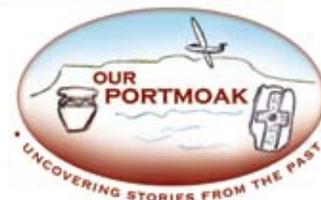


PORTMOAK STORIES

told by
Primary 4/5 Portmoak Primary School



Welcome to our Book of Portmoak Stories

By P4/5 Portmoak Primary

Here at Portmoak Primary School, we are surrounded by beautiful countryside and we are lucky enough to have access to so much outdoor space, right on our doorstep. We have views across Loch Leven and beyond, we sit beneath Bishop Hill and we are only a stone's throw away from Kilmagad Wood, Portmoak Moss and the Michael Bruce Way.

In order to learn more about our local area, our Primary 4/5 class were chosen to take part in a mini project about Portmoak and the fascinating stories of people and places that go alongside it. We ventured out on a guided walk of the area with Professor David Munro, who painted magical pictures in our minds of how life would have been many years ago and told stories of local characters, alongside mesmerising myths and legends.

Working with Our Portmoak, including project planning with Nicola Carmichael and creative input from Tara O'Leary, we have put together a book filled with stories, story extracts, poems and artwork which has been inspired by these fascinating tales.

We have split the book into 5 sections:

1. **The Fairy Steps: page 3-4**
2. **The Spy: page 5-6**
3. **Levina: page 7-8**
4. **The Adventurer: page 9-10**
5. **The Kilmagad Wood Lime Kiln: page 11-14**

We hope you enjoy reading them as much as we enjoyed creating them.

Portmoak January 2018

Class teacher – Mrs Herd

Introductions written by David Munro



I. The Fairy Steps

Who carved the foot steps to be found in an outcrop of sandstone above the Napix at the Townhead of Kinnesswood? They are barely the size of a child's foot today. Was it workmen heading up the face of the Bishop Hill to quarry stone or was it perhaps the work of fairy folk from the underworld? In times past people believed that fairies



were to be found on the hill and places like the Fairy Steps and the Fairy Doors Quarry were named after them. An old rhyme describes how "On Lomond's slopes the warlocks grim, and fairy brownies danced," and the poet Michael Bruce recalled in his Ode Written in Autumn how his wanderings on the hill "these fairy paths pursued."

Fairy steps

By ISLA.

Fairies fly around in air,
Air is nice and fresh to smell,
I love fairies make nice things,
Rain falls down slowly,
Yucky moss in the fairy steps.

Steps have been found on Bishop Hill,
The tools are magic to make fairy steps,
Eat food in the fairy steps,
Pretty fairies dress nicely
Some of the time there cheeky!



Fairy Steps

BY WY CHRISTINA

Fairys landing to the top
 All fairys make foot steps up the rock
 I believe in fairys
 Rainy days they still do the same
 You'll soon know

say fairys come out they will appear
 till the day they come up you might see the
 evidence might be near
 please come out

surprise! they come out

fairys!!!!

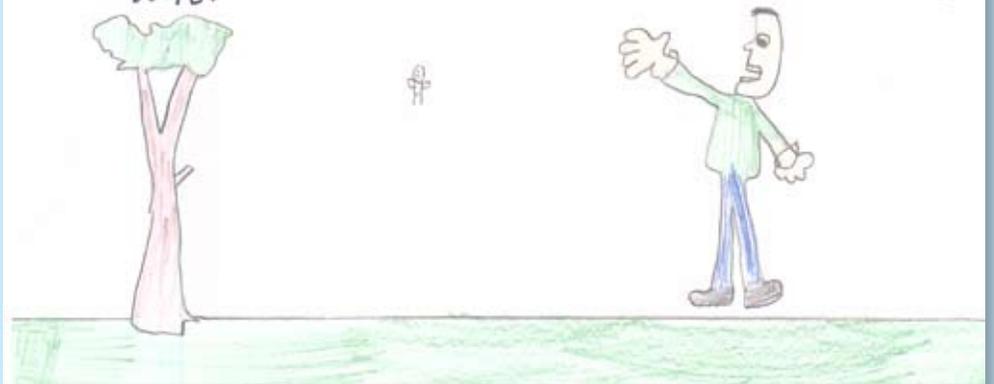


Fairy Steps

BY BOY M

Foot steps leading to a big folk
 A folk that is magic
 I let see people playing next to my folk
 Rocky came to see the door on the folk
 You can see magic floating down you

Steps are leading to a magic door
 Turning the foot steps to a door and the fairys will let you in
 Everyone is looking for me
 Playing with me
 Steps are leading to my house and they are fairys every
 wife.



