

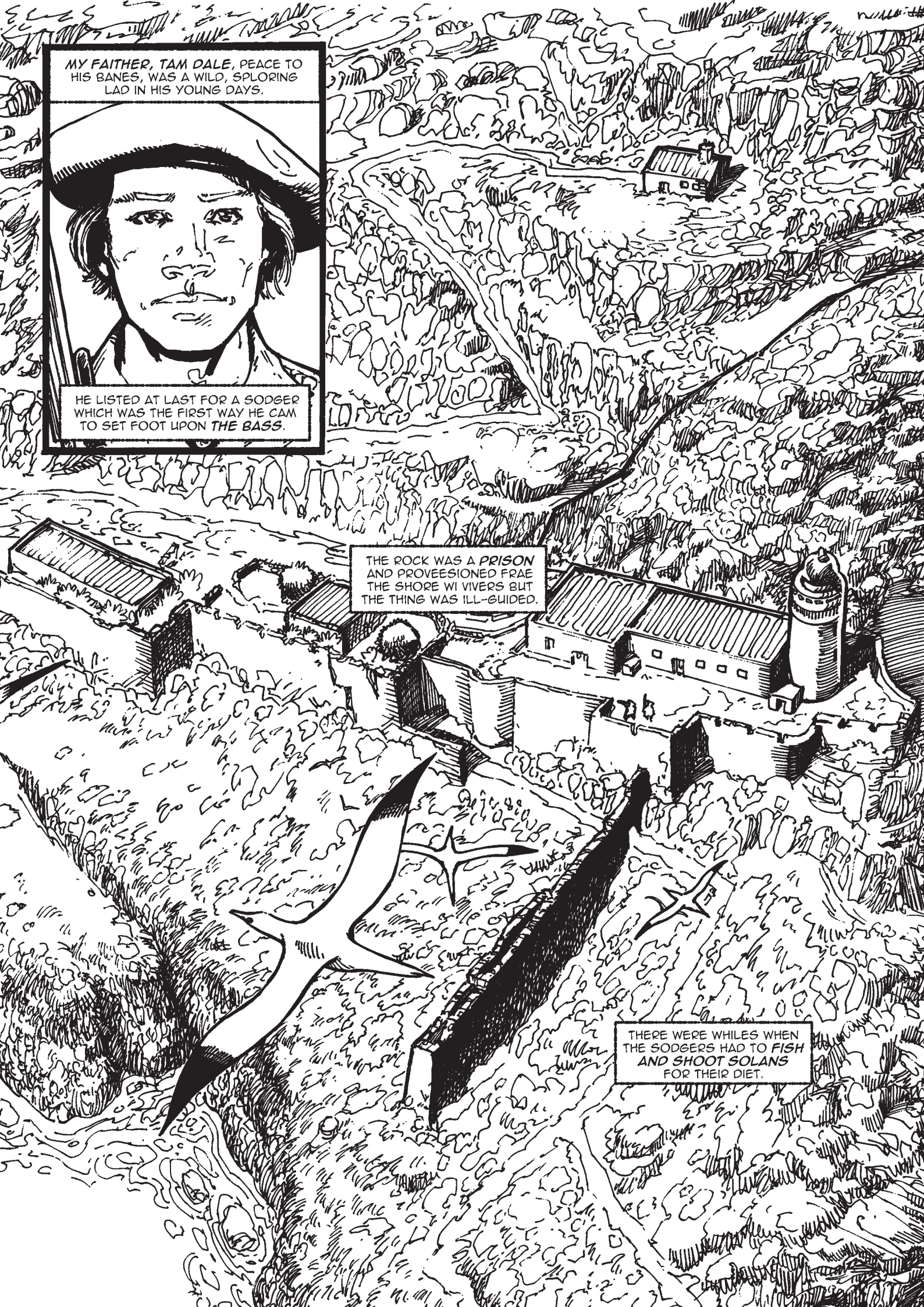
# ***THE TALE O TOD LAPRAIK***

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Adapted by Matthew Fitt

Art by Gary Welsh

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MY FAATHER, 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.



