



GET
INVOLVED
TODAY!

Creating Natural Connections

HallowScream in Cumbernauld
'Ghosts Of The Land'



According to ancient tradition Hallowe'en marks the end of Summer and the start of Winter. Some people believed that on this night all kinds of magic were possible. One long held belief was that on All Hallows Eve the walls that separated realities, places and times – even those between life and death – grew thin.

At a time like this it was just possible that those who had studied and learned all the secrets of nature – or who were unlucky enough to be in the wrong place at the wrong time - might be able to step between worlds. And perhaps, if they weren't very careful, something *else* might follow them through...

You are not the first person to walk this way tonight. Ahead of you a brave adventurer has broken through the barriers of time and has been cast back into the past to survive amongst the wilderness – if she can! Will you have the courage to follow her and discover the secrets of the ancient Glen? If you do then remember this one piece of advice above all others – stay on the path! There is a powerful enchantment placed on the path you are walking on. While you stay on it you will be safe from all harm, but should you step off... who knows what might be waiting for you in the dark...

It's always been traditional for people to tell stories at this time of year. Often the purpose of these stories was simply to entertain (or to frighten!) people but sometimes they had another purpose – a moral, a lesson, or a warning. The lesson we can learn from tonight's walk is clear.

Tread lightly on the earth, respect the rights of the natural world to live alongside our Human communities, consider how your actions might affect the future – and, above all else, learn from the mistakes of the past.

The story we have written is fiction but it deals with uncomfortable truths about how people have treated – and still treat – wildlife in Scotland. This could be upsetting and a little scary (it is Halloween after all!) for younger children so it's best read with an adult.

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Story by Paul Barclay.

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JENN'S STORY - BEGINNINGS

Samhain, all hallow's eve, hallowe'en. Whatever the name, it all means the same thing, the time when the barriers between worlds fall and ghosts, bogles and boggarts haunt the night. Humans light fires and carry lanterns to frighten away these evil spirits and they disguise themselves – and especially their children – in elaborate costumes so that evil fairies cannot recognise who to steal away into the dark.

To travel alone on the night of Samhain was foolish in the extreme. No sensible person would walk through the woods as darkness fell and supernatural beings began to creep through the trees.

But Jenn was not a sensible person. She didn't believe the old stories, she had never seen a witch or a drowl, she didn't believe in fairies or brownies. To Jenn Hallowe'en was just a night like any other. She had walked the path through the Glen between the Village and the Town Centre a thousand times before, tonight, she knew, would be no different.

It was a warm night, as it had been for weeks now, the effects of climate change preventing the temperature dropping even this deep into autumn. The last glimmers of light were fading from the sky as she walked through the underpass from the Village. Her shadow danced around her as she passed beneath the overhead lights, the underpass was brightly lit, but ahead of her the gloom was already gathering in the Glen.

She was just about to step out into the open again when a gust of freezing wind blew down her neck and the lights above her blinked off. She stopped in the sudden darkness, the hairs on the back of her neck prickling, her heart beating faster, so loud she could hear it pounding in her chest. Just as the wind blew through and the lights went out she was sure she had heard a strange noise, like a hunting horn blowing in the distance accompanied by the sound of high pitched laughter. She tilted her head, closing her eyes and straining her ears to try and recapture the strange sound.

She heard it again. A horn blowing and voices shouting.

Jenn shook herself, it was just people. No doubt someone was having a party to celebrate hallowe'en. She turned up the collar of her coat against the cold wind and opened her eyes again, catching the flicker of movement as her shadow renewed its dance around her. She stepped forward again and was almost out of the underpass and into the Glen before the implications of that hit her brain. Why was it suddenly so cold? How could she have a shadow when the lights were all out – and how could it have been dancing around her when she was standing still...

Jenn walked forward carefully into the open, the night was completely upon her now, the only light was the pale glimmer of the quarter moon, appearing and disappearing as it peeped out from amongst the scudding clouds. She strained her ears again, aware that there was something wrong with what she could hear. It took her a moment to realise that it wasn't what she could hear which was bothering her, it was the opposite. There was no sound at all. Jenn had grown up in this part of Cumbernauld, the sound of cars travelling along the busy roads had always been part of her life. Their absence was unsettling. She peered ahead into the dark - come to think of it, why couldn't she see the any car headlights? Where were the bright streetlights which lined the road? There was no artificial light anywhere to be seen.

With a sense of foreboding Jenn turned and looked behind her, to her shock she realised that, instead of the familiar underpass, she could see nothing but trees. She continued turning her body, everywhere she looked there were the dark shapes of tall trees, a whole forest of them surrounding her in every direction.

Jenn completed her full turn and as she did so the moon reappeared, revealing a figure standing in the distance in front of her. She froze in place and her breath caught in her throat. The figure looked like a person, tall, with long legs and arms, but there was something subtly *wrong*. The head which perched on the figure's shoulders was long and thin, flaring out into antlers which gleamed with the colour of bone in the pale moonlight. Below them a pair of glowing red eyes calmly stared back at her.

Panic flowed through Jenn's body like a wave, she couldn't resist the flood of adrenaline, couldn't control the hammerbeat of her heart, or the instinctive rush of energy into her legs as she leapt off the path and ran headlong into the woods.

"Don't leave the path!"

Jenn heard the voice through the trees behind her but she paid it no heed as she crashed through the tall grass. She ran with wild abandon though the trees, leaping over twisted roots, ducking under branches, their stiff twigs and thorns dragging across her face, slashing at her eyes, drawing blood where they cut into her skin.

Jenn ran for what felt like forever but eventually even adrenaline could no longer fuel her flight.. Her breath came in huge ragged gasps as she came to a halt at the base of a tree and sank to her knees, twisting to plant her back against the trunk, closing her eyes against the horrors of the night.

Gradually her breathing eased, her panic slowly subsided. Her lips and tongue felt dry, she knew she shouldn't have been running through the woods in this darkness, but she had had no control over her body's reaction.

Jenn slowly, carefully, opened her eyes, dreading what she would see, her imagination populating the trees around with rank upon rank of tall deer headed figures, their cold bone antlers dripping with blood...

Nothing.

