

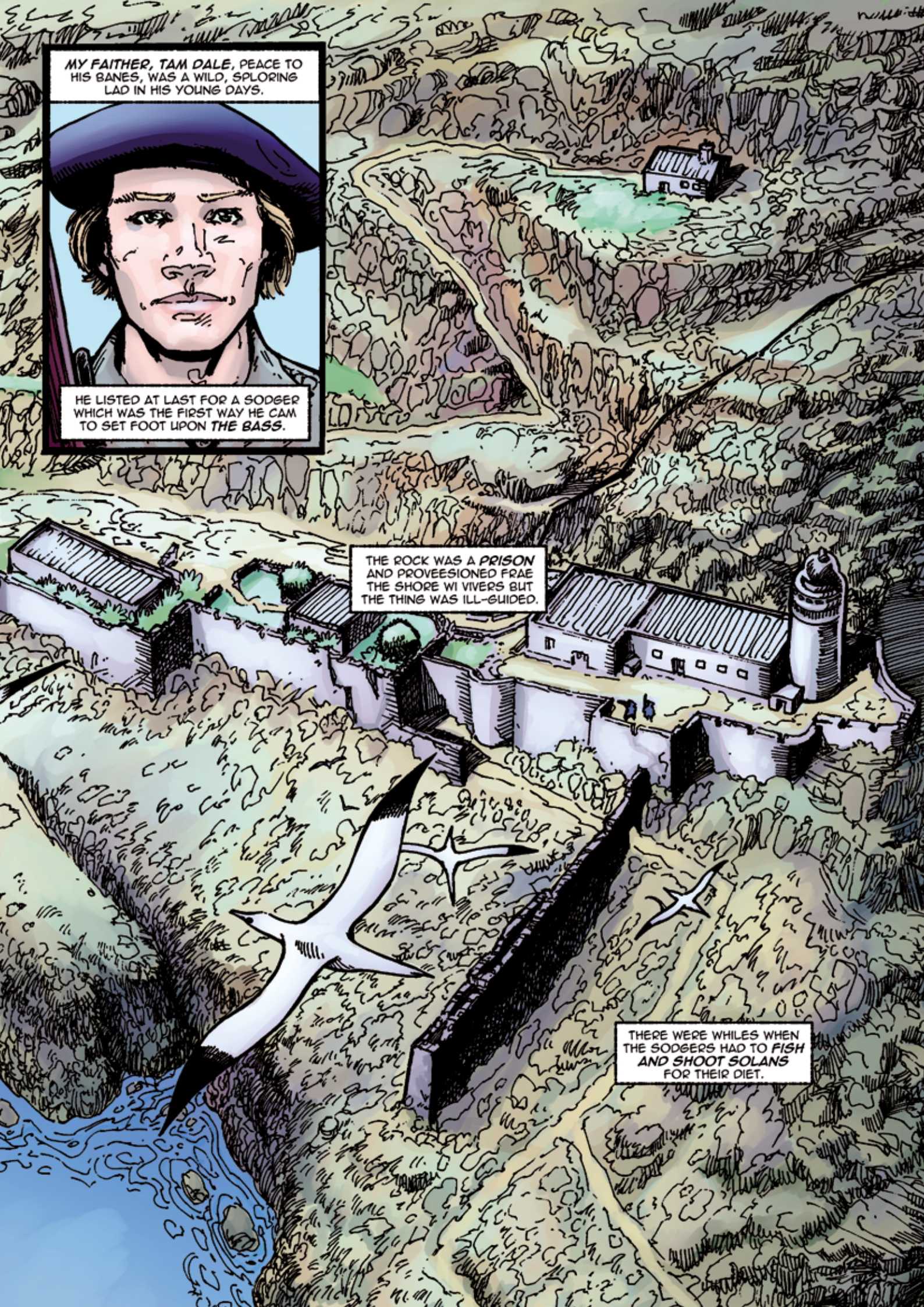
THE TALE O TOD LAPRAIK

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