

Holy Night and Little Star

A Story for Christmas

written by
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illustrated by
KHOA LE

SNEAK
PEEK



SAMPLE
ONLY

UNCORRECTED
PROOF

For Maker and for makers
—Mitali

For my little D and T
—Khoa

He determines the number of the stars;
he gives to all of them their names.

—Psalm 147:4

Praise him, sun and moon;
praise him, all you shining stars!

—Psalm 148:3





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As the sky grew dark over Bethlehem, Little Star took her usual spot.
Every night, she twinkled above the hills, small and faint.
Other stars rose higher and shone brighter, but not Little Star.

She liked her low view.
She liked her soft gleam.
When newborn lambs opened their eyes, she was their first light.
I hope nothing changes, she thought.



But one night, big news spread through space.
Maker was gathering the galaxy!
Little Star pulsed faster.
What was happening?
Big changes? She hoped not.

Planets, Moon, and stars showed up.
Even Sun tuned in.
“Holy Night is coming!” Maker told them.
“I want you to play a part.”
Little Star hid behind Moon.

Maker looked around.

“On Holy Night,
some of you must rise high
and shine with my singers!
Who’s in? Little Star?”

Sounds hard, Little Star thought.
“Um . . . no thanks,” she said.



Big, brilliant stars leaped up.
They swooshed and sparkled.
“We’ll do it!” they cried.





"I have another job," Maker said.

"What is it?" Jupiter asked.

"A few of you must lead travelers from afar to Bethlehem,"

Maker said. "Who's in? Little Star?"



Sounds scary, Little Star thought.

"Um . . . no thanks," she said.




Saturn spun.

Jupiter jumped.


Bigger stars burned and blazed.

"We'll do it!" they shouted.





“Little Star!” Maker called.
Trembling, she came forward.



Their eyes met.
Maker smiled.
“I want your help too. Be ready.”