A NARAVISTA STORY



The Little Star That Forgot to Shine

A Christmas Eve story to read together

NARAVISTA · READER EDITION

A Star in the Garden

Snowflakes danced outside Grandma and Grandpa's cottage on Christmas Eve.

Inside, the fireplace crackled, cookies cooled on the kitchen table, and seven-year-old Lily sat by the window, counting stars.

"One, two, three..." she whispered.

Suddenly, a tiny golden streak flashed across the sky.

"Oh!" Lily gasped. "A falling star!"

She pressed her nose against the frosty window. Something sparkled beneath the old rosebush in Grandpa's garden.

Lily hurried into her warm coat, pulled on her mittens, and stepped outside.

"Hello?" she whispered.

A tiny voice answered, "Please don't look at me."

Lily knelt beside the rosebush. There, nestled in the snow, was the smallest star she had ever seen. It was no bigger than a Christmas cookie, with five little points and a faint golden glow.

"Are you a real star?" Lily asked.

"I used to be," the star sighed.

"My name is Lily. What's yours?"

"Twinkle," the star whispered.

"That's a lovely name!"

"Not anymore." Twinkle's glow faded. "All the other stars shine so brightly. I'm too little. Nobody would ever notice my light."

Lily looked up at the enormous, glittering sky, then back at the tiny star.

"Well," she said gently, "I noticed you."

For just a moment, Twinkle glowed a little brighter.

Grandpa's Christmas Wisdom

"Lily? Where have you gone, sweetheart?"

Grandpa stood in the cottage doorway, holding a lantern. His slippers were dusted with snow.

"Grandpa! Come quickly! I've found a star!"

"Well, goodness gracious," Grandpa chuckled. "That's not something you find in the garden every day!"

He knelt beside Lily and smiled at Twinkle.

But Twinkle tucked its little points close together.

"I'm not a very good star," it whispered. "I'm much too small."

Grandpa stroked his snowy beard thoughtfully.

"May I tell you something, little one?"

Twinkle nodded.

"When I was a boy, my grandfather gave me a tiny candle one Christmas Eve. I complained that it couldn't possibly light our big, dark house."

"What happened?" Lily asked.

"Well, I lit it anyway. And do you know what I discovered?"

"What?" whispered Twinkle.

"That one little candle was enough to help me find the matches, so I could light another. And another. Soon, the whole room was glowing!"

Grandpa smiled.

"You see, Twinkle, a light doesn't have to be the brightest to be important. Sometimes, the smallest light is exactly the one somebody needs."

Twinkle considered this.

"But how will I know if anyone needs mine?"

Just then, a faint chirping came from beyond the garden fence.

"Peep! Peep!"

Lily turned toward the sound.

"Grandpa, did you hear that?"

Another frightened chirp floated through the darkness.

Grandpa raised his lantern.

"I believe," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "someone might be calling for a little help."

Twinkle's golden glow flickered.

"Do you think... I could help?"

Lily smiled.

"There's only one way to find out!"

The Brightest Little Light

Lily, Grandpa, and Twinkle followed the frightened chirping toward the garden fence.

Beyond it, beneath a snow-covered pine tree, a tiny robin shivered in the darkness.

"Oh, you poor thing!" Lily whispered.

The little bird fluffed its feathers.

"Peep! Peep!"

"He's lost," Grandpa said softly. "And his nest must be somewhere nearby."

Lily looked around. Snow covered every branch, and the moon had disappeared behind thick clouds.

"How will we find his home?"

Twinkle trembled.

"I could try," the little star whispered. "But my light is so small."

Lily cupped Twinkle gently in her mittens.

"Small is better than no light at all."

Twinkle took a deep breath.

A soft golden glow spread across Lily's hands, illuminating the snowy ground.

"There!" Grandpa pointed toward a trail of tiny bird footprints.

They followed the prints beneath the pine tree. Twinkle floated ahead, glowing just brightly enough to show the way.

At last, they spotted a little nest tucked safely between two branches.

Inside, another robin chirped excitedly.

"Peep! Peep! Peep!"

The lost robin fluttered up into the nest, where its family welcomed it with happy chirps.

"You did it!" Lily cheered.

Twinkle blinked in surprise.

"I did?"

"Indeed you did," Grandpa said. "Without your light, we might never have found that nest."

Twinkle looked at the happy little birds.

Something wonderful happened.

Its golden glow grew warmer and brighter, until tiny sparkles danced around its five points.

"I helped someone," Twinkle whispered.

"You certainly did," Lily said.

Twinkle rose slowly into the air.

"I think... I think I'm ready to go home."

Lily's heart squeezed a little. She had only just met her new friend.

"Will I ever see you again?"

"Of course!" Twinkle replied. "Just look up."

With a joyful little whoosh, Twinkle soared into the Christmas Eve sky, leaving a trail of golden sparkles behind.

High above the cottage, a tiny new light appeared among the stars.

It wasn't the biggest.

It wasn't the brightest.

But Lily knew exactly which one it was.

Grandpa wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

"See, sweetheart? Every light has its place."

Lily smiled up at the sky.

"And every little light matters."

Inside the cottage, Grandma was waiting with warm cocoa and Christmas cookies.

As Lily snuggled beneath her blankets that night, she peeked through her bedroom window.

Twinkle gave one cheerful flash.

Lily waved.

"Merry Christmas, Twinkle."

And somewhere high above the snowy village, the littlest star shone happily, knowing at last that its light was more than enough.

The End