



The Shadow's Gift

Original Work · Not Rated · 244 words

by Arukir

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A poor town suffering in the coldest months is brought joy by a little Shadow risking the light. When dawn finally catches up to him, they decide to return the favor.

I made up an alternative origin story for Winter holidays a while ago. I told this story to ChatGPT, and it created this poem. The poem and name are both from ChatGPT, but the story is mine. I hope you enjoy.

Merry Christmas, Hanukkah, Solstice, Yule, and all the other festivals of light we created to lift our Spirits in the coldest, darkest months. :)

Does anyone know how to make this white lettering on a black background? I feel like that would fit the poem better...

I hope you liked it! If you want to know more about the myth, please comment; I'd be happy to explain.

*Beneath the moon's soft silver gaze,
A Shadow crept through quiet haze.
From forest dark to village bare,
He carried gifts with tender care.*

*In homes of sorrow, cold, and need,
He mended lives with humble deed.
A broken chair, a tattered shoe,
A loaf of bread, a toy anew.*

*Each night he worked till stars grew pale,
Then raced the dawn on fleeting trail.
The sun, a foe of Shadow kind,
Its golden rays his doom defined.*

*Yet brighter grew his nightly toil,
For love for them his heart would boil.
Each morning's run grew close, then near,
The sunlight's kiss now burned sincere.*

The whispers spread through village streets,
Of secret hands and quiet feats.
And though unseen, their hearts could tell,
A Shadow wove their miracle.

One fateful dawn, he lingered late,
The burning light decreed his fate.
A Shadow caught, his essence torn,
By light of day, his being worn.

But from the village came a cry,
To save the one who gave, they'd try.
Through hand and heart, they bore him back,
To forest deep and shadowed track.

With other Shadows, dark and wise,
They healed their friend 'neath twilight skies.
A bond now formed, both bright and dim,
Between the village folk and him.

And so, they say, when Winter's near,
And shadows long and stars appear,
A Shadow comes to leave his grace,
In every heart, a warmer space.

— end of "The Shadow's Gift" —