

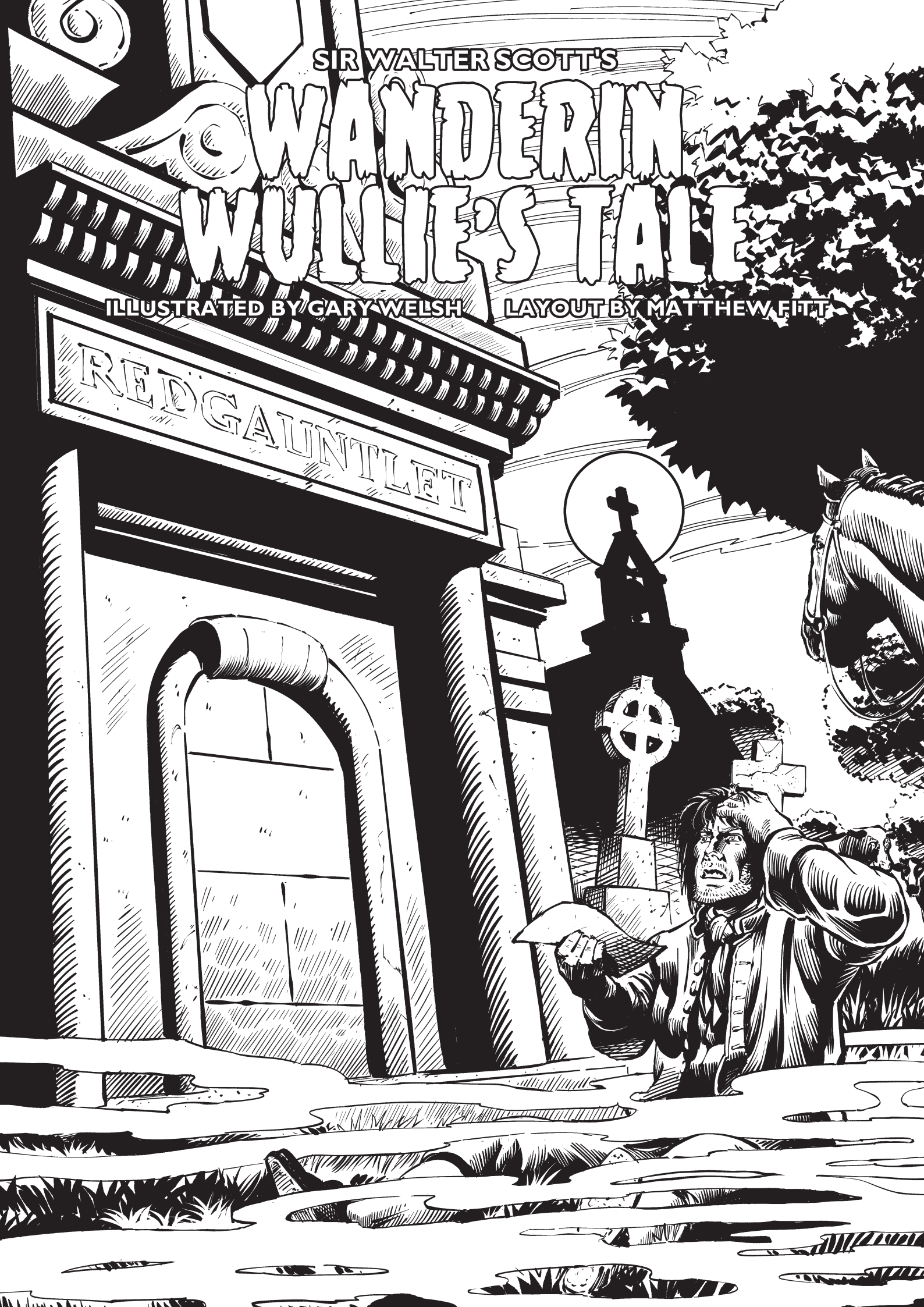
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

WANDERIN WULLIE'S TALE

ILLUSTRATED BY GARY WELSH

LAYOUT BY MATTHEW FITT

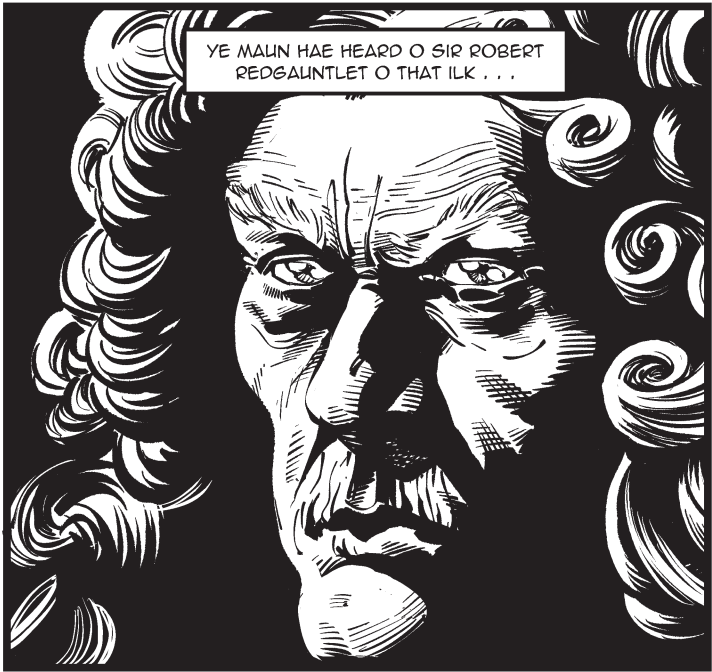
RED GAUNTLET



I, WULLIE STEENSON - OR
IF YE LIKE, WANDERIN WULLIE -
WHILES MAK A TALE; AND I HAE
SOME FEARSOME ANES . . .