There were no figures in the trees around her, no red eyes staring down at her. Jenn let out a breath and threw her head back against the trunk of the tree. Rational thought returned and she laughed out loud at the absurdity of her panicked flight – running from a shadow!

She shook her head ruefully, embarrassed at her reaction, obviously there couldn't have been a deer headed person on the path. There must have been a powercut which had turned off the lights in the underpass and she had simply got confused in the darkness.

A vivid imagination and the long moonlit shadows had done the rest. There was probably some poor person back on the path wondering what on earth they had done to make her react like that. She idly wondered which direction the path lay in and cast her eyes around looking with curiosity at the ancient twisted wood she found herself in.

She heard a gentle noise in the bushes behind her and turned, thinking she might be treated to a glimpse of a roe deer in the woods. She stood slowly, peering through a thicket of slender ash trees and came face to face in the gloomy half light with the shaggy head of a huge brown bear.

Magical Potions

It seems like poor Jenn has fallen foul of some sort of magical spell. Perhaps an evil witch has cursed her, or a mischievous brownie is up to some tricks.

For thousands of years people in Scotland have believed in natural magic – the power of nature to protect people and achieve change.

You can harness this power too, why not go out for a walk in nature and make your very own magical potion.

You'll need a water container (an old, clean, jam jar is ideal) to start with and, of course, some natural magical ingredients!

Walk through a park or woodland and look out for natural objects that you think might be good for your potion. Some examples might be leaves, berries, acorns, twigs or stones. Remember not to pull up any plants or hurt anything living.

As you walk keep an eye out for a good magical wand sized stick too!

Once you've collected your ingredients put them in the jar, add the water and then give it all a good stir together with your magic wand while you say some magical words.

Your potion is complete. Take it home with you, it is guaranteed to protect you and your home from all sorts of supernatural creatures – if only Jenn had some of this stuff before coming out her walk!

In the morning you can pour your potion out onto some grass and make a wish while you do so – you never know what wishes nature can bring true.



JENN'S STORY - THE LAST BEAR

Jenn froze and stood as still as possible. She knew she should be terrified but all she felt inside was a deep calmness as she took in the beauty of the bear in front of her. The whole thing was impossible. Jenn knew there were no bears left in the wild in Scotland, they had been hunted to extinction centuries before. But still, there was no denying the creature in front of her, the thick brown fur, powerful head and bright intelligent eyes. She was so close that she could hear it breathe, could smell its musky aroma. The bear made no move towards her, it looked back at her, she could see its nose wrinkle as it took deep, snuffling breaths. Its huge head turned on one side as it contemplated her, it was clearly interested but still Jenn felt no fear.

The bear sniffed the air and for a moment Jenn felt like she could feel its emotions, even its thoughts. She felt a connection like nothing she had ever experienced before. She could feel the breeze rippling through the thick, heavy fur, the cold air unable to penetrate through to the skin. She could smell a thousand scents, the irresistible aroma of blaberries stood out like a beacon, the clean scent of running water called to her. The sweet smell of fresh grass, the musky tang of distant deer. But most of all at the forefront, overpowering everything, else was one repellent smell she didn't recognise, but which her brain somehow knew meant great danger.

She turned towards it, and peering through dim eyes she made out the shape of what could only be a person, sitting with their back to a tree trunk. She stepped forward, trying to get a closer look and stumbled, her feet tangling together as she tried to sort out which one to move first – she'd never had a choice of four before.

Jenn looked up quickly as her brain processed this and realised for the first time that the human face dimly perceived ahead of her was her own. Jenn examined herself through the bear's eyes, she could feel the bear's emotions, it was curious, but anxious, it had encountered humans before in its life and had learned to fear them.

The bear's fear was central in Jenn's mind as she looked closer at her own human form – and realised she wasn't alone. Standing behind her own human body was the antler headed figure which had frightened her at the underpass. The sight of it froze her to the spot. There was no expression on its bony face as it took a step closer. Jenn wanted to shout, to flee, but she couldn't move. Trapped within the body of the bear she couldn't tear her eyes away from the terrifying figure as it moved until it was almost within touching distance, only inches away... and then stopped and looked up, towards the woods.

A hunting horn sounded in the darkness. Jenn snapped back to her own body and she watched as the bear turned in panic, away from the blare of the horn. It lumbered to its feet and began to run, heading uphill across a clearing. She could see it clearly in the moonlight, its muscles bunching under the fur as it forced itself onwards.

Suddenly from the other side of the clearing the source of the horns burst into view. A dozen men, hunters, riding on horseback, long cloaks flowing behind them as their horses rushed across the gap. They were shouting, bellowing and laughing as they rode. In their arms they carried heavy wooden spears with wicked barbed tips. They weren't alone, running in and out of the horses legs they were accompanied by a pack of huge baying dogs.

Within second the dogs were on the bear. They threw themselves at it, leaping, tearing savagely at its flesh with their sharp teeth. The bear was forced to a stop as the dogs encircled it, it leaned back on its haunches and bellowed in pain and frustration. Lashing out it caught one dog with a huge swipe of its paw and sent it spinning through the air, quickly it slashed at another and its long claws drew blood as the dog howled. The bear spun around growling in frustration but everywhere it turned it was faced with more snarling dogs, snapping their teeth and darting backwards and forwards.

The bear was strong and for a while it seemed like it might even be able to hold the dogs at bay as they learned to respect its teeth and claws. But in the end there was no hope. As the bear turned again to face the hounds behind it the men on their horses were suddenly upon it. With a shout the lead hunter thrust his long spear forward and its vicious barbed point penetrated deep into the bear's flesh.

The men and their horses now circled the bear stabbing at it. Finally as the bear tired so much that it could barely raise its head any longer the leading man spurred his horse forward and raised his spear high. Somehow the bear raised itself onto its hind legs to meet him. It stood tall and defiant before its tormentors and Jenn's heart ached for its beauty. But there could be only one ending. Jenn turned away unable to watch.

With a crash that shook the ground the bear fell and the men cheered, raising their spears and laughing in triumph. Jenn felt only a deep despair, a great sadness for the loss of such a beautiful animal.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she opened her eyes again and saw the deer headed creature only an arms length away. It seemed to contemplate her thoughtfully, the pale bone of the head turning slowly from side to side, baleful red eyes glinting from the black eye sockets

She could feel its hatred of her, mixed with a deep anger, but there was something else too, she somehow felt that her reaction to the bears death had surprised it. Finally the creature seemed to come to a decision, it raised one arm and pointed over Jenn's shoulder.