Adapted by Matthew Fitt

Art by Gary Welsh

www.scotshoose.com

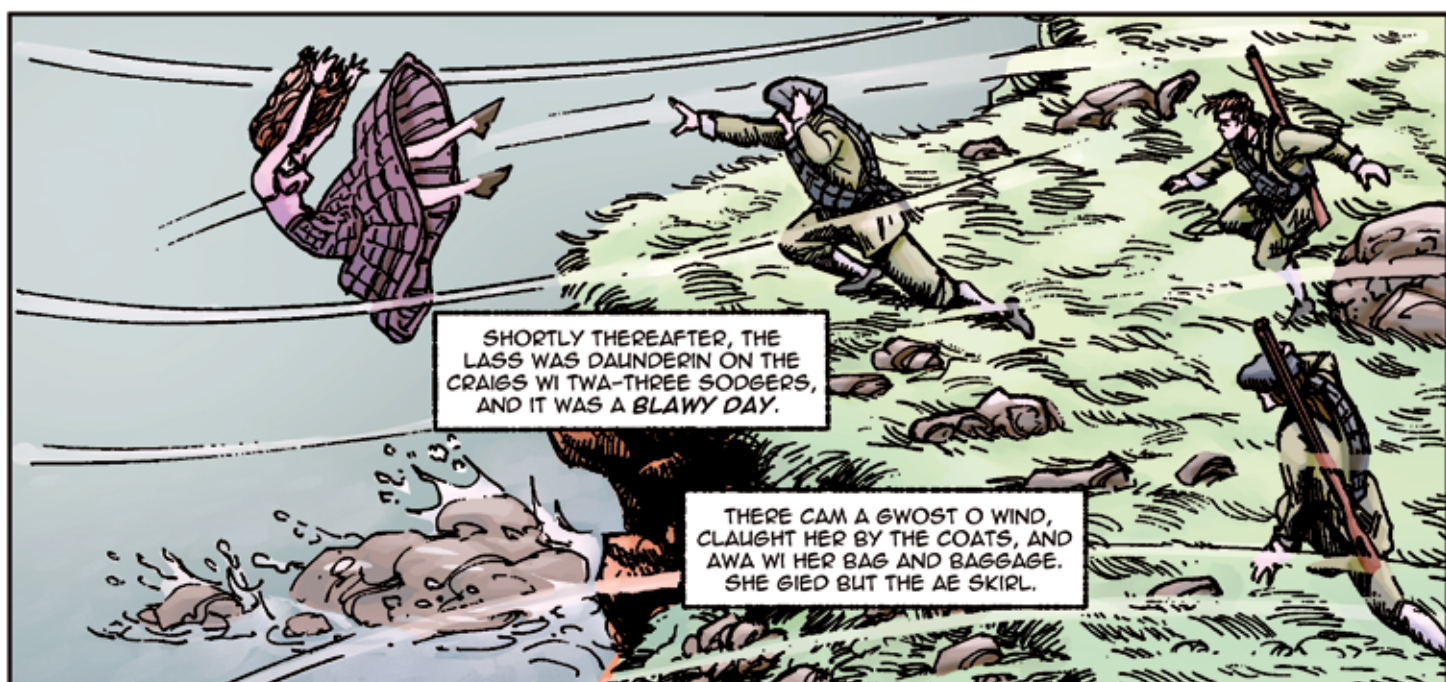


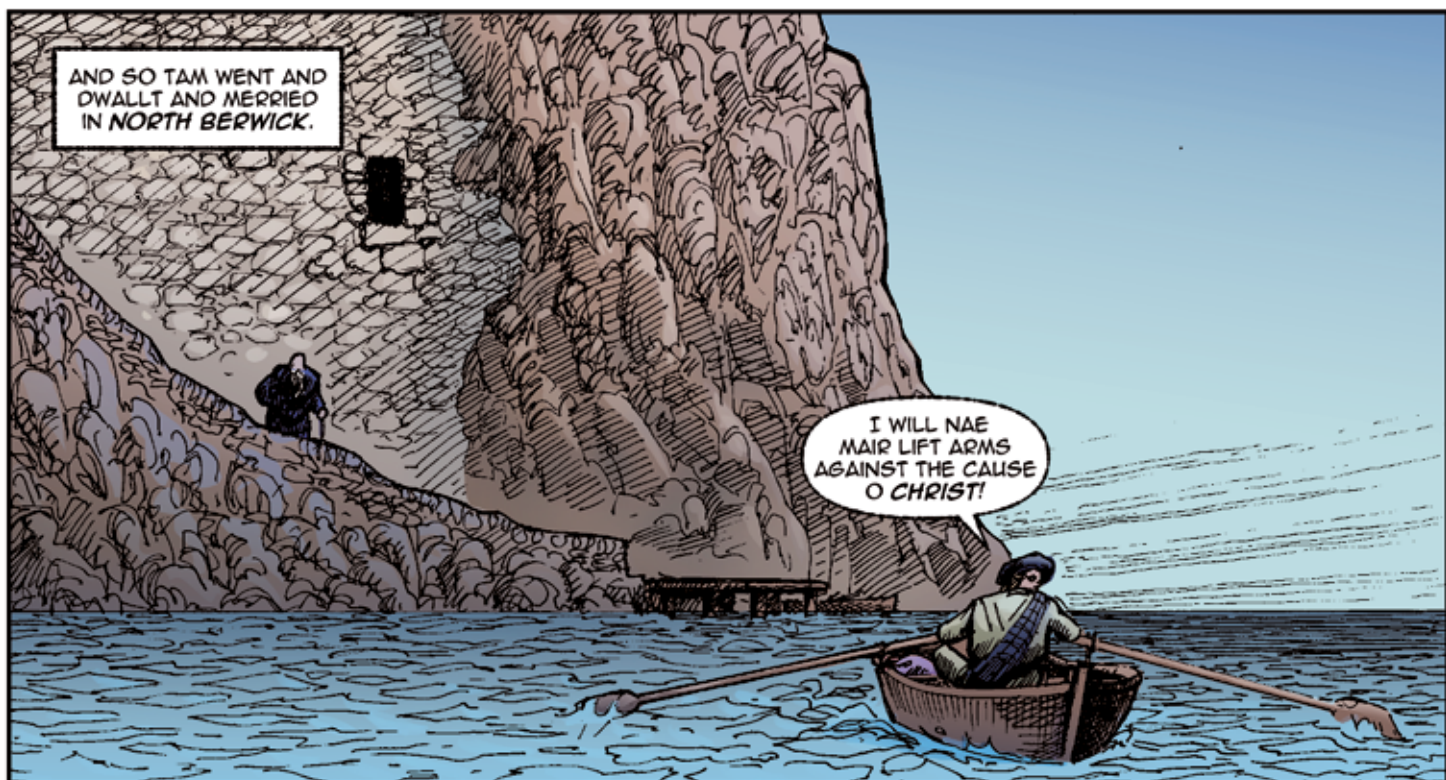
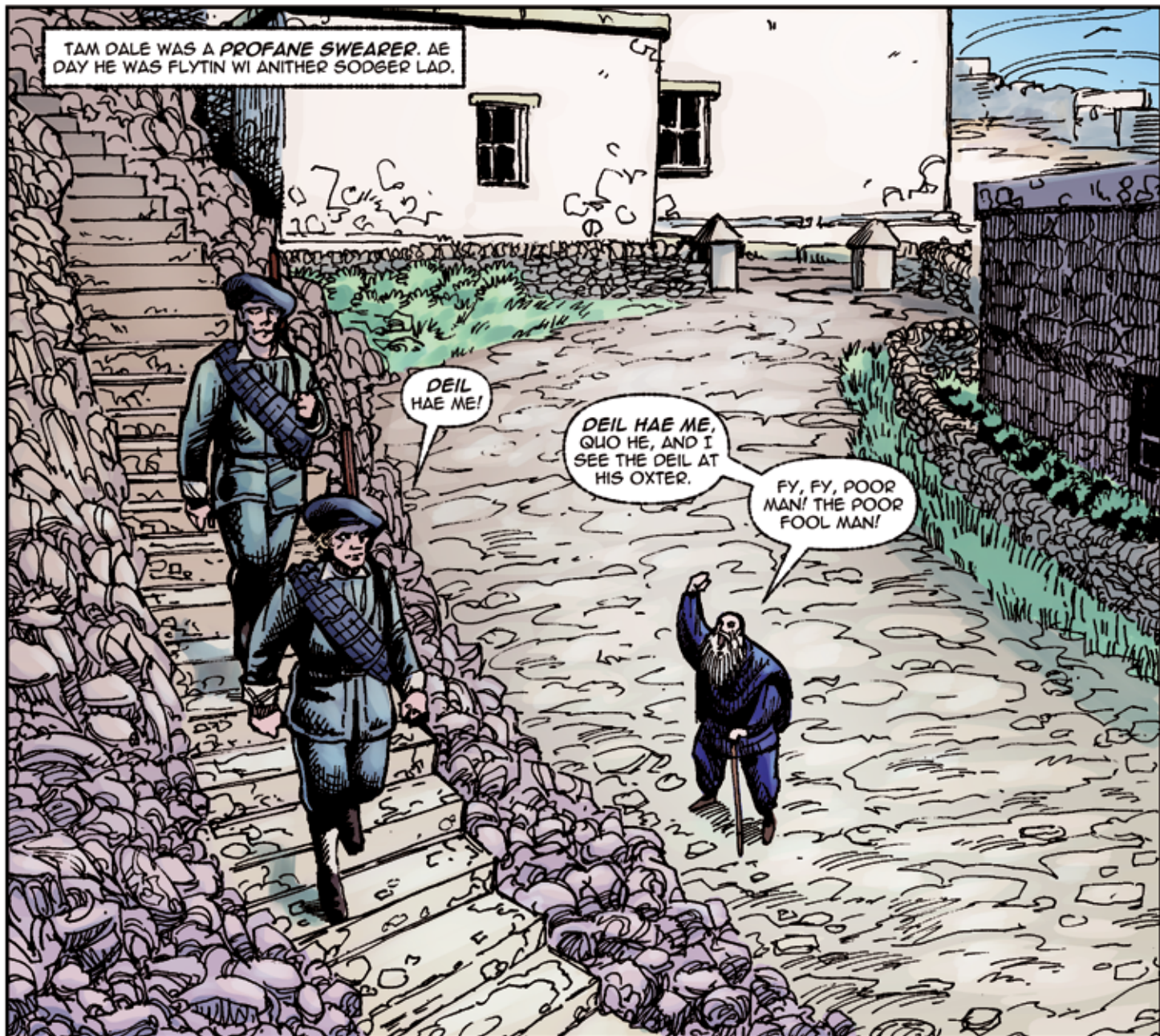
MY FAITHER, TAM DALE, PEACE TO
HIS BANES, WAS A WILD, SPLORING
LAD IN HIS YOUNG DAYS.

