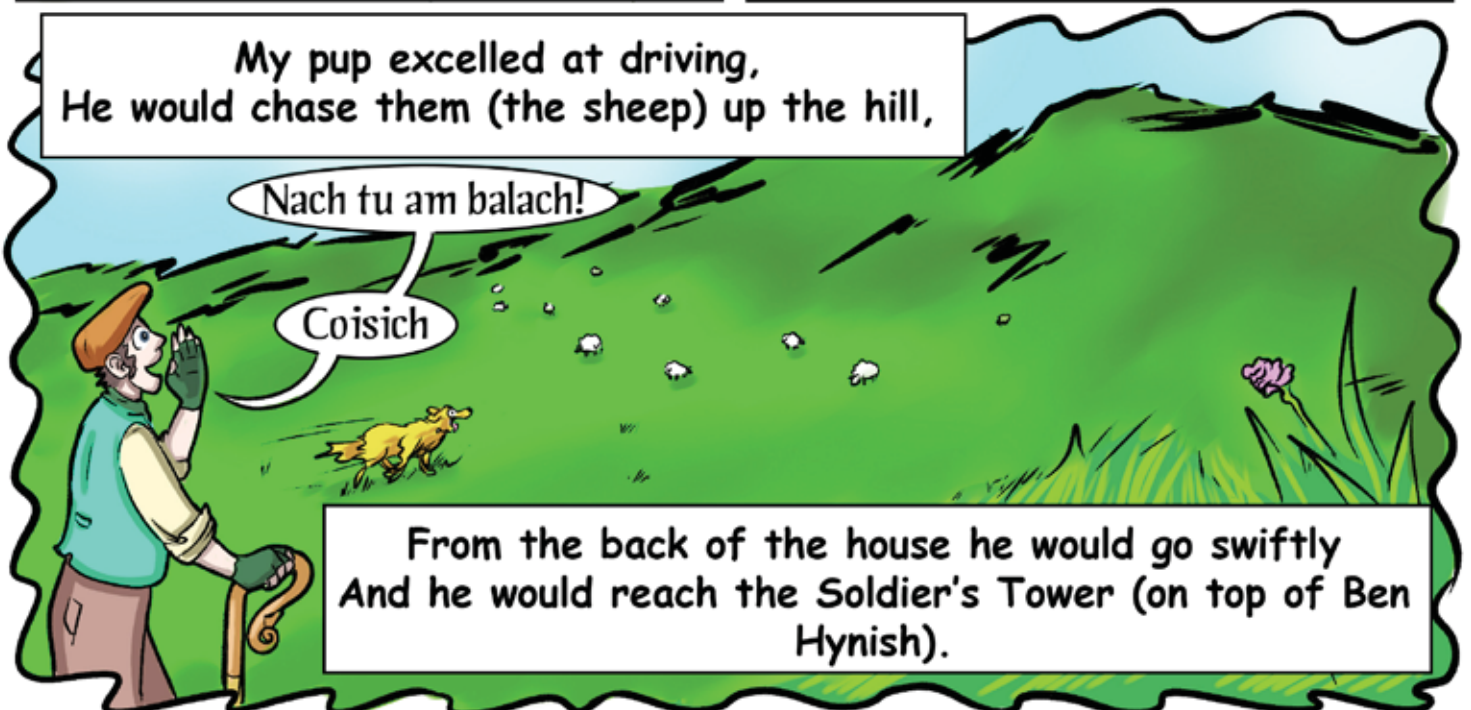
Just think, how unbecoming of
a woman
The blow the lass dealt him;



O gu sealladh orm!
Seall air an dìthist ud!

Pity the young man, who has
for a sweetheart this monster
of a girl,
Since she left Pìlot useless.

My pup excelled at driving,
He would chase them (the sheep) up the hill,



Nach tu am balach!

Coisich

From the back of the house he would go swiftly
And he would reach the Soldier's Tower (on top of Ben
Hynish).

