

The story of a bird with a special name

Once upon a time there was a little bird.

His name was Christmas.

He flew free and happy with his little friends.

And then the winter was there.

*His friends started off towards warm lands but he
was sleeping ...*

*When he woke up he tried to find them. He flew
and flew again ... and again. At the end, very
tired, stopped on the top of a pine and began crying
his heart out.*

Warm tears rolled down the pine.

*The Fairy of the Wood listened to him and sat
near him: "Poor little bird! Do you see the stars
in the sky? Tonight they have come down to smile
to baby Jesus. All the world is celebrating.*

Fly, fly up there, catch all that you can ...".

*And then the little bird flew and caught a lot of
stars and the pine lit up.*

*The pine was so well-lit that it attracted a lot of
birds.*

The bird Christmas was no longer alone.

Merry Christmas to everybody!!!