

Magic in the garden

As evening became night, billions of stars appeared in the clear, cold night sky. The Christmas tree, with Lucky by its side, lay there in the snow, quietly thinking back over the unforgettable events of the wonder-filled season it had spent with the family. The tree's thoughts were swirling through its branches like the winter wind when the tree and Lucky noticed a slight movement among the bigger trees standing tall at the edges of the garden. In the dark, the bigger trees seemed to be looking down on the smaller fir tree and the old dog. All of the other trees should have been fast asleep this time of year, the Christmas tree thought. But it could tell something was happening. Something big. Even Lucky felt it and looked up.

"What's goin' on here?" Lucky asked.

"I think I know," said the Christmas tree. "Stay with me, will you please? I don't want to be alone right now."

"Of course, my friend," promised Lucky. "We've been through a lot together, and I'm not leaving you now."