Even if I spent time at sea
Not returning till night time -



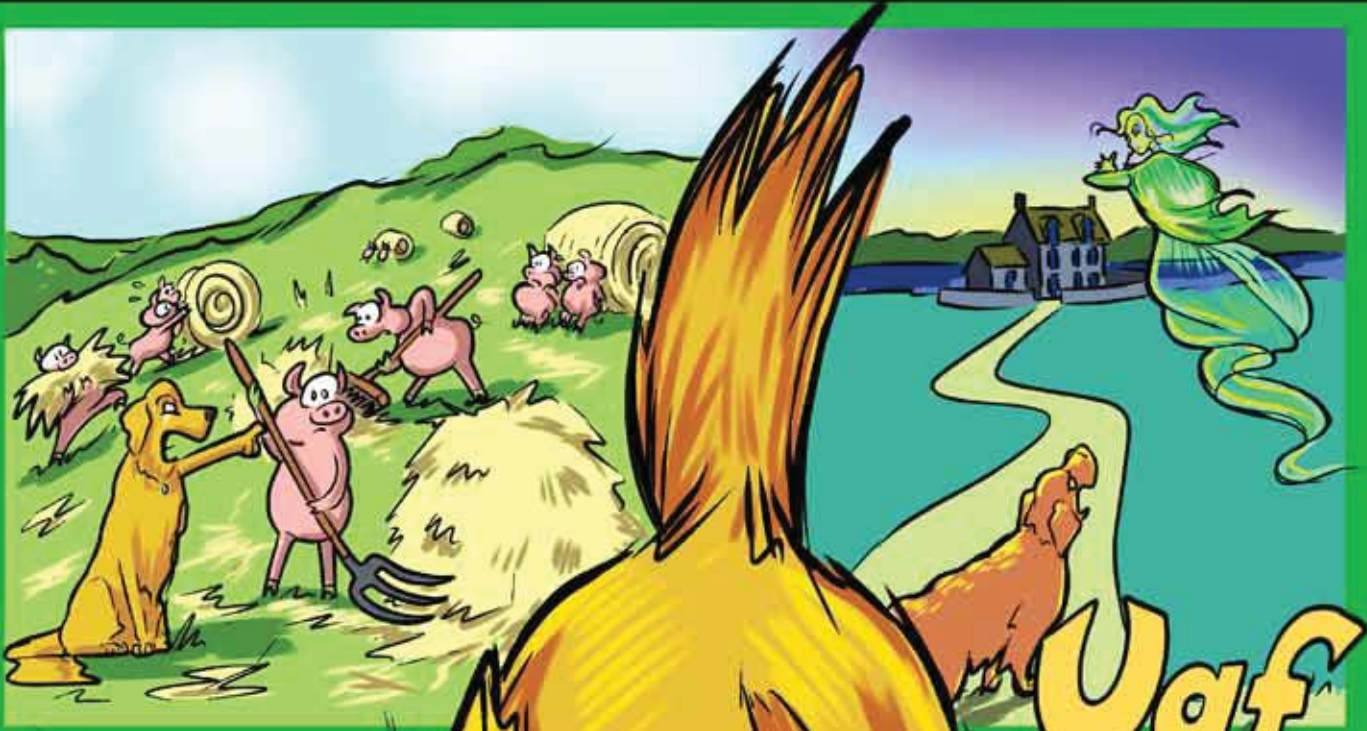
You would reach the shore and get me
Even if I were to come ashore at Goinneag
(in Hynish).

I sent a petition to the Queen
To tell of what happened to my
Pilot,



She said she would send me a
guinea
To pay for an eye of gold for
Pilot.





Uaf
Uaf!



Tha mi
duilich



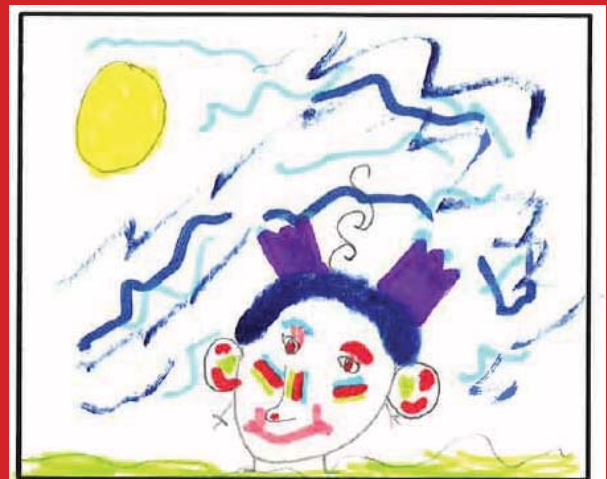
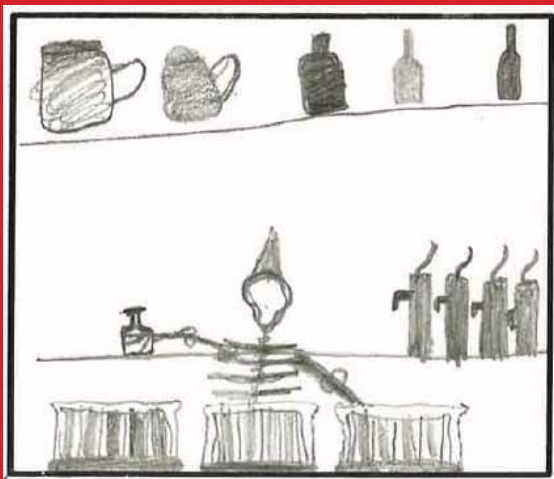
Dèan
gàire!