TO CROWN A', THIR WAS THE DAYS O THE PERSECUTION.

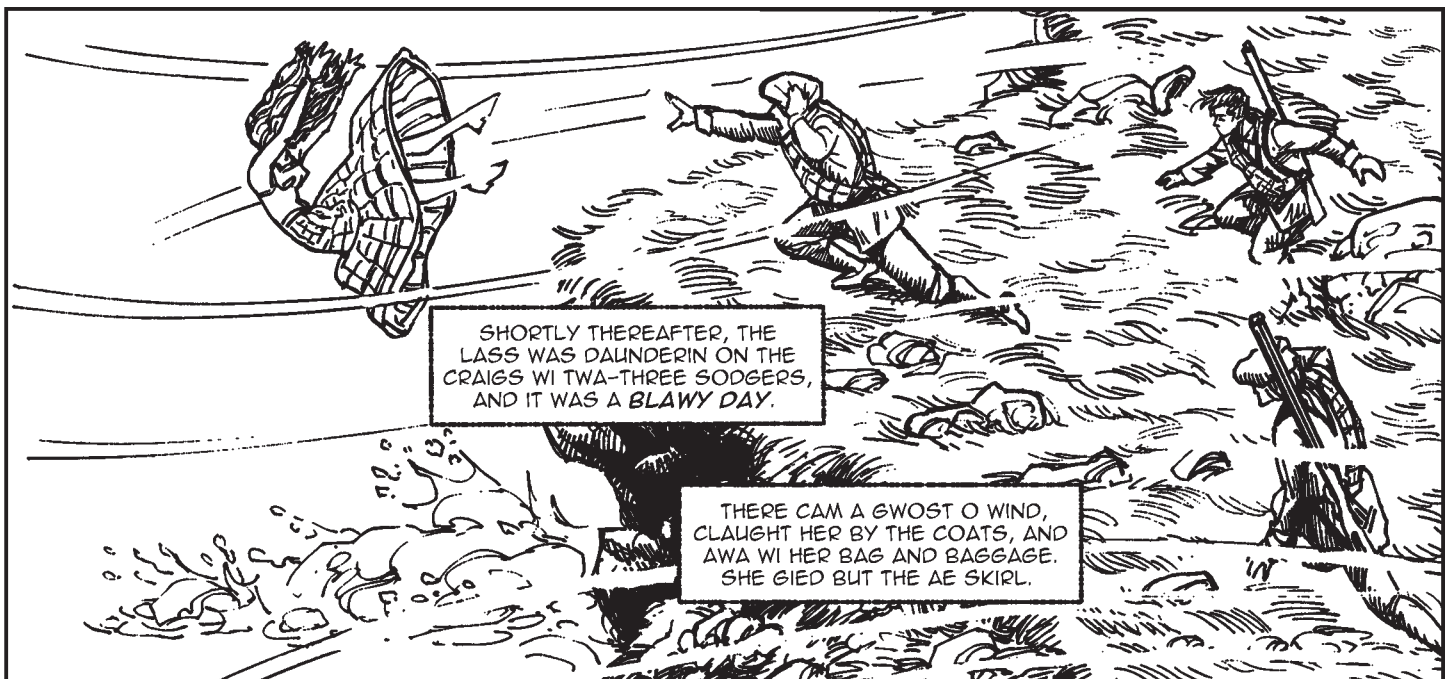
THE PERISHIN' CAULD CHALMERS WERE A' OCCUPEED WI SAINTS AND MARTYRS.



IN THIR DAYS, DWALLED UPON THE BASS A MAN OF GOD, PEDEN THE PROPHET WAS HIS NAME.

