

The children watched on as all of the villagers busily raced up and down with boxes and bags, tin foil and dishes, and what looked suspiciously like Grandma's cupcakes! Today is May Day and everyone is busy preparing for a village festival and traditional dancing and it's all very exciting indeed.

The beautiful ribbons danced in the morning breeze as Millie and her friends sat on the village green cutting them to length; blue, green, red, pink, purple, yellow and orange. "I'm going to help Daddy to fetch the Maypole!" Exclaimed an excited Michael as he came trotting past, "And I get to carry it because I'm the strongest!"

Mummy was helping at the village hall to finish sewing the costumes for the dancers; beautiful red sashes buckled neatly onto their bright white shirts, and jingling brass bells tied proudly to their legs, jingle, jangle, jangle as they went.

Granddad was telling the children a story under the oak tree opposite their house. "Many years ago people called Pagens celebrated nature by honouring the God Of The Sun, every first of May they would take the tallest tree from the woods and bring it to the village." The children sat wide eyed listening to Granddad telling the fascinating tale. "But how did they get a tree to the village?" Asked a little boy.

"They gathered the strongest men, and the tallest boys and they all held it on their shoulders like a giant caterpillar!" And the children laughed. "And when they brought the tree back to the village they tied the most beautiful ribbons to the top of it and danced in circles, jingling their bells and singing songs."

"Wow, that must have looked amazing!" Exclaimed a little girl.

"Oh yes it was, and we're going to do it today." Smiled Granddad.

The villagers had been very busy fixing the Maypole onto the green, the daisy chains had been made and sat merrily on every little girl's head, and the costumes looked fantastic. Everybody had worked so hard to make the festival so special, all in aid of being thankful for the beautiful world around us.

The children danced all day long, eating yummy cakes and sandwiches, shaking handkerchiefs, banging sticks, jingling bells and twisting ribbons. By the evening they were so tired that they fell asleep on Grandma's sofa, cuddled up like little kittens.

It had been such a lovely sunny day and the whole village had joined in the celebrations, with the smiles on everybody's faces showing just special the tradition of May Day is. And as the children dreamed Grandma and Granddad watched as they twitched their arms and wiggled their legs in their sleep. "That'll be them dreaming of dancing around the Maypole!" Smiled Granddad. And sure enough they were.