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November Woods

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Once upon a time in a place called November Woods, there lived a tall girl named November, her clothes painted with colors of the fall season - brown, sparingly trimmed with red and orange.

In these enchanting woods, there also lived four tree-boys, wearing tight suits of dark brown, stretching their arms up and out to imitate the branches of trees. Six leaves-boys roamed about too, adorned in brown leafy suits and caps made from the same leaves. Four rotund nut-boys, their suits padded to give them a fuller look, made the woods more lively.

Six bittersweet-girls, with their bright orange dresses, and sumach-girls, in bright red dresses adorned with green and brown, brought in a wave of colors. Six delicate snowflake-girls, in fluffy white dresses and white headbands twinkling with tinsel, gave the woods a hint of winter's touch. Four snowbird-boys, donning gray suits trimmed with white, provided a pleasant contrast. Lastly, four children, two boys and two girls, all wrapped up in their outdoor clothes, visited the woods, adding a dose of excitement and adventure to the scenery.

One day, November, full of thought and contemplation, called upon her forest friends. "I wonder if my workers are all ready to make this November a success. The last year seems to have flown by, and I feel we won't have much time to prepare our month for display," she mused. "Trees, where are you?"

The Trees came forward. The first Tree responded, "Here we are, November. We have shed our last leaf and are ready to take our places in the November woods."



"Well done," said November. "Stay close, I will need you soon."

Singing their song, the Trees echoed their readiness:

"We are the trees so brown and bare That brave the crisp November air; Oh, for our leaves we do not care, For now it is November."

Meanwhile, the Leaves joined in, dancing around the stage and asked, "Here we

are, November! How do you like our new fall brown dresses?" To this, November admired their commitment to the changing season.

One by one, all the inhabitants of the woods gathered, each playing their unique role in bringing the November woods to life. The Nuts, the Bittersweets, the Sumachs, the Snowflakes, and the Snowbirds – all sang their own songs and danced their own dances, adding a vibrant splash of life and color to the otherwise brown woods.

November, feeling a sense of pride and joy, exclaimed, "My month will not be lacking in color or life this year, I am certain. I am very proud of all you workers, for I know the children will love you all. I am sure that I shall hear it said on all sides that November is the fairest month of all."

And so it was. November, with the help of her woodland friends, turned November Woods into the most delightful, vibrant, and welcoming place for children and animals alike, making everyone believe that November truly was the fairest month of all.

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