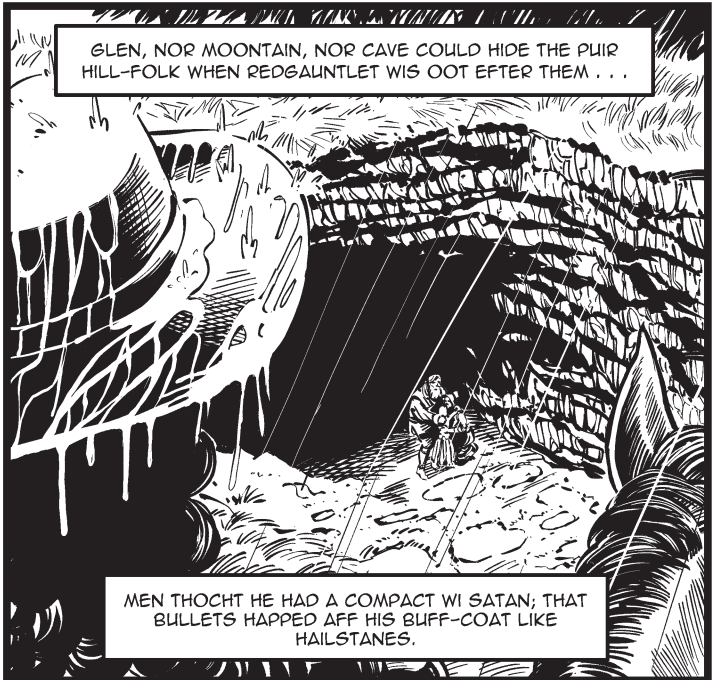
YE MAUN HAE HEARD O SIR ROBERT
REDDAUNTLET O THAT ILK . . .



IN THE KILLIN TIMES, REDGAUNTLET,
KNIGHTIT WI THE KING'S AIN
SWORD, HAD A COMMISSION TAE
PIT DOON AW THE COVENANTERS.



GLEN, NOR MOONTAIN, NOR CAVE COULD
HIDE THE PLUR HILL-FOLK
WHEN REDGAUNTLET WIS OOT EFTER THEM . . .



MEN THOCHT HE HAD A COMPACT WI SATAN;
THAT BULLETS HAPPED AFF HIS
BUFF-COAT LIKE HAILSTANES.

MAK
READY-- PRESENT-- FIRE!



FAUR AND WIDE WIS SIR ROBERT HATIT AND FEARED . . .

BUT HE WISNA A BAD MAISTER TAE HIS AIN FOLK,
AND WIS WEEL ENEUCH LIKET BY HIS TENANTS;



... MA GRANDFAATHER, STEENIE STEENSON,
BADE ON REDGAUNTLET'S GRUND.

STEENIE WIS A RAMBLIN, RATTLIN
CHIEL AND COULD PLAY WEEL ON THE PIPES.



STEENIE WIS A FAVOURITE WI HIS MAISTER, AND WIS
AFTEN SENT FOR TAE PLAY THE PIPES AT THE CASTLE.

WEEL, ROUNO CAM THE REVOLUTION AND SIR ROBERT
BEGAN TAE BE KEENER ABOUT THE RENTS THAN AFORE.



NAEBODY CAREO TAE ANGER HIM. THE LOOKS HE PIT ON
MADE MEN WHILES THINK HIM A DEEVIL INCARNATE.

MA GUIDESIRE HADNA THE SAVIN GIFT AND GOT TWA TERMS'
RENT IN ARREAR. AT LAST HE GOT THE HAIL SCRIPIT
THEGITHER--A THOUSAND MERKS.



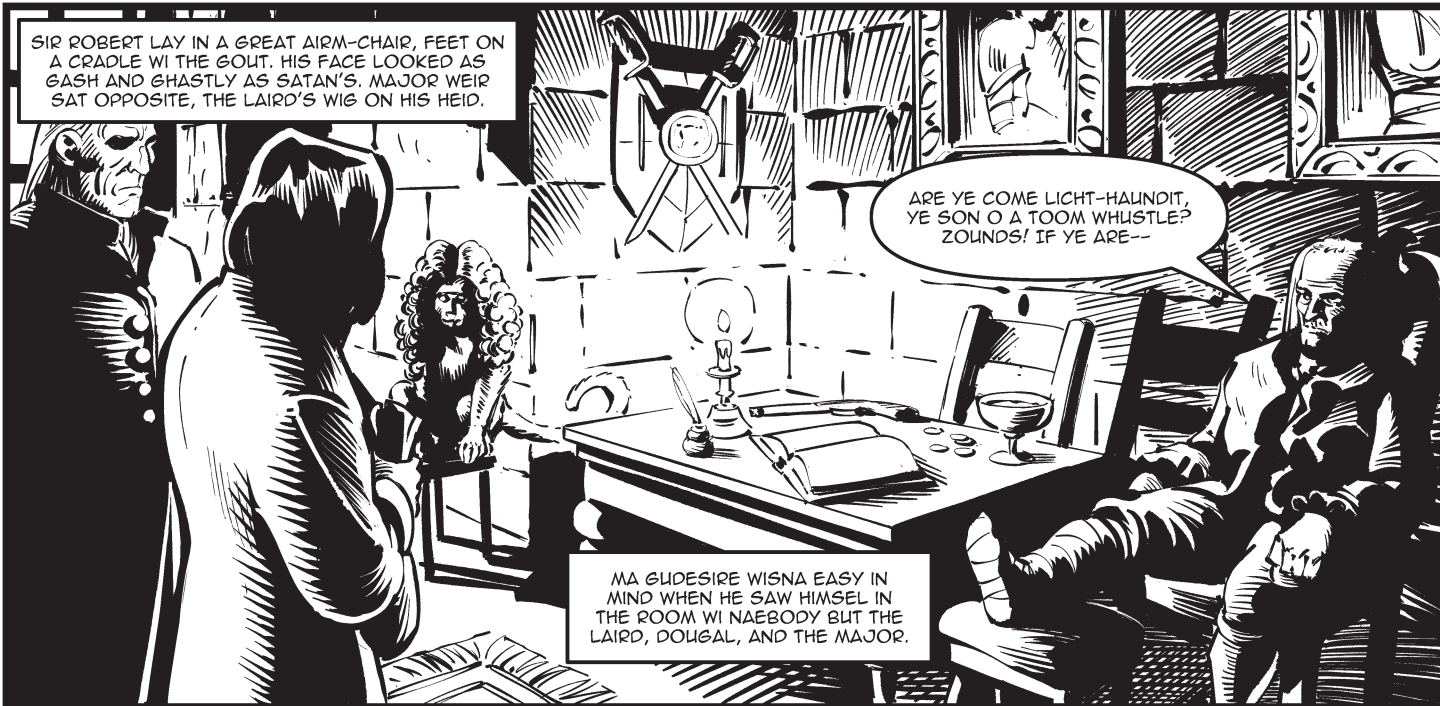
AWA TROTS MA GUIDESIRE TAE REDGAUNTLET
CASTLE WI A HEAVY PURSE AND A LIGHT HEFT, GLED
TAE BE OOT O THE LAIRD'S DANGER.

SIR ROBERT HAD A PET, AN ILL-FAVOURED
JACKANAPE. A CANKERED BEAST. MONY AN
ILL-NATURED TRICK IT PLAYED. IT RAN ABOUT
THE HAIL CASTLE, PINCHIN AND BITIN . . .



