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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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A Christmas Secret

Once upon a time in the joyous season of Christmas, there were six little girls, each carrying a twinkling candle. They gathered together, their faces lit up by the glow of their candles, ready to share a secret.

"Tonight is a special night," the first little girl began, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "There's a very jolly man who will visit us. He'll come late, sliding down the chimney. We will be waiting for him, and just maybe, we'll catch him if we can!" And so they whispered and giggled, imagining their surprise guest.

The second little girl chimed in, "This secret must stay between us, for you know the Elf might overhear us. He fills our stockings when we sleep, tucked under our cozy blankets." They all giggled again, picturing their stockings overflowing with surprises.

Then the third little girl began, her voice filled with wonder, "I wonder how the jolly Elf manages to leave his sleigh waiting on the roof. What if his reindeer run away?" And they all whispered and speculated about the reindeer's antics on the rooftop.

The fourth girl chimed in, curious as ever, "How can Santa carry so many pretty toys in such a tiny pack? How is it even possible?" The other girls shrugged, knowing it was part of Santa's magic.

The fifth girl spoke up, a bit worried, "What if we're all awake when Santa comes? I've heard he is quite shy.

Would he pass us by?" The other girls reassured her,



reminding that Santa would never forget them. Finally, the sixth girl, holding her candle high, declared, "Our candles are waiting to light up the night. Soon they will shine bright. 'Tis such a pretty sight!" They all agreed, their faces alight with anticipation and joy.

Just as they were about to light their candles, the Elf appeared. With a merry jingle of his bells, he asked, "Why do you carry candles, little maidens? What is this secret you keep?"

With a chorus of giggles, the girls confessed, "We're waiting for the jolly Santa. We're hoping to catch him in his act!" The Elf laughed heartily, warning, "Santa is so shy, little maidens. If you're awake, he might pass you by." So, the girls asked the Elf to light their candles, and they promised to go to bed. With a twinkle in his eye, the Elf lit their candles, filling the room with a soft, golden glow. "Thank you, kind Elf," they chorused, holding up their glowing candles. With a final promise to Santa to sleep, they marched off to bed, their laughter and whispers fading into the night.

And so, with their candles flickering and hearts filled with anticipation, the girls fell asleep, dreaming of the jolly man in red, the Elf, and the magic of Christmas. They knew that when they awoke, their stockings would be full, and the secret of Santa would remain safe for another year.