"Never again"

The creature's voice sounded like the rustle of dry leaves in an autumn breeze.

It turned and stalked off into the woods.

ACTIVITY

WALK LIKE A BROWN BEAR

Can you walk like a brown bear? Keep your legs as straight as you can, arch your back and touch the ground with your hands.

Try walking by bringing your back legs as far forward as you can before moving your arms – try and keep your arms the same width apart as your feet as you walk too, so that your 'back' feet step into the same place your hands (front feet!) have just been.

**A brown bear can run at 35mph like this, that's faster than the speed limit in town!
How fast can you go? How far can you walk like this?**

Extra points if you try this outside on some grass – but remember to check for anything sharp or nasty on the ground first!



BEARS IN SCOTLAND

Brown Bear

Scientific name : Ursos arctos

Scots : Bear

Gaelic : Mathan

Welsh : Arth

Size : 100-350kg; 1.7-2.5m tall

Habitat : woodland, grassland, meadows

Global population : 100,000 (17,000 in Europe)



Brown Bears would have roamed areas of Cumbernauld like the Glen and Forestwood until finally becoming extinct in the middle ages due to hunting and habitat loss. Bears were seen as 'trophy' animals and people would hunt them for the 'prestige' of killing them. They were also hunted for their fur and to use in cruel bear 'baiting' events where they would be forced to fight dogs for people's amusement. The Romans believed that British bears were especially large and fierce and they actually exported them to the colosseum in Rome.

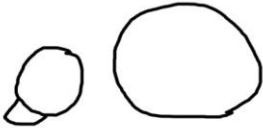
As the human population of Scotland grew and more and more space was taken for farms and towns the bears were left with nowhere else to go and they finally disappeared from our woods around about the 6th Century CE.

In folklore bears were associated with strength and especially with the protective power of mothers in defence of their children. They were also associated with warriors and kings – the legendary King Arthur was named for a bear and carried one as his emblem. In some traditions warriors could take on the strength of a bear by wearing a bear skin shirt. Other cultures believed that some people could even 'shape shift' into a bear – like Beorn in Tolkien's Lord of the Rings books.

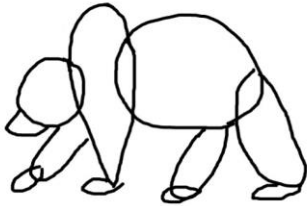
As well as their obvious strength and capacity for ferocity bears were also believed to represent positive traits like wisdom, kindness and even gentleness.

The modern name 'bear' is probably not what our ancestors called the animal! It comes from a Germanic phrase meaning 'the brown one', in fact no-one knows what the original name for bears in northern Europe was, it has been lost over the centuries. Some researchers believe that people were so in awe of bears that they refused to say their actual name due to a superstition that saying the name would summon the animal. Thanks to this lack of use, over time the original name was forgotten.

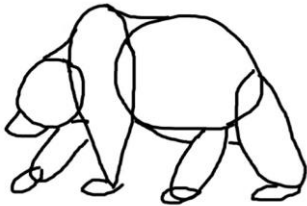
DRAW A BROWN BEAR



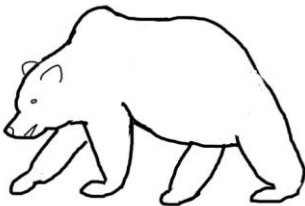
Drawing a bear can be really easy. You can start just by drawing some simple shapes to be the bear's head and body. Do this first stage in pencil, you'll want to rub some lines out later.



Add some more shapes to represent the bear's shoulders, legs and feet



Now start joining the shapes together – you should start to see the outline of your bear appear!



Go over the pencil lines you want to keep and rub out those you don't need any more



Now add the final details. Go over the edges to show the bear's shaggy fur and colour it in brown – it is a brown bear after all!

JENN'S STORY - THE LAST LYNX

Jenn tried to follow but it took only moments for her to become lost, the figure ahead of her disappeared into the darkness ahead. One moment it was there, the next she was alone. Behind her she could still hear the excited shouts of the men and the barking of their dogs. She broke into a run, a newfound sense of terror driving her, she did not want to be alone with the hunters in these woods. Running in the dark however, especially through a twisted, ancient wood, is rarely a good idea. After only a few steps, Jenn's foot caught on a tree root, and she sprawled to the ground, striking her head on a rock and sinking into blackness.

Jenn awoke some time later. She had no idea how long she had been unconscious but the moon was now high in the clear sky. She was freezing, the chill of the cold earth beneath her seeping into her core. She sat up and her head spun with dizziness. There was a tree behind her and she leaned back against it fighting down a wave of nausea. With a start she remembered the bear and the terrifying hunters who had tormented it and her eyes sprang open. She looked in all directions but could see no sign of them in the pale light of the half moon. She strained her ears but could hear absolutely nothing, it was as if she was alone in the world.

The thought of standing up felt too much for her so Jenn took a moment to take in her surroundings. She seemed to be on the edge of the woodland now, the dense trees she had been running through were gone, all around her was open space with only the occasional spindly tree standing upright. The tree she leaned against seemed to be the only substantial one around. She was just beginning to relax when she heard the loud crack of a branch breaking behind her and she realised that she wasn't alone after all.

Slowly Jenn turned and peered around the trunk she was sheltered behind. She could see a long way through the sparse woodland and she was almost unsurprised to see again the tall slender figure of the deer headed creature. It was looking directly at her, clearly aware of her presence. It stared at her, coolly holding her gaze, and it was several long seconds before Jenn became aware that beside it there stood another figure. This one was also man shaped, but shorter and thinner. It was difficult to look at, the light from the moon seemed to slide over it without reflecting, it was wrapped in shadows, with patches of light and dark giving her eyes nowhere to focus. The only thing that stood out was the skull, it was pale and bony like the deer creature, but cat shaped, its shallow muzzle parted to show glittering teeth.

