

Skellig

David Almond



Mid morning. Mina's mother brought cups of tea for us. She sat beside us on the step. She talked about the fledglings, the flowers that were bursting into bloom, the air that every day became warmer, the sun that every day was a little higher and a little warmer. She talked about the way spring made the world burst into life after months of apparent death. She told us about the goddess called Persephone, who was forced to spend half a year in the darkness deep underground. Winter happened when she was trapped inside the earth. The days shrank, they became cold and short and dark. Living things hid themselves away. Spring came when she was released and made her slow way up to the world again. The world became brighter and bolder in order to welcome her back. It began to be filled with warmth and light. The animals dared to wake, they dared to have their young. Plants dared to send out buds and shoots. Life dared to come back.

"An old myth," I said.

"Yes," she said. "But maybe it's a myth that's nearly true. Look around you, Michael. Fledglings and blooms and bright sunshine. Maybe what we see around us is the whole world welcoming Persephone home."

She rested her hand on my arm.

"They can do marvellous things, Michael. Maybe you'll soon be welcoming your own Persephone home."



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Dive Deeper:

Who do you think is Michael's own Persephone?
What do we know?

What possible things in Michael's life could be in a problem?



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What do we know?

What possible
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