



*A Christmas
Spell*

*A Short Story
Written by
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This story is strictly fictional; if the story seems to be based on
real life events it is coincidental.

Merry Christmas! More like Mary Christmas!

Satur, a young man from Saturdaze has come to Christmas Iceland to celebrate a holiday he's never heard of, Christmas. When he learns they honor a tree and Queens magic for the holiday by exchanging gifts he has a hard time understanding. He soon finds out about their majestic Christmas Star, that spreads all the magic on Christmas day when lit, but with Satur being a professional thief he plans to make a profit by stealing Christmas and the Christmas Star from Christmas Iceland.

“Christmas!?”; Satur, a young brown man around the age of twenty-six screamed towards Cleo, a brown, beautiful young lady the same age. “What’s Christmas never heard of it?” Satur asked his girlfriend, his traveling companion. They stand in a line with multiple tourists in this snow-filled land. Everyone in line wears winter attire and holds bags of luggage. A few of the travelers carry Christmas souvenirs such as trees, ornaments, decorations, and gifts. Satur and Cleo wait in the dawdling line amongst the eager visitors, while large men with pointy ears guard the shuttle and check luggage and tickets.

“It’s a holiday they celebrate in this land, it’s getting pretty popular, how haven’t you heard of Christmas?” Cleo asked Satur.

“What are they celebrating? You said I have to buy you a gift, I just want to know why?” Satur asked, disgruntled, handing his luggage to the healthy elf in front of the shuttle doors.

“Besides, why do they have to celebrate in the cold?” Satur asked Cleo, exhaling a gray cloud of smoke in between the cusp of his mittens.

While complaining Satur notices securities’ pointy ears. He looks at the elf in amazement, he wants to touch his ears, mainly because of his disbelief. He reaches his hand slowly towards the elf when Cleo pushes them down. He leans in closer to Cleo to whisper “Why does this guy look like Johnny Bravo mixed

with Zelda?” The elf is oblivious to the comment. He hands Satur his bag back, declaring them good to go, and giving them their tickets.

The two walk to their seats, passing multiple guards, and tourists like themselves, “They’re called elves and they protect the land, live on the land, and help make the gifts they pass out on Christmas Day.” Cleo told Satur while looking for their seats.

“Free gifts? How come we don’t live here?”

“It’s only on Christmas, and only for the kids. We’re here to enjoy the Christmas Magic, the feeling of joy,”; Cleo responded with an enchanting aura. Her eyes wander away from the shuttle running through her imagination.

“Magic? Gifts? Elves? Sounds a lot like Disney to me, wait now that I think about it I’ve heard of Christmas. I’ve seen a movie on this guy Sandra,” Satur pauses during his sentence, deliberating, “...I don’t know his last name, I think it’s Claude, yea Sandra Claude big ol’ guy, long beard, eats cookies drinks milk, yea checks his liquor twice, I’ve heard of him sounds fake to me,”

The snow shuttle accelerates through vast amounts of snow from a mountain peak, its path has many hills but is straightforward from eyesight. Their target is an ice-gated community filled with decorative buildings and castles. Ornaments and colorful lights hang from houses and reside on porches and walkways. Inside the Iceland is a lake that doesn’t freeze and three giant ice sculptures of nomadic icemen who bear gifts of a trumpet, flute, and saxophone.

Satur and Cleo sit in their seats and continue to discuss the holiday. “You mean Santa Claus?!” Cleo asked eagerly, a little too excited for Satur’s liking.

“Woah who’s this Santa Claus guy?” Satur asked whimsically anxiously.

Cleo chuckles before she explains “Take it easy, they say he’s this guy that goes around the world in one night on a magical sleigh pulled by flying reindeer, delivering gifts to all the good girls and boys throughout the world,”.

“I ain’t never woken up to any presents,”.

“You heard me say, good boys and girls. Right?”.

Satur brushes the joke off while Cleo humors herself. Satur discreetly reaches into his pants. “Stop! What are you doin—” Cleo pauses as she realizes he is pulling out a bottle of liquor. Satur holds up the bottle and then holds up a key card. Cleo looks at the key card and then looks at a wandering guard, Satur gives her an alluring smile and grabs her hand leading her down a hallway.