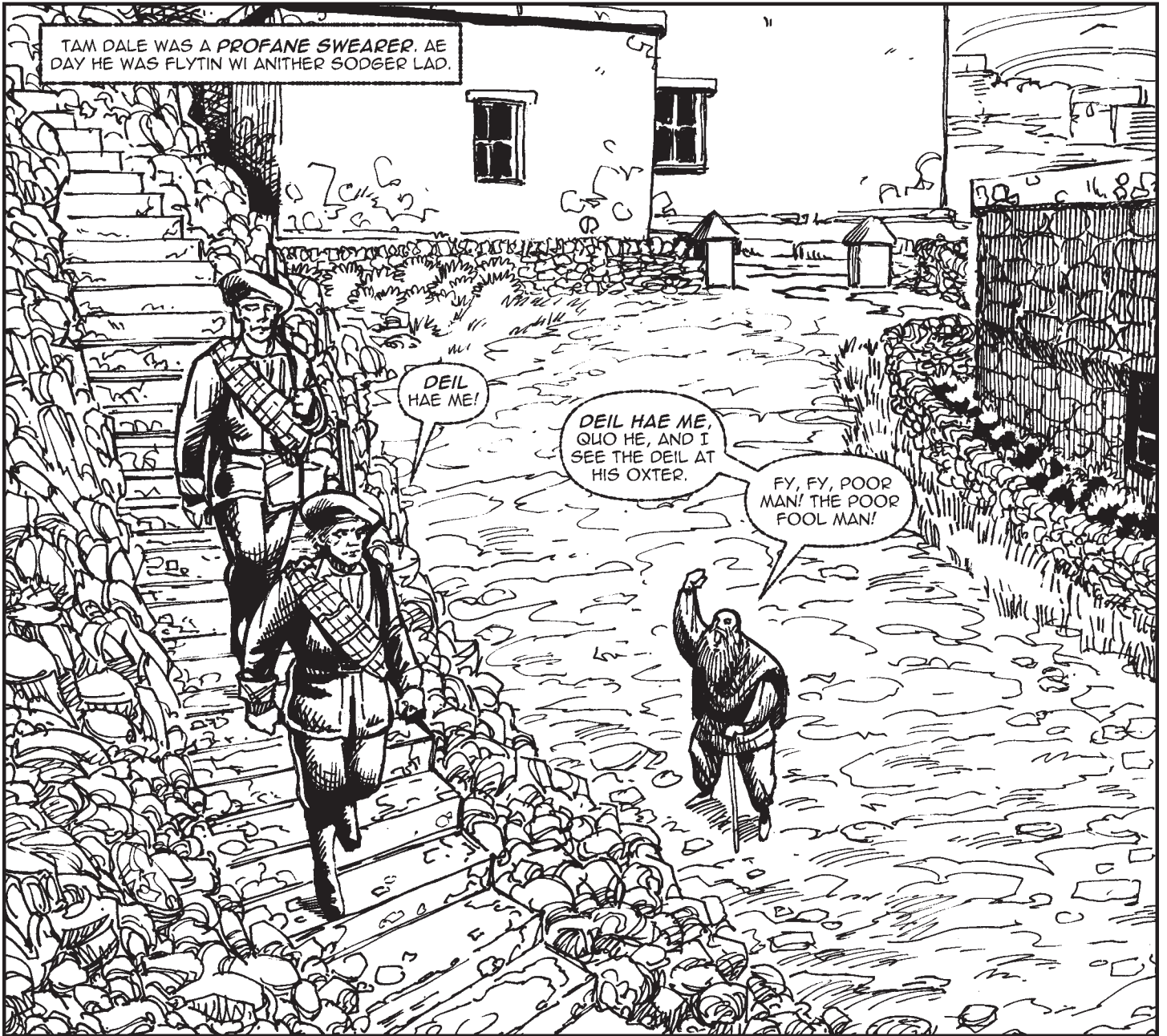
POOR LASS, POOR THING! I HEAR YOU SKIRL AND LAUGH.

BUT THE LORD HAS A DEID SHOT PREPARED FOR YOU.

