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READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Robin Goodfellow

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Once upon a time, in a world unseen by humans, lived a merry sprite named Robin Goodfellow. Some folks knew him as Puck, while others called him the Hobgoblin, but no matter the name, his charm and mischief were known far and wide.

Sent from Oberon, the king of Ghosts in fairyland, Robin had a special job. He was to visit our human realm at night, observing all the sports and games, bringing joy and laughter wherever he went. He would sing in his light, cheerful voice, "I will oversee, and merry be, and make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!"

Like a spark of magic, Robin could fly swifter than lightning, darting through the starry sky. He could see everything happening below the moon, keeping an eye on each home, every street, and all the little creatures of the night. No specter or phantom could stir without his knowledge, as he would spy on their antics, sending them off with a chuckle, "ho, ho, ho!"



Robin had a delightful trick - he could change his form at will. Sometimes he was a man, at other times an ox, or even a hound. He could become a horse, galloping around with a playful trot. If anyone dared to ride him, he would fly away faster than the wind, over hedges and lands, through pools and ponds, laughing all the way, "ho, ho, ho!"

When children had parties, enjoying sweet cakes and sipping fine tea, Robin would visit unseen. He would join in their feast, darting here and there, snorting with laughter. To add to the fun, he would blow out the candles, making the room dark. He would steal a kiss from the giggling girls, who would shriek and ask, "Who's this?" To which, he would reply with a jovial, "ho, ho, ho!"

In green meadows, by gentle streams, Robin and his fairy friends would dance under the moonlight. They sang beautiful songs for their fairy king and queen. When the first lark began to sing at dawn, they would pack up their revelries. Sometimes, they'd even switch new-born babes with elfin children, leaving before anyone noticed, always with a laughter echoing, "ho, ho, ho!"

Robin had been playing his merry pranks since the time of Merlin, the ancient

wizard. Ghosts, sprites, and even the oldest of grannies knew him well, for tales of his mischief were popular bedtime stories. As he disappeared into the night, he would bid farewell, echoing through the stillness, "Vale, Vale; ho, ho, ho!" - his laughter lingering in the air as a reminder of the magic, mystery, and merriment of the unseen world, making every night an enchanting adventure.

And children, as they listened to the story of Robin Goodfellow, would drift into a peaceful sleep, dreaming of the sprite's antics, with a soft "ho, ho, ho" on their lips, eagerly awaiting the next magical night to unfold.

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