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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Jack Frost's Halloween

In a land where reality blended with fantasy, there were the Jacks – a strange, delightful group of characters, each with their distinctive personalities and habits. Among them was Jack Frost, a lively character known for his striking white costume adorned with jingling bells and his pointed cap with a bell on its peak. He always had a mischievous grin on his face.

One crisp October day, Jack Frost wandered through the woods, losing his way, as he often did. "I am Jack Frost, Jolly Jack Frost," he murmured to himself.

"Through the woods today, my way I lost; This self-same thing I oft discover, in October the summer's over. Though elves come tripping o'er the green, I'm the only Jack upon the scene."

Suddenly, there was a rustle from the other side of the trees, and a Witch, wearing a black dress and cape, stepped out, her high hat casting an ominous shadow over her face. With her broomstick in hand and a wicked grin, she said, "Ha, ha, ha, on Hallowe'en, ghosts and elves are often seen; And many a Jack trips o'er the green, ha, ha, ha, on Hallowe'en!"

Despite her eerie presence, Jack Frost was not deterred. "Though the wrong road we have taken, in that surely you're mistaken; Even summers charm is lost, but I'm the only Jack—Jack Frost."



As if summoned by a force unseen, Jack-be-Nimble appeared, a candlestick held high. He wore a confident grin and announced, "I'm Jack-be-Nimble, I have to be quick when I jump over my candlestick; I'm most as nimble as a rabbit, for jumping soon becomes a habit."

Among the shadows, the other Jacks began to emerge. There was Jack-in-the-Pulpit, a soft-spoken figure who often hid behind his pulpit. Jack-in-the-Box, a gleeful spirit who loved to surprise everyone by popping out of his box. Jack Sprat, the lean eater who carried a stuffed cat under his arm. Jack-o'-Lantern, a lad carrying a lighted lantern, his presence echoing through the shadows. Jack Tar, a dancing sailor known for his captivating performances. And finally, Jack Horner, a reclusive figure who always had his nose buried in a pie.

These were the Jacks, each with a story to tell, each distinct in their personality. As they gathered around, the Witch and Jack Frost leading them, they began to sing, their voices echoing through the woods. They sang of Hallowe'en, of the spooks and ghosts, their joyful voices blending with the night's mystique. The scene was a spectacle of music, laughter, and the peculiar magic of the Jacks. It was Hallowe'en, and for these characters, it was the time to truly come alive.