Satur and Cleo enter a private suite with the finest luxuries for the most affluent buyers. Inside there is unlimited food and drinks, enough for a gathering, and luxury spa equipment. “Who wants to be on the good list anyway?” Satur asked Cleo, staring at the room he’d just reserved maliciously.

Cleo and Satur relax looking at their view on the interior balcony attached to the domicile. They gape at Christmas Iceland. Satur pours two shots, one for each, and the two toast their glasses like two war buddies, “To Christmas!”, Satur proposes whimsically. The two both laugh and drink.

“I don’t believe in magic much myself, I think they just use this for tourists, but a lot of people who come here end up celebrating the holiday as tradition,” Cleo told Satur.

“Why wouldn’t they, you get gifts,” Satur said pouring more shots and eating a slice of pizza.

“It’s not just the gifts, it’s who you share the gifts with and celebrate the joy of life,”

“Can’t we do that any time anywhere, why here and why when it’s so cold?”

“The Yule Tide Trees magic,” Cleo told Satur grinning like a happy child.

“Yule Tide? Like Yule Tide Star?” Satur mumbled to himself.

“Yule Tide Star?! What’s that?” Cleo asked Satur.

“Nothing keep going, Yule Tide tree right?”

“You’re acting weird, but it’s the tree everyone in Christmas Iceland gathers around on Christmas day to honor; their magical Queen Mary uses her Mistletoe Magic to spread as much joy as she can until the next solstice,”. The shuttle arrives at the gate of Christmas Iceland where the entrance offers an aura peace and happiness. Satur and Cleo live the finale of their panoramic view. “They celebrate Christmas by giving gifts honoring the Yule Tide Tree and Queen Mary, the celebration of birth, on the shortest day of the year,” Cleo told Satur staring out into the horizon. He doesn’t respond which prompts her to check on him. She turns toward her boyfriend to see him ignoring everything she just said, distracted by his phone.

“Were you even listening?” Cleo asked Satur.

Satur pushes his phone in her face, “I could care less about the joy and giving crap, I’m here for the Yule Tide Star,” Satur told Cleo. Cleo looks intensely at the screen “On the website it says that’s the star that lights up on Christmas Day from the good energy of the Yule Tide tree and Queen Mary, but it’s the first gift brought to her by the first Magi from an ancient city,” Cleo told Satur. She paused and read the rest silently, “...Where’d you even find this, it sounds faker than Christmas,”

“It’s just a myth about The Christmas Star,” Cleo told Satur.

“No, the Yule Tide Star,” Satur told Cleo walking off the shuttle.

The two walk up to their tourist group and take in the land, they see many elves of many shapes and sizes, ice architecture, stores and markets for the trading of goods, plenty of reindeer, and patches of dry land for the reindeer to feed. There is a hot chocolate tub and many ornaments and celebrations of Christmas and the holiday’s historical figures. They walk through the land with their shuttle group headed to meet the Queen. “There doesn’t look to be any magic to me, just a bunch of small guys, sugar, and costumes,” Satur stated as they roam Christmas Iceland.

“If they have this Yule Tide Star I’ll get my hands on it and we’re out, it’s worth five hundred thousand, cash. I can’t pass on that,” Satur told Cleo.

“They say, The Queen protects it, besides, without the star Christmas will be canceled,” Cleo explained to Satur.

The two walk to the center of Christmas Iceland. The Queen, an old fragile skinny woman with a beautiful smile that warms the coldest heart and an icy demeanor that stings your body as she speaks, absent of any magic besides good ol’ fashion charisma, stands on a platform amongst the tourists. Behind this queen sits a ravishing tall tree decorated with ornaments from generations of travelers and treasures from all over the world, some of the most valuable of treasures; treasures that alluded to be myths. The tree stands a legendary ten meters tall, towering over the entire city; with no star. Gifts sit under the tree almost climbing to the beginning of its leaves, approximately a meter high. All these gifts are the Queen and Tree to honor the celebration of life in the coming days.

Tinsel creates a perimeter ten feet away from the tree guarded by Elves. Two elves stand on each corner of the ten-by-ten tinsel. Allowing people to enter and celebrate the tree. Also watching to see if anyone takes a treasure. Something that has never happened due to its goliath height and the protection of the treasures by the magic of joy and the Queen. Christmas Iceland is a land heavily protected by The Queens pawns and herself. So no one has ever been wistful enough to escape with a treasure. Though through Satur’s impression of the Iceland he saw no risk in trying.

