



LOTTERY FUNDED

Woodland Stories

nature & storytelling adventures, in Buckstone woods.



Storytellers Claire Hewitt and Jane Mather

with thanks to:

Awards 4 All

and woodland adventurers: Morag Patterson, Artist, Julia Duncan Environmental session leader & (TCV), Claire Hewitt Storyteller, Jane Mather Storyteller, Grandparents & Parents for supporting our adventures, Buckstone Primary School & Parent Council & very importantly: Each and every child participating who brought with them curiosity, wisdom, creativity and enthusiasm!

Our woodland journey in pictures



journey sticks and picnics



New friends and tree climbs



A selkie



who lives here?



Or here?



The imagination room



charcoal body paint



Selkie's waterfall



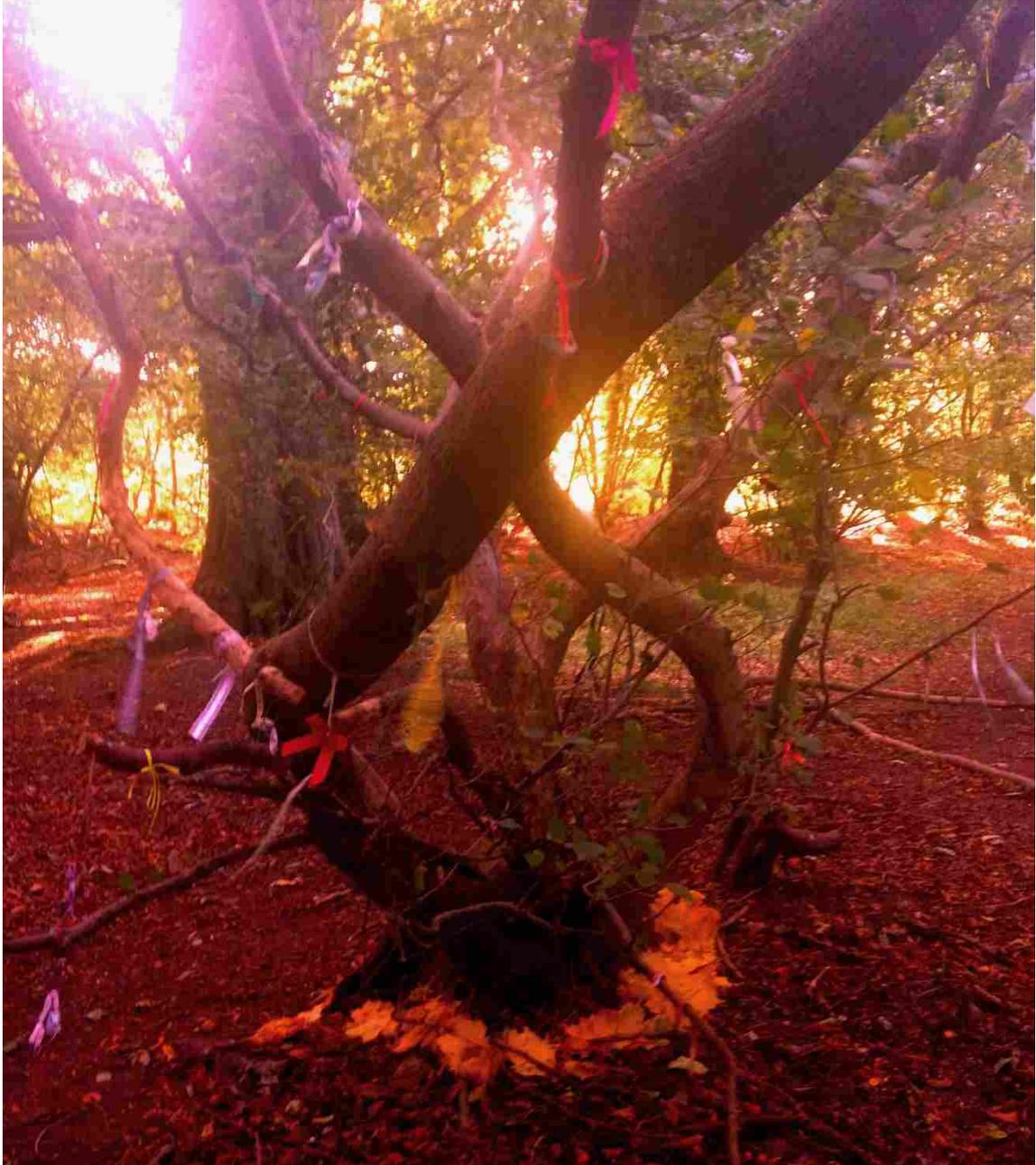
Hedgehog "Blobster"



A Doorway



"Blobster" burrow



The Cloutie Tree

We hear stories about the old Scottish tradition of cloutie trees and Cloutie wells, each Clout (or cloth) represents a wish, usually for health, we enjoy adding our wishes to the tree.

