

The Naw-Voz

Once upon a time, in the village of St. Columb Major, there were nine joyful maidens who loved to dance. Their favourite spot was a beautiful meadow with soft grass and colourful flowers. The maidens danced every day, bringing smiles to everyone who saw them.

One Sunday, as the church bells chimed calling everyone to rest and pray, the nine maidens couldn't resist the sunny meadow. They twirled and spun, their laughter ringing through the air. The villagers watched with worried faces, whispering about the sacredness of the Sabbath.

An old woman named Morwenna, wise and kind, approached the maidens. "Dear girls," she said gently, "today is a day for rest and reflection. Please, join us in honouring this special day."

But the maidens, lost in their dance, didn't listen. They whirled faster, their feet barely touching the ground. Suddenly, the sky darkened and a chilling wind swept through the meadow. The maidens stopped, looking around in fear.

A deep voice rumbled from the heavens. "You have broken the Sabbath, showing no respect! For this, you shall be a reminder to all!" In an instant, the nine maidens felt their bodies stiffen and their feet root to the ground. One by one, they transformed into stone, their faces frozen in their final dance.

Today, the nine stone maidens stand in a row. The Naw Voz are a timeless reminder of that fateful Sabbath. Children visiting the meadow listen to the wind whispering through the stones and remember to always respect the special days, meant for rest and reflection.

260 words

Year 4 - 300-350

The Naw-Voz (improved)

Once upon a time, in the charming village of St. Columb Major, there lived nine joyful maidens who loved to dance more than anything else. Their favourite place to twirl and spin was a beautiful meadow, where the grass was as soft as a pillow and the flowers bloomed in every colour imaginable. Each day, they leapt and twirled beneath the bright blue sky, their laughter filling the air like the sweetest music.

One warm Sunday morning, as the church bells rang, calling the villagers to rest and pray, the nine maidens stood in their meadow. The sun shone brightly, and the fresh air was filled with the scent of wildflowers. Unable to resist, the maidens began to dance, their skirts swirling as they moved gracefully across the field.

The villagers, passing by on their way to church, stopped and watched with troubled expressions. They whispered among themselves about the sacredness of the Sabbath. Was it right for the maidens to dance on such an important day? An elderly woman named Morwenna, known for her wisdom and kindness, stepped forward.

"Dear girls," she said gently, "today is meant for rest and reflection. Please, come and join us in honouring this special day."

But the maidens, caught up in the joy of their dance, paid no attention. They spun faster and faster, their feet barely touching the earth. Suddenly, dark clouds gathered overhead, and a cold wind howled through the meadow.

A deep, powerful voice thundered from above. "You have broken the Sabbath and shown no respect! You shall stand forever as a reminder to all."

Before the maidens could cry out, their feet rooted to the ground, their bodies stiffened, and their joyful faces froze. One by one, they turned to stone.

To this day, the nine stone maidens, known as the Naw Voz, remain in the meadow, standing in a row. Children who visit hear the wind whisper through the stones, telling the story of the dancing maidens who forgot the importance of respect and reflection.

339 words