HE LISTED AT LAST FOR A SODGER
WHICH WAS THE FIRST WAY HE CAM
TO SET FOOT UPON *THE BASS*.

THE ROCK WAS A *PRISON*
AND PROVEESIONED FRAE
THE SHORE WI VIVERS BUT
THE THING WAS ILL-GUIDED.

THERE WERE WHILES WHEN
THE SODGERS HAD TO FISH
AND SHOOT SOLANS
FOR THEIR DIET.





IN THE YEAR SEVENTEEN HUNTER AND SAX, TWA MEN SOCHT THE CHAIRGE O THE BASS ROCK.

ANE WAS MY FAITHER, TAM DALE.

THE TITHER WAS TOD LAPRAIK.

TOD DWALLT IN THE DARK
UNCANNY LOAN BY THE KIRK. TAM
GAED TAE SEE LAPRAIK AND TOOK
ME, THAT WAS A TODDLIN LADDIE.

TOD, A WABSTER TO TRADE,
SAT AT HIS LOOM, HIS EEN
STEEKED, WI A KIND O A HOLY
SMILE THAT GART ME SCUNNER.

I WHILES FA'
INTO A BIT DWAM
LIKE THIS.

BUT TAM DALE AND TOD LAPRAIK
SOON CAM TO VERY ILL WORDS,
AND TWINED IN ANGER.

DWAM! I THINK
FOLK HAE BRUNT
FOR DWAMS
LIKE YON.

TAM, I HOPE
YE'LL FIND AT LEAST
A' THAT YE EXPECKIT
AT THE BASS.

AWEEEL, MY FAITHER
GOT THE BASS AND TOO
HAD TO GO WANTIN.

AT LAST THE TIME
CAM FOR TAM DALE TO
TAK YOUNG SOLANS.

TAM KEEKED
UP, AND HE
WAS AWAAUR O
A MUCKLE
SOLAN PYKIN
AT THE LINE.

SHOO! AWA,
BIRD! SHOO,
AWA WI YE!

THE SOLAN KEEKIT DOON INTO TAM'S FACE,
AND THERE WAS SOMETHING UNCO IN THE CREATURE'S EE.

SO THERE HE WAS
HINGSIN BY A LINE
AND SPELDERIN
ON THE CRAIG
FACE, WHAUR IT'S
HIEEST AND
STEIGHEST.

THAT THING
IS NAE BIRD.

TAM HAD A KNIFE, HE GART THE CAULD STEEL GLITTER.
NAE SUNER DID THE STEEL GLINT, THE THING WAS GANE.

THEY PU'D TAM UP
LIKE A DEID CORP.

A DRAM O BRANDY BROCHT HIM TO HIS MIND, OR WHAT WAS LEFT O IT.

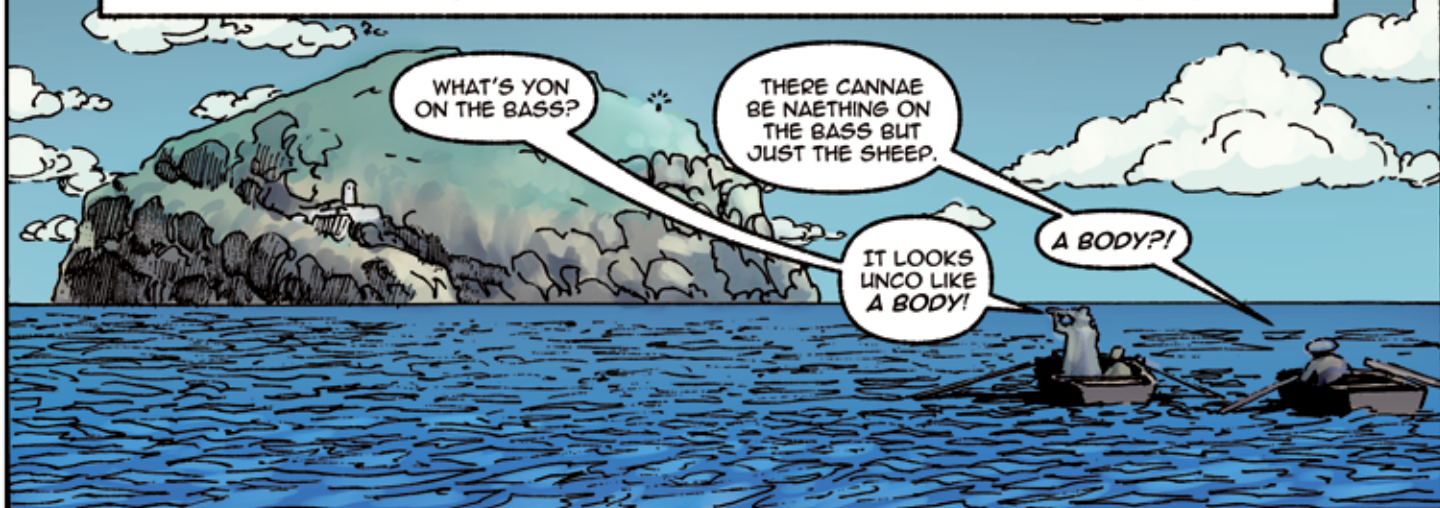
NA, AS SUNE AS I
CAN STAND ON MY TWA
FEET, WE'LL BE AFF FRAE
THIS CRAIG O SATAN.

