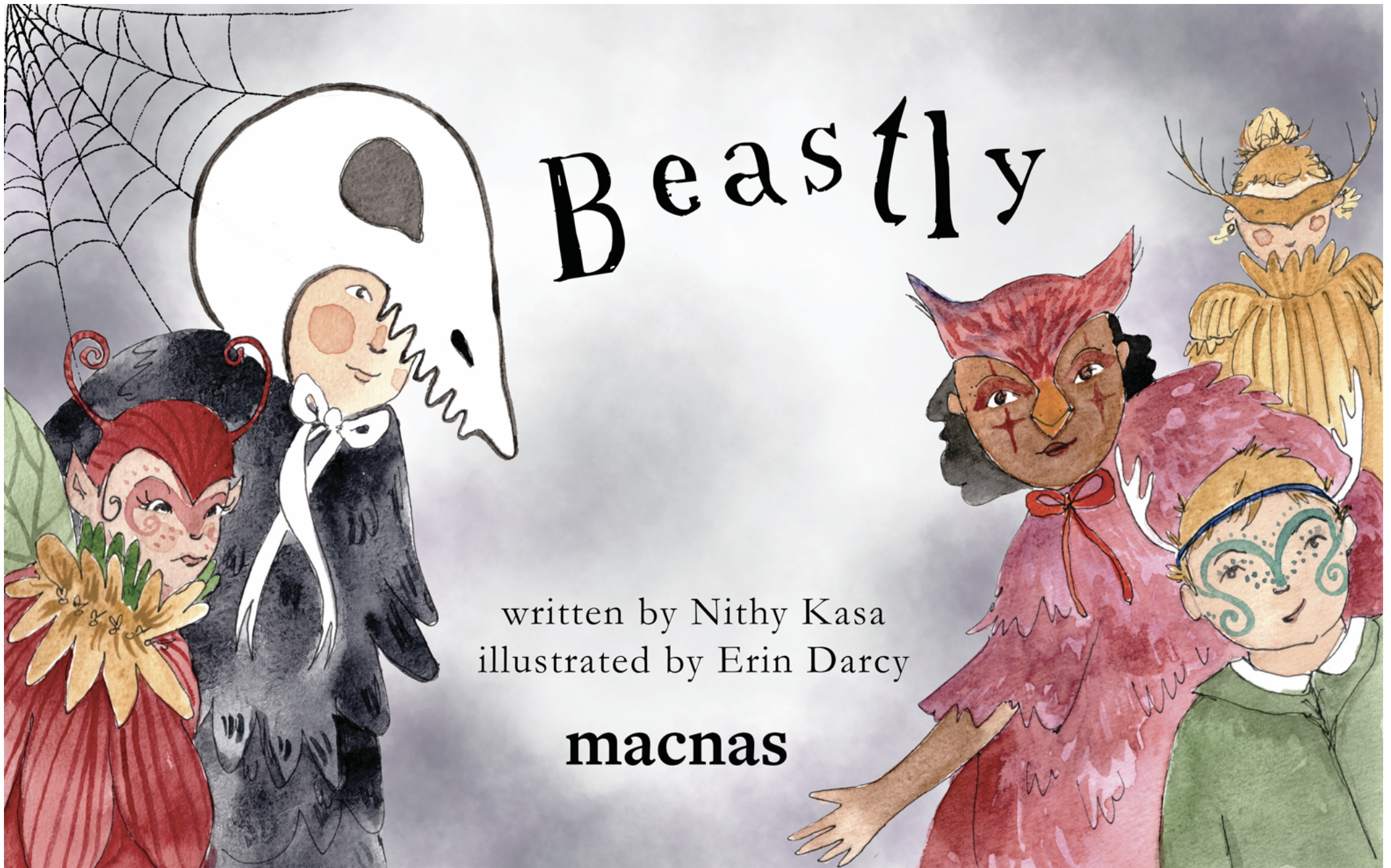


Beastly

written by Nithy Kasa
illustrated by Erin Darcy

macnas



BOY on a walk
in the land of imaginations,
bubbling, warbling,
jumping, and jolly,
stumbled on a JAMBOREE -
the big moonlit fair
was on his way.

Curious as a cat,
he buzzed as a bee,
off to it at once.

At the gate of
THE JAMBOREE,
BOY joined
the whispering queue.



When his turn came, he greeted
the weird mist-being on duty politely,
walked in proudly, found a seat and sat
quietly, like the proper young man he
thought he was. And looked around for
someone proper like him to have fun with.

