

BRAVE MAEVE

A Bray Mythology written and illustrated by Chris Judge



BRAVE MAEVE STORY TRAIL

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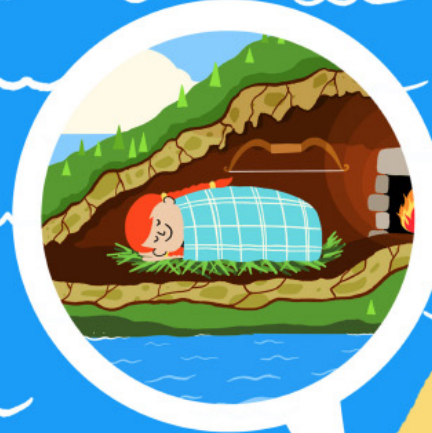
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THE SEA



**BRAY SEA
LIFE**

**RAHEEN
PARK**

**BRAY
HEAD**



Long, long ago there was a Giant called Maeve who lived far in the North of the world with her family in a village of brave warriors. It was originally a beautiful lush green land but slowly snow and ice began to cover everything from the mountains to the sea.

It was the start of a great Ice Age and at that time volcanoes began to erupt from deep beneath the earth and smother the sky with dark clouds, blotting out the sun. The Giants were forced to leave and find a new home.



Before they left, Maeve was chosen by her people to take on the task of finding a new home as she had proven that she was the bravest warrior in the village. She waved farewell and set sail in her tiny boat into the unknown across the stormy seas in search of new land.

When she reached The North Sea it was full of huge icebergs and freezing waters. Suddenly, her boat was smashed by the terrible Ice Beasts that burst from deep beneath the heaving waves, angry at being disturbed. She swam to the land and escaped on foot across the desolate icy wastelands.



Undaunted, Maeve ran with all her might as fast as she could, the snow crunching under her winter sandals. Her bag, with her bow and arrows and her axe weighed her down.

When she reached the sea on the far side of what was an island, she dived into the sea again and swam like a dolphin, somehow avoiding the scary deep sea fish that lived in the depths.



Just as she saw land, a great sea snake loomed overhead but Maeve was too quick with her bow and leapt onto a rock, dispatching the terrible beast with one arrow.

As the gruesome creature sank beneath the waves, Maeve cautiously made her way ashore.



Exhausted, Maeve crawled ashore onto a sandy beach overlooked by a large green headland. The land was quiet save for the sounds of seagulls overhead and the rolling waves. But as she made her way along the beach, large rocks slowly rolled towards her, transforming themselves into a giant Rock Monster, ready to attack.

But Maeve was too fast and threw a huge boulder at the groaning rocks. The force of the impact shattered the Monster into a billion tiny pebbles that covered the entire beach. That beach is there to this day.



Maeve then crept quietly from the beach through the woods in search of other Giants, avoiding any dangers that might lurk among the trees. But as the forest grew thicker and darker around her, the forest appeared to come alive.

Suddenly she was surrounded by ominous looking leaf people who were ready to pounce. But Maeve managed to escape, running like the wind, free of the spooky woods.



As night fell, the moon lit the land, glowing pink, purple and ruby. Maeve thought it was the most beautiful sight she had ever seen. Behind her, something moved among the trees.

A group of terrifying Lava Hyenas were about to leap upon her until a deep, terrifying voice boomed from a cave behind a heavy waterfall and scared them away.



Without fear, Maeve fired her last two arrows at the enormous face glaring at her behind the waterfall. She passed through the waterfall to the cave and was amazed to discover a boy Giant named Fionn holding a huge wooden mask that he used to scare the creatures away.

He told her he had travelled from the South of the world, where his land was covered in sand and dust and where there was very little water. He said he was trying to find a new home for his people too.



Maeve was amazed to find that Fionn had trained some seagulls to fish for him. He showed her how they could carry messages to their people to let them know they had found a beautiful new land where they could all live. They discovered the green headland nearby had a deep, deep cave underneath and so made their new home there.

They called it Bray Head. After they made their cave warm and cosy, Fionn and Maeve settled down for a long, long sleep, while waiting for their people to arrive from the North and South of the world. In fact legend has it that they are still under Bray Head waiting today, waiting to be woken, any day now...

The page is framed by a vibrant border of stylized tropical foliage. At the top, there are large, colorful leaves in shades of green, yellow, orange, and blue. On the left and right sides, there are vertical sprigs of leaves in yellow, green, and blue. At the bottom, there are more large, colorful leaves in shades of green, yellow, orange, and blue, along with some smaller plants.

This new Bray Mythology was written and illustrated by Chris Judge with the help of 50 local Wicklow children who between them, devised this exciting story in workshops in Killruddery House and Signal Arts Centre in September 2017.

The project was curated by Donna Carroll and funded by Platform Pizza, Bray Municipal District, Megazyme & Bray Credit Union.

The beautiful murals were painted by the team in Triskill.

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