2. The Spy

Every house has a story to tell. In Kinnesswood, one was the childhood home of George Thompson, an airman who earned a posthumous Victoria Cross in World War Two, another was the home of Alexander Buchan, who made a distinguished contribution in the 19th century to the mapping and forecasting of weather. An occupant of Lynallan on the Main Street in Kinnesswood for nearly 20 years from the early 1960s was Jean Buchanan, a lady with an interesting background. During the Second World War she had been the commanding officer of the women's armed forces in South Africa. Unknown to Field Marshall Smuts, then President of South Africa, she was also employed by British Military Intelligence to uncover the activities of German agents plotting to ensure this strategically important country did not become an ally of the United Kingdom. Jean, whose life was at risk on many occasions, was a great story teller – and all of it was true!

A Local Spy by Brooke

Lola was peaceful in her house in Kinnesswood. She was going to South Africa for a secret mission and her disguise job was a waitress. Lola took her handbag but she couldn't forget her spy suit and her waitress clothes. She went on the plane and it took 24 hours!

Finally she got off the plane in South Africa. She went to the pizza place which is where she pretended to work. Her shift was all night, but...she set out and went to the Chief of Police's house. It was big! She opened the door. It had a big chair and he was sleeping in it. How was she going to get in to his back pocket to steal the letters? Just then his dog came in. "Oh no!" she shouted as she ran out of the door. The dogs chased her into a group of policemen. She was put in jail and that was the end of her!

Extract from "The Spy" by Helena

I walked down the damp, muddy, cobblestone pavement. Then I met a beautiful blue-eyed spy (it looked like she was going to a party!). I asked her what she was doing. She was going to a party with the Chief of South Africa's police because her mission was to see if he was friendly to Britain or to Germany.

The spy story
by Finlay



The spy adventures

There once was a spy
she went to south Africa
she lied to police

The Spy
by Sophie T



The Spy

In south Africa
she freed the robber from jail
she stole the letters

3. Levina

The story of Levina, “Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,” is told in the mid-18th century by Michael Bruce, the “Gentle Poet of Lochleven,” in his epic poem *Lochleven*. It is a cautionary tale about a young girl who visits an enchanted island on Loch Leven on the eve of her wedding to take fruit from an apple tree. Fatally, she decides to take more than is her due, digging up a young sapling tree to plant in the beloved garden which she has tended all her life.



Extract from “The Enchanted Island” by Joshua

On the way there Lavinia was so excited to get the apples. When she arrived it was beautiful. The tree was huge! She walked up to the tree slowly and picked 1 apple then another one but then...she stole 4 apples! She quickly ran back to the boat.

“Lavinia” by Heather

The cockerel crowed, the sun had risen. I woke up on the most important day of my life. My name is Lavinia, my hair is blonde and my eyes are a brilliant blue. I pulled back the covers and jumped out of bed. It was as if I had springs attached to my feet. I desperately wanted to try on my very special wedding dress, as my wedding was the next day. So I pulled it over my head, walked across the room to my big mirror to get a better look. I felt so beautiful in it! Before I could get my dress off I was called for my breakfast.

In the afternoon I was nearly jumping with excitement. Today was the most important day of my life because I was to go out to the island to pick two golden apples for the wedding! “Lavinia” called one of my maids “Time to go!” My brilliant blue eyes sparkled with excitement. I dashed down the marble staircase and into the great hall. My maids stood waiting for me at the big front door. I stepped out into the horse-drawn coach and soon we reached the edge of the loch. Before I knew it I had jumped into the small wooden boat. After what seemed an hour I felt the wooden boat bump the edge of the island. My maids let me go on alone.

All too soon, I was reaching out to pick my very first golden apple. As I took the apple gently from the branch it seemed to shimmer and glow in my smooth hand. I reached out to take my second golden apple but something held me back. A voice in my head whispered: If you take a very young tree you could plant it in your garden and could have lots of golden apples to take every day! So I decided to take the apples and a few trees. I took the apples, scooped up some small trees and hopped into the small wooden boat.

Lavinia
by IRA DAVIES



autumn time

- 1 She was on a boat
- 2 To get 2 golden apples
- 3 She was having fun

The Story of Lavinia
by Sophie Gardner



Night light Storm

- She took two Saplings,
The water rose higher,
She suddenly Drained.

