

Valentine's Day Finland

4 Tidbits

by Ulrike



1

Catherine browsed through the NY Times. A report about global Valentine's traditions attracted her attention and delighted her.

"What a wonderful idea," she thought.

Later, after a visit below and a consultation with Mary, all was prepared.

At Valentine's Eve she looked around the circle of pleasantly-surprised faces of the tunnel community.

"You have given us a wonderful surprise and much happiness," Vincent whispered.

"I read an article about Valentine's customs in Finland. There, it's been celebrated as a friendship day. They make small gifts for all those who mean so much to them," she replied, smiling.

2

After a long working day, the tunnel community was happy to meet for supper. When they were finished, they looked closely at the little wrapped packages lying in front of each of them.

“What are they?” Winslow asked, bewildered.

“I don’t know,” Jamie answered. She picked up the present and turned it over, then shook it.

Finally, they all had become so curious that everybody opened his gift. They smiled in delight.

But the gifts were anonymous, so the evening became a game to guess the sender, who did not reveal themselves.

Mary and Catherine exchanged conspiratorial glances.

3

Winslow concentrated on carefully unwrapping his gift. The tiny gift ribbon was maddening.

“Why do people think such bows are useful?” he asked himself, grumbling silently. “I don’t have stubby fingers, just big hands.” But instead of loosing the bow, he tightened the knot.

“Winslow, shall I give you a wide berth? Just asking,” Jamie remarked, giving him a sly smile.

“You look like a volcano ready to erupt.”

“Here, it’s your turn,” Winslow replied in frustration, brushing the gift towards her.

She touched the edges of the ribbon carefully and suddenly the knot fell apart.

4

“There you are,” Jamie smiled, pushing the package back. “Come on Winslow, show us what your gift is.”

Winslow mumbled something and unwrapped his gift. He folded the gift wrap carefully; fancy paper was rare.

Finally, he unveiled a small, wooden, painted figure. It was a female ice-skater.

“Hilarious,” Winslow remarked, forcing himself to smile.

“Winslow, take it easy. You only need more practice to become that graceful. Just because you fell on your backside last time, doesn’t mean you can’t develop the skill,” Cullen said, restraining his laughter, raising his arms, and performing a clumsy pirouette.