



# LIGHT YEARS



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Hopes, dreams,  
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**Adventures of Billy by Agnes Shaw**

**Artwork by Mhairi M Robertson / Script assistance by Paul Bristow**



CLIVE WAS A SMART WEE  
FOUR YEAR OLD.



EACH WEEK HIS MOTHER SET ASIDE  
FOUR PENCE FOR HIM TO BUY  
SOMETHING TO READ.



EVERY WEEK, CLIVE BOUGHT  
THE EAGLE.



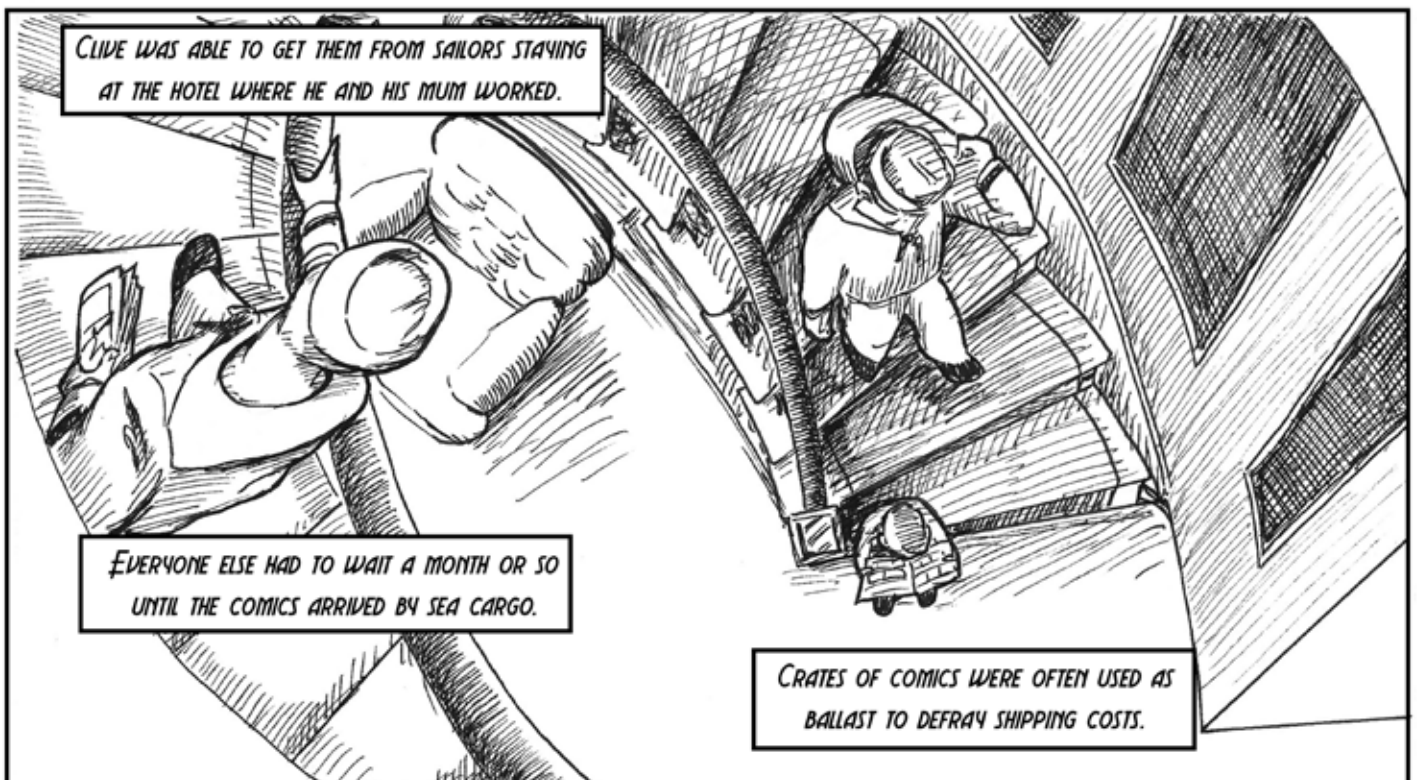
AND IT MUST HAVE WORKED.  
CLIVE WAS READING AND WRITING WELL  
BEFORE HE ATTENDED  
PRIMARY SCHOOL.



THE EAGLE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING  
TO LOOK FORWARD TO...



BY THE TIME HIGH SCHOOL CAME AROUND,  
AMERICAN ACTION COMICS AND SUPERHEROES  
WERE THE THING.

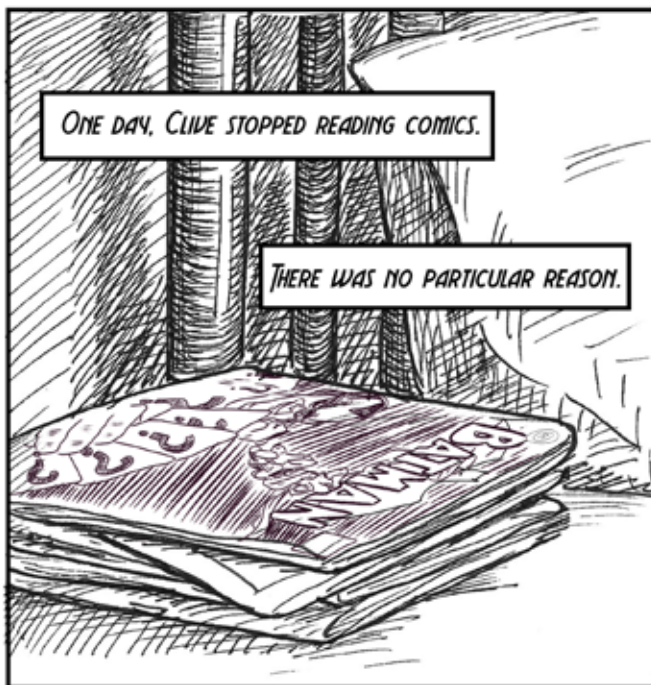


CLIVE WAS ABLE TO GET THEM FROM SAILORS STAYING  
AT THE HOTEL WHERE HE AND HIS MUM WORKED.

EVERYONE ELSE HAD TO WAIT A MONTH OR SO  
UNTIL THE COMICS ARRIVED BY SEA CARGO.

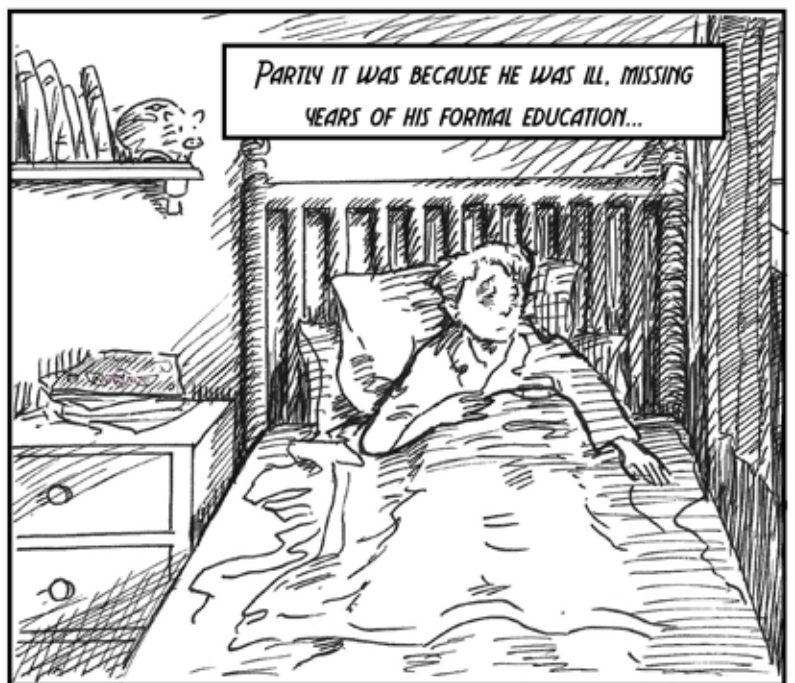
CRATES OF COMICS WERE OFTEN USED AS  
BALLAST TO DEFRAY SHIPPING COSTS.





ONE DAY, CLIVE STOPPED READING COMICS.

THERE WAS NO PARTICULAR REASON.

