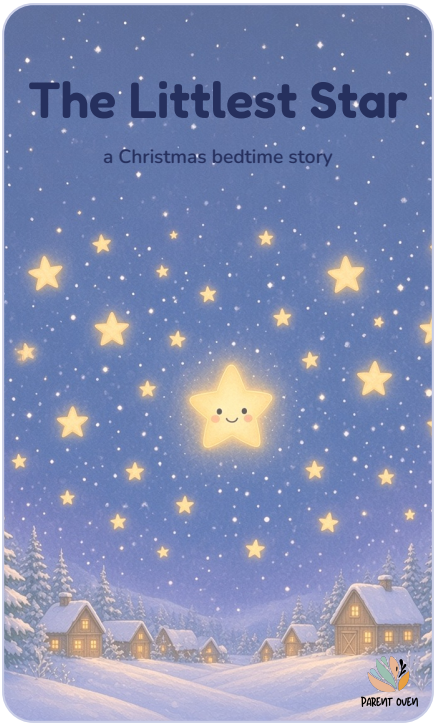
The Littlest Star

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.



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



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