Jenn felt terror rising again through her body as she stared back at the strange apparition, every time she saw it her fear grew. She felt again their hatred of her, a deep sense of malevolence, coming from them, fuelled by their own fear of people. After a few moments both creatures looked away from Jenn and as she followed their gaze her breath caught again. Across the clearing from her was the unmistakeable shape of a lynx.

Instantly Jenn knew that the lynx was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She forgot everything else as she watched, transfixed.

The lynx flowed across the ground, each careful footprint landing in total silence. It was superbly camouflaged, the brown spots along its tawny flank breaking up its outline so that it was difficult to follow its movement even in this wide, open, grassland. The Lynx's huge mobile ears twitched constantly as they drank in sound from all directions. It was a perfect living machine, a shadow given form, a creature so in balance with its surroundings that it took her breath away.

But even as she watched Jenn realised something was wrong. The cat's movements were deliberate, but it was more than just stealth which slowed its pace. The animal was moving stiffly and every few paces there was a slight give, almost a hobble, in its step, as though its strength was beginning to fail. Jenn looked closer, she took in the way the fur hung loose over its body, the sharp outline of the shoulder blades as it moved. The lynx was so thin, it must be starving.

As she watched the big cat stumbled and fell to its knees, before collapsing to the ground. Jenn could see its flanks heaving as it struggled for breath. She couldn't help herself, she forced herself to her feet and ran across the open ground to the stricken animal. As she got closer she again began to feel that same sense of strangeness she had experienced when she first met the bear. One moment she was running across the grass, the next she felt she was lying on it, collapsed on her side gasping for breath. A deep, gnawing sense of hunger overwhelmed all her other senses, clawing at her insides. She felt so weak and helpless, even the effort of filling her lungs was almost too much for her to bear. She could see a human running towards her but her vision was becoming hazy and suddenly her mind seemed to soar, her perspective raced upwards, and she saw the scene of her human self knelt over the lynx from high in the sky.

All around her she could see nothing but open moor pockmarked by tree stumps and the signs of past fires. It was a desolate landscape, nothing moved that was living, there were no deer, no hares, no rabbits or birds, nothing that a lynx could possibly eat. There were no trees or flowers. Only the ever present signs of humans and destruction. She could smell woodsmoke in the distance and hear the noise of axes as people worked to bring down the last remaining trees.

Her hunger still clawed at her stomach but alongside it now a deep feeling of sadness washed over her, loss for what had once been.

The lynx died with Jenn's tear streaked face pressed into its soft fur. Its long battle with hunger lost as it finally succumbed to starvation on the barren moorland where once there had been a forest.

Jenn was prepared this time when she heard the soft footsteps approach and she raised her head to look up at the deer skulled creature as it towered over her. Its gaze was as steady as ever, the red eyes burning into her own as the hissing voice spat at her.

"Never Again."

The creature turned and walked away.

ACTIVITY LEAP LIKE A LYNX

Lynx were famed in folklore for their incredible agility. They caught their prey by ambush, leaping out on unsuspecting roe deer, hares, rabbits and even birds. They could jump high into the air and cover huge distances.

Can you leap like a lynx?

Set yourself up in a wide open space, you want plenty of room to jump and a soft landing! A grassy area like St Maurice's Pond, or the House Park would be an ideal spot.

Crouch down and leap as high as you can in the air – you could try setting up some obstacles in front of you to help measure the height you can reach.

Next see how far you can jump horizontally (lengthways).

Jump as far as you can, mark your starting spot and get a friend to mark exactly where you land. Try it from a standing start and then see if you can jump further if you take a run up!

From a standing start a lynx can jump 2.5 metres straight up and can cover a distance of 7 metres horizontally – how do you compare?

LYNX IN SCOTLAND

Eurasian Lynx

Scientific name : Lynx lynx

Scots : Lynx

Gaelic : Lugh

Welsh : Lyncs

Size : 8-30kg; 90-110cm long

Habitat : Woodland

Global population : 70,000 (8000 in Europe)



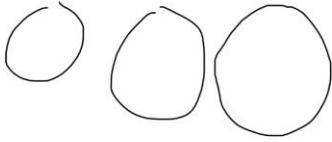
Once upon a time lynx would have lived in places like Cumbernauld Glen but even then its highly unlikely you would ever have seen one of these elusive hunters. Lynx are the masters of camouflage and ambush, hiding deep in the forest to surprise their favourite prey – roe deer.

Lynx survived in Britain until at least 1500 years ago, but there is some evidence that they may have hung on in Scotland for much longer. The 'Pais Dinogad' is a nursery rhyme written in Welsh in the 12th century. The rhyme tells of a hunter and his ability to catch lynx among other animals. Although it is almost forgotten now Welsh was one of the original languages of Scotland before English, Scots and Gaelic and there is reason to believe the rhyme was written here. Later a 16th century Swiss writer claimed that the best lynx furs came from Scotland, and another text, Richard Pococke's 'Tour of Scotland', describes a breeding population of lynxes living near Kidcudbright as late as 1760.

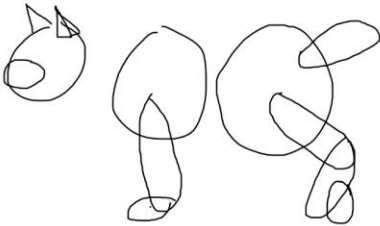
Although we may not know the exact date it happened we do know that lynx were eventually driven to extinction. By the 18th century, when Pococke's book was written, it would have been very difficult for lynx to survive here. Forest cover in Scotland was extremely low – much lower even than now – as humans removed woodlands to make way for industry, farms and sheep. The lynx's favoured prey, roe deer and mountain hares, were already all but extinct due to habitat loss and overhunting. Rabbits and brown hares were also uncommon leaving very little habitat or food for lynx. The last lynx in Scotland were likely to have been starved out – if they weren't killed by farmers or fur trappers. Today although habitat loss is still an issue, there is almost twice as much woodland and roe deer and rabbits are plentiful.

Lynx do not feature heavily in Scottish folklore but the name is believed to come from an association with the sun, likening the glow of the lynx's amber eyes with the glint of sunlight. They were noted for their sharp eyesight and their agility.