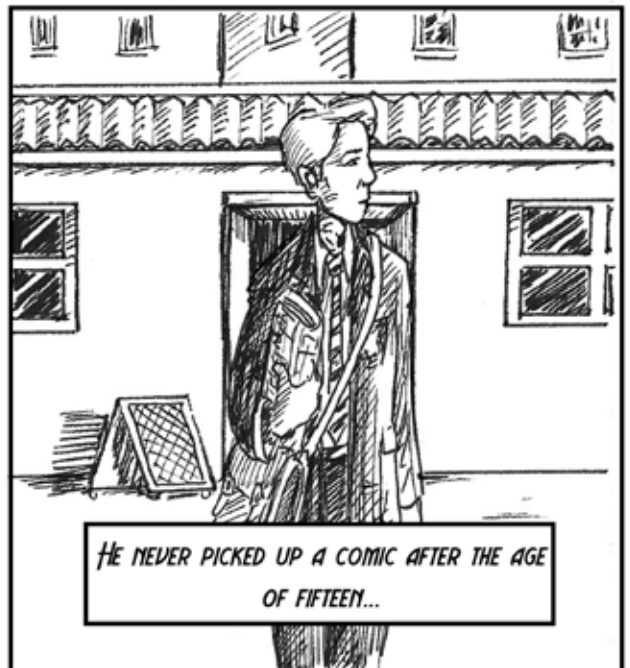


PARTLY IT WAS BECAUSE HE WAS ILL, MISSING YEARS OF HIS FORMAL EDUCATION...



AND THEN WHEN HE RECOVERED, EXAMS CAME AROUND. THEN WORK.

LIFE MOVES ON.



HE NEVER PICKED UP A COMIC AFTER THE AGE OF FIFTEEN...



...UNTIL MANY YEARS LATER HE STARTED SHARING HIS OWN MEMORIES OF READING COMICS WITH HIS DAUGHTER.

HAPPY TIMES. AND IF YOU CAN BE HAPPY, THAT'S HALF THE BATTLE.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... WHY WAS THIS CALLED THE HELICOPTER PILOT?

WELL... THAT WAS TO KEEP YOU CURIOUS, SOMETHING COMICS DO BRILLIANTLY. SO NOW...READ ON...



# An Unusual Day

WE HAD DECIDED TO TAKE THE NEW CAR OUT FOR A RUN. I SUGGESTED WE GO TO DOUNE CASTLE FOR A PICNIC WITH THE DICKSONS...

OH! LOOK THERE IT IS.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO COME HERE SINCE I SAW IT IN A PICTURE AT SCHOOL.

THE PATH IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE IT DID IN THE PICTURE.

I THINK WE SHOULD GO THROUGH THE ARCH FIRST! IT LOOKS SUITABLY DARK AND FOREBODING.

TRUST YOU TO PICK THE DARKEST PLACE, MOLLY IS SCARED OF THE DARK. HAHA

I CAN'T GET IN. THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE WAY, IT FEELS LIKE A GLASS WALL I CAN'T GET THROUGH AND...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ELLIE?

COME ON ELLIE STOP FAFFING ABOUT YOU ARE MISSING OUT, THIS PLACE IS HUGE WHEN YOU GET INSIDE.



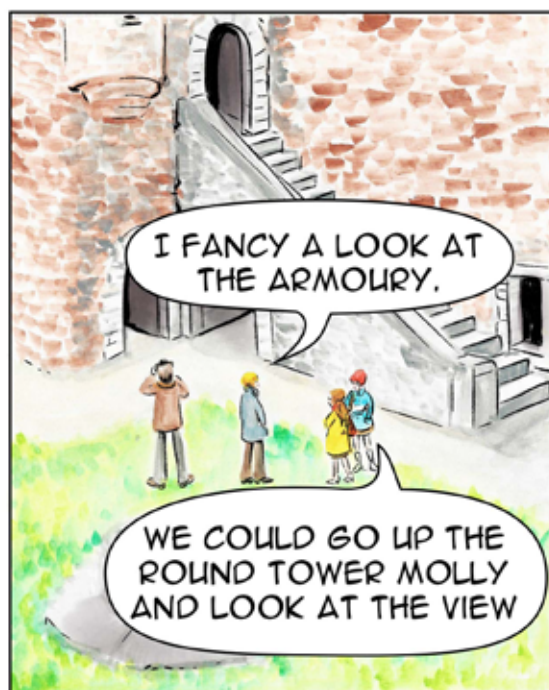


I CAN HEAR PEOPLE SCREAMING, HORSES, METAL HITTING METAL...AND THERE'S A TERRIBLE SMELL...



ELLIE ARE YOU OKAY?

I DON'T KNOW...I...IT'S GONE NOW. LETS JUST ENJOY THE REST OF THE DAY.



I FANCY A LOOK AT THE ARMOURY.

WE COULD GO UP THE ROUND TOWER MOLLY AND LOOK AT THE VIEW



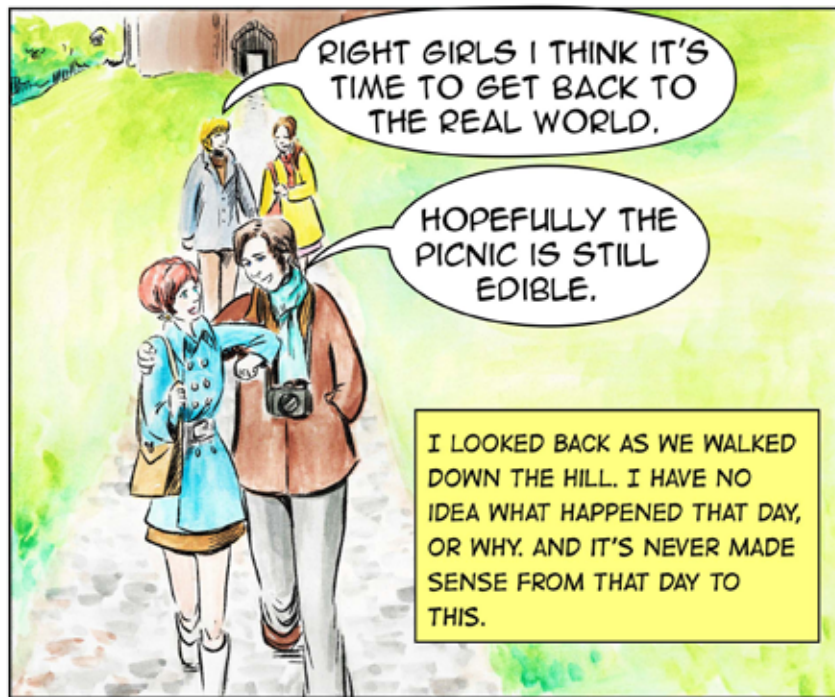
OH I AM REALLY TIRED BEING PREGNANT IT'S NO FUN CLIMBING UP ALL THESE STAIRS.

DON'T WORRY, JUST ROUND THE NEXT CORNER THERE IS A WINDOW WITH A CHAIR IN IT AND YOU CAN REST.



HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I DON'T KNOW, IT'S BEEN A WEIRD DAY...



RIGHT GIRLS I THINK IT'S TIME TO GET BACK TO THE REAL WORLD.

HOPEFULLY THE PICNIC IS STILL EDIBLE.

I LOOKED BACK AS WE WALKED DOWN THE HILL. I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY, OR WHY. AND IT'S NEVER MADE SENSE FROM THAT DAY TO THIS.



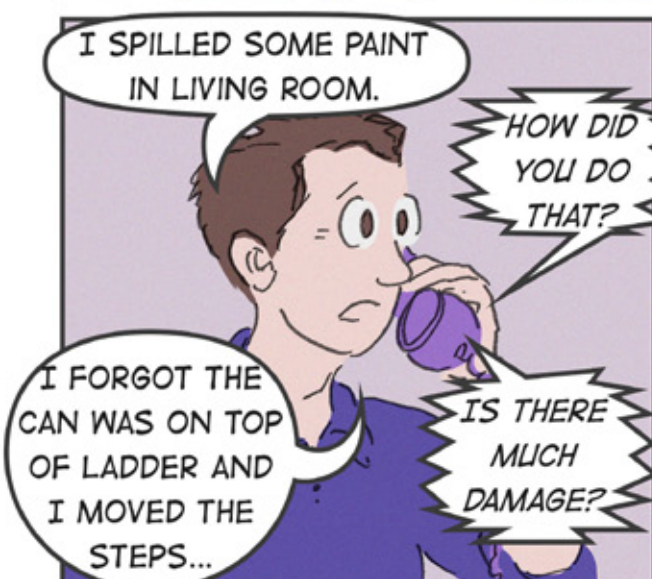






# DAVE

in "The Paint Job"





# FEARLESS FRANCIS

## THE MARTIAN INVASION OF CUBIE STREET

In which our hero is sent out for a packet of tea and encounters a spaceship disguised as a furniture shop!

