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The Dance On The Green

Maud Lindsay

Once upon a time in a bustling town, children full of energy and laughter would gather from all corners. Their feet were light, and their eyes shone brighter than the twinkling stars above. They would head eagerly toward a beautiful spot known as Moonlight Meadow, a lovely village green which was the heart of their joy and their dreams. This was where they would dance.

"Doris, Larry, Margery, Timothy, Phyllis, and Paul, time for the dance!" a cheerful call would ring through the air. The excitement in their hearts matched the rhythm of the lively fiddle that would lead their dance under the moonlight. They would skip and hop, twirl and jump, their merry laughter echoing across the meadow.

There was one amongst them who stood out. Bob, the son of the miller, was as splendid as a prince from a far-off kingdom. His sky-blue trousers and scarlet vest were as bright as his lively spirit. His shirt, as white as freshly milled flour, seemed to glow in the moonlight. Bob was a sight to behold, his joy infectious and his dance steps more animated than any.

But a dance in Moonlight Meadow wouldn't be complete without a little mischief. Sweet, shy Nell, always blushing as red as a ripe apple, had dropped her dainty slipper amidst the frolicking. And who should find it but mischievous Dickon. With a sly grin and a sparkle in his eye, he presented the slipper to Nell, cheekily asking for a kiss in return. But Nell, her cheeks even redder now, would only grant him a dance.

Amidst the laughter and music, tall, limber Hal decided to show off his dancing prowess. He leaped high into the air, intending to impress all. But alas! His feet tangled, and down he went, tumbling onto the soft grass. The crowd burst into roaring laughter, their joyful sounds ringing across the meadow, and even Hal, dusting himself off, couldn't help but chuckle.

While the merry sounds of music and laughter filled the air, there was a pair who only had eyes for each other. A boy and a girl, their smiles brighter than the moon, danced hand in hand. As the townsfolk watched them, they nodded and smiled knowingly. "Mark my words," the old tailor would say, his eyes twinkling, "Before a year is through, their wedding bells will be ringing."

And so, the night would go on. Under the silver moon, the children of the village danced, their hearts beating in tune to the lively fiddle. Doris, Larry, Margery, Timothy, Phyllis, and Paul, all filled with joy, tripped and twirled, living out a beautiful, dreamy night in Moonlight Meadow. And for many moons to come, they would remember these precious moments and the magic of their dance on the green.



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