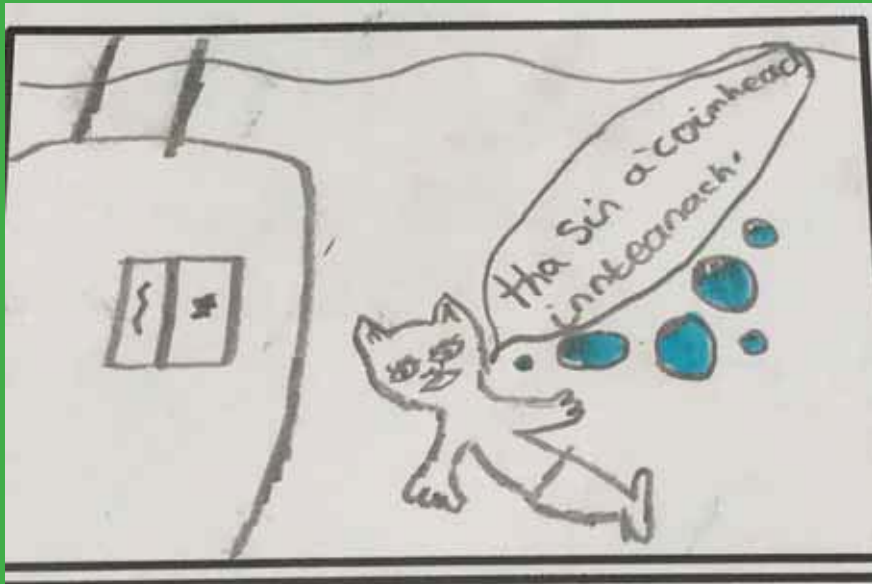


ALL OF THE COMICS WERE CREATED DURING A SERIES OF WORKSHOPS IN MARCH 2018 - PUPILS FROM THE SCHOOLS INVOLVED ALSO CREATED SOME OF THEIR OWN CHARACTERS AND STORIES...









Thathar ag ràdh gu bheil seann long Spàinntich, làn òr is airgead, na laighe aig bonn Bàgh Thobar Mhoire.



Tha cuid ag ràdh gur e am Florencia a th'ann, pàirt den Feachd-mara Spàinntich a bha a' teiche bhon loingear Sasannach ann an 1588.

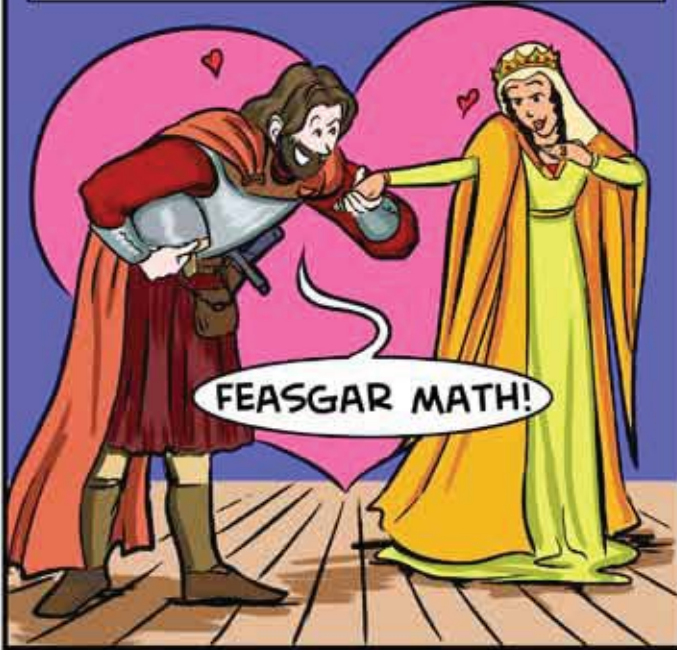


Thathar ag ràdh gu bheil £300,000 bonn òr na broinn.

A-rèir sgeulachdan, thàinig am Florencia gu Tobar Mhoire airson am bàta a chàradh agus airson biadh is uisge fhaighinn, ach bha beagan trioblaid aca.



Tha cuid ag ràdh gun do thuit an Ceann-cinnidh Mac 'IllEathain ann an gaol le bana-phrionnsa Spàinntich a bha air bòrd.



Nuair a fhuair a bhean a-mach mun bhana-phrionnsa dh'iarr i air na Dòiteagan geas a chur air a' bhàta gus cuir às don bhàta agus don bhana-phrionnsa.