“If she’s the one protecting all of this, we are going to be able to have one hundred Christmas’ in one night,” Satur told Cleo as he gapes and drools at the treasures, as if he was a predator and the tree was his prey.

“As we wait for the day to honor the Yule Tide Tree and Queen Mary, I, your current Queen officially allow the 72-hour festival to begin,” the Queen looks towards the arrival of the tourist “Welcome guest, enjoy our celebration of Christmas with us, we honor thy Yule Tide Tree through celebration at midnight of the Shortest Day by lighting our Christmas Star.”. Everyone in the crowd cheers for The Queen and Christmas.

“See how happy everyone is, don’t ruin the fun you jerk,” Cleo told Satur.

“Sorry but that star is from one of the Magi, ancient travelers, it’s worth too much, everyone thought it was a myth. Besides magic isn’t real, these people don’t know what they have, or what they had,” Satur told Cleo looking at the Tree then looking at the Queen and back at Cleo. “Santa Claus, elves?” Satur opens his bag and shows her his equipment, all-black attire. “A thief is always prepared, I’m elusive, an ability from the Land of Saturdaze,” Satur told Cleo.

“You don’t know where it’s at,”.

Satur looks at the tree and The Queen as she leaves with elves, “I’ll find it, trust me, I’m Satur the best thief in the world.”.

“Whatever!” Cleo yelled as she walks away angrily. “You’re ruining Christmas! Just enjoy the holiday!” She screamed walking towards their hotel. Cleo stops and turns around; she delivers her final message to Satur, “It’ll be coal in your stocking

if you keep acting like this,”.

Satur tries to respond but is distracted by the tree’s amazement, “Thanks?” Satur retorted, confused. He watches her storm off until he regains focus back on the tree, “Santa owes me some gifts anyways, we’ll call this reimbursement,” Satur meditated.

Satur walks closer to the tree and gets to the start of its perimeter bearing, “Now where could the star be?” Satur thought analyzing the tree and its treasures. While looking at the tree, he sees people of the land and tourists leaving gifts under the tree, singing to the tree, decorating the tree, kissing under the tree, and talking to the tree. “No way they all believe in this.”, Satur elusively vanishes to an abandoned area. He changes into his thief attire and elusively travels back to the Yule Tide tree. He goes under the tinsel bearing no gift in hand and uses his elusively moves through the darkness as quickly and as sheisty as a fox. He begins to steal the Christmas gifts. “I think I’m actually starting to like Christmas,” Satur considered.

“Hey mister?” a sweet soft voice spoke toward Satur, the only other person around this area of the tree. Satur turns around slowly, bearing a stack of stolen presents. He sees a young boy around the age of eight dressed in winter attire holding a snowboard, “What are you doing?” the young boy asked.

“Oh me well I’m just,” Satur paused to think of what he should say to this kid questioning him. “Maybe I should just vanish.” Satur meditated. “Did you bring all those gifts, mister?” The boy asked Satur. Satur pauses pondering the question. He then begins to act as if he is placing the presents under the tree, “Why yes I did kid,” Satur responded.

The boy gestures a huge smile, “Wow mister, one day I want to give that many gifts, gee wiz sir aren’t you kind,” the young boy told Satur rubbing his nose vigorously due to the cold temperatures; revealing a bright red nose.

“You could light the night with that red of a nose. You sick kid?” Satur asked.

“I’m ok just cold from snowboarding.”

The boy walks up to the tree “I couldn’t wait just like you til the 72-hour festival started, I snowboarded for thirty minutes to get here,”. The boy pulls out a gift and places it under the tree. “Oh boy it’s almost Christmas, I can’t believe it!”.

“What’s so special about Christmas?” Satur asked.

The boy stops his departure to answer Satur, “Well mister, it’s the joy and the magic, we give for what we were given,”

“I bet you like the gifts,” Satur insisted to the kid.

“I do, Santas is a real cool fellow, but I like the Tree, it’s not Christmas without the tree,” the boy said.

“If you like the tree I bet you like the star?”.

“Oh, boy I do, it’s my favorite part,” the boy told Satur.

Satur smiles cunningly while the boy proceeds to tell him more about Christmas.

“So where do they keep this Christmas star? I’m so excited to see it but don’t know if I can wait until Christmas,” Satur told the boy, looking at him unflatteringly sympathetic.