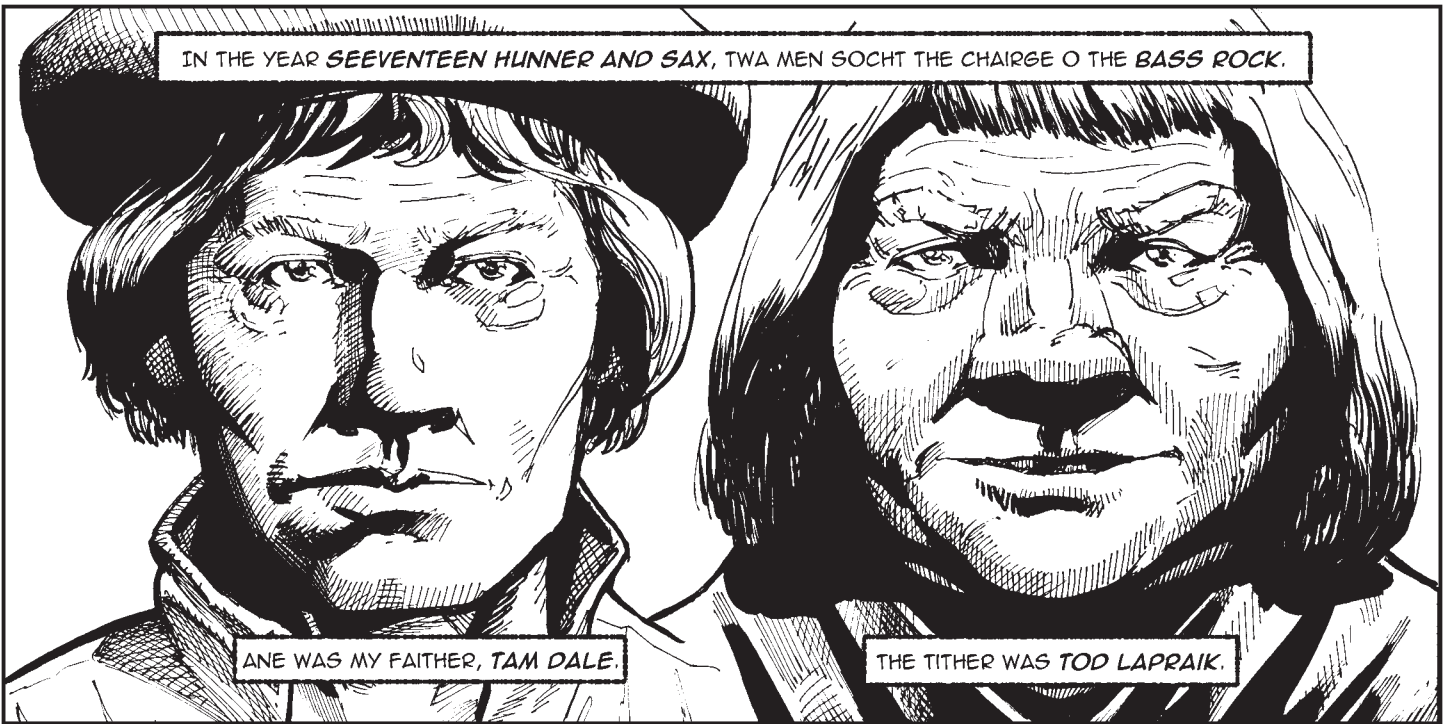


SHORTLY THEREAFTER, THE LASS WAS DALINDERIN ON THE CRAIGS WI TWA-THREE SODGERS, AND IT WAS A BLAWY DAY.

THERE CAM A GWOST O WIND, CLAUGHT HER BY THE COATS, AND AWA WI HER BAG AND BAGGAGE. SHE GIED BUT THE AE SKIRL.



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.