It was a murky place,
not as he had imagined;
slimes of snugs, worms and bugs,
spiderwebs on the trees
skeletonised by the winds.

Pumpkins heads,
giant mushrooms blue.
But the whispers were true,
all creatures were there -
trolls, crows, CROM: a big fella,
big like a dinosaur.
A fascinating giant,
but a GRUMP.

His hair stuffed together
like twigs in a nest of a bird.
“I don't think he's ever brushed his hair”,
BOY mumbled to himself,
as CROM stomped barefoot in the muck,
moss stuck between his toes.

With him were the
werewolves under a sky
blackened by bats,
rummaging, grunting,
drooling, lurking.

They smelled
like wet dogs.

“That's beastly! Not proper. Not good enough to befriend.”





BOY turns his head away to

a crowd going mad;

Lady Tornado, red like a volcano
in her gown of fire, woozy,
was swirling round and round,
setting things on her path on fire.

BOY knew well to stay away from fire.
Besides, the crowd looked bizarre,
ghastly like goblins.

“Beastly! Not proper.
Not good enough to befriend.”

BOY turns his head away to
a buffet! There were pies,
roast turkey, cranberry sauce...

BOY tied a napkin around his neck
to keep his white t-shirt white,
fork and knife in hands,
like the proper young man he thought he was.

But a girl, with folks dripping in gold
top to toe, began stuffing food in her mouth
all in at once,
crumbs and gravy dirtying her shirt.
She crunched, slurped, gobbled and burped.

"That's beastly! Not proper.
Not good enough to befriend."

"Is there anybody here proper I could be friends with?"

"Maybe", he thought, "I could make them proper."



He tried to get CROM to wear shoes
CROM grumbled at BOY.

"No!"



He tried showing the girl how to eat neatly.
"No!" the girl got up and left BOY.



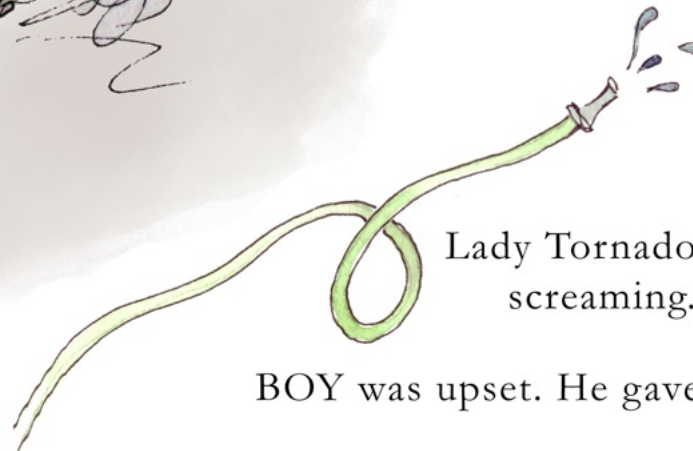
He picked up a hose like a firefighter
to put out Lady Tornado's fire.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!"



Lady Tornado ran,
screaming.

BOY was upset. He gave up. Just then



he had an idea, "MAKE-UP!"

If creatures could look proper like normal people,
he was sure they would act proper like normal people too.

And so he led the way, powdering his skin,
blushing his cheeks, glueing lashes to his eyes,
rosing his lips.

Lumo the moon, the Moon Sprites, CREATURES
were impressed, they cheered for BOY,
each in their beastly ways.
Crowding in, some curious of the makeup,
others just happy to cheer him on.

CROM being a grump,
mist-beings being themselves,
WOLVES with muck...they mingled
like veggies in a bowl,

giving BOY a taste of everything
he thought he did not like,
and it wasn't bad.
On the contrary,
it was ROLLICKING,
it was fun.

So, they didn't have to look like him,
act like him or be proper like him
for them to have fun together,
BOY learned.



To test if this would be true again, he followed those in the wilderness of the land of imaginations, till the wildness had BOY that leaves grew from him like he was a tree, flanked with flowers of the wild. Drummers drummed, the flora danced.

It was fun. BOY had learned.

He apologised to everyone for trying to change them,
and loved each of them
as beastly as they were.



Creatures joined BOY in the wild,
putting makeup on, making masks to disguise.
Together, they danced beastly in the moonlight.



Dear friend,

The MACNAS Fiáin parade is on Sunday,
October 25, 2026, at 5:30 PM in Galway City.

And **YOU ARE INVITED!**

Be creative- paint your face with makeup like BOY.
Or wear a mask to disguise like creatures.
Or come whichever way you like.

We can't wait to see you there and have fun together.

macnas