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The Beast of Blairadam

by Jim Douglas

I was born and brought up in Kelty and I used to roam Blairadam woods when I was a boy, all over the woods and we'd come across old mine workings. But a lot of the trees hadn't been long planted so they were pretty small and now the trees are enormous and blot out the sky sometimes.

Like other parts of Scotland, there's been sightings of a big cat or they don't really know what it is, it could be a labrador dog or a large cat. Some say it's a large puma and so on. I've met one or two people who've actually sighted the big cat, if you'd like to call it that. So there's been a lot of publicity in the press about it.

I worked with the Forestry Commission for a year round about 1959 so I know the woods fairly well.

As an artist and a poet, I've written quite a few things about the beast. I've got about six paintings and a poem all about the Beast of Blairadam.

The Beastie o' Blairadam

There's a beastie at Blairadam
And some day ah will nabbum,
For ah'm the keeper there yeh see,
And when roamin' in the gloamin'
And tae ma hoose ah'm homin',
Ah sometimes think that he is followin' me.

Accordin' tae twoh shepherds
He's related tae thon leopards,
And shid be shot or fitted up wae bells.
While ithers talk o'cheetahs
That can dae the hundred metres
Even faster than oor Alan Wells.

Wan nicht wis awfy eerie.
Ah wis walkin' wae ma dearie.
All at once we heard a horrid howl.
It really wis sae frightnin',
Jist like bein struck by lightnin',
But Mary said, he's lonely, the pair sowl.

Ah said ah'm no prepared tae wait
Until he finds a mate.
In the meantime he lookin' fir a meal.
So we left that spot at speed,
And Mary took the lead.
She micht hiv waited fir me ah did feel.

Noo ah've turned awfy pensive,
And ah'm really apprehensive.
No long ago ah wis fu' o' fun.
Ah ken ma legs are shakin',
It's the tablets that ah'm takin'.
What's that noise, Mary, whaur's ma gun.

A new cooncil's been elected,
And the beastie's noo protected,
So ah canny shoot him efter aw.
There's always these do-gooders,
Oh whaur's ma headache pooders.
Ah've hardly got the strength tae kick a baw.

Noo there's rumours oot galore,
A giant lizard at Lochore,
A pike po' great proportions at Loch Fitty.
Enormous baggy minnins
In a burn near Lumphinnans.
Some folk are emigrating tae the city.

Noo ah've got anither jobbie,
Ah've passed oot as a bobby.
It's really awfy nice tae hae a chat.
And ah've married ma wee Mary,
And ah've bocht her a canary
So she willnae ask me for a cat.

But ma sergent looks like Saddam
And he's sent me tae Blairadam,
Even tho' he kent ah wisnae keen.
And efter aw that trainin'
Ah'm back here and it's rainin',
And think ah see a pair o' yelly een.

Noo it may seem like ah'm boastin',
Ah'm the richt man for this postin'
And believe in co-existence noo yeh see.
So ah'll tell yeh whit ma role is
Wi Wildlife Protection Polis
And the beastie o' Blairadam will run free.

This is the transcript of the audio file available at
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