



NORTH WALES TALES

# Megan and the Sleeping King Under Yr Wyddfa (Snowdon)

Snowdon (Yr Wyddfa), North Wales

Megan pressed her nose against the train window. The little carriage of the Snowdon Mountain Railway puffed slowly up the mountainside, climbing higher and higher above the village of Llanberis.

"Yr Wyddfa," said Grandad. "The highest mountain in all of Wales. People have ridden this railway since it opened in 1896."

Megan watched a silver lake shine far below. "That's Llyn Llydaw," Grandad told her. "The biggest lake on the whole mountain."

When they reached the very top - more than a thousand metres high - the wind was cool and the clouds felt close enough to touch. Megan spotted a sheep path winding towards a sharp, rocky ridge.

"That's Y Lliwedd," said Grandad, settling down with his sandwiches. "Off you pop, but stay where I can see you."

Megan followed the path. Round a boulder she found a small dark opening in the rock, half hidden by ferns. A warm golden light glowed inside.

She tiptoed in.

There, on beds of soft moss, lay a sleeping king and his knights. Their armour gleamed. Their swords rested at their sides. The king had a kind, weathered face and a crown of pale gold.

One eye opened.

"Has Wales need of us?" the king asked gently.

Megan's heart thumped, but the king's voice was warm, like Grandad's. "No, sir," she whispered. "It's a lovely, peaceful day."

The king smiled. "Then we sleep on. Long ago we promised to rest beneath Yr Wyddfa until our land truly needs us. When that day comes, the bravest heart will wake us."

"How will you know?" Megan asked.

"A child will ring the bell by the door," said the king. "But only when the need is real."

Megan looked at the little silver bell hanging by the cave mouth. She wanted to ring it, just to hear. Her fingers reached out.

Then she stopped. A peaceful day was far too precious to spoil. She tucked her hands behind her back.

The king's eyes twinkled. "You understand, little one. That is wisdom. Keep this, to remember." From the moss he lifted a single white flower, the rare kind that grows only high on this mountain.

"Thank you," Megan breathed.

"Go safely," said the king, "and let us sleep until the day is truly dark." His eye closed, and the golden light grew soft and dim.

Megan stepped back into the daylight. The ferns swayed shut behind her. When she looked again, there was only grey rock and the long ridge of Y Lliwedd.

She ran back to Grandad, the little white flower safe in her palm.

"Find anything up there?" he asked.

Megan smiled. "Just a flower. A special one."

On the railway home, with Llanberis growing closer below, Megan held the flower up to the window. Somewhere behind them, deep under the highest mountain in Wales, a king slept on - dreaming of peaceful days, kept safe by a brave girl who knew exactly when not to ring a bell.

## What's real?

- Yr Wyddfa, also known as Snowdon, is the highest mountain in Wales at about 1,085 metres above sea level.
- The Snowdon Mountain Railway opened in 1896 and runs from the village of Llanberis to the summit of Snowdon.
- Llyn Llydaw is the largest lake on Snowdon, covering about 110 acres on the mountain's eastern flank.
- Y Lliwedd and Crib Goch are sharp ridges, called arêtes, that form part of the Snowdon range in North Wales.
- Snowdon lies within Snowdonia National Park and is a national nature reserve for its rare flora and fauna.

Now colour it in!



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