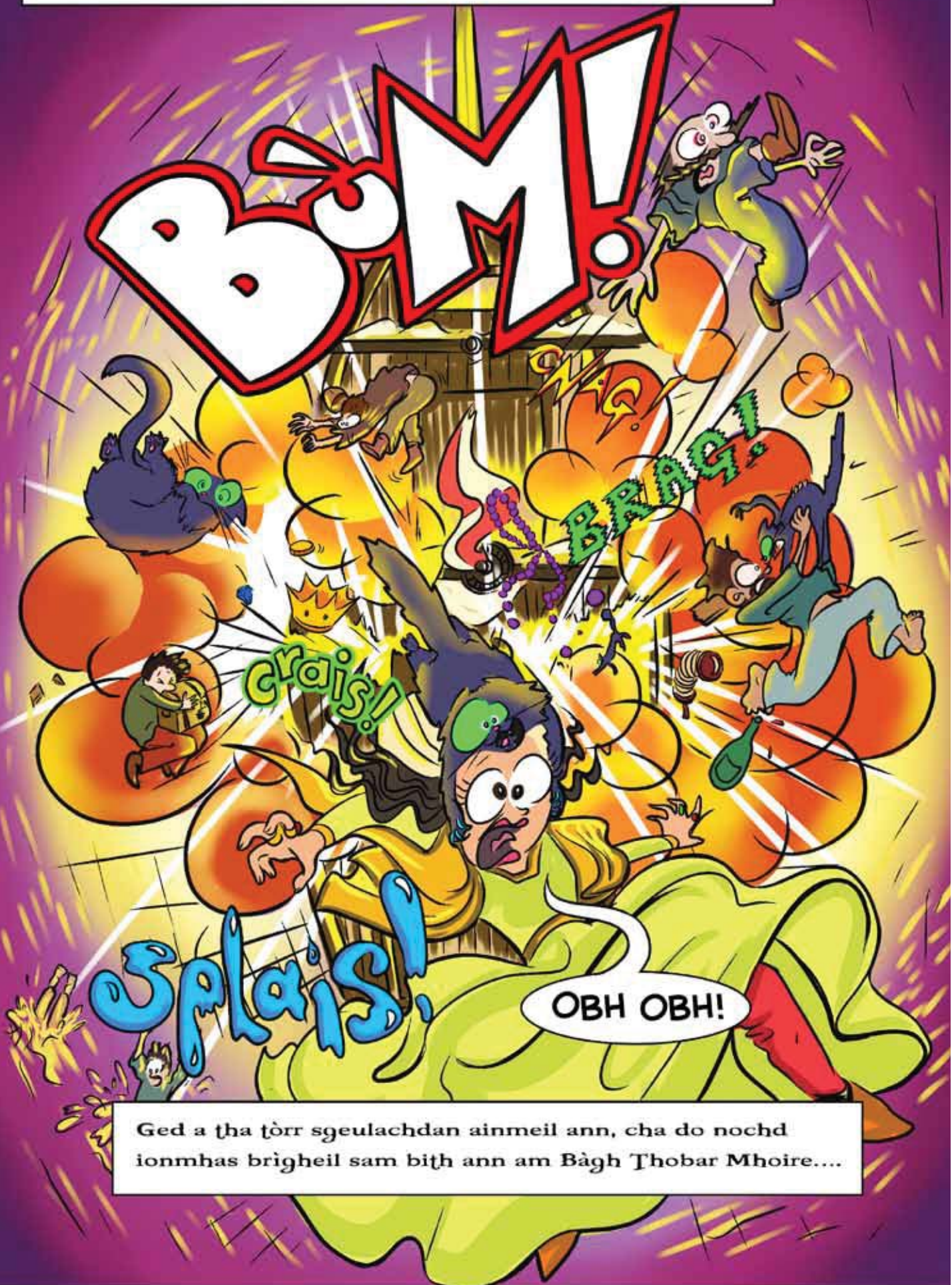
Fo stiùir na Dòiteagan, thug piseag dhubh fhiathaich ionnsaigh air an long Spàinntich. Bha sradagan air a spògan 's ruith i air feadh a' bhàta.



Tha cuid eile ag ràdh nach robh an long Spàinntich deònach pàigheadh airson na càraidhean a rinn iad 's mar sin chuir an Ceann-cinnidh Mac 'IllEathain am bàta na thèine.



Ge b'e dè thachair, sprèidh am bàta, chaidh i fodha 's thug i
leatha an t-ionmhas a bha air bòrd.



Ged a tha tòrr sgeulachdan ainmeil ann, cha do nochd
ionmhas brìgheil sam bith ann am Bàgh Thobar Mhoire....

An ann 1950
dh'fhaighnich
Mac Cailein Mòr
(Diùc
Earra-ghàidheil)
airson taic bhon
chabhlach gus an
ionmhas a lorg an
oidhirp as motha
a-riamh gus lorg
fhaighinn air an
t-ionmhas.

Cha deach càil a lorg.

CÀITE BHEIL E?

Ghionn!

Ged a chuidich e teicneòlas ùr a leasachadh
gus bàtaichean a chaidh fodha a lorg.

Neo, 's dòcha gun do lorg cuideigin an ionmhas.

AIRGEAD, AIRGEAD
'S BARRACHD
AIRGEAD! 'S ANN
LEAMSA A THA E!

plubadaich!

Air neo, 's dòcha gu bheil e ann fhathast na laighe aig bonn na mara...

Ann an 1598 thachair Blàr Tràigh Ghruinneard. B' e sin am blàr as motha a thachair riamh air Ìle eadar na diofar Cinnidhean.

B' e sabaid mhòr a bh' ann eadar Sir Lachlan Mòr Mac 'III Eathain, an 14mh Ceann-Cinnidh Mhic'III Eathain agus mac a bhràthair, Sir Seumas Mac Dhòmhnaill à Ìle. Bha iad a' sabaid mu sheilbheadaireachd nan Rhinns.

Chuir Mac'III Eathain roimhe gun robh dìreach aon rud ri dhèanamh, a' lunnadh ann an Ìle agus sabaid le mac Aonghais, Seumas.

Aig an àm sin, cha dèanadh Ceann-cinnidh rud sam bi gun bruidhinn ri ban-fhàidh agus b' e sin a rinn Mac'III Eathain.



Dh'innis i dha, na ruig Ìle air Diardaoin, na sabaid air Tràigh Loch Ghruinneard, na òl bho Tobar Niall Neònach neo... bàsaichidh thu.

Cha robh Mac'III Eathain a' faireachdainn cho misneachdail as dèidh an rabhadh sin ach bha e fhathast airson na Rhinns fhaighinn dha fhèin.