“Don’t worry Mister, the star is on display for people like you?” the young boy told Satur.

“Where exactly is this place?” Satur asked, spurious with his excitement.

“It’s the Christmas Museum, sir, it’s at the end of the road but—” the young boy is cut off by Satur.

“Thanks, kid, Happy Christmas,” Satur said walking off in a hurry, hiding and taking two gifts with him.

“Merry Christmas Mister!” the young boy told Satur, waiving as he walks away. “He probably knows about the Queen’s magic protecting the museum,” the boy meditated while looking at the Yule Tide Tree. The young boy then retrieves the decorations he has with him and walks towards the tree decorating a peculiar part. “Oh, Christmas tree. Oh, Christmas tree,” the young boy sang to himself. “I’ve been really good this year, I brought my sister a gift, cleaned the house for Ma, and took the trash out all year, Pa he’s been happier since we moved. He gets jolly around this time of the year now,” the boy told the tree as he continues to decorate. Suddenly another person on the opposite side is heard singing a song about a drummer boy.

With the night sky dominant, the Christmas celebration will be happening in less than sixty hours.

The town is festive, people are enjoying the activities offered in the land. Music is played while the feast is held, and families enjoy time together as the lights from decorations illuminate the town with optimism. In a Santa Bar, Cleo is sitting on Santa’s lap with a mug of spiked eggnog with a candy cane design. “Santa all I want for Christmas is for Satur to stop acting like a scrooge,” she said whining and slurring. “I learned about him in a movie,” Cleo tells Santa very sloppily. The bar is Santa-themed with many Santa Clauses, Christmas-themed drinks and music. “What’s the true meaning of Christmas?” Cleo asked Santa.

“Ho, ho, ho, the true meaning is giving, the more you give the more magic you feel,” Santa tells Cleo.

“Between me and you, Santa is the magic real?” Cleo asked, taking a sip from her candy cane mug.

“Well, how often do you see so many people enjoy Christmas peppermint drinks and eating gingerbread entrees all night. They sing along together, and even buy gifts for strangers,” Santa told her as they scoped the bar. “The magic is deeper than my flying reindeer,” he told Cleo, who seems awkwardly intrigued. He moves Cleo from his lap “Now I and the other Santas have to get ready for Christmas day, dropping those toys off takes time,” Santa grabs her cup of spiked eggnog taking a sip. Cleo watches concernedly “Don’t worry, I barely do any driving, it’s magic remember,” Santa said while satirically moving his hands to

form a rainbow shape.

Satur has just walked into the Christmas museum which is extremely crowded for a museum at this time of night and days before a holiday. "Have these people not heard of holiday breaks?", Satur thought, finally reaching the front of the line to enter the Museum. He is handed a pamphlet explaining the exhibits and history of the Christmas Celebration. Queen Mary and the Yule Tide Tree are explained as the reason for Christmas just like Cleo was telling Satur on the shuttle. The pamphlet also gives praise to the Magi for starting the customs of bringing gifts and treasures to the Yule Tide Tree and Queen Mary whose love and joy caused the Christmas Star to light on the shortest day and longest night.

Walking through the Museum he notices that everything seems artificial, there are exhibits for Santa, the Yule Tide Tree, Queen Mary, and more traditions for Christmas including twelve long-listed items as suggestions for gifts. Satur walks through exhibit after exhibit ignoring anything that has nothing to do with the Yule Tide Star. He continues searching, walking through a tree exhibit. The holiday ferns are set up parallel to one another leaving an eight-foot wide gap between the trees as a walkway. There are more than three hundred trees on each side, all decorated, and all possessing a star placed on top. The sizes of the trees range from one and a half meters to seven meters. Satur begins to lose his motivation once he realizes how much time it will take to search every tree. He walks, dragging through the hallway indolently looking for the Yule Tide Star. He occasionally climbs up the trees to analyze the star but has no luck finding the Yule Tide Star. As time dwindles so does his will. When Satur notices a beautiful young lady walking through the hallways of the trees. Sitting on the top of a nearby tree he jumps down to ask her a question.

"Excuse me! Excuse Me!" Satur says, jumping down from the Christmas Tree and startling the lady.