IN GRANNY'S KITCHEN...

GO GET ME A PACKET OF RED LABEL TEA, SON

OK GRANNY.

FRANCIS IS A LITTLE BOY LIVING IN GLASGOW IN THE LATE 1950'S. HE LIVES IN A FANTASY WORLD, PLAYING IN THE TENEMENTS STREETS, HAVING ALL SORTS OF IMAGINARY ADVENTURES.

GRANNY DOESN'T KNOW THAT...

HER GRANDSON IS REALLY...

DEN  
DEN  
DEN!!

FEARLESS FRANCIS!

BUT WHAT'S THIS? 20 MARTIANS WAITING IN THE CLOSE TO AMBUSH OUR HERO!

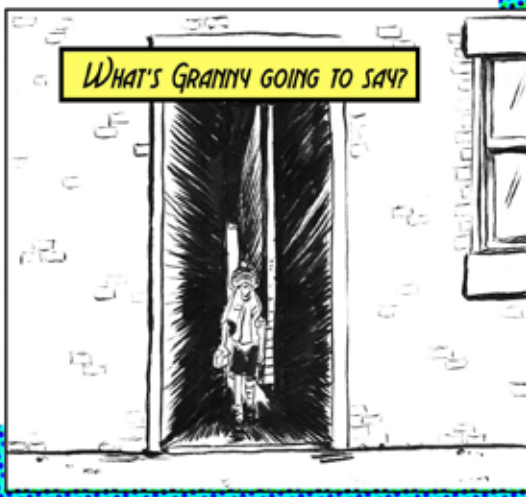
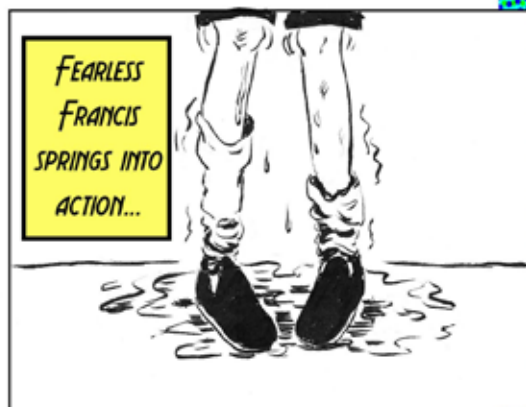
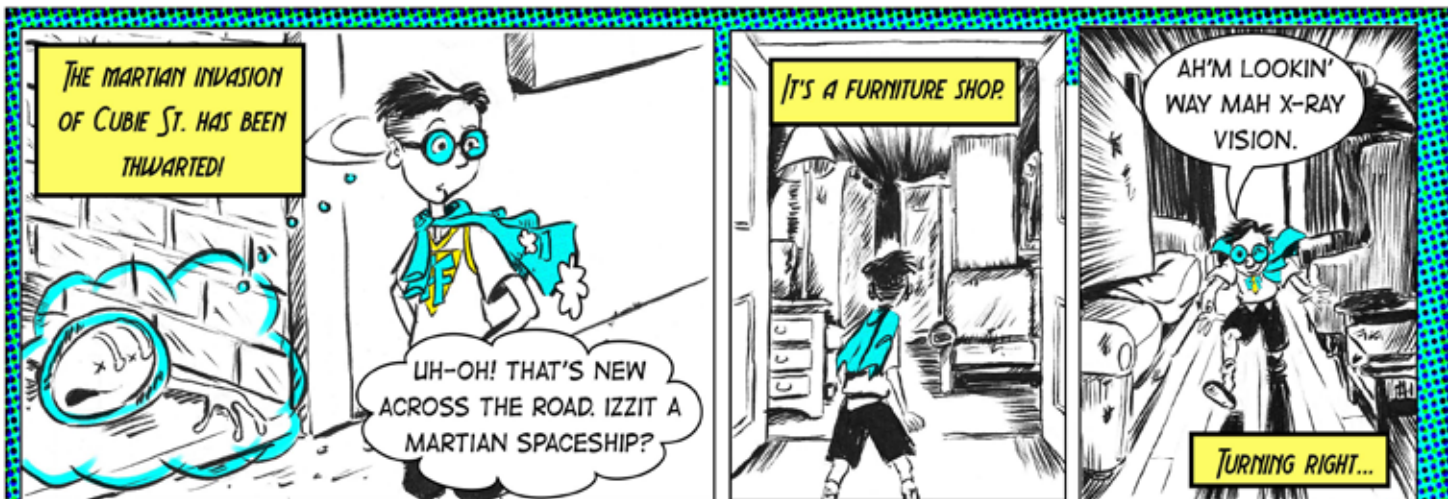
COME AHEAD!

NAE BORRA!

TAKE THAT - AND THAT - AND THAT!

EVERYBODY IN THE CLOSE COULD HEAR HIM - EXCEPT GRANNY.







GRANNY WAS A KINDLY WOMAN AND COULD SEE HER GRANDSON WAS IN SHOCK...

...(SOB) AN' HE GRABBED ME BY MA EAR AN' GRANNY, AH'M SORRY, AH PEED MASEL! (SOB)

DON'T YOU WORRY MA WEE LAMB. AH'LL DEAL WAY THAT MAN IN A WEE WHILE. LET'S GET YOU CLEANED UP.

TWO HOURS LATER...

HAW YOU! AH WAANT A WURD!

AYE, COME BACK LATER YA AULD BAG - AH'M BUSY.

GRANNY IS SLIGHTLY DEAF...

WHIT DID HE SAY?

...SHE HAD LOST NO TIME IN TELLING THE NEIGHBOURS ABOUT HER "POOR WEE LAMB".

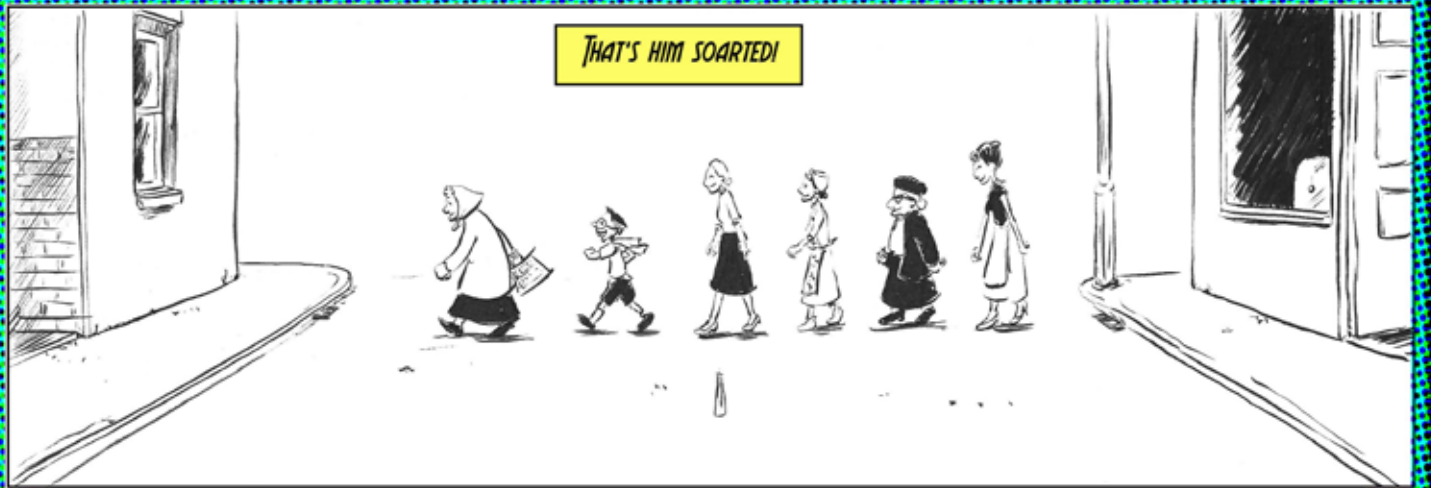
AW NAW! IT'S THE WEE SHITE'S GRANNY - AH'M FURRIT NOO!

WID  
WALLOP!