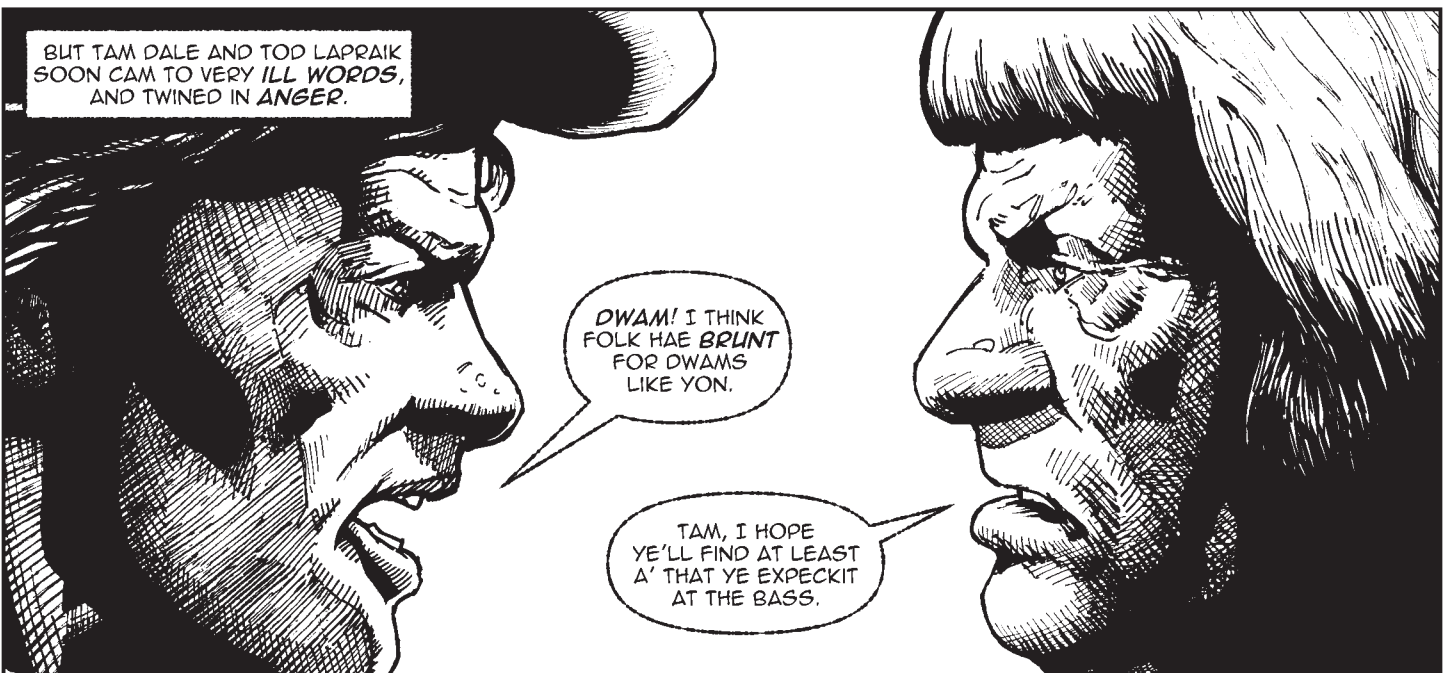
TOD DWALLT IN THE DARK  
UNCANNY LOAN BY THE KIRK. TAM  
GAED TAE SEE LAPRAIK AND TOOK  
ME, THAT WAS A TODDLIN LADDIE.



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.

AWEEL, MY FAITHER  
GOT THE BASS AND TOD  
HAD TO GO WANTIN.

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



TAM KEEKED  
UP, AND HE  
WAS AWALUR 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.

THAT THING  
IS NAE BIRD.

THEY PU'D TAM UP  
LIKE A DEID CORP.

