

Ladies and gentlemen,
In the realm of tales where dreams are spun,
Where the heart dances with the sun,
Lies the art of storytelling--pure and divine,
A bridge of words over the river of time.
With every whispered word and crafted line,
We are beckoned to lands where imaginations twine.
Oh, the storytellers, artisans of dreams,
Weavers of worlds where reality gleams.
In their hands, a spark ignites the night,
Transforming ink into stars of light.
In voices gentle or powerful and bold,
Stories of love, of darkness, unfold.
They embrace the past, paint futures bright,
In their narratives, find courage, and fright.
It's an artistry, a symphony, a sacred song,
Calling us to listen, where we truly belong.
So, let us honor this gift of lore,
This tapestry woven from core to core.
Raise a cheer for those who see beyond sight,
For they, the storytellers, kindle our light.
Thank you.