Chaidil Mac'III Eathain agus na saighdearan aige ann an seann chaisteal air eilean beag ann an Loch Gorm,



'S mar sin, air a' chiad Diciadain san Lùnasdal, dh'fhalbh Mac'III Eathain air bàta. Gu mì-fhortanach, nochd stoirm mhòr is cha b' urrainn dha cas a chuir air Ìle gus an ath là.



a rè na h-ùine seo bha Mac Dhòmhnaill 's na saighdearan aige-san nan cadal san fheòir faisg air Na Creagan.

An ath là, tràth 'sa mhadainn, chaidh Mac Dhòmhnaill a-null dhan Loch Gorm, a' feuchainn ris an sabaid a chur às. Ach, aig an àm sin, bha Mac'III Eathain air faighinn a-mach gun robh tòrr a' bharrachd saighdearan aige na bha aig Clann Dhòmhnaill.



Thòisich na saighdearan a' loidhneadh suas, deiseil airson sabaid, ach dìreach an uair sin mhothaich Mac'III Eathain gun do thog na saighdearan aige a bhratach gu h-àird air cladach Loch Ghruinneard.



Aig an àm sin, nochd an Dubh Sith ri a thaobh. B 'e Seathach Diùrach a bh'anns an athair agus b' e bean-sìth a bh'anns a mhàthair. Feumaidh sibh a bhith faiceallach nuair a thachras sibh riutha...



B ' e n each-bogha fìor math a bh'ann. Dh'fhaighnich e dha Mac'III Eathain nan robh esan ga iarraidh...



Liùg an Dubh Sith air falbh le gràin na chridhe...



Agus an àite Mac'III Eathainn a chuideachadh, chaidh e gu Mac Dhòmhnaill 's dh'fhaighnich e nan robh esan ga iarraidh.



'S le sin, dh' fhalbh an Dubh Sith 's chaidh a dhan Tobar Niall Neònach. Shreap e suas craobh rolaig agus dh'fhuirich e an sin na fhalach.



Chruinnich Mac'Illeathain na saighdearan aige air mullach cnoc, deiseil airson ionnsaigh a thoirt air Clann Dhòmhnaill.



Aig a' cheart àm, bha saighdearan MhicDhòmhnaill ag obair ann an trì diofar buidhnean, aon a' sabaid suas an cnoc agus dhà a' ruith gu sàmhach timcheall a' chnoc gus iongantas a chuir air Clann 'Illeathain.

Ann am meadhan a' bhlàr bha pathadh air Mac'Illeathain 's chaidh e dhan tobar...

Bha Dubh Sìth a' feitheamh air a shon, thilg e saighead agus chaidh e tro a' chùil agus a-mach tro a shùil.



CUIDICH MI

THA MI A' BÀSACHADH...

Cha robh Ceann-Cinnidh aig Clann 'Illeathain a-nis agus bha an t-eagal orra. Gu h-oban, thuit Seumas òg chun an làir air a ghoirteachadh.

Bha a shaighdearan a' smaointinn gun do bhàsaich e, chaidh iad as dèidh Clann 'Illeathain le murt dearg nan cridhean.

Ruith Clann 'Illeathain do Rubha Àrd Naoimh, aig a' cheart àm sa' bha na bàtaichean aca a' seòladh air falbh.



ach bha fios aig na saighdearan a-nis gun do chaill iad a' bhlàr.

Gu mì-fhortanach, bha leth de na daoine craicte le bròn 's iargain air sgàth 's gun do bhàsaich an Ceann-Cinnidh.

Ann an èiginn, dh'fheuch Clann 'Illeathain ri tèarmaid fhaighinn ann an Cille Naoimh.



Dh'fhuirich iad an sin, làn dòchas gun toireadh Clann Dhòmhnaill meas do thalamh naofa.

FOSGAIL AN DORAS.



Làn de dhiùghaltas, loisg iad a' chaibeal. Bha an caibeal a-nis na theine.

Bhàsaich a h-uile duine ach aon,
MacMhuirich, a shreap a-mach tro toll sa'
mhullach nuair a thuit a' bhiodan.

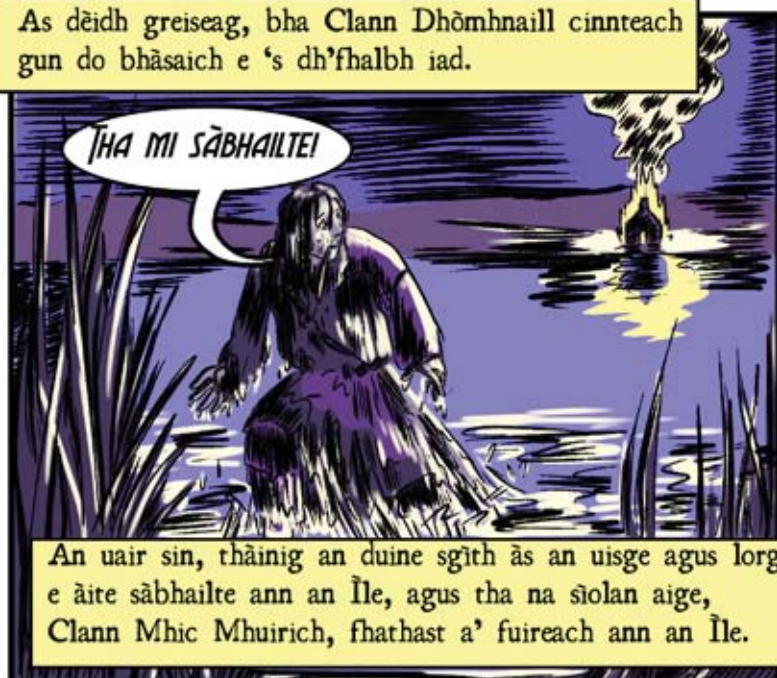


Ruith e chun na Locha, an dòchas gun
snàmh e chun Eilean Naoimh.