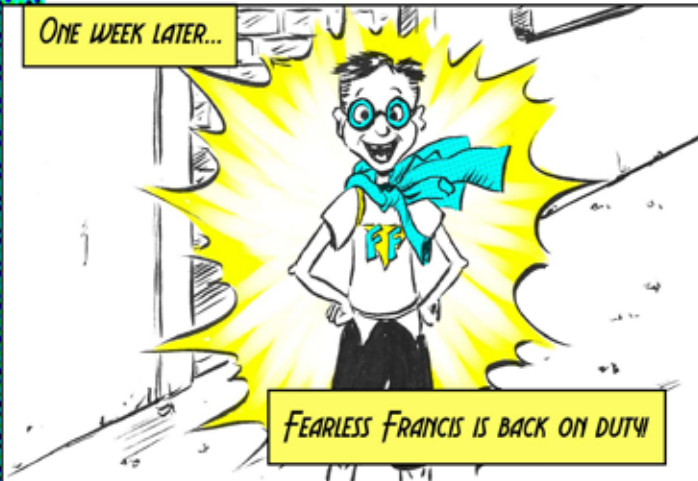
IF AH EVER HEAR O'YOU TOUCHING ANY WEAN IN THIS STREET, YOU'LL ANSWER TAE THEIR FAITHERS - AND BY CHRIST IT'LL NO BE A SKELP YOU'LL GET NEXT TIME!



THAT'S HIM SOARTED!

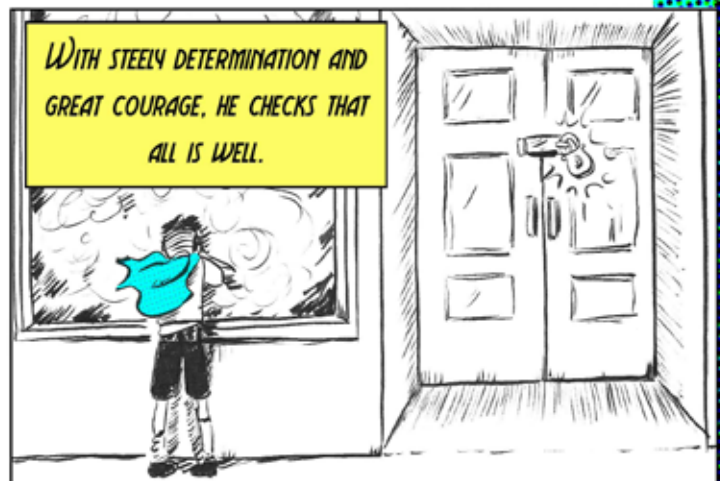


ONE WEEK LATER...



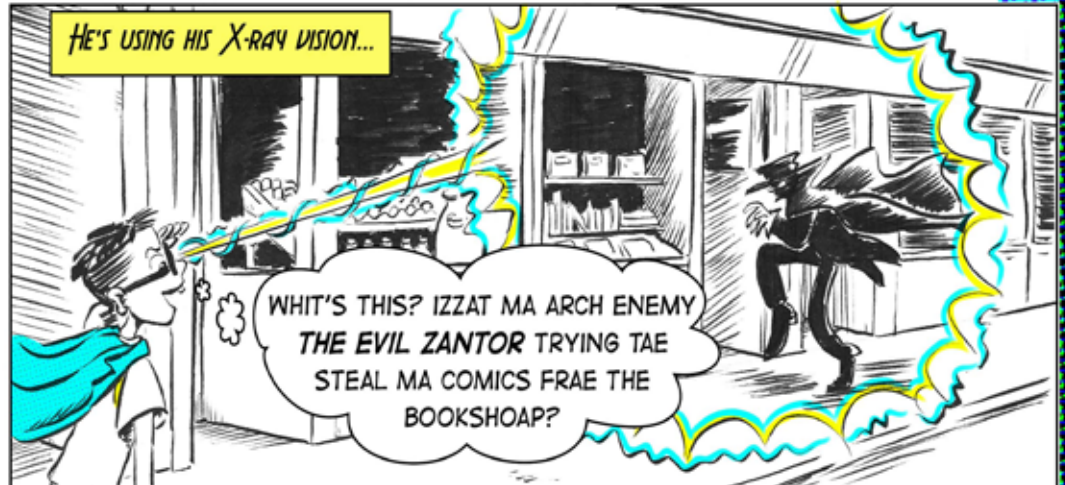
FEARLESS FRANCIS IS BACK ON DUTY!

WITH STEELY DETERMINATION AND GREAT COURAGE, HE CHECKS THAT ALL IS WELL.



THE MAN HAD BROKEN INTO THE EMPTY SHOP AND WAS USING IT ILLEGALLY. THE FACTOR HAD BEEN TIPPED OFF, BUT THE MAN WAS LONG GONE BY THE TIME THE FACTOR'S MEN ARRIVED.

HE'S USING HIS X-RAY VISION...



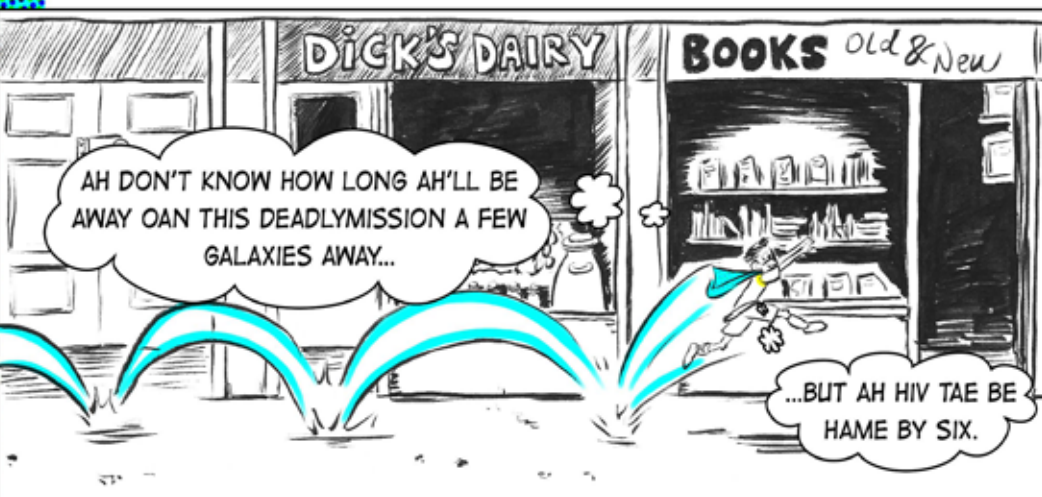
WHIT'S THIS? IZZAT MA ARCH ENEMY THE EVIL ZANTOR TRYING TAE STEAL MA COMICS FRAE THE BOOKSHOAP?

DICK'S DAIRY

BOOKS Old & New

AH DON'T KNOW HOW LONG AH'LL BE AWAY OAN THIS DEADLYMISSION A FEW GALAXIES AWAY...

...BUT AH HIV TAE BE HAME BY SIX.



GRANNY'S MAKING STOVIES!



# The Camping Holiday

I FIRST WENT CAMPING WHEN I WAS ABOUT FOUR YEARS OLD. WE WENT DOWN TO RED ROCKS EVERY SUMMER AND WOULD STAY FOR SIX WEEKS.

FIRST THINGS FIRST, LET'S GET THE KETTLE ON. YOU LOT GO EXPLORE THE CAMPSITE.

WHEN MY HUSBAND AND I HAD OUR CHILDREN, WE TOOK THEM ALL CAMPING TOO. PARKFOOT, NAIRN, GLENCOE, BRODIE...ALL SORTS OF PLACES.

LATER  
THAT  
NIGHT...

CAN YOU HEAR THOSE  
SHEEP? THEY SOUND  
AWFY NEAR...

WE'LL GO CHECK!

BAAA!

LOOKS LIKE THE FARMER'S COMING  
WITH HIS SHEEPDOG.

HOPEFULLY HE'LL ROUND THE  
KIDS UP AS WELL!

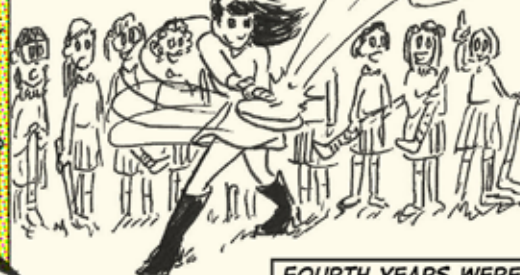


# The Many Jobs of Sue



I STARTED AS A SCHOOL TEACHER AT AGE 21, STRAIGHT FROM UNIVERSITY. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY TEACHER TRAINING...