4. The Adventurer

There are many different ways of telling a story, from conjuring up an imaginary tale to relating a true account based on real people and places. It is possible to combine the two. A cottage in The Cobbles is the home of a geographer who has taken part in expeditions to the tropical forests of Central America, the grasslands of the high Andes and ice-bound polar regions. With a keen interest in global environmental conservation, he was invited in 2008 to be an advisor to the Prince Albert II of Monaco Foundation and was in 2015 knighted for his services. To spark the creative imagination, the story of this local resident was portrayed in a different setting as an adventurer, invited to help a prince fight demons and dragons bent on destroying the world, a role that subsequently earned him a knighthood.

Our Local Explorer by Craig

One day David was going to the South Pole. He had blue eyes, he was very tall, he was strong and he had a deep voice. He needed to wear a warm coat, a pair of fluffy gloves and warm jeans. 3 hours later he was nearly there on the plane. When he landed it was bitterly cold and freezing.

The airport was very small but cold. He got a Land Rover which could go over lakes, ice, snow and mountains. It was blue, red and green. He drove to a magic jungle. It had snow

tigers, parrots, monkeys and lions, but he discovered a new creature! The creature was blue, yellow and green. He said, "It's amazing!" and took a photograph of it.

Suddenly the ice cracked. A quarter of the jungle floated away. He was on it but he noticed a snow tiger had broken a bone! He thought he would save it. He found a map. Next the map blew away but he ran after it and managed to get it back. He summoned a huge whale and rode it home with the tiger.

Extract from "An Explorer's Tale" by Aaron

David Munro has blue eyes, he is big, strong and has a deep voice. He went up a giant volcano and he got roasting hot! He tied a rope to a big rock and went down the inside of the volcano to get a bucket of lava.

David nearly fell into the volcano but a man saved him by grabbing onto the rope. The man was called Rory. He helped David up and both of them went home.

When David got home, he went to get a nice warm shower and went to bed. David felt excited the next morning because he was going out to explore the ocean. He used the bucket of lava to make a path through the ocean. He was on the search for a new sea creature...

David's Adventures
by Ava Sinclair



David's Adventures

his name was David
he went on great adventures
he was strong and brave.

David Munro
by Patrick



David Munro

He was chased by snakes,
David is kind and helpful,
he made people smile,

5. The Kilmagad Wood Lime Kiln

Until the end of the 19th century limestone was quarried from the Clattering Well and Fairy Doors quarries high up on the Bishop Hill. This rock was burned to produce a mineral powder called lime which was used to manufacture cement and also to spread on fields to make the soil less acidic. Locally, the burning of crushed limestone took place in a stone kiln with three sides made of stone and an open front. At one time there were many such kilns operated by builders and improving farmers at the foot of the Bishop Hill. The best surviving example is to be found amidst the trees of Kilmagad Wood.

You're Fired! by Ross

In Kilmagad Wood there was a man called Randy. He was poor and he worked in the lime kiln. He was 60 years old and had been working at the kiln for 20 years. It was a Monday morning and Randy went to work and had a plan to steal some wood. He tried to distract the boss, so when he went down to the downstairs floor, Randy got all the wood, but... the boss came back and said, "You're FIRED!" Randy walked home.

When he got home, he felt so sad and didn't know what to do. He thought about other jobs but he didn't like a single

one! He had an idea. The idea was to say that he was really poor to his boss and he might let him go back.

That afternoon, he walked back to the lime kiln. He knocked on the door and the door opened. The boss said, "Why are you here again?" Randy said, "Please... I'm poor! Can I get my job back?" Surprisingly, the boss said yes and Randy was so happy!

Extract from "A Normal Monday Morning" by Aiden

It was just a normal Monday morning down at the lime kiln. My hands were very dirty and my clothes were ripped. I had to put rocks in the lime kiln. When I put the stone in I burnt my hand! I was screaming "help help!" It was so hot and fiery. I heard someone say "what is it?" I shouted, "Yes help!" The person said "Put your hand in leaves" but it did not work ...

Extract from "Lime Kiln" by Cai

...All you could see was smoke coming from Kilmagad Wood. Then the cart stopped. The horses were so puffed out. A worker shouted out, "There's no more lime stone!" "Oh no!" said the other workers. "What are we going to do? We have to tell the boss!" Just then, one of the rails broke and the cart went flying into the air and when it landed it hurt one of the men...