Thog e gäinne 's dh'fhalaich e fon uisge, a'
gabhail anail tron ghräinne.

As dèidh greiseag, bha Clann Dhòmhnail cinnreach
gun do bhàsaich e 's dh'fhalbh iad.



An uair sin, thàinig an duine sgìth às an uisge agus lorg
e àite sàbhailte ann an Ìle, agus tha na sìolan aige,
Clann Mhic Mhuirich, fhathast a' fuireach ann an Ìle.

Shàbhail an dotair, Sir Seumas.



Thathar ag ràdh gur e Peuton à Baile an
Aba a bh'anns an dotair.

Tha sinn cinnreach gun do thog Clann
'IllEathain an Ceann-cinnidh aca bhon
tobar shalach.



Tha cuid de dhaoine a' smaoinntinn gur e sin
an adhbhar gu bheil clach Mhic'Illeathain na
laighe faisg air an tobar.

Cha robh Seumas idir airson barrachd sabaid 's an
àite tàing a thoirt dhan Dubh Sith, dh'iarr e falbh.



Theich an Dubh Sith air ais a Dhiùra
aig peileir a bheatha.



B' e gaisgeach a bh' ann an Goraidh Chrobhan, Gorred na làimh gheal.

Bha ile fo ionnsaidh dràgon fiathaich a bha fuireach ann an Imir a 'Chonairt faisg air Baile na Gràinne.



Ceann Loch na Dàla, san long aige a bha aig arcasaid aig Ceann Lochendall, dhan saobhaidh na dràgoin. Bheir e leis, trì seann eich, 's chuir e air an rathad eadar Loch na Dàla agus Imir a 'Chonairt.



Nuair a ràinig e saobhaidh na dràgoin, thòisich e ga macadh gus an tàinig an dràgon a-mach 's thòisich an dràgon ga leantain.



Rinn sin a chùis!

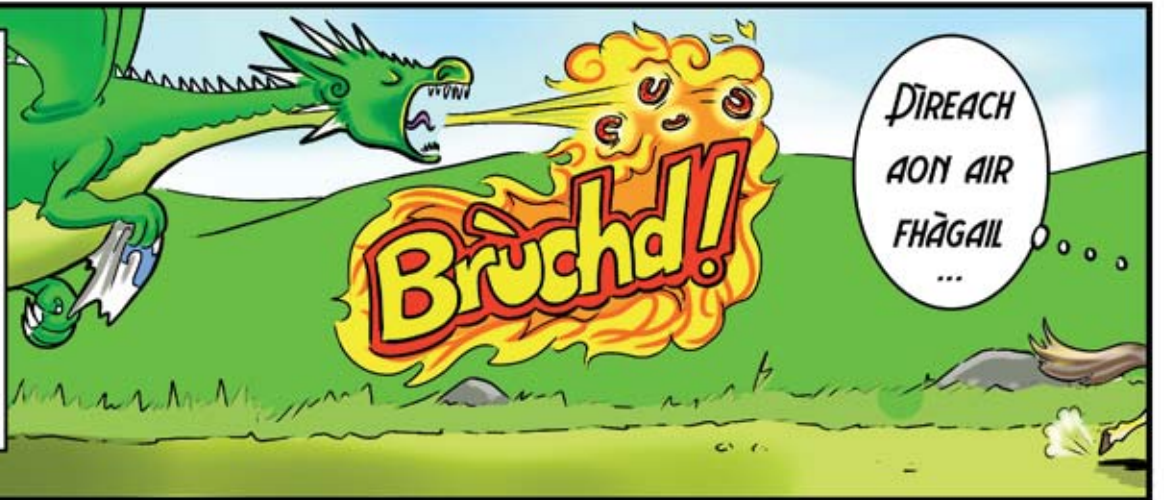
Ghabh an t-each, leis a' dhràgon a' glàmadh an sàilean.



Nuair a mhothaich an dràgon a' chiad each, dh'ith e e. Bheir sin cothrom dha Chrobhan



Nuair a mhothaich an dràgon an dàrna each, dh'ith e sin cuideachd 's chum Chrobhan a' dol cho luath sa' ghabhas.