...BUT I COULD HIT A HOCKEY BALL THE LENGTH OF THE PITCH, WHICH REALLY IMPRESSED THE FIRST YEARS.



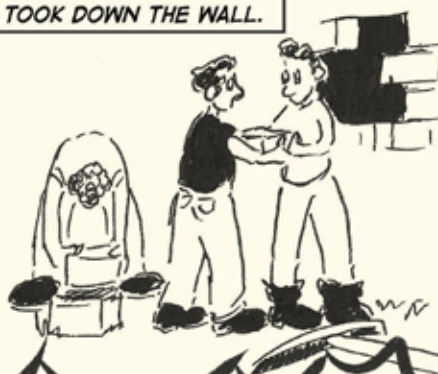
FOURTH YEARS WERE HARDER TO IMPRESS.

EVEN SCARY NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS NEED BUILDING WORK DONE. I REMEMBER MY HUSBAND'S TEAM WERE ASKED TO REMOVE AN OLD WALL.



ALL THE CORRECT PERMITS AND SAFETY DOCUMENTATION WERE OBTAINED, AND THE GUYS STARTED WORK.

BRICK BY BRICK, SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE TEAM TOOK DOWN THE WALL.



AND GOT A BIT OF A FRIGHT WHEN THEY FOUND OUT WHAT WAS BEHIND IT...

WE MOVED TO A SHINY NEW OFFICE NOT LONG AFTER. I REMEMBER OUR MANAGER, AN OLDER LADY, EXPLAINING OUR DAY TO DAY REALITY TO THE ARCHITECT.



BOLT THESE CHAIRS AND ASHTRAYS TO THE FLOOR OR THEY WILL INJURE MY STAFF WHEN THROWN AT THEM.

SHE WASN'T EASILY INTIMIDATED, DESPITE ALL THE ABUSE SHE USED TO GET...



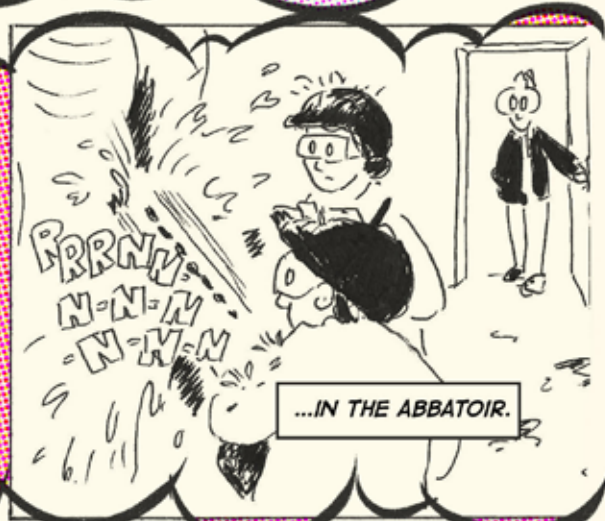
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU NEED? A RIGHT GOOD...

...THAT MAY WELL BE THE CASE, BUT YOU'RE NOT THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

IN GRANTHAM, I WORKED IN HEALTH AND SAFETY INSPECTION...

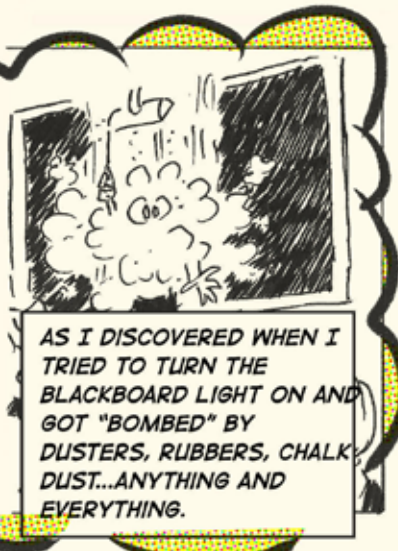


WHERE IS MY WIFE?



...IN THE ABBATOIR.





AS I DISCOVERED WHEN I TRIED TO TURN THE BLACKBOARD LIGHT ON AND GOT "BOMBED" BY DUSTERS, RUBBERS, CHALK, DUST...ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.



MY HUSBAND AND I SPENT SOME TIME WORKING AT A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT, WHERE I LEARNED A VERY IMPORTANT LESSON IN HOW TO REMOVE NUCLEAR SAFETY BOOTS.

NOTE: ENGINEER WITHOUT SHOES



NO SECURITY PERSON WILL WORRY ABOUT YOU COMING OUT WEARING A PAIR OF NEW BOOTS...

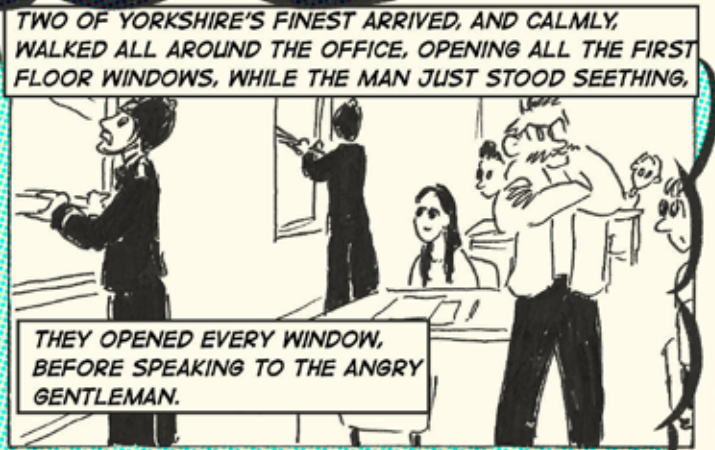
SHINY NEW BOOTS



IF YOU CONTINUE TO BE ABUSIVE TO STAFF, WE WILL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE.

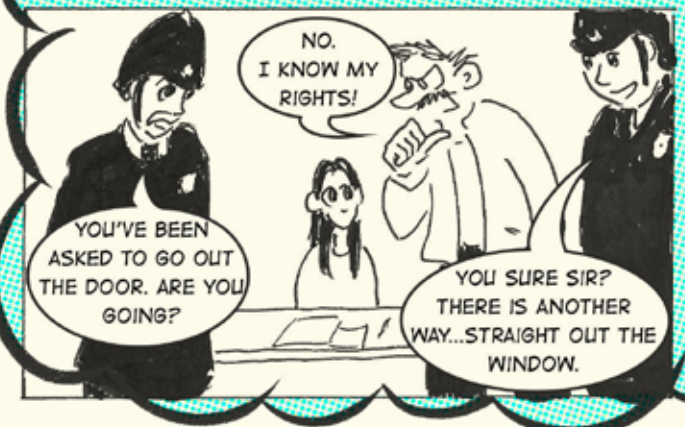
\*!?!? GO AHEAD!

MY TIME IN DHSS YORKSHIRE WAS NO LESS EVENTFUL, PEOPLE WEREN'T ALWAYS HAPPY WITH US. ONE PARTICULAR ANGRY GENTLEMAN REFUSED TO LEAVE...



TWO OF YORKSHIRE'S FINEST ARRIVED, AND CALMLY, WALKED ALL AROUND THE OFFICE, OPENING ALL THE FIRST FLOOR WINDOWS, WHILE THE MAN JUST STOOD SEETHING.

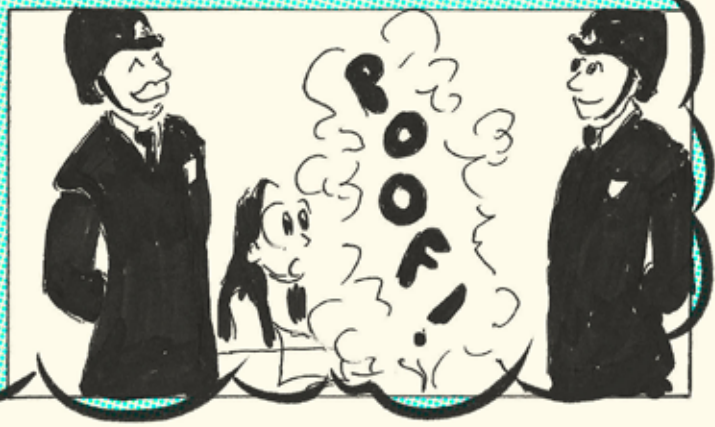
THEY OPENED EVERY WINDOW, BEFORE SPEAKING TO THE ANGRY GENTLEMAN.