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

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

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



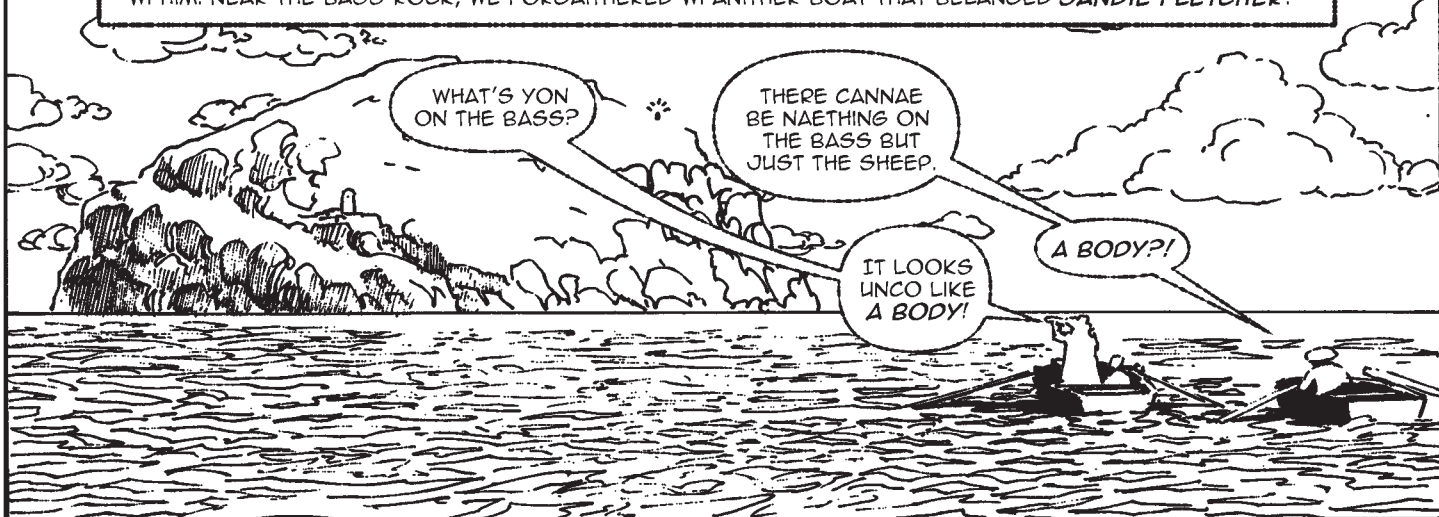
NA, AS SLUNE AS I  
CAN STAND ON MY TWA  
FEET, WE'LL BE AFF FRAE  
THIS CRAIG O SATAN.

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 *WORSENE*D.

ABOUT THIS TIME O YEAR, MY *GRANDFA*THER 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.