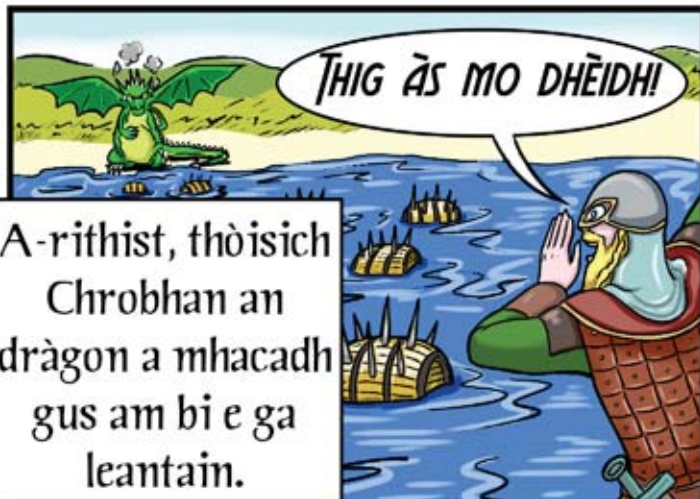


Thachair an aon rud leis an treas each.



Thuige seo, bha an dràgon làn agus reamhar agus slaodach.

Bha Chrobhan air baraillean a chur a-mach eadar an cladach agus a' bhàta. Anns gach baraill chur e tòrr bioran iarann.



A-rithist, thòisich Chrobhan an dràgon a mhacadh gus am bi e ga leantain.

Ach, bha an dràgon a-nis ro reamhar 's bha e gluasad gu cugallach 's cliobach.



Leum Chrobhan thairis air na baraillean 's mharbh e an dràgon.

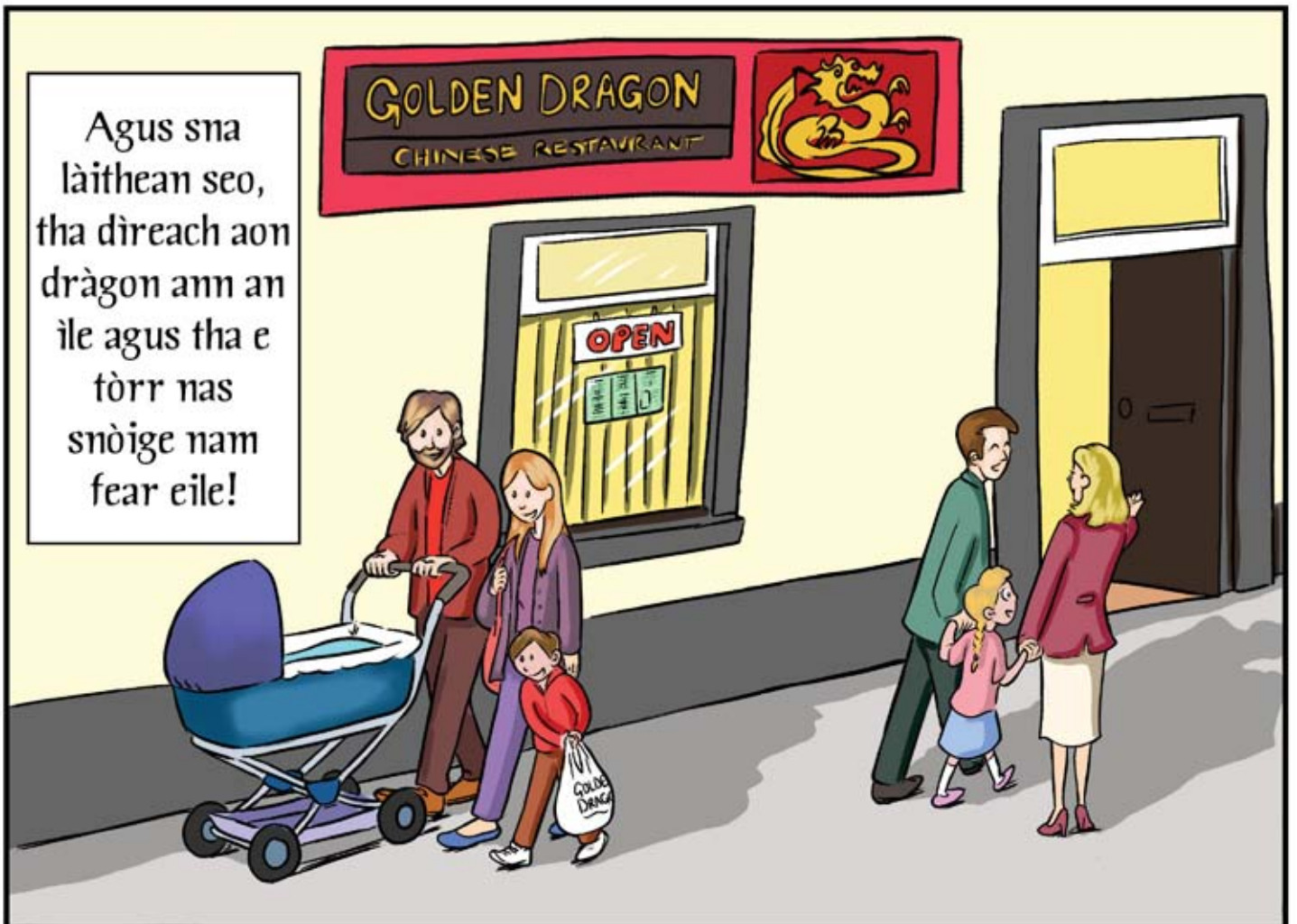




Thathar ag radh gun do chaochail Chrobhan ann an ile ann an 1095, is tha an uaigh aige faisg air Ceann Tràighe.