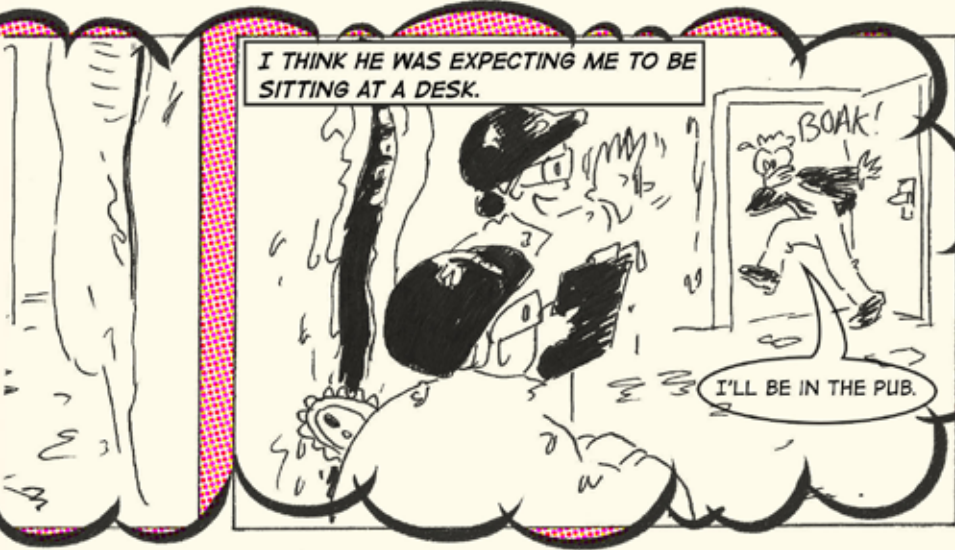
NO. I KNOW MY RIGHTS!

YOU'VE BEEN ASKED TO GO OUT THE DOOR. ARE YOU GOING?

YOU SURE SIR? THERE IS ANOTHER WAY...STRAIGHT OUT THE WINDOW.



BOOF!



I THINK HE WAS EXPECTING ME TO BE SITTING AT A DESK.

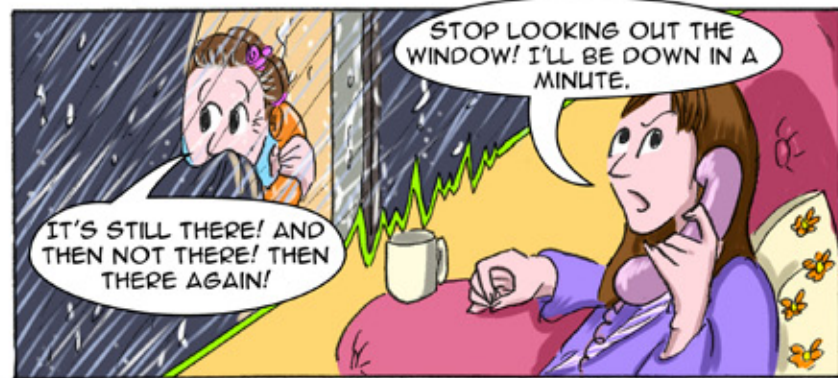
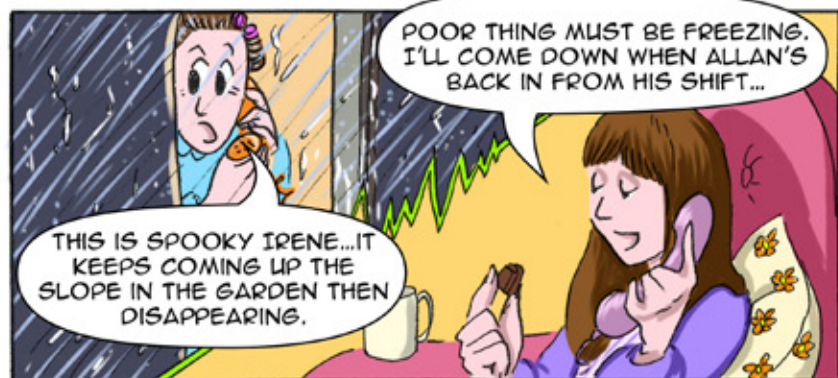
BOAK!

I'LL BE IN THE PUB.



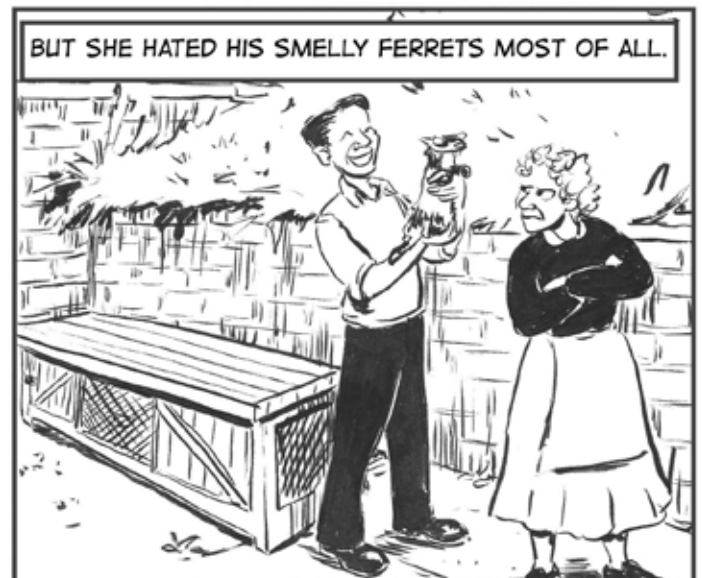
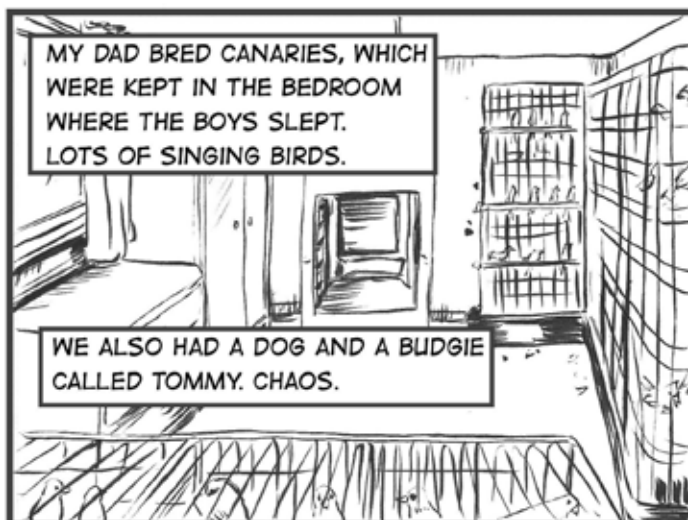
BUT THAT'S NOT REALLY THE WORKING LIFE I HAD.







# Auntie Nellie AND THE Ferret







SHE JUST DIDN'T TRUST THEM.



MUM AND I RAN IN TO RESCUE POOR AUNT NELLIE, BUT THE BOYS HAD GOT THERE BEFORE US.



AND THEY WEREN'T REALLY HELPING.



TOMMY LET HIMSELF OUT OF HIS CAGE, HE WAS A CLEVER WEE THING. BUT HE'D LANDED ON AUNT NELLIES HAIRNET AND GOT STUCK.

THERE WAS A LOT OF SHRIEKING AND SQUAWKING. FROM BOTH OF THEM.



EVENTUALLY THE BOYS STOPPED LAUGHING LONG ENOUGH TO HELP.

TRY AND STAY STILL AUNTIE NELLIE.

AYE OR HIS BIG CLAWS MIGHT GET YE.

