



Badger stirred deep underground. He yawned wide, then listened. The roots around him groaned. A storm was gathering.





Badger crawled out of his ruined home. He looked up and saw the Little Fir Tree and smiled. She would shelter him. Little Rabbit shivered, all alone in the dark. But the Little Fir Tree bent her soft branches towards him and she brushed away his tears. Soon the birds came to her, for they had nowhere else to hide. She sang them a sweet lullaby, and even the wind hushed to listen.



Like a soft fall of snow they covered the Little Fir Tree. All the animals gazed at the beauty of their little tree, and they heard her sing for joy.

So that was the first Christmas, when the sky was full of angels, and a mother laid her baby in sweet-smelling hay. And, still today, stars may fall on the place where there is love.