SIR ROBERT CAWED IT MAJOR WEIR,
EFTER THE WARLOCK THAT WIS BURNT.

SIR ROBERT LAY IN A GREAT AIRM-CHAIR, FEET ON A CRADLE WI THE GOUL. HIS FACE LOOKED AS GASH AND GHASTLY AS SATAN'S. MAJOR WEIR SAT OPPOSITE, THE LAIRD'S WIG ON HIS HEID.

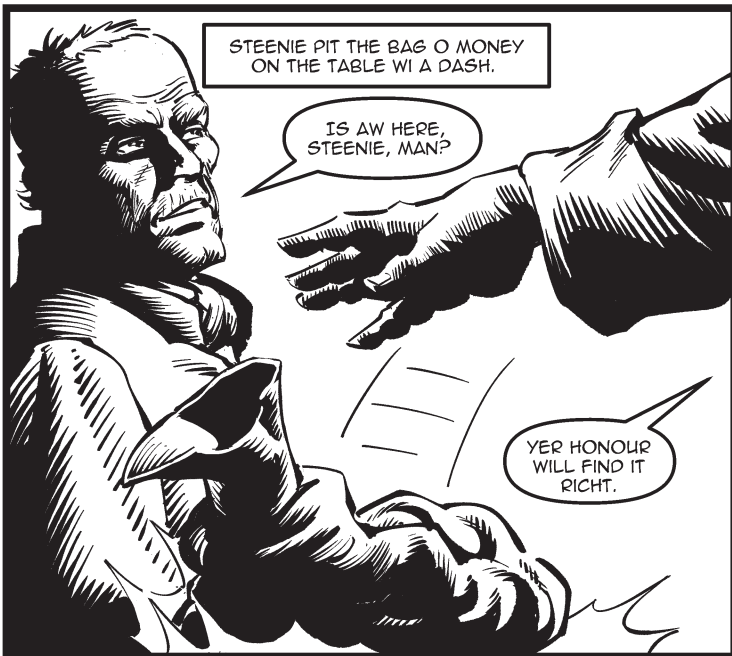


ARE YE COME LICHT-HAINDIT, YE SON O A TOOM WHISTLE? ZOUNDS! IF YE ARE--

MA GUIDESIRE WISNA EASY IN MIND WHEN HE SAW HIMSEL IN THE ROOM WI NAEBODY BUT THE LAIRD, DOUGAL, AND THE MAJOR.

STEENIE PIT THE BAG O MONEY ON THE TABLE WI A DASH.

IS AW HERE, STEENIE, MAN?



YER HONOUR WILL FIND IT RICHT.

HERE, DOUGAL, GIE STEENIE A TASS O BRANDY, TILL I COONT THE SILLER AND WRITE THE RECEIPT.



THEY WERENA WEEL OOT O THE ROOM WHEN SIR ROBERT GIED A YELLOCH THAT GART THE CASTLE ROCK. YELL ON YELL GIED THE LAIRD, ILK ANE MAIR AWFLU THAN THE ITHIR.

AAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGHHHHH!!!!



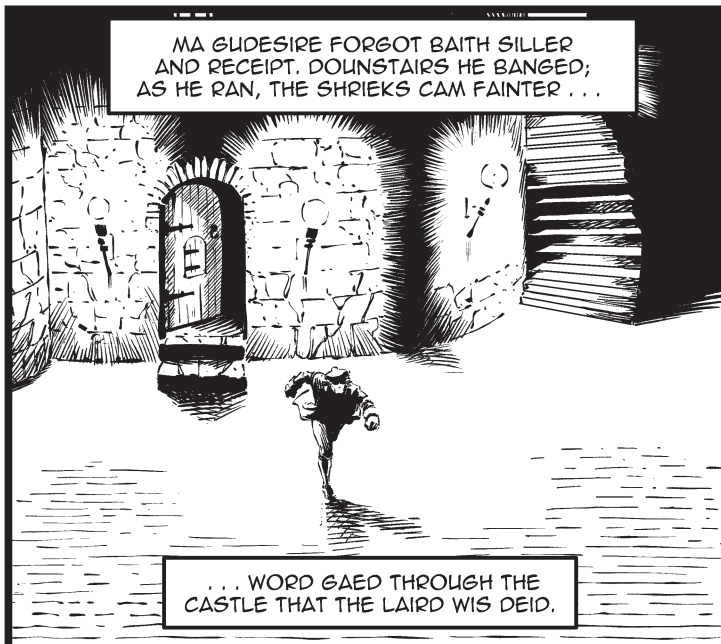
MA GUIDESIRE KENT NA WHETHER TAE STALIND OR FLEE, BUT HE GAED BACK TAE THE PARLOUR, WHAUR AW WIS GAUN HIRDIE-GIRDIE...



TERRIBLY THE LAIRD ROARED FOR CAULD WATTER TAE HIS FEET, AND WINE TAE COOL HIS THRAPPLE . . .

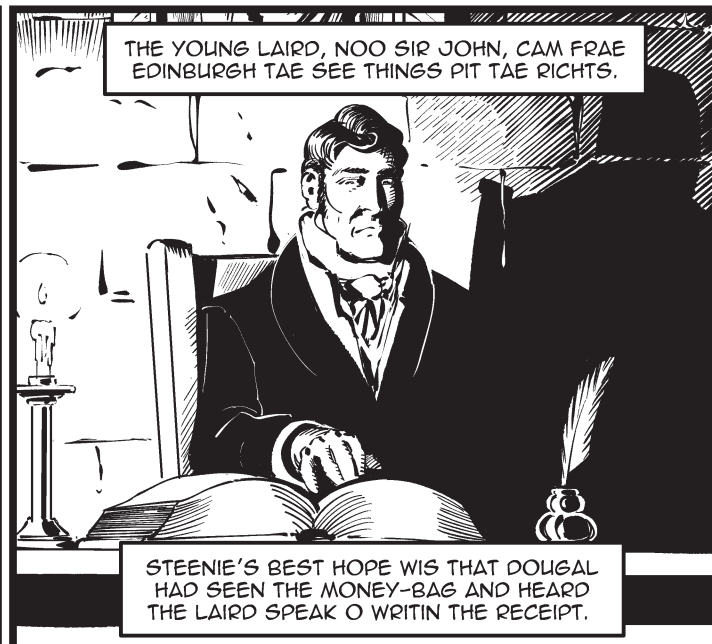
HELL, HELL, HELL, AND ITS FLAMES!