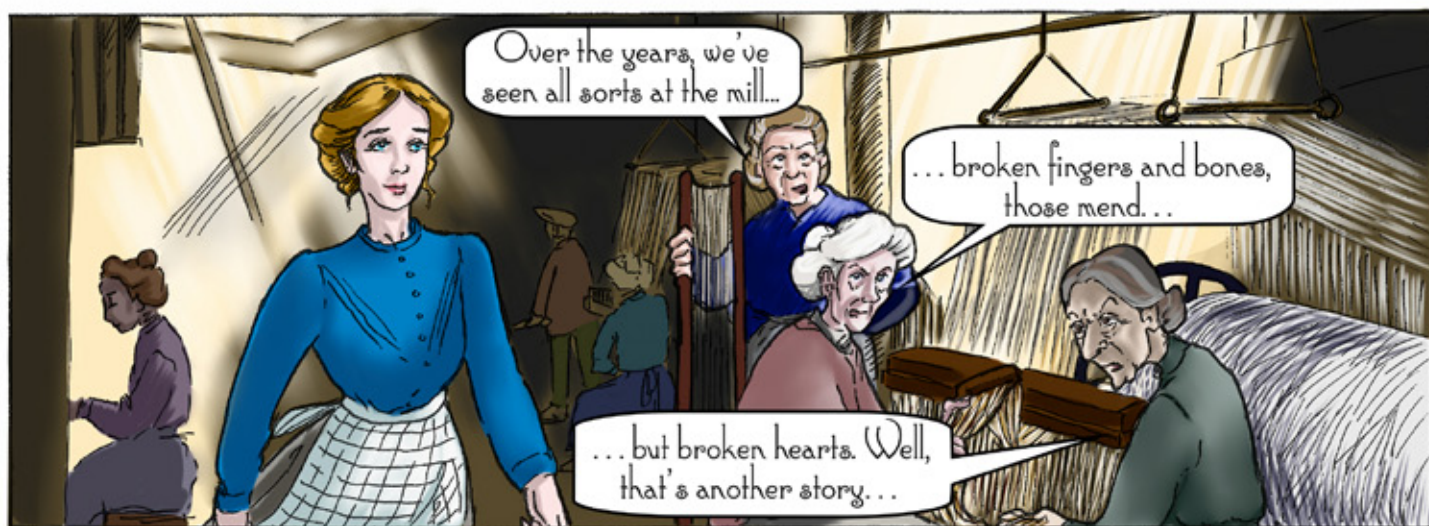


IT WAS JUST TOMMY THE BUDGIE AUNT NELLIE. THE FERRETS ARE STILL IN THE BOX.

I CAN STILL FEEL THE CLAWS...NIPPIN AT MAH HEID.

AFTER THAT, SHE WASN'T TOO FOND OF THE BUDGIE EITHER.

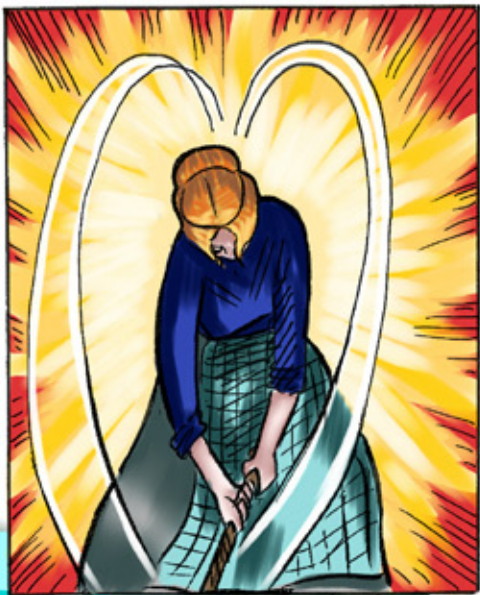








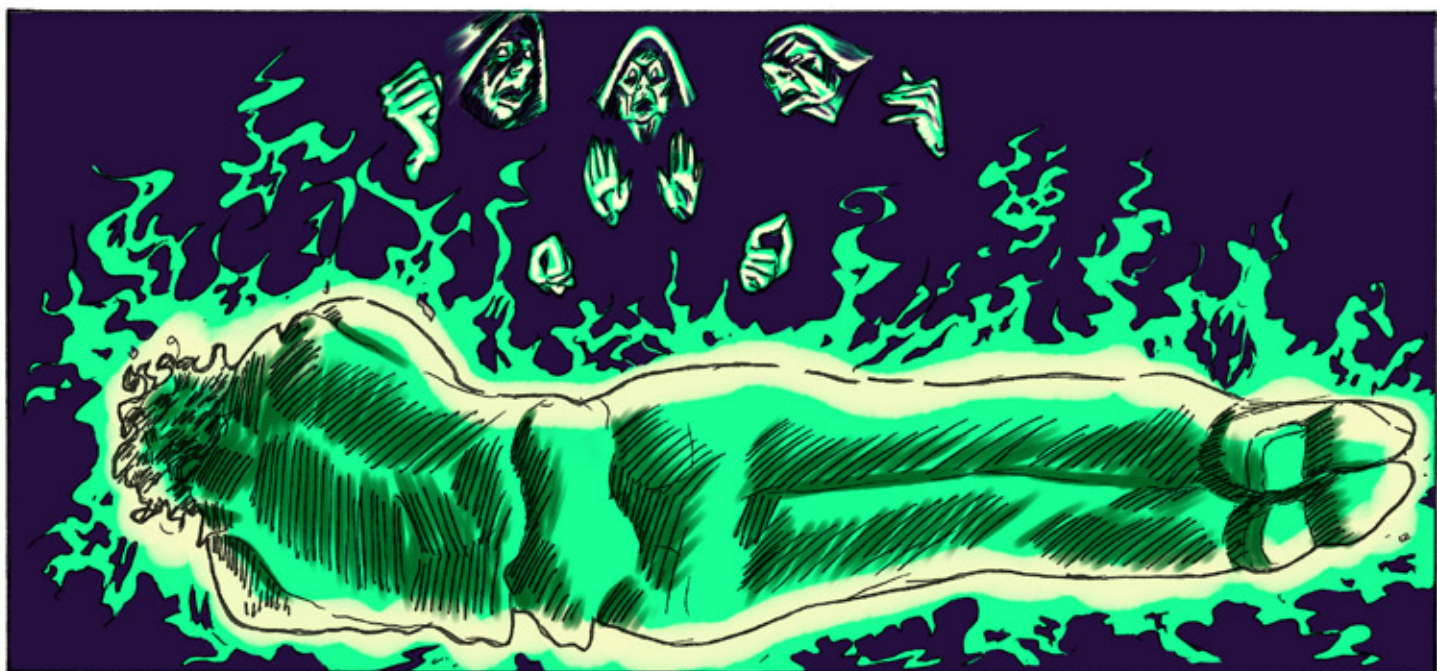
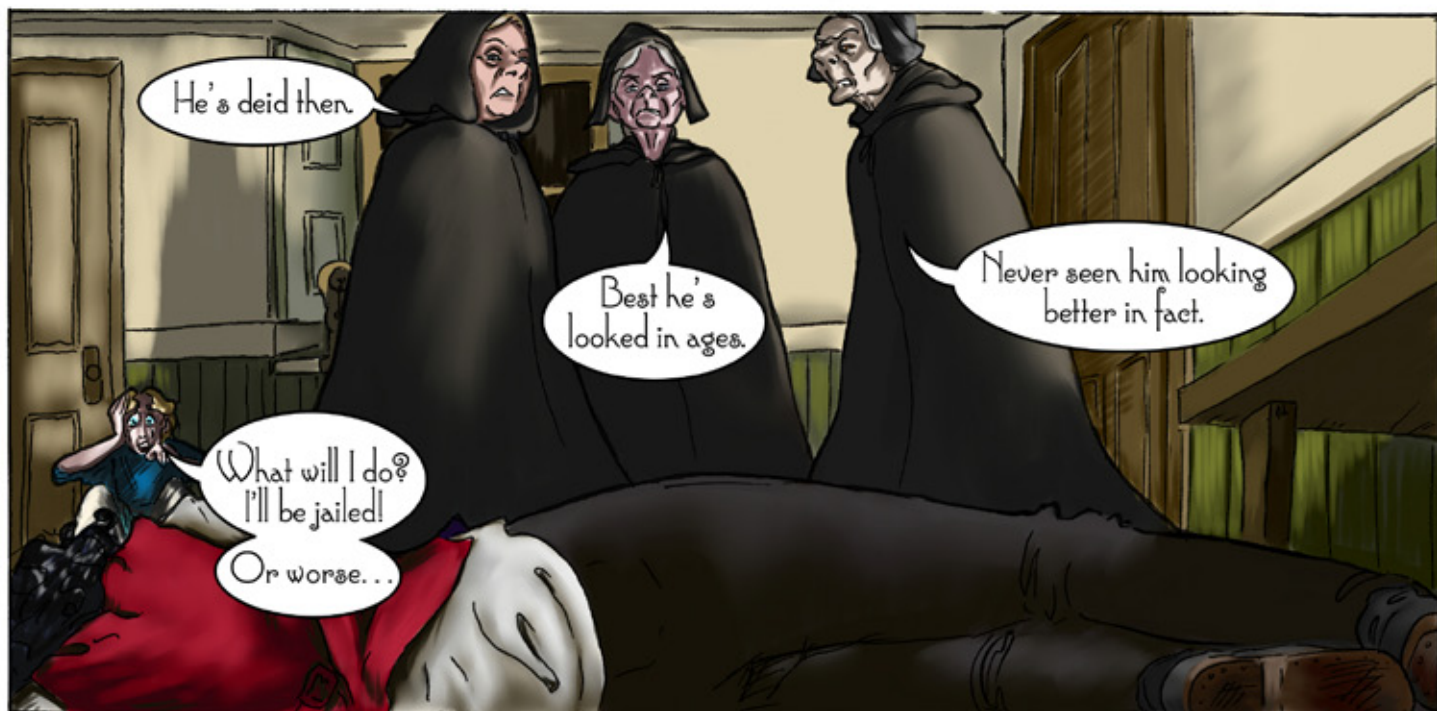




"Heaver, Harper,  
Hobster, Twister..."  
"Steckler, Stackler,  
Scutcher,  
Spinster...!"

