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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The Legend of the Enchanted Moura

In the verdant hills of Portugal, there exists a legend that is whispered through the olive groves and vineyards, enchanting all who hear it. This is the legend of the Enchanted Moura.

The story began many centuries ago, in an era where the line between the earthly realm and the mystical was as thin as a spider's silk. The Moura, a being of extraordinary beauty and power, was the daughter of a Moorish king, who ruled the land with wisdom and strength. She was known for her captivating beauty, her long, flowing hair as dark as the midnight sky, and eyes that sparkled like the stars.

However, her fate took a tragic turn when a rival king, envious of her father's kingdom, cast a powerful spell on her. The spell bound her to the waters of an ancient well, located deep within the heart of the forest. As the enchantment took hold, the Moura transformed into a spectral figure, her form shimmering like the moonlight on water. She was condemned to remain there, invisible to the human eye, except on one special night – St. John's Eve. As the legend goes, every year, as the clock struck midnight on St. John's Eve, the enchanted Moura would appear, sailing over the well's waters in a silver boat with golden oars. The sight was mesmerizing: the

boat glided silently, leaving ripples of light in its wake, and the Moura, draped in a gown that shimmered like the stars, sang songs of her people. Her voice was as haunting as it was beautiful, echoing through the night, weaving a spell of longing and melancholy.

The legend states that only a true prince, one of noble heart and brave spirit, could break the spell. He had to find the well and pronounce the magic words as the Moura sailed. These words were a closely guarded secret, whispered by the winds and known only to a few. It was said that the prince who broke the spell would not only free the Moura but also gain her eternal love and the blessings of her mystical realm. Over the centuries, many princes tried and failed. Some were lured by the promise of her love, others by the allure of her mystical kingdom, but none could speak the magic words. The Moura, each year, returned to her spectral form, her heart heavy with the weight of unbroken enchantment.



So, on every St. John's Eve, as the clock nears midnight, the people of Portugal look towards the ancient wells and forests, listening for the mournful song of the Enchanted Moura, wondering if this will be the year when a prince will finally utter the magic words and set her spirit free. And so, the legend lives on.