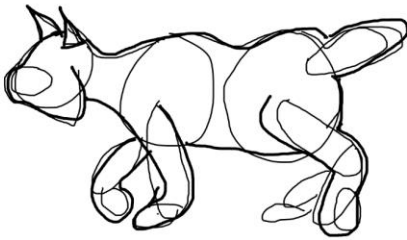
DRAW A LYNX



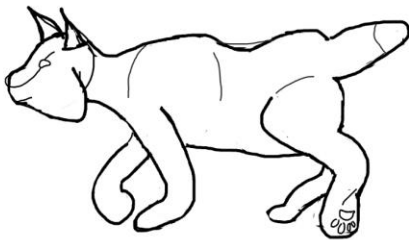
Why not try drawing a lynx? you can start by drawing three circles on a piece of paper. Do these in pencil – you'll want to rub them out later.



Add some more simple shapes to make up the lynx's legs, tail, ears and nose



Now join all your shapes together and start to add in extra details like the cheek tufts to bring your lynx to life



Go over the lines you want to keep and rub out the ones you don't need anymore. You can add final details like ears and feet.



Shade in your lynx orangey brown and add in some black spots to help with its camouflage! Don't forget the white belly and the black tips to the ears and tail



LEAF MONSTERS

- Jenn has been lucky so far, she has seen some spooky creatures but at least the trees are safe... or are they?
- Leaf monsters are a special kind of creature that you only find in the woods at Hallowe'en. Trees use them to scare off any ghosts or ghouls that might try to live in their branches.
- To see them yourself, first go out and collect some colourful autumn leaves, bring them home and then use felt tip pens, markers or paint to reveal the monsters!

JENN'S STORY - THE LAST WOLF

Jenn had been walking for hours, she was exhausted, stumbling as she walked, her head spinning with fatigue.

It was so dark she could barely see her hand in front of her face. She had lost the path, and the monstrous deer skulled creature which walked it, long ago. She was still feeling the after effects of her joining with the lynx, the feeling of starvation still leached her strength, every step took more effort than the last, she was reaching the limits of her endurance.

Finally she gave up, she could walk no longer. She fell to the ground, her head sunk to her chest. Stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid! She couldn't be far from home, no matter how far and how long she'd wandered, the Glen just wasn't that big, it was impossible to be lost for this long!

She raised her head to the sky and saw, even through her closed eyelids, the glow of the moon. She opened her eyes and looked at it, hanging full in the sky. She knew that was wrong, it had been a quarter moon when she saw the bear, a half moon when she encountered the lynx, it couldn't be full now, that would mean she had been stuck here in these strange woods for weeks!

The moon disappeared behind clouds again but Jenn was surprised to realise she could still see a faint glow in the air. She turned her head around, looking in all directions, it was stronger... *this way*. It wasn't much, just an orange glow, the hint of colour in the blackness but it was all she had. She summoned the last reserves of her strength, stood and walked towards it.

Turning every few steps to check she was still walking towards the strongest part of the light, she reached a clearing in the woods. On the far side she spotted something she hadn't seen for hours, a path, narrow but straight, led from the clearing into the dense trees, directly towards the light in the air.

She didn't have much choice, she followed it.

It was much easier walking along the path, whoever had made it had worn down the long grass, bracken and brambles, had carefully chosen the route to avoid wet mud and bog, had skirted round prickly bushes and found low spots to cross fallen trunks, had followed the contours of the hill to find the easiest way up. She was making good progress and the orange light was growing steadily brighter ahead. For the first time in long hours she was beginning to feel hopeful.

The only sound she could hear was the crunching of her feet through the undergrowth and her light breaths, she was surprised to realise that she was enjoying the quiet, the peace of the woods.

A crack and a crash from the path ahead brought her to a dead stop. It was like nothing she'd ever heard before, a deep snort as of a great creature drawing breath, a squeal, a *whicker* and a growl as two *somethings* met.

Her heart hammered in her chest as she strained to hear. Was it the bear? Another lynx? Could it be the ghostly skull headed creature? Jenn knew enough to know that some animals – even impossible animals – could be dangerous when surprised or defending their young.

She tried to reach out with her senses, straining to discover what was ahead. She was alert but not panicked, she analysed her own feelings and was surprised to discover how calm she was, her heartrate had recovered from her initial fright and was back to normal, her breathing was easy.

The orange glow was still in front of her, in the direction the creatures lay. And there was something else... she felt... she felt safety ahead. Warmth. Home. Family. She could taste the scent of good wholesome earth underfoot, could feel the grains of soil between her claws, could smell the comforting scents of her mate and her cubs, knew that safety was nearby. She saw her sister only a few yards away, the familiar grey and white shape of her head, the long grey hair on her neck...

With a light-headed rush, she was Jenn again. She shook herself and grabbed her own arms, patting her body down as if to reassure herself she was still her, still human.

She looked ahead down the path and began to walk towards the sounds.

She soon found herself on the edge of another clearing, the moon returned and she could see clearly again. In front of her, moving across a downward slope, in and out of the trees, stopping only to dip their heads down into the soil, or to greet a friend as they passed, was a family of wolves, moving busily around a series of paths surrounding a hole dug into the hillside. Their den she understood. Their home.

Her breath caught and joy grew in her heart as she watched them interact, living their lives, going on with their business of surviving. She saw a mother carefully shepherding her cub, encouraging it to explore; saw two older cubs mock fighting, biting at each other and running away, only to meet again and tumble down the slope in a tangle of black and white – and then pick themselves up and race back uphill to try the game again.

She saw a big male standing nearby, looking at her, its nose raised in the air, taking in her scent, contemplating her. And then turning away, somehow satisfied she was no threat.

She felt so privileged, so happy, so calm. She'd gone from fear, cold and despair to this feeling of elation in only a few moments.

She looked back across the clearing and all those feelings vanished as she saw another tall human shaped creature watching her, silhouetted against the orange light which had led her here. This time the skull that sat on its shoulders had a long, pointed muzzle, partially open to show a powerful jaw full of long teeth which seemed to drip with saliva.

The wolf skulled creature's glowing eyes seemed to pin her to the spot, she couldn't move for the terror which gripped her. She was only released when it turned its head, looking back over its own shoulder.