THE JACKANAPE THEY CAWED MAJOR WEIR JIBBERED AND CRIED AS IF MOCKIN ITS MAISTER.



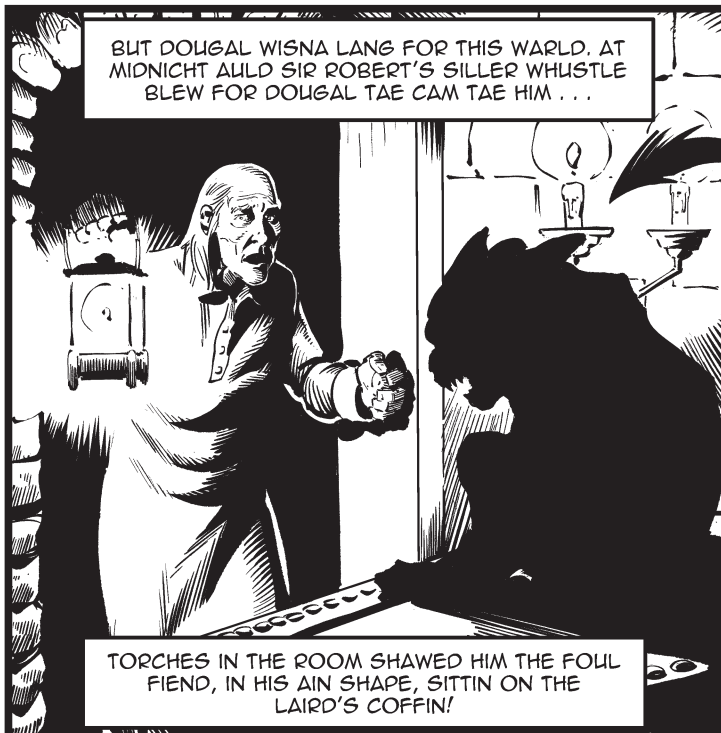
MA GUIDESIRE FORGOT BAITH SILLER AND RECEIPT. DOUNSTAIRS HE BANGED; AS HE RAN, THE SHRIEKS CAM FAINTER . . .

. . . WORD GAED THROUGH THE CASTLE THAT THE LAIRD WIS DEID.



THE YOUNG LAIRD, NOO SIR JOHN, CAM FRAE EDINBURGH TAE SEE THINGS PIT TAE RICHTS.

STEENIE'S BEST HOPE WIS THAT DOUGAL HAD SEEN THE MONEY-BAG AND HEARD THE LAIRD SPEAK O WRITIN THE RECEIPT.



BUT DOUGAL WISNA LANG FOR THIS WARLD. AT MIDNIGHT AULD SIR ROBERT'S SILLER WHISTLE BLEW FOR DOUGAL TAE CAM TAE HIM . . .

TORCHES IN THE ROOM SHAWED HIM THE FOUL FIEND, IN HIS AIN SHAPE, SITTIN ON THE LAIRD'S COFFIN!



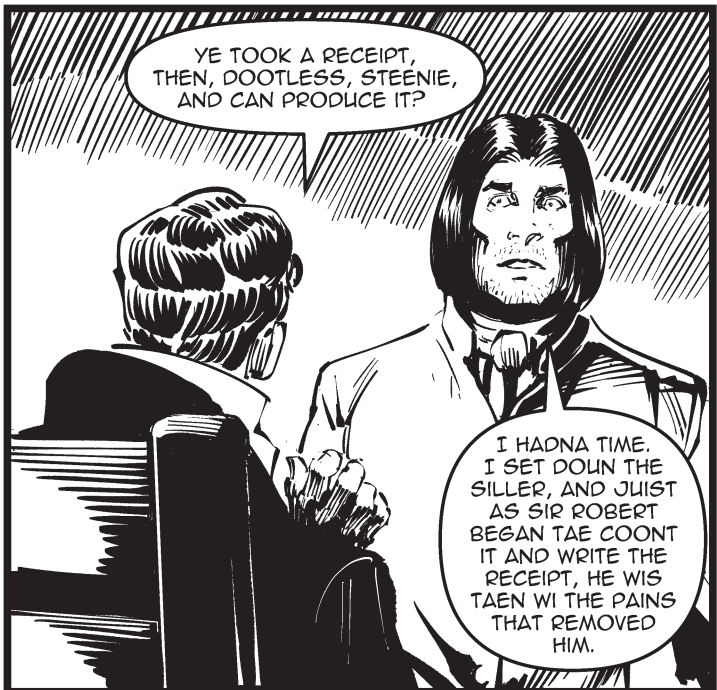
DOUGAL WIS FOOND LYIN DEID TWA STEPS FRAE THE BED THAT HELD HIS MAISTER'S COFFIN.



WHEN THE FUNERAL WIS OWER, SIR JOHN CAWED UP TENANTS FOR THEIR ARREARS . . .

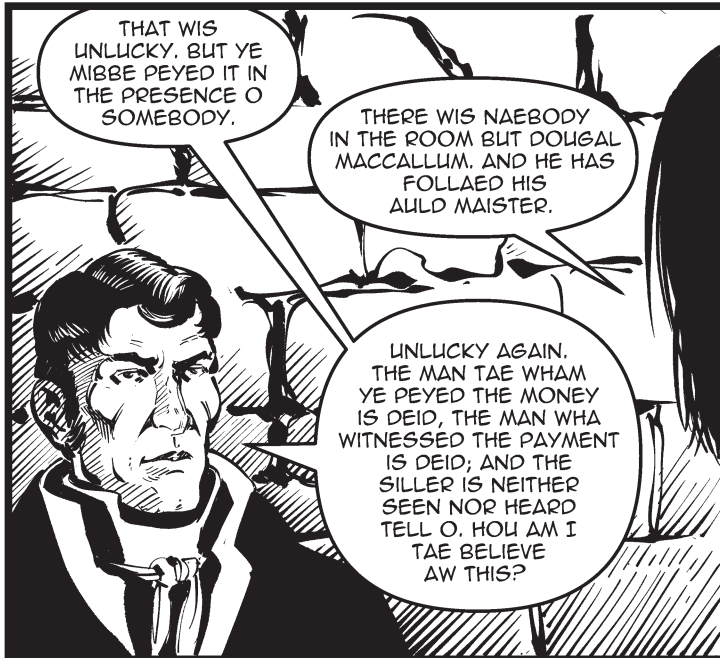
AY, STEENIE, YE ARE DOWN HERE FOR A YEAR'S RENT BEHIND THE HALIND--DUE AT LAST TERM.