Lime Kiln
by Amberlea Morrison

The dirty Lime Kiln

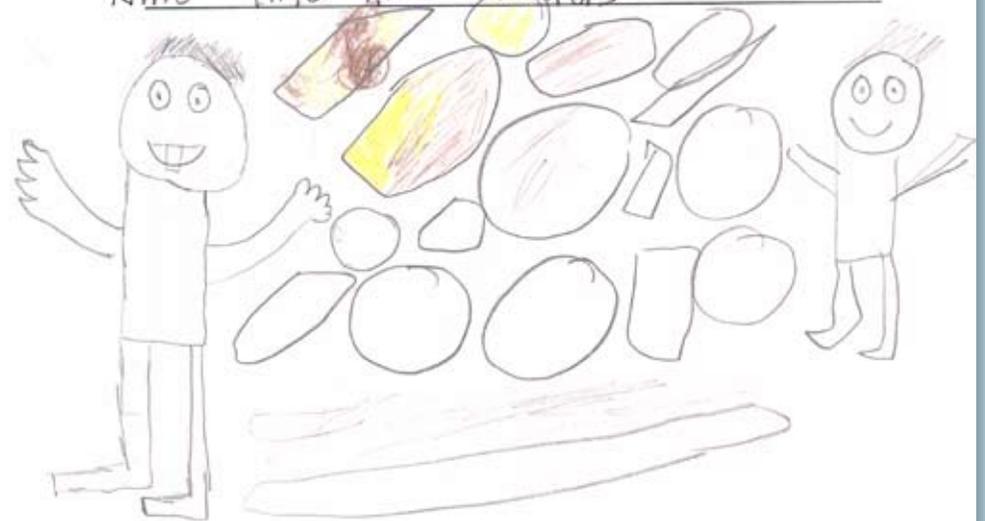
They had a hard life,
It was cold and dirty there.
It was very hot.

The lime kilns

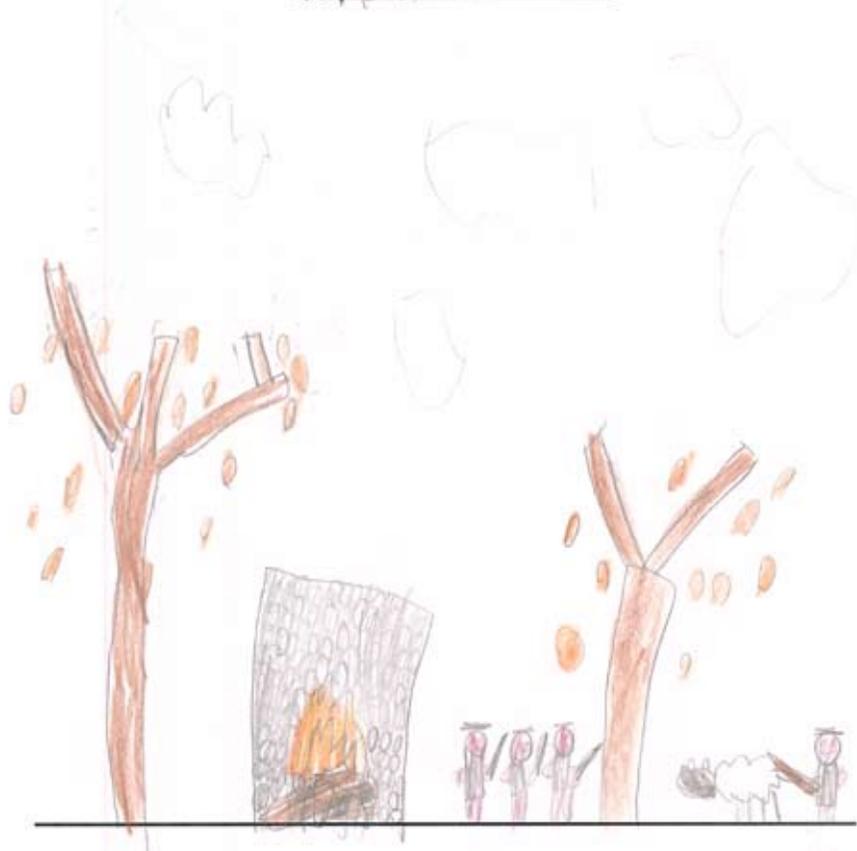
by Ciaran Caldwell

Lime kilns are hot
In the limekiln they burn stones
More and more flames rise
Everybody hot from the fire

Kick the leaves on your way
It is hard work
Lime stones going in everyday
Nine lime kiln workers