"It's not often a beautiful lady is walking alone in the woods, looking for some protection miss?" Satur asked her flirtatiously. The young lady gives him a glare and continues to walk. She is a pale-skinned woman with icy-colored attire and gray hair; polarizing to her youth. Her beauty is fairy tale-like, with her aura familiar but ingenious like a familiar smell or taste.

Satur chases after her "Hey, I was just playing," he tells the lady.

"You from here?" Satur asked as she continues to walk away.

"I just want to know a little more about Christmas," Satur explained to the mysterious lady.

The lady stops and turns around asking Satur a question, "What were you just looking for?"

"I want to see the Yul... I mean Christmas Star," Satur told the lady. She gives him an obscure look.

"They'll be lighting the star in no less than forty hours now, it's more exciting when you wait," The lady told Satur.

“Well, I won’t be able to sleep if I don’t get to see what I came here for, you know where it is?” Satur asked the lady with charm.

She looks at Satur with an intense gaze, analyzing him from top to bottom, her aura is felt as cold but she smiles at Satur assuring him she’s no one to be afraid of. “Follow me, I’ll show you the Star,” The lady tells him.

The two begin to walk, they walk through a snowy field with multiple campfires burning, the wood pops and crackles as they trot through the field. Some people gather around fires and enjoy the scenery while others just walk through like Satur and this lady are doing.

“Do you know anything about the Star?” the Lady asked.

“You guys light it on Christmas, that’s all I know,”.

“It represents the good energy the Yule Tide Tree and Queen Mary represent, lighting on its own due to the festivities of Christmas, human joy,”.

“I don’t believe in magic, I believe in a good time, not magic because you have to make the time good, you can’t just wait for magic,” Satur said.

“The magic from the Yule Tide is real, it comes from the joy that comes during the time we rejoice from all the pain from the previous year. It grants us rebirth and spirit for the new days to come,” the lady told Satur. They walk into an exhibit that looks like a feasting table. “Our Christmas Star and celebration is where we give back for what we have received,” the lady continues as she pulls out a seat at the table sitting down and instructing Satur to do the same.

A waterfall is present in the room, when the lady gets up she grabs two wine glasses and secures water from the waterfall. Sitting back down with Satur with half-filled glasses. “That’s cool, I think I believe in your magic now, so where’s the star?” Satur asked.

“Are you in a hurry, Satur?” she asked him.

“No,” Satur said with a brief pause, “...how do you know my name?”. “ I guess we can call it the magic of Christmas,”; she said chuckling at Satur.

“Satur you know you won’t be able to enjoy Christmas unless you believe,” the lady said while taking a sip from her cup which is now red wine.

“I’ve never even heard of Christmas until now, I honestly think you guys do it for the money,” Satur said. “I just have a hard time believing in flying reindeer, Santa, and magical queens, but the Star, that’s magic,”.

She points the cup in his direction as a sign to cheer “Christmas Magic,” she said, claiming the toast. Satur picks his glass up “The Christmas Star,” Satur told her, claiming his toast. They both take sips of the wine. “Now this is good, what’d you call this,” Satur asked as he finishes his cup.

“I call it a Bloody Mary,” she said to Satur.

“This doesn’t taste like the bloody mary we have at home,” Satur told her.

“So where is the star, I think it’ll truly help me believe,” Satur told The Queen. The queen chuckles at Satur taking a sip from her cup.

“You’re right it is good.” The Queen said putting her half drank wine glass

down. "Satur, now I'll show you the Christmas Star," the Lady tells him.

Satur is excited to hear her say those words, "Cool, where is it?" Satur asked.

"Well we have to move forward in time a little bit," The Queen replied.

"What do you mean?" Satur asks in a panic when The Queen vanishes from the room. The room starts to become filled with water from the waterfall, then turns into wine. While the room accumulates gallons of wine the walls break down as a blizzard rushes through the room sweeping Satur in the sky as he screams for his life. He is twirled into the sky and through the night skies as he sees a huge star that favors the Yule Tide Star. He is tossed by the blizzard's wind into its light.

A person's eyes begin to open slowly going from black to light gazing upwards. Each time their eyes open their vision is less blurry until it becomes clear. "Where am I?" Satur asked himself. He tries to move but can't. He is able to turn on his belly looking down from high above and sees the boy he had met while stealing presents, he can also see the museum from a distance, his hotel room, and Christmas Iceland.

"What's going on?" Satur asked.