PLEASE YER HONOUR, SIR JOHN, I PEYED IT TAE YER FATHER.



YE TOOK A RECEIPT, THEN, DOOTLESS, STEENIE, AND CAN PRODUCE IT?

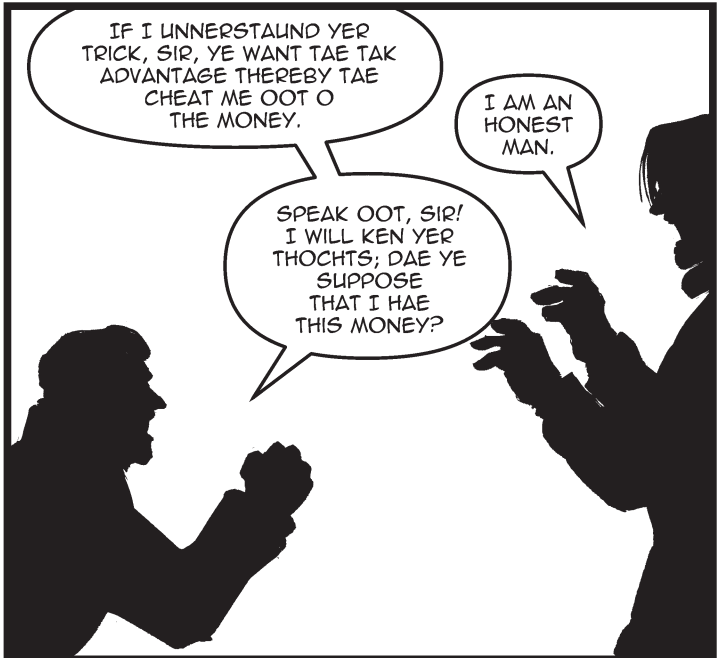
I HADNA TIME. I SET DOWN THE SILLER, AND JUUST AS SIR ROBERT BEGAN TAE COONT IT AND WRITE THE RECEIPT, HE WIS TAEN WI THE PAINS THAT REMOVED HIM.



THAT WIS UNLUCKY. BUT YE MIBBE PEYED IT IN THE PRESENCE O SOMEBODY.

THERE WIS NAEBOODY IN THE ROOM BUT DOUGAL MACCALLUM. AND HE HAS FOLLAED HIS AULD MAISTER.

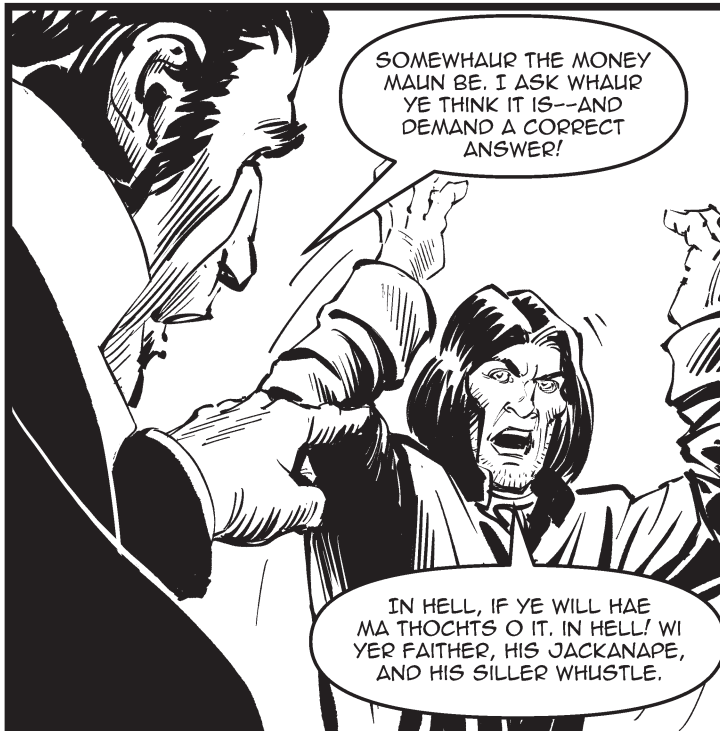
UNLUCKY AGAIN. THE MAN TAE WHAM YE PEYED THE MONEY IS DEID, THE MAN WHA WITNESSED THE PAYMENT IS DEID; AND THE SILLER IS NEITHER SEEN NOR HEARD TELL O. HOU AM I TAE BELIEVE AW THIS?



IF I UNNERSTAUND YER TRICK, SIR, YE WANT TAE TAK ADVANTAGE THEREBY TAE CHEAT ME OOT O THE MONEY.

I AM AN HONEST MAN.

SPEAK OOT, SIR! I WILL KEN YER THOCHTS; DAE YE SUPPOSE THAT I HAE THIS MONEY?



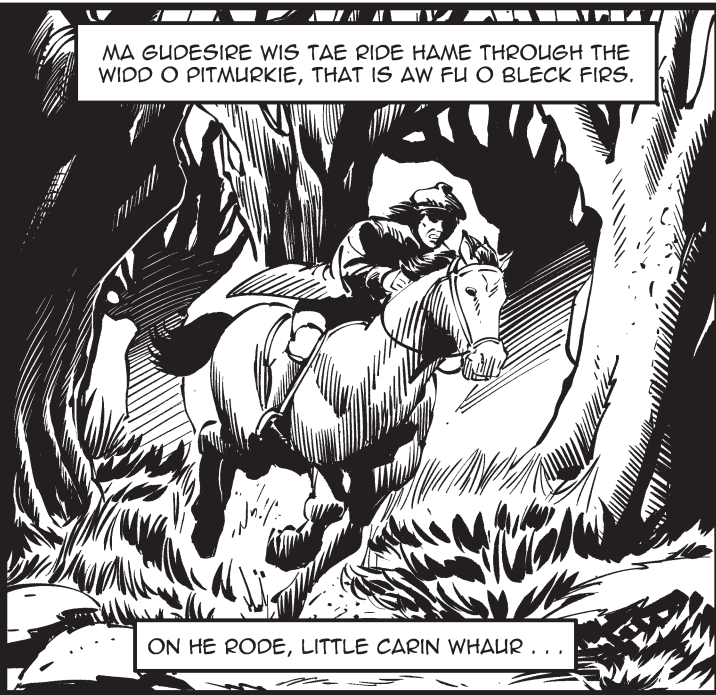
SOMEWAUR THE MONEY MAUN BE. I ASK WHAUR YE THINK IT IS--AND DEMAND A CORRECT ANSWER!