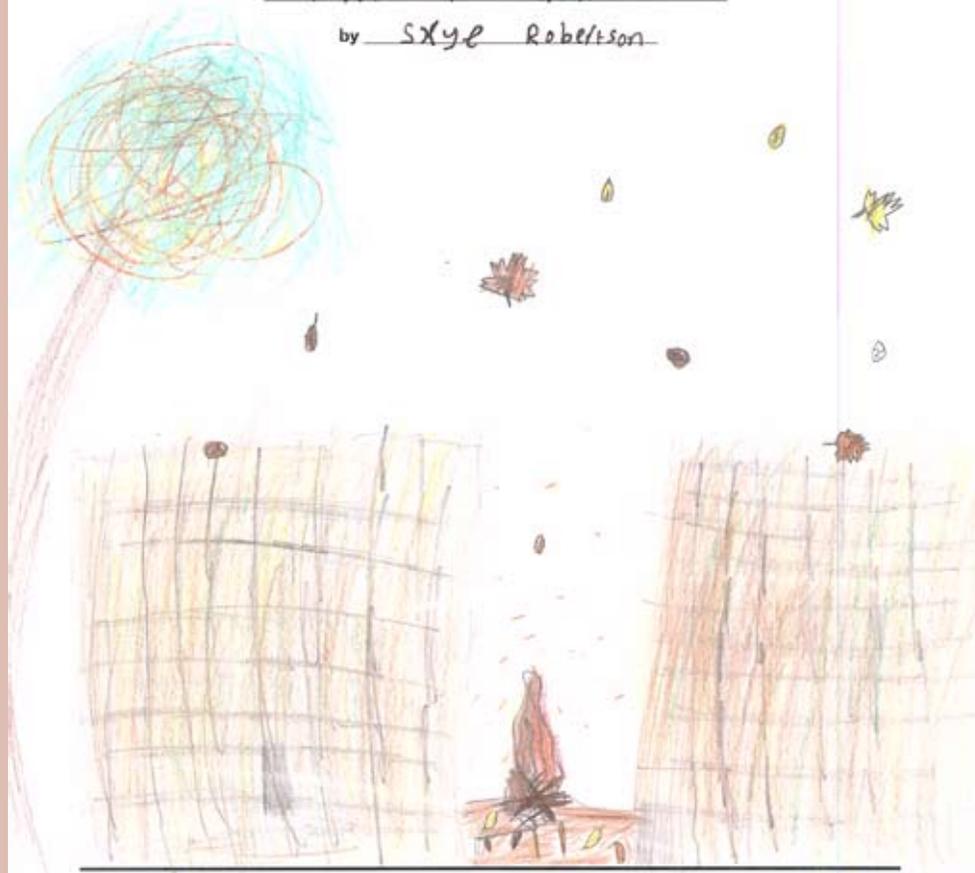
Li me Ki'en
by Finn



Lime Ki'en

They had to burn rocks.
They worked for a few long hours.
They had a bad life.

The lime kiln
by Syle Robertson



The life at the lime kiln

They have a hard life.
As they burn lime at the kiln.
Soon they go home tired.

Lime Kiln weather
by GORRUK LOME



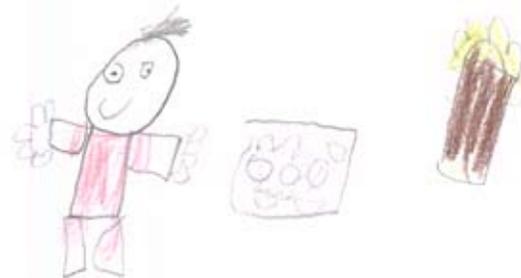
Lime Ki weather

Misty, smoke past by,
fog is dark, eh eh mid night,
The smoke is darker

Lime kiln
by SUKHRAJ

Lime kiln workers work hard,
In the lime kiln stones burn,
More and more stones get burned,
Every worker hard.

Keep on working,
In the cold the burn stones,
Lime kiln workers are tired,
Night and day they keep working.





This booklet of stories has been made possible through the “Our Portmoak: Uncovering Stories from the Past” project supported by Kinross (Marshall) Museum and funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund and Historic Environment Scotland in 2017 to celebrate the Year of History, Heritage and Archaeology.

Our country parish of Portmoak has a diverse landscape and history. It is 15 square miles in area with a population of around 1,350. Near the town of Kinross, Portmoak lies north-east of Loch Leven, a freshwater loch and nature reserve which is surrounded by the Loch Leven Heritage Trail, and south of the Lomond Hills Regional Park.