Tha clach mòr glas na sheasamh ann an Carragh Ban, The White Stone.



Agus sna làithean seo, tha dìreach aon dràgon ann an ile agus tha e tòrr nas snòige nam fear eile!

Chuir iad an t-sùil à Pìlot bàn,
Chuir iad an t-sùil à Pìlot;



Chuir iad an t-sùil à Pìlot bochd,
Gun fhios gu dè lochd a rinn e.

Dìol mo chuid mulan aig mucan a' Chùbair!
Chuir iad nan smùid a-raoir iad;



'S beag a bha fhios 'am gu robh iad san dùthaich
Fhad 's a bha 'n t-sùil 'am Pìlot.

Ghlèidheadh e dhomhs' an gàrradh càil
Gu là bho chromadh an duibhre

Fan às an t-sealladh!

Poileasman riamh cha robh aig na Goill
Cho math ris air faireadh na h-oidhche.

Ged thèid mi dom leapa, chan
fhaigh mi loc cadail
Le balaich a' bhaile san oidhche;



Halò a
bhalachaibh!

Ise! Rimm ise
an cron air
Pìlot!

Ach dh'fhaodadh na suiridhean
fuireach aig baile
Mur dalladh a' chaile' mo Phìlot.

Saoil sibh fhèin nach bu
neò-bhanail
Am buill' thug a' chaile' le foill
dhà;



O gu sealladh orm!
Seall air an dithist ud!

Gur maing gill' òg d' an leannan
a' bhèist
'On chuir i bho fheum mo
Phìlot.

Bha mo chuilean-sa ro-mhath air fuadach;
Chuireadh e suas ri beinn iad:



Nach tu am balach!

Coisich

Bho chùlaibh an taighe dh'fhalbhadh e
siùbhlach,
'S ruigeadh e Tùr an t-Saighdeir.

Ged rachainn-sa tamail air chuan,
Gun tilleadh gu uair na h-oidhche -



Ruigeadh tu 'n cladach, is gheibheadh tu mi,
Ged rachainn air tìr an Goinneag.

Chuir mi petition a
dh'ionnsaidh na Bànrigh'n

A dh'inneadh mar
thachair dom Phìlot,



Thuir i gun cuireadh i
gini 'am dhòrn

A chuireadh sùil òir 'am
Pìlot.





Uaf
Uaf!



Tha mi
duilich



Dèan
gàire!

NA GAISGICH

CREATED BY PRIMARY SCHOOLS FROM **ISLAY & JURA, MULL AND TIREE** IN MARCH 2018, INCLUDING BOWMORE PS, PORT ELLEN PS, PORT CHARLOTTE PS, KEILLS PS, SMALL ISLES PS, TOBERMORY PS, SALEN PS, ULVA PS, LOCHDONHEAD PS, TIREE PS AND TIREE HIGH SCHOOL

MANY THANKS TO KIRSTY BLACKHALL, MAGGIE MACLELLAN, JULIE MACLENNAN AND MAIRI FORBES FOR ORGANISING THE COMIC BOOK WORKSHOPS IN THEIR LOCAL AREAS AND FOR ALL THE TEACHERS WHO HELPED OUT EACH DAY.

SPECIAL THANKS TO KIRSTY BLACKHALL, MAGGIE MACLELLAN, DUNCAN MACNEIL AND MAIRI FORBES FOR PROVIDING GAELIC TRANSLATIONS AND EDITING.

THANKS TO PORT ELLEN PS, KEILLS PS, ISLAY HIGH SCHOOL, TOBERMORY HIGH SCHOOL AND TIREE HIGH SCHOOL FOR HOSTING EVENTS.

THANKS TO **SCOTTISH GOVERNMENT** FOR PROVIDING THE FUNDING FOR THE PROJECT, THROUGH THE GAELIC SPECIFIC GRANT, IN ORDER TO FACILITATE ACCESS TO GAELIC LANGUAGE AND CULTURE.

SCRIPTS BY CLASS & PAUL BRISTOW / ARTWORK BY MHAIRI ROBERTSON
PUBLISHED BY MAGIC TORCH COMICS

VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO **GWEN MCCROSSAN** FOR ALL HER HELP AND SUPPORT IN ORGANISING, DEVELOPING AND DELIVERING THE PROJECT.





IN MARCH 2018, PRIMARY SCHOOLS FROM ISLAY & JURA, MULL AND TIREE WORKED TO ADAPT TRADITIONAL GAELIC FOLK TALES AND BALLADS INTO COMIC STRIPS AS PART OF A TRANSITION PROJECT TO HIGH SCHOOL.

FEATURING HEROES AND VILLAINS OF EVERY SHAPE AND SIZE, THERE'S BATTLES, DRAGONS, SUNKEN TREASURE AND EVEN AN UNLUCKY BUT VERY PLUCKY DOG.

THE COMICS ARE PRESENTED IN BOTH DUAL LANGUAGE AND FULL GAELIC TRANSLATION IN ORDER TO PROMOTE READING AND UNDERSTANDING OF GAELIC.



Scottish Government
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