And this is where WE come in.











ONE NIGHT AFTER A GAME OR TWO OF SNOOKER, CARDS AND MORE THAN A FEW PRINKS IN OUR NEIGHBOUR TONY'S HUT, BILLY AMBLED BACK HOME OVER THE FENCE.

# ADVENTURES OF BILLY

WHEN HE GOT IN, I HAD TO REMIND HIM TO GO SMOKE HIS CIGARETTES OUTSIDE, NOT IN THE HOUSE.



TO AVOID ANY TROUBLE, BILLY WENT AND STOOP OUTSIDE THE BACK DOOR.



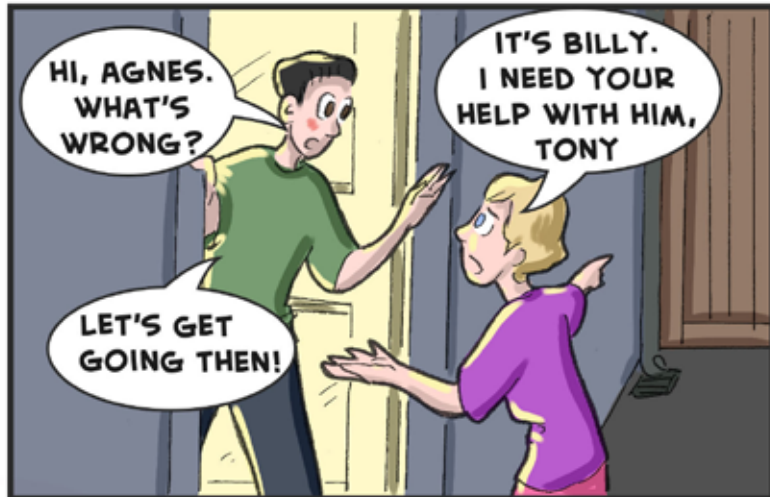
BUT SOON ENOUGH...



HI, AGNES. WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S BILLY. I NEED YOUR HELP WITH HIM, TONY

LET'S GET GOING THEN!



BILLY HAD FALLEN BACK INTO THE PORCH AND HEAD FIRST INTO THE BIN SITTING THERE. HIS HEAD HAD STUCK FAST AS BILLY STRUGGLED HILARIOUSLY TO FREE HIMSELF. IT TOOK TONY AND I A GOOD WHILE TO GET THE BIN OFF AND BILLY BACK ON HIS FEET AGAIN!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON ?!?

AREN'T YOU GOING TO HELP HIM UP?

AYE, BUT I'M PUTTING THIS ON YOUTUBE FIRST!



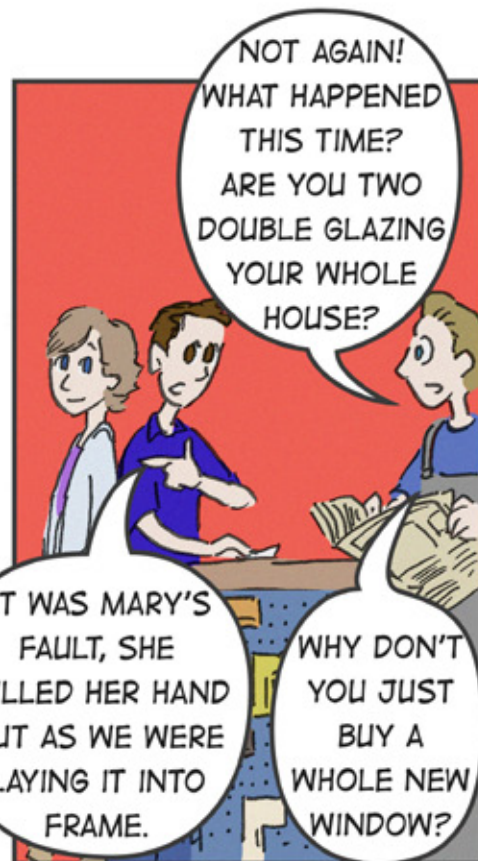




# DAVE in The Window









# The Organ

By  
Florrie

THAT'S ANDREW MCKAY  
PASSED AWAY.

OH THAT'S  
TERRIBLE.  
WEE MRS MCKAY  
JUST LIVES A FEW  
DOORS ALONG AS  
WELL.

THE NEXT DAY...

AWFUL SORRY FOR  
YOUR LOSS.

IT'S A  
TERRIBLE  
SHAME.

THANK YOU.  
THE ONE GOOD THING TO COME  
OUT OF IT WAS THAT HE DONATED  
HIS ORGANS.

LICH THAT'S NICE.  
I ALWAYS WISHED I HAD  
HUNG ON TO MY MOTHER'S.

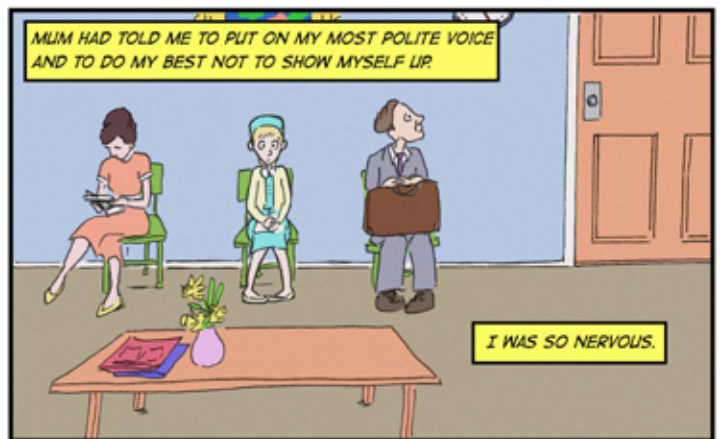
THINK IT'S TIME FOR  
US TO GO HOME  
FLORRIE EH?

ALREADY?

HONESTLY  
FLORRIE.

I THOUGHT SHE SAID **ORGAN!**  
MY MUM WAS ALWAYS PLAYING  
THE ORGAN.







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*The story of the boys on the ice*

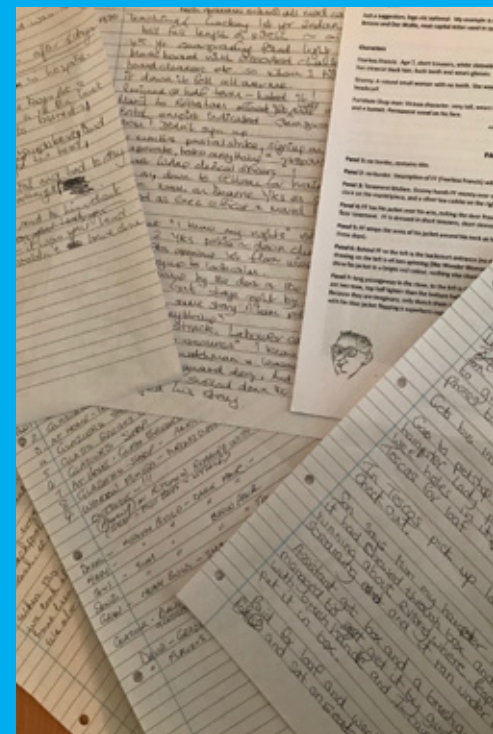
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Inverclyde  
council





**For the Light Years project, people over 65 in Greenock and Port Glasgow came together to share their stories and memories with Magic Torch Comics, and we all worked together to turn them into comic scripts.**

**From ferret attacks and martian invasions to job interviews and nuclear incidents, there's something for everyone. And it's all true! Mostly.**

**The Light Years project was funded by the Peoples Postcode Trust.**

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