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Christmas Weather

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Once upon a time, nestled in a quiet corner of a cozy town, stood a unique and vibrant character named Mr. Weathervane. He wore a red pointed cap, shiny black shoes, and always held himself with a stiff and proud demeanor. With a voice like the deep peal of a bell, Mr. Weathervane loved to boast, "I am the one who brings you the best weather found in the sky. My lightest command rules sky, sea, and land."

Living near Mr. Weathervane were the playful and mysterious Weather Sprites. Dressed in suits of dark grey, they were known for their love of weather and their constant banter with Mr. Weathervane. One day, as Christmas was approaching, they teased him, "Good weather he'll bring? What a wonderful thing! His lightest command rules sky, sea, and land."

In the midst of this merry mischief, there were whispers of the North, South, East, and West Winds visiting. The first to arrive was the North Wind, fierce and cold. The Sprites shivered as he recited, "I am the North Wind, fierce and cold; before me bow the young and bold." The Weathervane firmly instructed the North Wind to leave, reminding him that Christmas needed a kinder, warmer weather.

Then came the South Wind, soft and kind. "South Wind am I, so soft and kind. I will make the whole world gay." But again, the Weathervane intervened, insisting that they needed the Sprites to make snow and ice, not the warm caress of the South Wind. The South Wind left, apparently offended.

In came the West Wind, full of noise and action, creating a merry din. He made such a racket that the Sprites scurried away in surprise. The Weathervane chased after the West Wind, shouting for him to wait, but it was too late. The West Wind was gone.

Lastly, the East Wind arrived with a great rush and noise. His mighty force caused even the boastful Weathervane to topple. The Weather Sprites watched in awe as the East Wind strutted around, declaring, "I am the East Wind, hi! hi! hi! Down went his pride when I drew nigh."

Once the East Wind had left, the Weathervane, a bit bruised and battered, was comforted by the Sprites. Despite his ordeal, he was determined to fulfill his promise of bringing good weather. But the Weather Sprites had other plans.

"That he is gone, we'll have some weather where all can have good times together: Christmas weather clear and glad, all things bright and nothing sad," they decided.

And so, Christmas Day arrived, blessed with the most perfect weather imaginable. It was just cold enough for snowmen, just warm enough for a pleasant stroll, and the sky was as clear as a perfect sapphire. The townsfolk frolicked and laughed, enjoying the beautiful day. As the sun set on this wonderful Christmas, everyone remembered the playful Weather Sprites and the humble Weathervane, each in their unique way contributing to the magic of Christmas.

Remember, my little ones, it's not about who is the most powerful, but about working together and respecting each other's roles. Goodnight, sleep tight, and perhaps you'll dream of the Sprites and their merry weather games tonight.



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