The Littlest Star

a Christmas bedtime story

High in the sky lived
the littlest star.
She gave a big, sleepy yawn.
It was Christmas Eve!

"I'm too little to help,"
sighed the littlest star.
"What can a tiny star do?"

Down below, in the falling snow,
a little reindeer was lost.
"Where is my home?"
he cried.

The littlest star
took a deep breath.
She shone and shone
with all her might.

The little reindeer saw her light.
He followed it over the hills,
step by step by step.

"You're home!"
said Mama Reindeer.
And the littlest star
glowed brightest of all.

Goodnight, littlest star.

Even a small light can help
someone find their way.

Merry Christmas! Before lights out: who could you help tomorrow?

PARENT OVEN

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