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Opening extract from

An Illustrated Treasury of Scottish Folk and Fairy Tales

Written by **Theresa Breslin**

Illustrated by Kate Leiper

Published by **Floris Books**

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Theresa Breslin

Theresa Breslin is a highly acclaimed,
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been commissioned for projects by the Scottish Storytelling
Centre and the Royal Lyceum Theatre. Inspirations for her
work range from Scottish folklore, to tales from
the Far East, to Shakespeare.

seals swam in towards the shore

selkies would dance and sing

An Illustrated Treasury of

Scottish Folk and Fairy Tales

Theresa Breslin Kate Leiper This book is for Joanna Amy – T.B. Iona – K.L.

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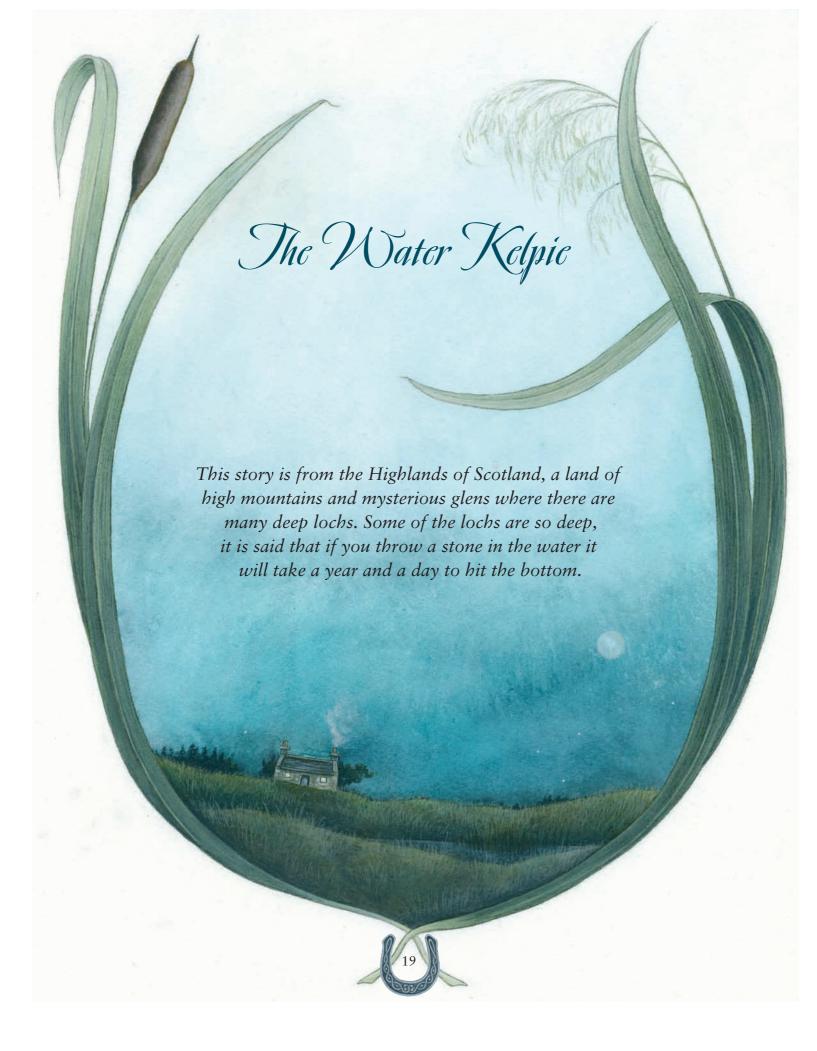
ır fields will be ready for spring sowing

I have seen a fine black horse roaming there on the loch shore

no man can ride a kelpic and live

smoke plumed from its nostrils it snorted and stamped its feet on the shingle shore

sparks flow from its hooves



Near the deep dark waters of Loch Ness

there lived a young lad by the name of Kyle. All the food the family had to eat was what they grew on the narrow strip of land between their cottage and the shores of the loch. Kyle had lived there quite happily for eleven years of his life helping his mother and father work their little croft when, one evening near the beginning of the year, he heard his mother speak to his father:

"It's almost time for spring sowing. You must rise early tomorrow and plough our fields to make them ready."

Kyle's father replied, "I am too old now to drag the plough around the fields and Kyle is still too young."

"What will happen to us then?" his mother asked in a worried voice. "If we do not plough our fields our crops will not grow and we will starve when winter comes."

Kyle's father pointed out the window. "I've seen a fine black horse roaming there on the loch shore these last nights of the silver moon. I think I could harness it and make it pull our plough."



"Oh no!" Kyle's mother said in alarm. "You mustn't go near that beast for it is one of the spirits that roam near fresh water to trap unwary folk and drown them. It isn't a horse. It is a water kelpie."

"Nonsense woman!" Her husband laughed. "That's a good strong horse. I can take the rope from our plough and tie it round thon horse's neck. I'll put my hands on its mane and haul myself onto its back and then I will tether it to our plough and it will do the work I cannot do. By this time tomorrow night our fields will be ready for spring sowing."