The dim orange glow behind it was growing steadily brighter, in fact it was so bright now that it was beginning to hurt her eyes. Jenn could see more detail now, the light was flickering, like a huge flame in the forest. As she watched it grew brighter and now her other senses began to alert her too, she could smell woodsmoke and hear voices – people! There were people in the woods and they were coming closer, fast.

The wolves in the clearing had noticed the disturbance too. One of the young cubs ran forward, its ears were pricked up and it looked excited as it ran down the slope towards the noise. There was a sharp growl from one of the females, Jenn somehow knew it was the cub's mother, and the cub stopped and looked back. The mother wolf ran towards her cub but before she could reach the youngster the source of the light was revealed – a group of humans burst through the treeline. They were shouting and roaring at the tops of their voices, they carried flaming torches in their hands along with long handled axes, clubs and evil looking guns.

Jenn's senses were overwhelmed. The noise of the shouting humans made her fold her ears back against her head; the smell of acrid woodsmoke and strange chemicals, the tang of metal, and above all else, the terrifying smell of humans filled her sensitive nose. She was blinded by the light from the flames and she felt her tail instinctively tuck between her legs as the fear filled her body.

Jenn knew that the proper reaction to meeting humans was to run, to hide. She wanted nothing more than to do so but she also knew that her cub was in danger. She would give anything for her family, she had to save it. Somehow she found the courage to throw herself forward towards the people who were threatening her child.

There was an explosion of noise and light and Jenn felt her body picked up and flung through the air by a huge impact. Her breath was knocked from her, she lay on the ground trying to rise but her paws scrabbled feebly against the earth. Her eyes opened and she saw a human, a man, with a heavy jacket, and a soft cloth cap. She could see the look in his eyes, his indifference to her life. She could see the long, black shape of the gun in his hands as he reloaded, the smell of gunpowder and wood, oil and steel. She took a breath, trying for one last time to stand and reach her cub, but there was no time. The vast barrel of the gun turned towards her again and the world was suddenly filled with light and noise.

And silence.

Jenn leapt to her feet, her senses were still scrambled, for a moment she tried to run on four legs and she stumbled for several steps before regaining her balance, but she never lost her speed, running, crashing through the undergrowth, towards the group of people and their deadly weapons.

The wolf cub was standing by the body of its mother, its face filled with fear and confusion. Time seemed to slow, Jenn had time to take in the scene of the cub and its mother. Her perception left her body and she had time to look all around the clearing.

She saw the male wolf running forward towards his mate and cub, his protective instincts overcoming his fear. She saw the other adult wolves, sisters, aunts trying desperately to herd the other cubs away, trying to save what they could. She saw the faces of the people, filled with hatred and anger. She knew then that she too would give her life to protect these animals, this family of wolves whose only crime was to live where people did not want them.

There was no hope of course. But there was also nothing else she could do. She screamed defiance and leapt forwards – for the pack!

WOLVES IN SCOTLAND

Grey Wolf

Scientific name : Canis lupus

Scots : Woulfe

Gaelic : Madadh Allaidh

Welsh : Blaidd

Size : 30 -50kg; 1.8 – 2m long

Habitat : Varied

Global population : 250,000 (16,000 in Europe).



The grey wolf is native to northern Europe and its home range once included Scotland. Our ancestors lived alongside them and once upon a time wolves would have been common here – even in places like Cumbernauld!

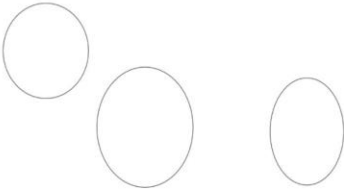
Wolves play an important role in Scottish folklore, they were often depicted as fierce, wild and dangerous – though in reality there are hardly any documented cases of healthy wild wolves actually attacking humans. Wolves – or the threat of them – were used in stories as warnings or as stand ins for unpleasant human behaviours. Wolves were sometimes depicted as slightly dim animals being defeated in battles of wits with other creatures – especially foxes! Other tales of wolves focus on them as strong, noble and loyal animals. They were known to form powerful family bonds and the strength of their family, or ‘pack’ is key to their success. Packs can have around 7 adult members and all the members will co-operate to help raise young and keep everyone fed and healthy.

As time passed wolves became more and more unwelcome among people due to our increasing desire to farm animals like sheep and deer. In the 15th Century King James I ordered his subjects to eradicate all wolves in Scotland. There are lots of competing claims for where and when the last wolf in Scotland was killed but they were certainly all gone by the 1700s.

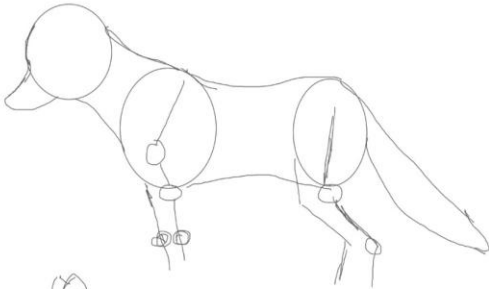
The Scots Gaelic name for wolves is a good example of our changing attitudes towards them. The most common modern name ‘*madadh-allaidh*’ means ‘savage wild dog’ but older names include *madadh-gul* ‘wailing wild dog’; *cù-fàsaich* ‘wilderness dog’ and *coille-chù* ‘forest dog’. In the Gaelic calendar January is known as *Am Faoilleach* ‘the wolf ravaging time.’

We now know that, far from being something to be feared, wolves are incredibly important to a healthy ecosystem, helping to regulate all the other life which shares the land with them.

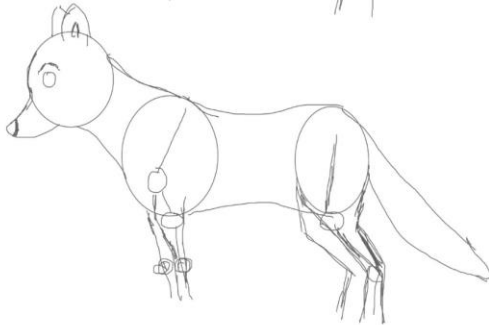
DRAW A WOLF



To draw a really simple wolf you can start by drawing three circles on a piece of paper. Do these in pencil – you'll want to rub them out later.



Add some more shapes to represent the wolf's neck, legs, nose and tail.



Now join all your shapes together and give more details to the legs and head - you should start to recognise your wolf!