GrandParents Picnic



We enjoy hearing our Grandparents stories and adding more wishes to the cloutie tree.

Sharing Stories about Giants and one of sticks and leaves



Sharing stories we made together...



Apple bobbing competition



Jane's Group: Arthur the terrible six headed giant

Many, years ago when the land was ruled by giants, long before there were people. There were three giants, brothers, who were a wee bit smaller than all the rest and because of this they were often teased.

One day the eldest brother said “We must show the others that we are great giants even if we are smaller than them.”

“We must seek our fortune!” cried the middle brother

“Go on a quest!” cried the youngest

So they set off, on foot, with their Mother's blessings, gifts and a parcel of food. She touched her eldest son's forehead, “you will see the future in your dreams.” To her middle son she gave “herbs, to heal any illness” and to her youngest she gave a small silver ring, “It belonged to your father”

Their mother waved until she couldn't see them anymore and tried not to worry.

Meanwhile, the brothers, travelled miles at a speedy pace, but at last, they began to grow tired and needed a place to rest. In the distance they saw a little light in the hills and went to ask for shelter. When they knocked at the door a faint voice called "let yourself in, I'm too weak" when the three brothers entered the cottage they saw an old, sick, giant on a bed in the corner.

The middle son made a brew with his healing herbs and once the old man drank a few sips he felt better and could sit up without help.

"Boys, come nearer, let me look at you, you've saved my life this night!" when he saw the ring on the youngest brother's finger he asked him where he got it, "It was a gift from my mother," he replied "it used to belong to my father"

"My sons!" cried the old giant. "I wouldn't have recognized you! You've grown so much. I am your long lost father."

They celebrated, the brothers shared their rations and explained to their father that their mother's house was only a days walk away, "Then tomorrow I'll return to her" he said to his sons.

"In the byre you will find my horse, she is still fast, take her to speed your journey." He fetched from the corner, a long, thin, cloth-wrapped parcel, and handing it to his middle son, said "Only unwrap this if you are in real danger, *promise me?*" and turning to his youngest, he whispered "I'd like you to keep my ring, for it is magic. My days of adventure are over, but if you turn the ring, three times on your finger and say "take me far away I say" while imagining the place you want to be, it will take you there. When you are ready to return, turn the ring back again three times, use it wisely."

That night, the oldest son dreamed, that a terrible six headed giant called Arthur was going to steal him away and that he would have to be his slave. He believed his dream told the future and couldn't get back to sleep. He went for a walk to get some fresh air, it was still dark and he had not walked far when he heard a great rumbling and thumping, the ground was

shaking, the noise echoed round the hills and he couldn't tell which direction it came from, he began to run, in the direction of the cottage and straight into the arms of the six headed giant.

"I need a sturdy lad to work for me and you'll do fine." Said the six headed giant and so the oldest brother became his slave.

In the morning his brothers thought he was hunting breakfast, but when he didn't return, they went outside and saw in the mud, the most enormous footprint they'd ever seen, "Alas!" cried their father "he has been taken by Arthur, the six headed giant only he leaves such a huge mark"

"We must go after him!" Cried his younger brothers.

"If your brother has been taken he is surely dead, Arthur is no ordinary giant, he's the giant other giants fear, he has six heads and each is nastier than the one before."

"Father, we must try to defeat him, has he any weakness?"

"I know he can only come out at night. He is so evil, that if he comes out in the day, he will turn to stone"

The two brothers mounted their father's horse and rode off following the enormous footprints, they rode all day until the footprints disappeared into the side of a great hill. They waited and hid, as soon as it grew dark they heard a great rumbling and the side of the hill opened, out stepped Arthur the six headed giant. He sniffed the air, "I smell strangers!" he growled , "Slave!" he shouted "clean my cave. I'm going to find the strangers and when I do, I'll eat them" and off he went into the night, as soon as he disappeared from sight, the brothers came out, "We must hurry," they told the oldest brother, and helped him onto their father's horse. As they rode off at top speed they heard behind them a roar of anger and saw, running after them, the six headed giant.

