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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Under The Mistletoe

Once upon a time, in a grand old manor, the Manor of Merriment, the Yule festivities were in full swing. Every corner of the vast hall was draped in vibrant, festive greenery, and laughter echoed through the rooms. Yet the young boys and girls glanced around, not fully satisfied, their eyes searching for the centerpiece of the celebration, the famous Mistletoe.

Perched high above from the central beam, the mistletoe seemed like a crown of pure white pearls, shimmering in the gleam of the chandeliers. A tradition ran in the manor that those found beneath the



mistletoe had to share a friendly kiss. The girls knew the playful lads were watching, always ready to enact this age-old custom.

The first to fall into this trap was the cheerful Nurse, known for her grand cap and robust laughter. Her imposing presence usually shielded her, but her

jovial spirit made her a prime target. Even as she cuffed her captor's ears and demanded he desist, the hall rang out with laughter. After all, anything goes under the Mistletoe of Merriment! Then, the Squire, who never missed a chance to show affection to his

beloved Lady, found himself ensnared in the mistletoe's charm. Thinking he was reaching for his dear wife, he planted a hearty kiss, only to realize he had smooched the Aunt in the dim light. The entire hall burst into laughter at the tricks of the mischievous dusk.

Meanwhile, the crafty Eton Boy led the Younger Sister slyly to the mistletoe. With a cheeky grin, he claimed his 'sweet penalty' as the tradition dictated. Amidst the laughter, the unsuspecting Justice, entranced by his lovely daughter, sauntered beneath the mistletoe. She quickly threw her arms around him and planted a flurry of kisses, relishing her victorious catch.

The Little Son, with his watchful eyes, lingered near the mistletoe, ready to catch any damsel who wandered by, except the elusive Older Sister. Light-footed and clever, she had never once fallen into the mistletoe trap. No matter how diligently they pursued her or the tricks they tried, she always eluded the boys, turning the chase into a delightful game.

As the night grew deeper, a decision was made. Since she had not honored the old tradition of the mistletoe, the Older Sister must either recite a tale or ballad or submit to the ritual kiss. With a playful twinkle in her eye, she exclaimed, "Merci! An easy choice!" With laughter in her voice, she began to weave a magical story, keeping her audience entranced until the chimes of midnight rang out, marking the end of another memorable Yule celebration under the Mistletoe of Merriment.