Add the final details and rub out the lines you don't need any more. Go over the edges and shade in some lines to show the wolf's thick coat – don't forget to give it some feet!

ACTIVITY

RUN LIKE A WOLF

A grey wolf can run at 40mph for short bursts or five miles an hour for long distances. How fast can you run?

Find a nice open area where it is safe to run – the long straight path at the top of Cumbernauld Community Park would be a good place!

Mark you're a point on the ground and then walk for 100m (about 100 long steps for an adult, 200 for a child) and lay down another marker as a starting point.

Now get ready to run like a wolf!

Use a stopwatch (or get a friend to help) and then time how long it takes you to run from the start to the finish.

A wolf could do it in 6 seconds... how long does it take you?

ACTIVITY

FISH LIKE A BEAR

One of the most important skills a bear needs is the ability to catch fish – but they can't use rods or nets, they have to catch them with their mouth or paws!

Fill a basin with water and take it somewhere outdoors. Place it on the ground and then drop in a few apples.

The apples should float in the water – we are going to pretend they are fish swimming in a pool – **can you fish as well as a bear?**

Get down on all fours and approach the basin like a bear. Your task is to catch some of those delicious apples fish using only your mouth!

See how many you can catch and lift out of the water with your teeth. For a more tricky challenge, why not try it blindfolded – bears can even fish in the dark!

If its too tricky with your mouth another option might be to use a fork to simulate a bears claws. Hold it in your mouth with the tines pointing down and try to drop it on an apple and spear it!

JENN'S STORY - A NEW BEGINNING

And then there was nothing. Jenn's feet thudded to the ground, her scream died on her lips. She whirled around, she was in the same place, she could recognise the contours of the earth, but everything was different. There were no wolves, no people, no fire or smoke. The trees were in different places, the moon was no longer full in the sky.

The wolves and people were gone but she wasn't alone. All around her stood a group of figures. Tall and slender, human shaped, but each with the pale gleam of bone where their heads should be. She couldn't tell how many creatures stood there. Dozens perhaps, or even hundreds, with skulls shaped like birds, cats, wolves, bear, deer and who knew what else. They faded in and out of sight, their shadows twisting in the moonlight. Everywhere she turned the figures stared at her with baleful red eyes. She felt like she was being examined right down to her very soul, her every thought and feeling stripped bare to them. Weighed, measured and judged.

Finally a single figure stepped forward. Taller than the rest with a long slender, deer shaped skull topped with towering antlers.

"Never again".

It hissed at her, its voice like a million dry autumn leaves.

Jenn lifted her head to look the creature full in the eyes. For the first time she held its gaze without the sense of overwhelming terror that had always washed across her before.

"No." she replied. *"Never again. I will not allow it."*

The creature regarded her for a long moment. And then nodded its head, turned, walked into the woods and faded from sight.

Jenn let go a breath she hadn't known she was holding. Beneath her feet she could feel the familiar hard surface of the path down into the village. She could see it snaking down towards the underpass, illuminated in the light of the streetlamps. The hum of traffic noise filled the air.

"Never again" Jenn said.

She began her walk home.

THE FUTURE

Bears, Lynx and Wolves are already gone from our woodlands – though some people would like to bring them back.

There are other animals which are still living in Scotland whose future is still uncertain. There is no supernatural force threatening these creatures – their greatest threat comes from us.

But just as we are their greatest threat, you are also their greatest hope – remember Jenn's promise.

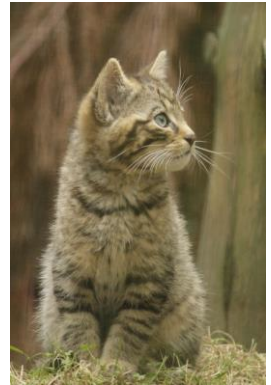
"Never Again"

SCOTTISH WILDCAT

The Scottish wildcat is one of the world's rarest and most endangered mammals. Scottish wildcats are known as the 'Highland Tiger' but they are actually even rarer than any tiger subspecies. Though they would have lived here in the past they are all gone from Cumbernauld now and only survive in isolated parts of the Scottish Highlands.

Wildcats are threatened by habitat loss, by people who don't properly look after their domestic cats, and by human persecution. If we don't all act together now then soon Scottish wildcats will be gone forever.

We can all help by raising awareness of the Scottish wildcat, keeping our cats indoors overnight and by vaccinating and neutering them.



SCOTLAND'S SEAS

Cumbernauld might feel a long way from the beach, but no matter where you are your everyday actions affect the seas and oceans around us.

Litter which is dropped here can very easily make its way into the ocean. Things like balloons, plastic bags, bottles, face masks, and much more wash into our streams and rivers and then into the sea.

In 2018 a dead whale was found with more than 1000 large pieces of plastic in its stomach. In 2020 a survey found that every 100m of the average British beach had more than 400 large pieces of litter.

The real horror story is that our carelessly thrown away litter kills marine wildlife and chokes our seas.

We can all help by not dropping litter, reducing our use of all plastic wherever we can, properly recycling what we do use, and by not using single use plastics at all.

EURASIAN BEAVER

Beavers are back in Scotland! They became extinct in the 16th century due to habitat loss and hunting for their fur, but in 2009 they were reintroduced to the wild.

Beavers are incredible ecosystem engineers, they build dams in waterways, creating wetlands and restoring native woodlands.

Beavers make habitat for other species - it has been shown that areas where beavers move in become better for birds, insects and other mammals too.



You can help beavers by advocating for them – telling other people, especially politicians and policy makers, how important they are to Scotland and how much you care about them. We can all help by being more tolerant of the wildlife around us, living in co-operation with the natural world, not competition.

RED SQUIRREL

Red squirrels are under threat in Scotland due to habitat loss and competition from the invasive non native grey squirrel. Red squirrels cannot live alongside grey squirrels due to a disease carried by the greys which kills the reds. Red squirrels also need large, quiet areas of native woodland to thrive in and these areas are becoming increasingly rare due to human interference and urban expansion.