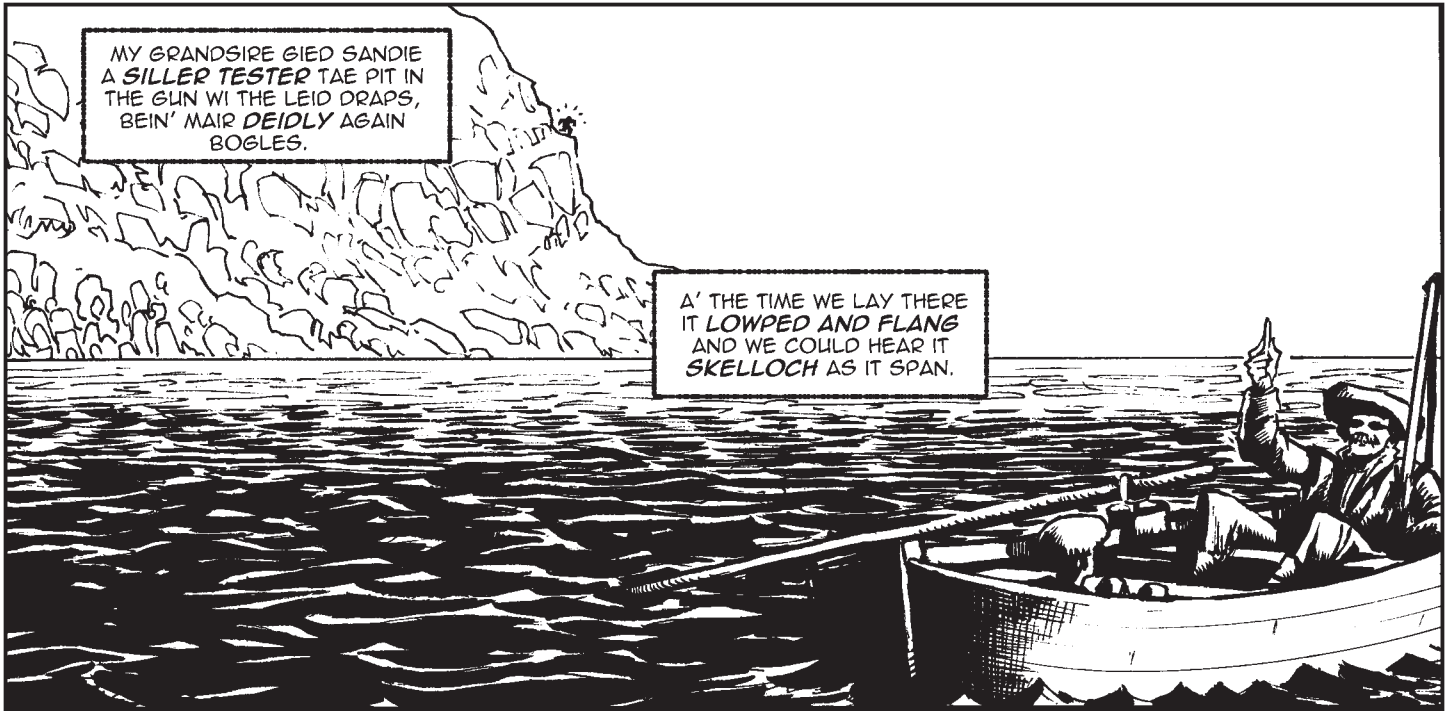


DEIL OR WARLOCK, I'LL TRY THE *GUN* AT HIM.

HAUD YOUR HAND, SANDIE.



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

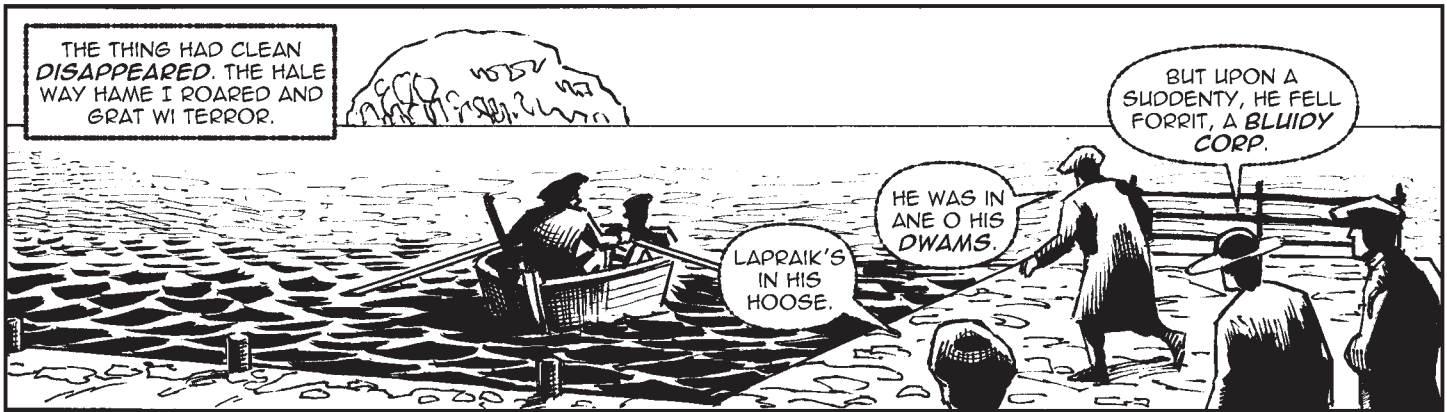


MY GRANDSIRE GIED SANDIE  
A SILLER TESTER TAE PIT IN  
THE GUN WI THE LEID DRAPS,  
BEIN' MAIR DEIDLY AGAIN  
BOGLES.

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 LIP  
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 GRANDFATHER'S SILLER  
TESTER IN THE PUDDOCK'S HERT O HIM.