Quickly the middle brother unwrapped the gift from their father, for they were in real danger. It was a sword, the like of which he'd never seen, but he had no time to admire it, for the thunder of the enormous feet pounding the earth came closer and closer, the middle brother knew what

he must do and swung the sword cutting off the first head. There was a roar of pain and the giant stopped to feel where his head had been, then angrier than ever, came after them again, the middle brother chopped off the second head and away it rolled, then the third, the fourth, the fifth, each time the giant yelled more ear splittingly loudly,

“I’ll tear you limb from limb!” he howled “and use your thighbone as a toothpick!”

“Oh, no you won’t!” yelled back the middle brother and with one final swing of his father’s sword he cut off the sixth and final head, the giant crashed to earth in a most undignified way and landed with his bottom sticking into the air just as the first rays of dawn light touched the earth and the giant’s remains were turned into stone...

“Now I have a story to tell” thought the youngest brother and hugging his brothers farewell, turned his ring three times saying “Take me faraway I say”.

He found himself in this far away land of now, where he’s the tallest of us all... At least his story is and he told us that where the giant and his six heads landed, now stand the seven hills of Edinburgh: Braids Hill, Blackford Hill, Calton Hill, Craiglockhart Hill, Corstorphine Hill, Castle rock and where his body fell, with it’s bum in the air, well that is known today as Arthur’s seat.



Henny's group: The Girl who loved animals and her two brothers

Once upon a time there lived a sister and her two older brothers.

The sister had a great love for animals and the brothers, they loved running around, having adventures and climbing trees. One day as the three of them were out walking the girl saw a Mighty deer stag stuck in boggy ground, she threw her thick coat down onto the bog and was able to help the deer scramble free. As a reward the deer gave her a piece of his antler, "make this into a whistle" he told the girl, "and if you ever need my help then blow". So the girl whittled the antler into a fine whistle, for perhaps she'd need it one day.

She continued walking with her brothers when she saw a badger, stuck in the roots of a tree, the more it struggled the more it became tangled, so while her brothers challenged each other to a race, with a little patience, she managed to free the badger. He was very grateful and gave her one of his whiskers, "if you ever need my help" he said, "just twang this whisker and I will come".

The very next day while her brothers were climbing in the mountains, the girl found a fox caught in a trap, she used all her strength and was able to open the trap and free the fox, she bandaged his paw with a clootie* (cloth strip) torn from her dress and the fox told her "take a hair from my brush and if you ever need my help blow on the hair and I will appear".

When her brothers came back from the Mountains they wanted her to judge who could climb up the giant Oak tree fastest, but they didn't realize it was really a giant disguised as an oak tree, "Ho, ho!" shouted the giant, "I am going to eat you!" and he grabbed the boys. Quickly the girl blew on the fox hair and the fox appeared, round and round the giants legs he ran, till the giant became dizzy, dropped the boys and stumbled over. They began to run away with the giant firing arrows the size of spears covered in the poison of the Yew tree. As they ran, they slipped and fell into the swamp. The girl twanged the badger whisker and the wee badger came and dug them free. Meanwhile the fox had sniffed out the giants heart and scratched it in half, the giant roared and clutched his chest before falling silent. The girl and her brothers were thanking the badger and the fox for their help, when the girl cried out in surprise, next to the giant's heart was

a piece of parchment with a riddle on it”...I’m made by sun and rain and at my end is gold...”the girl blew on the antler whistle and the mighty stag came running, “why I know where to take you!” cried the stag “hop on my back” and he carried them to where the giant’s gold was hidden.

(Ask the audience) “do you know where the deer stag took them?”



This rainbow’s end in Buckstone woodland...

Over weeks in the woods exploring in nature, we cleared away litter and broken glass, collected wild seeds and made seed bombs with soil and clay... we made sure we left the woodland a better place for being in it.

A number of participants will be eligible to receive John Muir Discovery Awards in recognition of the time and effort they contributed to conserving their “wild place”.

To learn more about the John Muir Award visit :
<http://www.johnmuirtrust.org/john-muir-award>

That's all for this term, but



The Woodland is waiting...