You can help red squirrels by protecting and looking after our native woodlands and by reporting any red squirrels you see to Saving Scotland's Red Squirrels

THE SCOTTISH BOGLE

Bogles are supernatural creatures from Scottish folklore which are closely related to boggarts and bogeymen. Bogles come in all sorts of different sizes, from tiny sprites right up to huge giants - it can be hard to tell their size as they can become invisible at will. They like to live near humans and delight in mischief, they love to confuse and scare people but they very rarely actually hurt anyone.

You can help by believing in bogles, especially at Halloween, by telling stories about them, and by preserving the wild urban spaces (like Cumbernauld Glen) they like to live in.

Hallowe'en is a great time to go exploring, why not head out into the woods and see how many of these spooky objects you can find....

- A stick that can be used as a magical wand
- A leaf the same colour as a pumpkin
 - A spider's web
 - A monster's eyeball (conker)
 - A goblins hat (acorn)
 - A witches' nose (pinecone)
 - A leaf shaped like a bats wing
- Some blood coloured berries (don't touch!)
- A leaf the colour of Frankenstein's monster (green)
 - A stick big enough to be a witches' broom
 - A bridge a troll could hide under
 - A hole that a bat could live in
 - A mushroom that a fairy might sit on

HALLOWE'EN SCAVENGER HUNT

WORD SEARCH

On Jenn's journey through Cumbernauld's past she has come across creatures which used to live here but have now become extinct.

Unfortunately there are many other animals which have become extinct in Scotland's past.

See if you can find some of them in the wordsearch below – all of these animals lived in and around Scotland in the past, some of them even in Cumbernauld!

**Brown Bear; Auroch; Grey Wolf; Grey Whale; Great Auk; Lynx;
Polar Bear; Reindeer; Arctic Fox; Elk; Wildcat; Beaver**

G	B	R	O	W	N	B	E	A	R	R	A
R	R	K	T	W	X	A	B	U	E	R	R
E	R	E	I	N	D	E	E	R	I	O	C
Y	D	B	Y	R	A	G	A	O	E	R	T
W	A	L	R	W	O	R	V	C	O	F	I
O	M	R	P	I	H	E	E	H	Q	K	C
L	A	E	L	L	W	A	R	A	Y	E	F
F	L	X	A	D	G	T	L	R	L	L	O
A	R	G	D	C	L	A	R	E	C	E	X
X	L	W	T	A	T	U	V	K	A	R	D
O	A	F	R	T	G	K	L	R	R	K	A
P	O	L	A	R	B	E	A	R	E	R	P

CUMBERNAULD LIVING LANDSCAPE

Cumbernauld Living Landscape is improving Cumbernauld's greenspaces for both people and wildlife, while helping everyone in the community connect with the nature on their doorstep.

Cumbernauld is incredibly green and we believe that everyone should benefit from this. However, these green areas are often disconnected from one another and many are not as good for people – or wildlife – as they should be.

Without good quality, healthy places people and wildlife cannot flourish. Working closely with the local community, we need to ensure that healthy places are at the heart of the town's future. We will achieve this through a range of projects across the town, divided into four major workstreams.

Improving Habitats and Access – We're improving habitats for wildlife and making it easier for people to find and access these sites. We will also enable people to volunteer and take practical steps to conserve and improve these places.

Connecting Young People to Nature – We're providing opportunities for children to get involved in practical environmental projects and helping schools use the outdoors as part of their lessons.

Promoting Green Health and Wellbeing – It is now well established that access to the outdoors is vital for people's health. The Wild Ways Well project helps people, care practitioners and groups to use nature to manage their mental health.

Unlocking Community Capacity – We are unlocking and developing the skills of the community. By building relationships with groups and individuals and helping them to take action for nature we will ensure a legacy that will last beyond this project.

There are lots of ways you can get involved in the project, as a volunteer, participant, or just supporter. You'll find more information about how at the end of this booklet.

Wild Ways Well is our nature and wellbeing project in Cumbernauld it is free for anyone to join and take part in, all you need is a really basic level of fitness, suitable for walking on rough forest paths.

Each session involves a short walk, a chance to relax and chat (if you want) over a hot drink and time to immerse yourself in the outdoors, as well as a chance to get in touch with nature and find out how it can help you feel better. It's a great way to meet new people, explore nature, relax and de-stress.

Sessions take place regularly on weekdays – as well as evenings and weekends. If you are an individual who would like to part, a group leader, or someone who would like to refer participants to the project you can find out more details by contacting:

Paul Barclay at p.barclay@tcv.org.uk

The Nature Ninjas Are our practical conservation volunteer group.

This aim of this group is to improve habitats across Cumbernauld for nature. Our groups are great places to make friends, keep fit, learn more about nature and see the outdoors. No prior experience is necessary. Sessions take place regularly on Tuesdays and Wednesday.

Examples of activities coming up include tree planting, scything, hedge laying, pond cleaning and much more!

We also provide training for upskilling or just for enjoyment and building knowledge of nature and conservation.

If you would like to get involved, then please contact:

Katie Brown at katie.brown@tcv.org.uk

Early Connections and Natural Connections are our education/outdoor learning projects for Connecting Young People to Nature.

Early Connections workshops for ages 8-11 years links to habitats projects and the wildlife in our town. These workshops can be delivered to primary schools and community groups within Cumbernauld.

Natural Connections encourages high school students aged 11-16 to connect with nature on a deeper level to aid employability skills.

Outdoor learning is also fun, remember have a look out for all of our events on our Facebook page and website

We also offer Continual Professional Development **training** to enable teachers and leaders to confidently deliver outdoor learning for their young people.

For more information contact:

Catherine Leatherland at cleatherland@scottishwildlifetrust.org.uk

You can find out more about all our projects by visiting our website

www.cumbernauldlivinglandscape.org.uk

Facebook - **Cumbernauld Living Landscape** or

Twitter and Instagram - **@WildCumbernauld**



Cumbernauld Living Landscape is a partnership between the Scottish Wildlife Trust, North Lanarkshire Council, Sanctuary Scotland, the James Hutton Institute and TCV – The Conservation Volunteers.

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Our partners



Our funders



Cumbernauld Living Landscape is led by the Scottish Wildlife Trust, a Scottish registered charity (charity no. SC005792) and a company limited by guarantee and registered in Scotland (registered no. SC040247). Wild Ways Well is provided by TCV, registered as a charity in Scotland (SC039302).