



## The Seal Children

By Jackie Morris

There's a place on the edge of Wales, where fields and moorlands meet, where heather and gorse slope down to high cliffs.

Waves crash and bite at the cliffs and the wind lifts the spray as seals sing to the rhythm of the sea.

Stones and walls mark where the village once stood. There are no people there now.

All you can hear are the cries of the buzzards, the gibing of stonechats, the tumbling notes of the skylarks and the distant song of the people of the sea.