IN HELL, IF YE WILL HAE MA THOCHTS O IT. IN HELL! WI YER FAITHER, HIS JACKANAPE, AND HIS SILLER WHUSTLE.



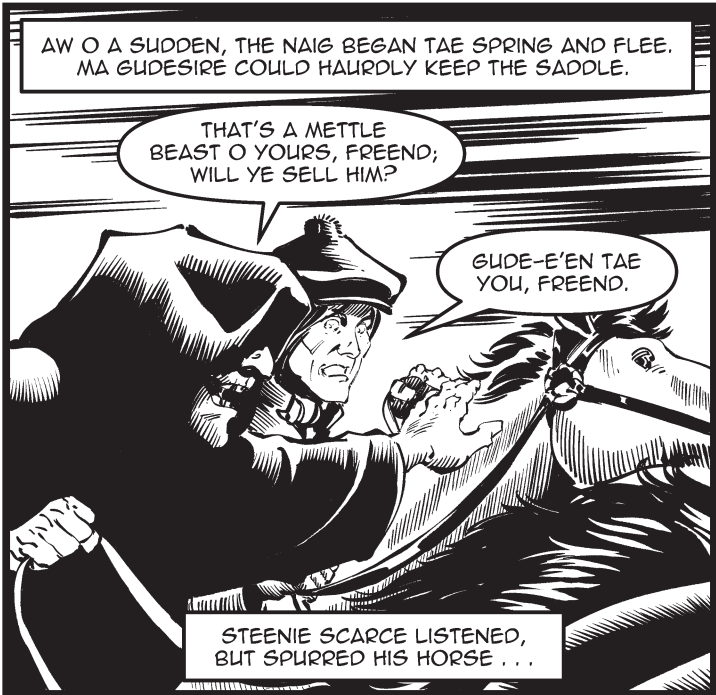
DOWN THE STAIRS HE RAN. HE HEARD THE LAIRD SWEIRIN BLOOD AND WOUNDS AHINT HIM, AND ROARIN FOR THE BAILIE AND THE BARON-OFFICER.

MA GUDSIRE WIS TAE RIDE HAME THROUGH THE WIDD O PITMURKIE, THAT IS AW FLU O BLECK FIRS.



ON HE RODE, LITTLE CARIN WHAUR ...

AW O A SUDDEN, THE NAIG BEGAN TAE SPRING AND FLEE. MA GUDSIRE COULD HAURDLY KEEP THE SADDLE.



THAT'S A METTLE BEAST O YOURS, FREEND; WILL YE SELL HIM?

GUDE-E'EN TAE YOU, FREEND.

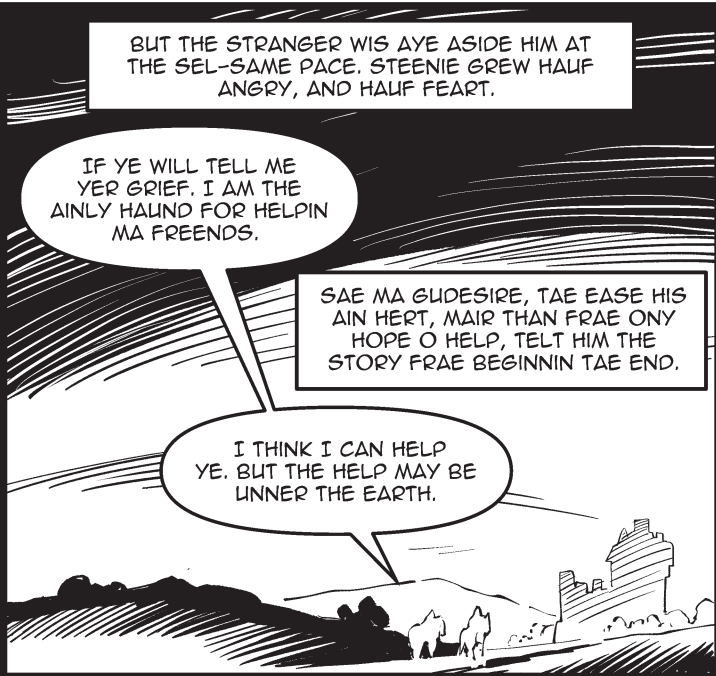
STEENIE SCARCE LISTENED, BUT SPURED HIS HORSE ...

BUT THE STRANGER WIS AYE ASIDE HIM AT THE SEL-SAME PACE. STEENIE GREW HAUF ANGRY, AND HAUF FEART.

IF YE WILL TELL ME YER GRIEF, I AM THE AINLY HAUND FOR HELPIN MA FREENDS.

SAE MA GUDSIRE, TAE EASE HIS AIN HERT, MAIR THAN FRAE ONY HOPE O HELP, TELT HIM THE STORY FRAE BEGINNIN TAE END.

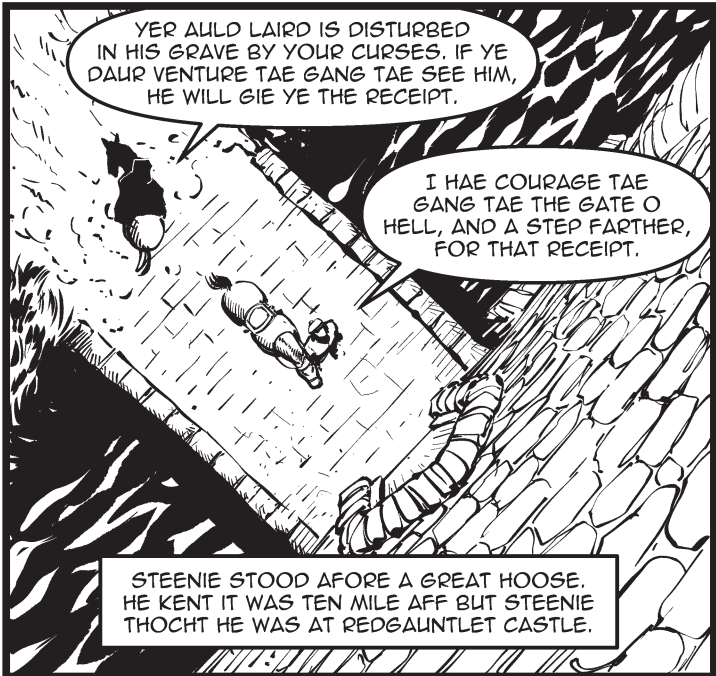
I THINK I CAN HELP YE. BUT THE HELP MAY BE LINNER THE EARTH.



YER AULD LAIRD IS DISTURBED IN HIS GRAVE BY YOUR CURSES. IF YE DAUR VENTURE TAE GANG TAE SEE HIM, HE WILL GIE YE THE RECEIPT.

