

The Sirens of Carraig Mhór

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They call us sirens. Witches. Worshipers of evil.
This is the story they tell about us—the story of the Sirens of Carraig Mhór.

Do you want to hear it?

Quiet, then. Listen.

Long, long ago, in a time before both you and me, the land and the sea were ruled by two deities: Carraig, the Sower, giver of life and guardian of the land and forest, and Fionnabhair, the Woman of the Waves, gatherer of storms and ruler of the sea.

Carraig was a gentle giant who ruled and protected all the lands touched by the sun. He lived in harmony with the people, who often came to his woods to give him offerings, praying for rich harvests and healthy livestock. He was honoured with great feasts and celebrations, filled with laughter, singing and dancing from dusk till dawn.

Fionnabhair lived alone in the deep wide sea. She ruled over all that could swim and all that could float, and it was her duty to maintain order throughout the sea—to keep the fish healthy and plentiful, to uphold the ebb and flow of the tides, and to gather storms to bring rain over the lands. For her, no celebrations were held—no laughter, singing or dancing.

You see, ships often got caught in the storms and sailors died, and while Fionnabhair had no intention to harm them, she had to do her duty. The people thought she was acting out of malevolence, so they feared her. They thought death was what she longed for, so they sent human sacrifices to appease her. Whenever a ship went out into the storms, they tied a young woman to the mast of a small vessel and sent her off into the waves—an innocent life offered to the mighty Woman of the Waves in exchange for her mercy. This was Fionnabhair’s burden to bear, and she bore it for many centuries.

Over time, Fionnabhair became bitter and jealous that the people would fear her while giving Carraig such praise. After all, was she not also providing for the people, sending rain to grow their crops and keeping the waters full of fish for them to feast on? Could they not see the good that she was doing, despite the bad that came with it? Why was she destined to live in the dark and be feared while Carraig got to live a life full of light, joy and celebration?

It was not fair. Why did there have to be two deities to rule land and sea anyway? Why could she not be the one true ruler of all that lived and breathed, above and below, as far as the eye could see and beyond? She was powerful enough. She could do it.

She knew she could.

Once she realized this, there was no turning back. She had been hiding in the dark for far too long. She deserved to be seen. To be praised

and worshipped. And so, the Woman of the Waves took on a human form to rise out of the sea and step into the sun. But instead of offering her praise, the people were so much more frightened of her that they offered the grandest sacrifice they could think of: burning all the young women in the village, if only she would spare everyone else. This enraged Fionnabhair beyond imagination.

In her rage, her magic ran wild, and a wave of destruction overcame the lands. Gentle Carraig was too weak to fight off such powers, and so the lands suffered under Fionnabhair's spell. Storms raged across the lands, flooding the fields, destroying crops and harvest, drowning livestock and people all the same. The people were desperate, and in their desperation, Fionnabhair saw her chance to get rid of Carraig once and for all.

“Carraig has failed you!” she told them. “How can you worship someone with so little power? He cannot protect you. He takes all the glory when there is nothing to be frightened of, but when your lands and your lives are at stake, he does nothing to save you. He does not deserve your worship. He deserves nothing but death.”

Her words planted hatred and darkness in the hearts of the people. Enraged, they gathered and drove Carraig out of the woods, chasing him all over the land until he reached the edge of a cliff and could go no further. Still under the spell of her words, they drove gentle Carraig off the cliff.

Severed from the land that gave him life just as much as he gave life to it, he turned to stone. Now Fionnabhair was in charge of everything, yet things did not work out as she had planned. Having spent all her powers rampaging, she had lost her divinity. The lands did not recover from the damage, all their richness and beauty destroyed. With nothing left to rule over, Fionnabhair turned her back on the lands and the people and threw

herself off the cliff to return to the sea. When her mortal form crashed into the water, she died.

Her ghost lingered in the dark below the surface, seeking revenge by dragging innocent sailors to the bottom of the sea. She became known as the first Siren of Carraig Mhór, haunting the sea to this day. Her voice still howls in the perpetual storm around the island. Those who follow Fionnabhair and seek to live in shelter on the island will carry the Siren's Curse, luring sailors into the treacherous currents.

“Beware of the Sirens of Carraig Mhór,” people say. “They mean nothing but trouble.”

This is the story they tell.

Yet it is not our story, for everyone knows, there are always two sides to every story—if not more.

Will you hear ours?

Over here, on the isle of Carraig Mhór, we tell a different tale. In our version of the story, Fionnabhair did not return to the sea after Carraig was killed. Realizing what she had done to the beauty of the lands, she was devastated, and she hurled herself off the cliff in desperation, still in her mortal form. Blessed by Fate's grace, she did not die, and so she braved the waves to swim across the bay, washing up on the shore of Carraig's body. But Carraig had become cold and lifeless, a mere rock in the sea. The desolation of the place broke her heart. Stripped of her powers, alone, exhausted, she fell to her knees and cried. As her tears touched the barren earth, the stone cracked and life sprang from the crevice, growing higher and higher until she stood underneath a grand white oak—Crann na Beatha, the Tree of Life.

The sight of it touched her so that she sobbed even more, for she had almost lost faith that anything good could come from her any more.



And so, she drenched the land in tears, watching life spring forth wherever she went, until the whole island had become lush and green and full of life and beauty again. She swore to always protect it at all costs.

With a final burst of magic, she conjured an eternal storm around the island—a barrier that would allow only those who were brave enough to weather the storm and follow her call to find shelter on the island. It would keep out all who might strive to claim the land and rule over it, for these lands should not be ruled by anyone but Fate and Time.

Having spent all her tears and all her magic to revive the land, life had drained from Fionnabhair, and she turned to stone as well. But water kept flowing from her eyes, trickling deep down into the earth to create a well that would never run dry, but be the source of life to all who sought shelter on the island.

This is how we survived, how we built a life on the island after our people banished us as sacrifice to a deity that perished long, long ago, in a time before both you and me. But we have heard the Siren's call. We have braved the storm and lived to tell the tale. And thus, a thriving community has grown on the isle of Carraig Mhór. A community of Sirens. Witches. Worshippers of nature. And the storm around us rages on, our call joining the echo of Fionnabhair's voice howling in the wind.

Maybe you can hear it too, wherever you are.

Go on, listen.

Can you hear it?

We are calling for you.

Will you answer our call? Will you brave the storm and join us?

Come. We are waiting.