AT NORTH BERWICK, TAM WAS IN A *CRYING FEVER*. HE LAY A' THE SIMMER; AND WHA CAM SPIERIN FOR HIM, BUT TOD LAPRAIK.



FOLK THOCHT EFTERWARDS THAT ILKA TIME TOD CAM NEAR THE HOOSE THE FEVER HAD *WORSENERD*.

ABOUT THIS TIME O YEAR, MY *GRANDFAITHER* WAS OOT AT THE FISHING; AND LIKE A BAIRN, I HAD TO GANG WI HIM. NEAR THE BASS ROCK, WE FORGAITHERED WI ANITHER BOAT THAT BELANGED *SANDIE FLETCHER*.



IT'S TOD.
OR ANE IN
THE *LIKENESS*
O HIM.

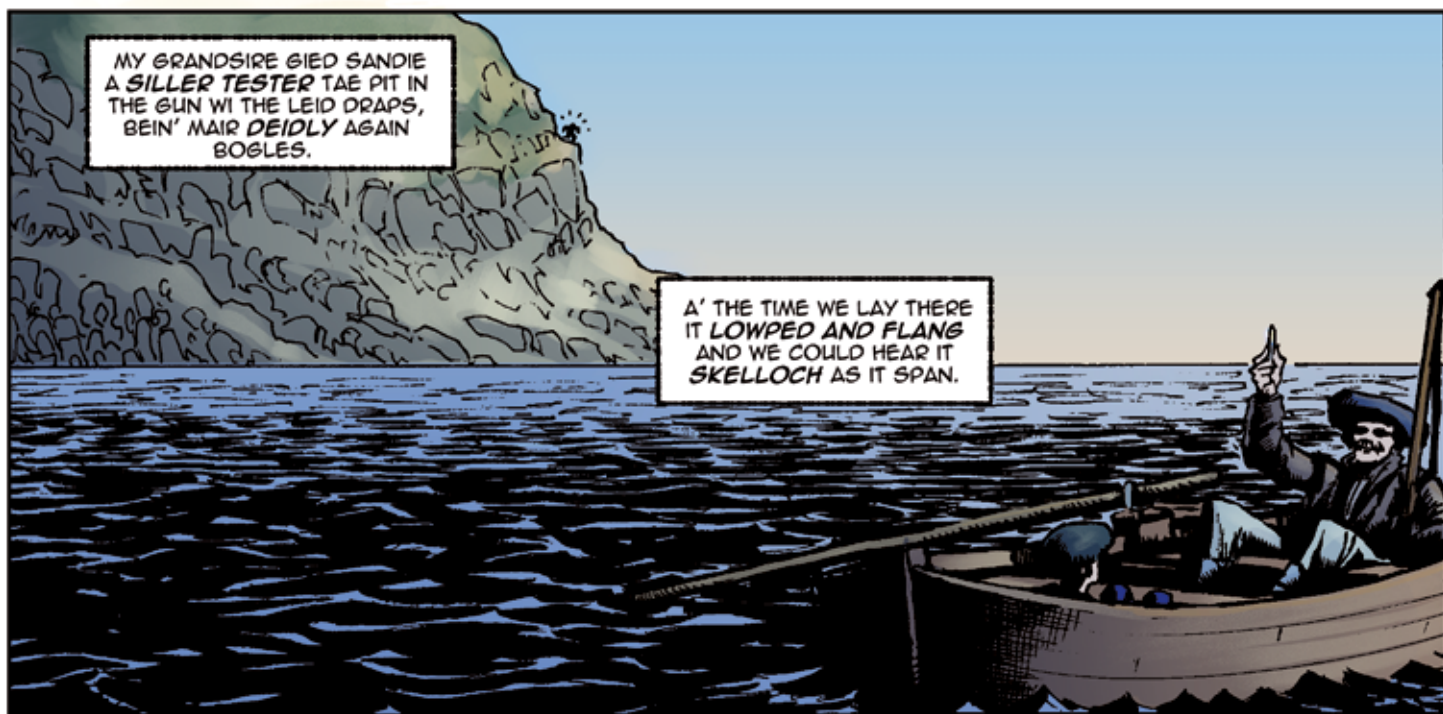


DEIL OR
WARLOCK,
I'LL TRY THE
GUN AT HIM.