I HAE COURAGE TAE GANG TAE THE GATE O HELL, AND A STEP FARTHER, FOR THAT RECEIPT.

STEENIE STOOD AFORE A GREAT HOOSE. HE KENT IT WAS TEN MILE AFF BUT STEENIE THOCHT HE WAS AT REDGAUNTLET CASTLE.



HE CHAPPED AT THE HA' DOOR AND DOUGAL MACCALLUM OPENED IT.

PIPER STEENIE, SIR ROBERT HAS BEEN CRYIN FOR YE.

LOOK TAE YOURSEL; TAK NOTHIN FRAE ONYBODY HERE, NAE MEAT, DRINK, OR SILLER, EXCEPT THE RECEIPT THAT'S YER AIN.



WHIT A SET O GHASTLY
REVELLERS THERE
WERE THAT SAT
AROUND YON TABLE!





YE SHALL HAE YER RECEIPT FOR A TUNE O THE PIPES, STEENIE. MACCALLUM, YE LIMB O BEELZEBUB, BRING STEENIE THAE PIPES THAT I AM KEEPIN FOR HIM!

STEENIE SAW THAT THE CHANTER WIS O HEATIT WHITE STEEL. HE EXCUSED HIMSEL, SAID HE WAS FRICHTENED, AND HADNA WIND ENUCH TAE FILL THE BAG.



THEN YE MAUN EAT AND DRINK, STEENIE.

BUT STEENIE SPOKE UP LIKE A MAN, AND SAID HE'D CAM TAE KEN WHIT WIS COME O THE MONEY HE HAD PEYED, AND TAE GET A DISCHARGE FOR IT.



THERE IS YER RECEIPT, YE PITIFUL CUR; AND FOR THE MONEY, MA DUG-WHELP O A SON MAY GANG LOOK FOR IT IN THE CAT'S CRADLE.



STAP! I AM NO DONE WI THEE. HERE WE DAE NOTHIN FOR NOTHIN; AND YE MAUN RETURN ON THIS VERY DAY TWELVEMOON TAE PEY YER MAISTER THE HOMAGE THAT YE OWE ME FOR MA PROTECTION.

I REFER MASEL TAE GOD'S PLEASURE, AND NO TAE YOURS.

HE HAD NAE SOONER UTTERED THE WORD THAN AW WIS DAURK AROOND HIM; AND HE SANK ON THE EARTH WI SIC A SUDDEN SHOCK THAT HE TINT BAITH BRAITH AND SENSE.



WHEN STEENIE CAM TAE HIMSEL HE WAS LYIN IN THE AULD KIRKYAIRD O REDGAUNTLET PAROCHINE, THE SCUTCHEON O THE AULD KNICHT, SIR ROBERT, HINGIN OWER HIS HEID.

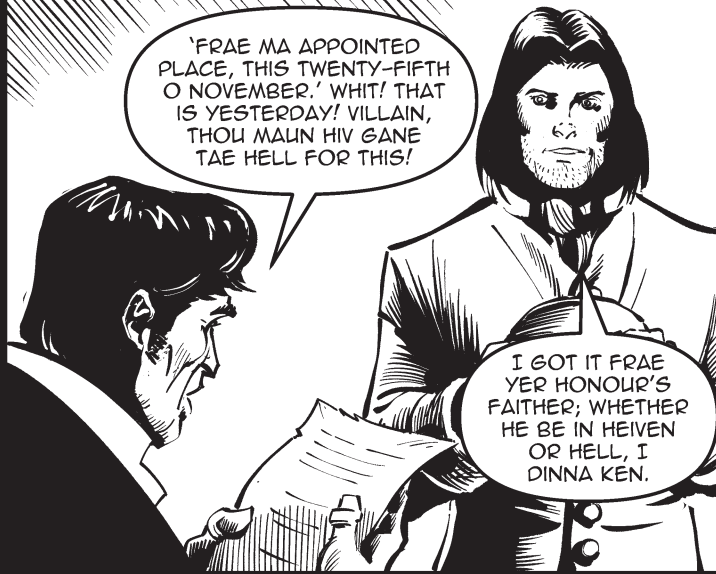


STEENIE WID HAE THOCHT THE HAILL THING WIS A DREAM, BUT HE HAD THE RECEIPT IN HIS HAUND FAIRLY WRITTEN AND SIGNED BY THE AULD LAIRD.

SAIRLY TRAUCHLED IN HIS MIND, HE LEFT THAT DRIECH PLACE, RODE THROUGH MIST TAE REDGAUNTLET CASTLE, AND GOT SPEECH O THE NEW LAIRD.

'FRAE MA APPOINTED PLACE, THIS TWENTY-FIFTH O NOVEMBER.' WHIT! THAT IS YESTERDAY! VILLAIN, THOU MAUN HAV GANE TAE HELL FOR THIS!

I GOT IT FRAE YER HONOUR'S FAITHER; WHETHER HE BE IN HEIVEN OR HELL, I DINNA KEN.