Satur hears the soft voice of the young boy "Hey, Yule Tide Tree, what do I do when I see mommy kissing Santa, I can't tell pa he'd probably end up hating Christmas," the young boy asked the tree.

"What is he doing, why is he still at the tree?" Satur asked.

Satur then hears two chipmunks next to him, talking, "What's wrong with that guy why is he frozen to the branch," one chipmunk asked.

"I don't know, I came out of the burrow and he was there, stuck and asleep," the other chipmunk said.

"You think the queen left him?" the other chipmunk asked.

"How would I know moran! Does it look like I know the queen?" The chipmunk responded.

Satur is shocked "What the heck!?! Are you guys talking!?" the two chipmunks turn around "Shut up buddy! This is our tree, we don't know where you came from or how you got here." The Chipmunks told Satur.

"Why are chipmunks talking? What is going on?" Satur asked openly.

People begin to gather around the tree for the time of giving. The horns are played along with a Christmas tune, The Queen arrives as well, and in the crowd, Satur spots his girlfriend hanging out with a Santa Claus.

"What it's Christmas, the star, where's the star you dumb squirrels," Satur asked.

"Newsflash buddy I'm a chipmunk and I hate squires and by the way... you're a chipmunk too," the chipmunk said.

"What no way, I'm a human," Satur told the chipmunks.

The two chipmunks look at each other and laugh " 'I'm a human', sure you are," the Chipmunks said mocking Satur. "Go grab the ice mirror," the Chipmunk tells the other chipmunk.

Satur looks out into the crowd and sees his girlfriend and all of the people gathered around Christmas for the tree and the star. "That's my girlfriend, with Santa!" Satur screamed. The chipmunk walks over to him to see his girlfriend. "That was you? Aw man I bet you wish you just enjoyed Christmas now," the Chipmunk told Satur.

The other chipmunk walks out of the burrow with a glass mirror and points it at Satur. Satur looks into the mirror revealing that these Chipmunks speak with honesty. "How is this happening?!" Satur wailed.

"You came to Christmas Iceland and just gave bad vibes man, The Queen doesn't like bad vibes man," the Chipmunks told Satur.

"I never even met the—" Satur pauses and thinks back to how he ended up here when he thinks about the lady he met at the museum.

"What the—" Satur said, cut off by the Chipmunk, "No need to fuss about it now. You're stuck like this forever," the Chipmunk told him.

"Forever!?" Satur impetuously asked.

"No I'm just playing, until next Christmas, the Queen doesn't play about Christmas," the Chipmunk told Satur.

The Christmas Star lights up the town with a chipper aura as everyone exchanges gifts and love. Satur looks and sees his girlfriend kiss Santa. He's furious rolling around stuck between the ice imprisonment. "Next year I'm coming for you Santa, and that Star, it'll be mine," Satur said frozen to the branch.

The two chipmunks walk up on Satur very aggressively holding acorns as weapons, "What'd you say about Santa?" one chipmunk asked.

"You don't mess with the big guy around here, you mess with the big guy you meet the acorn capiche," the chipmunk told Satur.

"Guys I was just playing, I love Christmas," Satur said, "especially Santa, the way he just took my girlfriend is real Santa-like." Satur told the Chipmunks

"How long will I be frozen in this branch?" Satur asked.

"Until the Starlight fades which will be two weeks from now," the Chipmunk told him.

The crowd breaks out in song celebrating Christmas. "See you we'll be back once this dies down, it's some lady chipmunks by St Nicks's forest, we'll catch up to you later...not like you can go anywhere," The chipmunk said leaving.

Satur stares aimlessly at the crowd "Oh how I love Christmas and The Queen," Satur satirically said.

Cleo is flying off in the sky on Santa's sleigh led by reindeer as other Santas leave the land as well.

"No way that was real," Satur said as Santa flew off with a bag of gifts. He looks down and sees everyone so happy exchanging gifts and smiling. He sees the boy open his gift which is nothing more than a toy wooden boat compared to hoverboards, cell phones, and game consoles. The boy's smile is ear to ear. He smiles as Santa flies through the night and the starlight sits so bright shining on

them all spreading the holiday joy of Christmas on sight.

“That star makes everyone, this happy? I have to have it,” Satur said meticulously while in agony, frozen to the Yule Tide tree.

The End

Merry Christmas.