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Goodnight, Christmas Eve



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Wide Awake

It was Christmas Eve. Luca was tucked up in bed. But his eyes would not close. They popped open, wide awake. "Christmas is tomorrow!" he whispered.





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Dad at the Door

Dad peeped round the door. "Still awake?" Luca nodded. Dad smiled and held out his arms. "Let's say goodnight to Christmas Eve."

Goodnight, Tree

Dad carried Luca to the living room. The tree twinkled in the dark, soft and gold. "Goodnight, tree," whispered Luca.





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Goodnight, Stocking

His red stocking hung by the window. "Goodnight, stocking," whispered Luca. The stocking wriggled. The stocking said, "Mew!" Out popped Mochi's ginger head. Luca giggled and giggled.

Goodnight, Little Stable

On the shelf sat the little wooden stable, with its tiny gold star. "Goodnight, little stable," whispered Luca. "Goodnight, little star."





Goodnight, Friends

They looked out of the window at the courtyard. Light glowed in Noa's window, and Lin's, and Dara's, and Amara's. "Goodnight, friends," whispered Luca.

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Goodnight, Snow

Then something soft and white drifted past the window. And another. And another. Snow! "Goodnight, snow," whispered Luca, with a great big yawn.





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A Quiet Song

Dad tucked Luca back into bed. He sang a soft Christmas song, slow and low. Mochi curled up by Luca's feet. Luca's eyes grew heavy.

Goodnight, Christmas Eve

"Goodnight, Christmas Eve," whispered Luca. And he was fast asleep. Outside, the snow fell softly on the courtyard. Christmas morning was on its way.



THE END

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