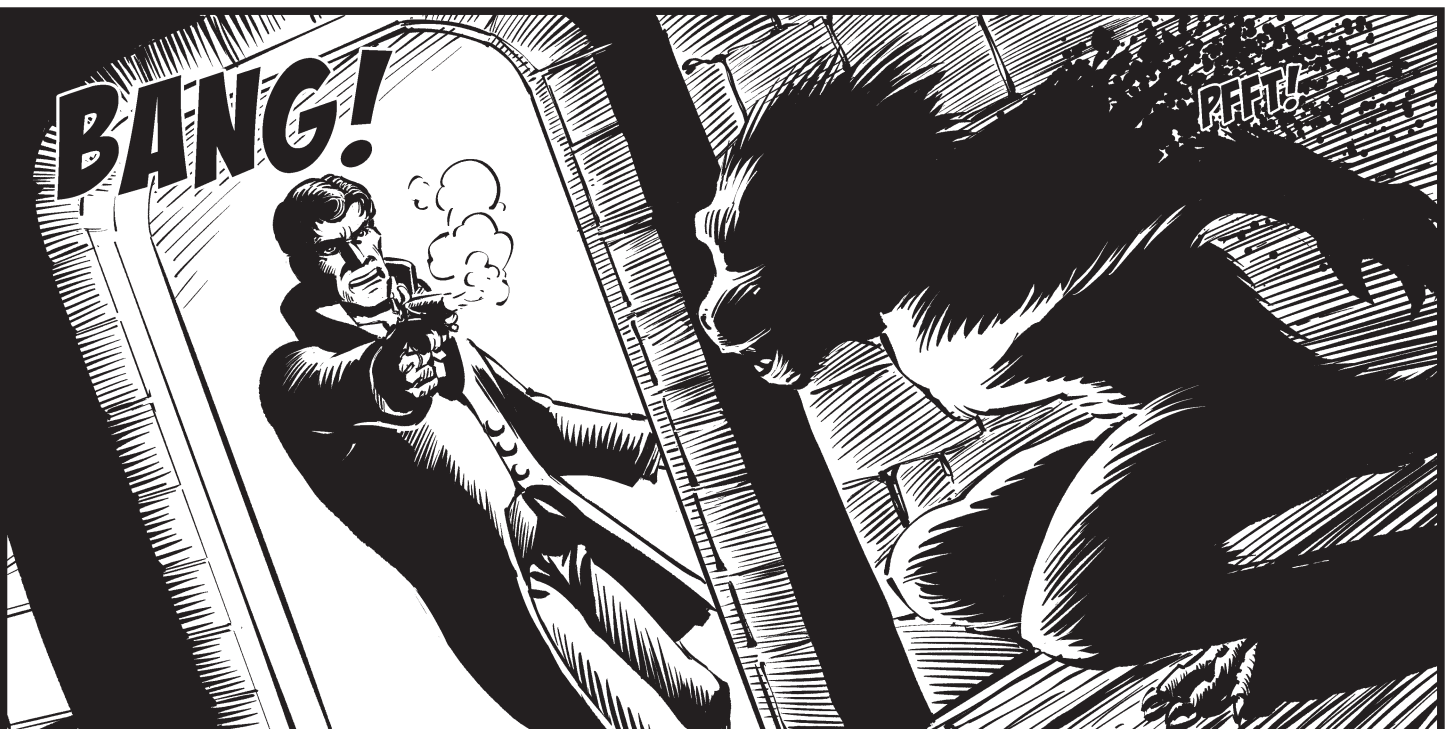


BUT YET WHAUR WIS THE SILLER? A SERVANT KENT O A RUINOUS TURRET LANG DISUSED THAT WIS CAWED LANGSYNE THE CAT'S CRADLE.



BANG!

PFET!

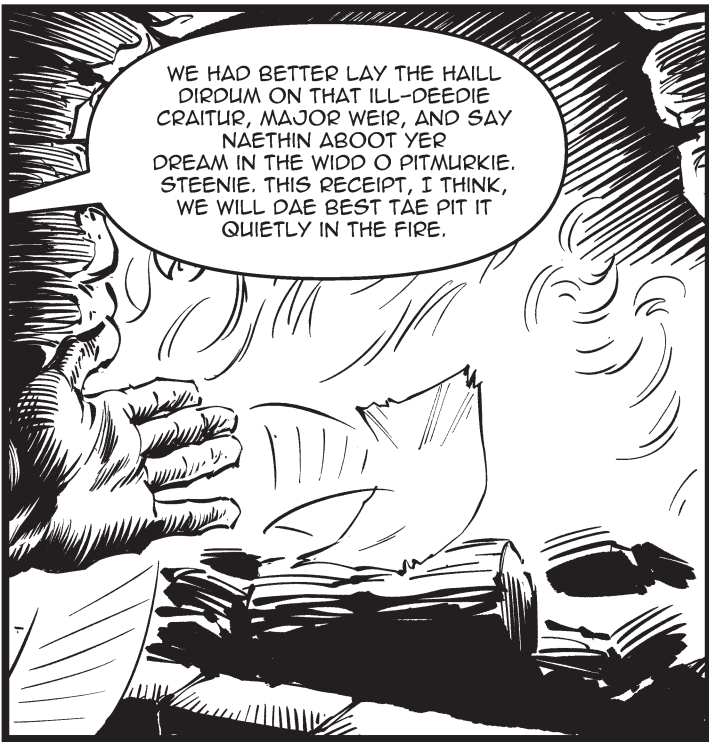


SIR JOHN FLINGS THE
BODY O THE JACKANAPE
DOWN TAE THEM, AND CRIES
THAT THE SILLER IS FOOND.

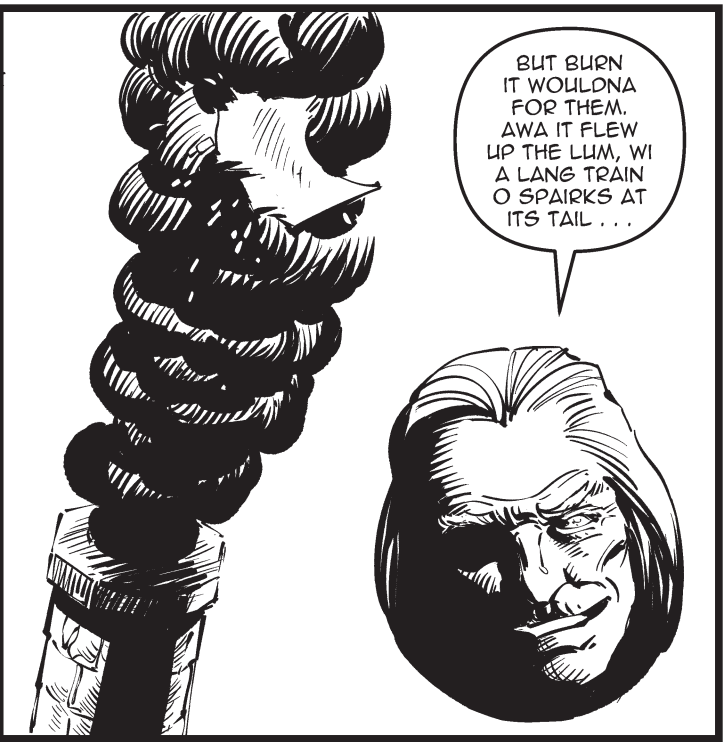


A SCOTS HOOSE PRODUCTION
WWW.SCOTSHOOSE.COM

ILLUSTRATIONS © GARY WELSH



WE HAD BETTER LAY THE HAIL
DIRDUM ON THAT ILL-DEEDIE
CRAITUR, MAJOR WEIR, AND SAY
NAETHIN ABOOT YER
DREAM IN THE WIDD O PITMURKIE.
STEENIE, THIS RECEIPT, I THINK,
WE WILL DAE BEST TAE PIT IT
QUIETLY IN THE FIRE.



BUT BURN
IT WOULDNA
FOR THEM.
AWA IT FLEW
UP THE LUM, WI
A LANG TRAIN
O SPAIRKS AT
ITS TAIL . . .