



Prifysgol Cymru
Y Drindod Dewi Sant
University of Wales
Trinity Saint David

Early Years Curricula

ECEY 6005/C

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Once, even before the big, colossal buildings were an idea in the minds of human beings, Scotland had deities, nymphs and giants who protected the mesmerizing nature of the highlands. Dear children, this big building that you can see right here, was never here. All this was as green as could be!



Porewit and Borowy, two powerful forest deities were responsible for most of the tasks. At night when the world slept, the deities along with the little wriggly, jumpy nymphs made the new buds sprout up, painted the leaves a shiny green. While the nymphs scattered yellows leaves on the grass for the sake of autumnal aesthetics, the deities readied their best brushes to paint the logs a dusty brown, carefully then making fungi and mushrooms grow into round, wavy patterns.



Both the dieties asked tiny, naughty goblins to bring out their sky high ladders. Eacg would climb slowly and paint the sky in hues of pinks, blues and foamy whites. The goblins, as were naughty, had to be given a time-out sometimes for secretly munching on the fluffy, cotton candy clouds. The deities were very much careful regarding all that was in the nature. ‘Nothing ought to be ruined’, Porewit would calmly mutter to Borowy

staring into the big, vast highland of Scotland.



What I narrate to you today is a story that dates back to a hundred and a thousand years. But the nymphs have still not stopped scattering yellow, crunchy leaves. The only difference is, they now do it by the roadsides. Almost all the places they decorated are filled with man-made concrete which leaves them no choice but to scatter it so.

We, as human beings, have constructed so much for us that the nymphs have now hidden in places unknown and return only when there's no human in sight. The harsh clang-bang of big tractors, the black demon-like smoke coming out of the machines used to build and construct, the earthmover clearing the green carpet only to replace it with the colorless cement... scared them away from their own home.



This picture seems quite scenic but right here in the bottom of the Loch, Porewit and Borowy might be having an intense meeting with the higher deities about all the cans and wrappers they found on campus the other day. A nymph got her tiny toe injured as she worked in the night, stepping accidentally on a broken can. Even the area, on

the upper hill that had herbs which cured the injury, has been ripped off because the Dean needed a new swimming pool for the students. What a shame!



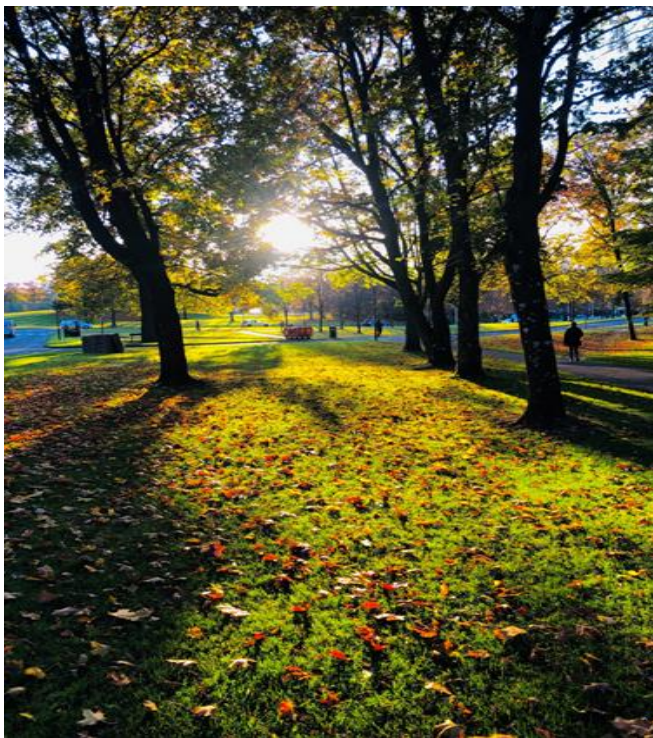
The mer-people have been complaining since 10 years how the mer-babies always bump into timber piers trying to learn swimming. The deities have been apologising and nothing else.

But the nymphs, nonetheless, secretly scatter leaves on the pier and grow weeds and foliage around so when the mermaids want some fresh air and a soothing sun

bath, they are covered for.



A moody, pinkish blue sky makes Porewit sad. On evenings like these both the deities sit under the dark silhouettes of naked trees and sip the well-celebrated Loch Sparkling Water (Borowitz likes it with a half a pint of mud water). Porewit looks at the loch and recalls the days when they went up high on their leaf boards and dove down with a free fall into the loch. They have not done so in decades.



The trees had a hammock, Borowy recalled, where one day he laid with his legs hanging down in conversation with the Sun about what other colours could be added to the sky instead of clear blues and foamy whites. They decided on a warm, golden yellow that day. It would go perfectly with the autumn leaves, the Sun suggested to Borowy.

Borowy now could only see lonely trees with the air filled with revving engine sounds and twisting, writhing roads.



Everything that we witness around is beautiful because of the nature. Human beings deem that buildings make the world pretty, Borowy and Porewit ask, “how can some grey sad concrete and cunning red bricks make the Earth pretty?”. I do agree.

The golden shining orb, the crystal-like ripples and the lively green trees make the Earth gorgeous. And there is only one of it. We do not possess any more Earths or plan Bs, for that matter. We need to stop constructing more and more. Deforestation does more harm than good. Birds and animals go homeless, green house gases increase and all the more chances of desertification! The forest nymphs are waiting for tiny heroes like yourself to raise their voices when they themselves cannot.

Raise your voice against deforestation, manufactured chemicals, generation of power, over-manufacturing of goods especially plastics, powering buildings and consuming too much!