HAUD YOUR
HAND, SANDIE.



MY GRANDFAITHER HAD THE FASTEST BOAT. IT WAS AGREED HE WID GANG BACK TO *NORTH BERWICK*. IF HE FOOND LAPRAIK AT HAME, HE WID RIN UP THE *FLAG* AT THE HARBOUR AND SANDIE COULD TRY *THON THING* WI THE GUN.

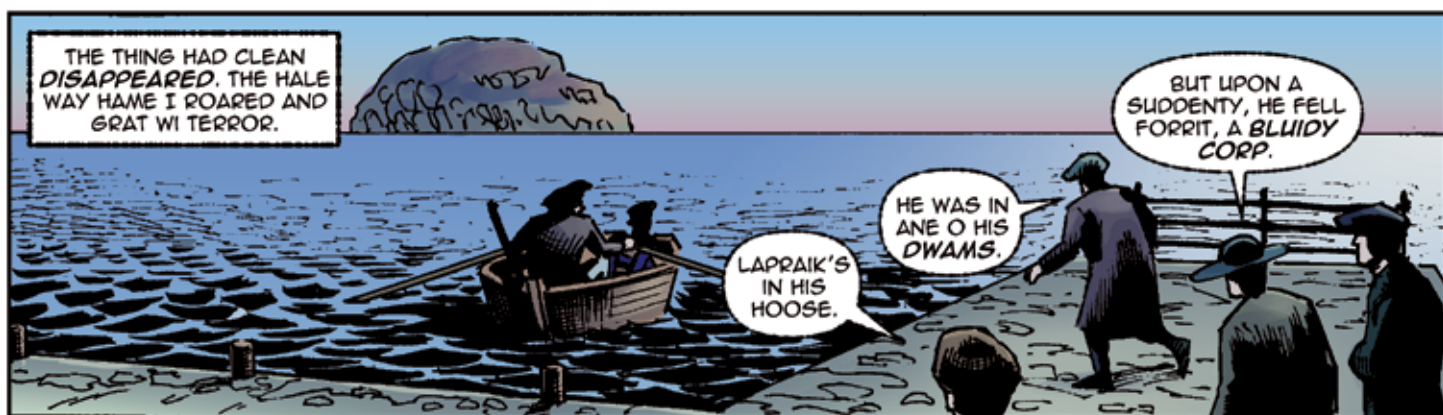


MY GRANDSIRE GIED SANDIE
A **SILLER TESTER** TAE PIT IN
THE GUN WI THE LEID DRAPS,
BEIN' MAIR **DEIDLY** AGAIN
BOGLES.

A' THE TIME WE LAY THERE
IT **LOWPED AND FLANG**
AND WE COULD HEAR IT
SKELLOCH AS IT SPAN.



WEEL, WE SAW THE WEE FLAG YIRK UP
TO THE MASTHEID UPON THE HARBOUR
ROCKS. THAT WAS A' SANDIE WAITED FOR.



THE THING HAD CLEAN
DISAPPEARED. THE HALE
WAY HAME I ROARED AND
GRAT WI TERROR.

BUT UPON A
SUDDENTY, HE FELL
FORRIT, A **BLUIDY**
CORP.

HE WAS IN
ANE O HIS
DWAMS.
LAPRAIK'S
IN HIS
HOOSE.



WHEN THE CORP WAS EXAMINED, NAE LEID DRAPS WERE FUND IN THE WARLOCK'S BODY...

...BUT THERE WAS **GRANDFAATHER'S SILLER**
TESTER IN THE PUDDOCK'S HERT O HIM.