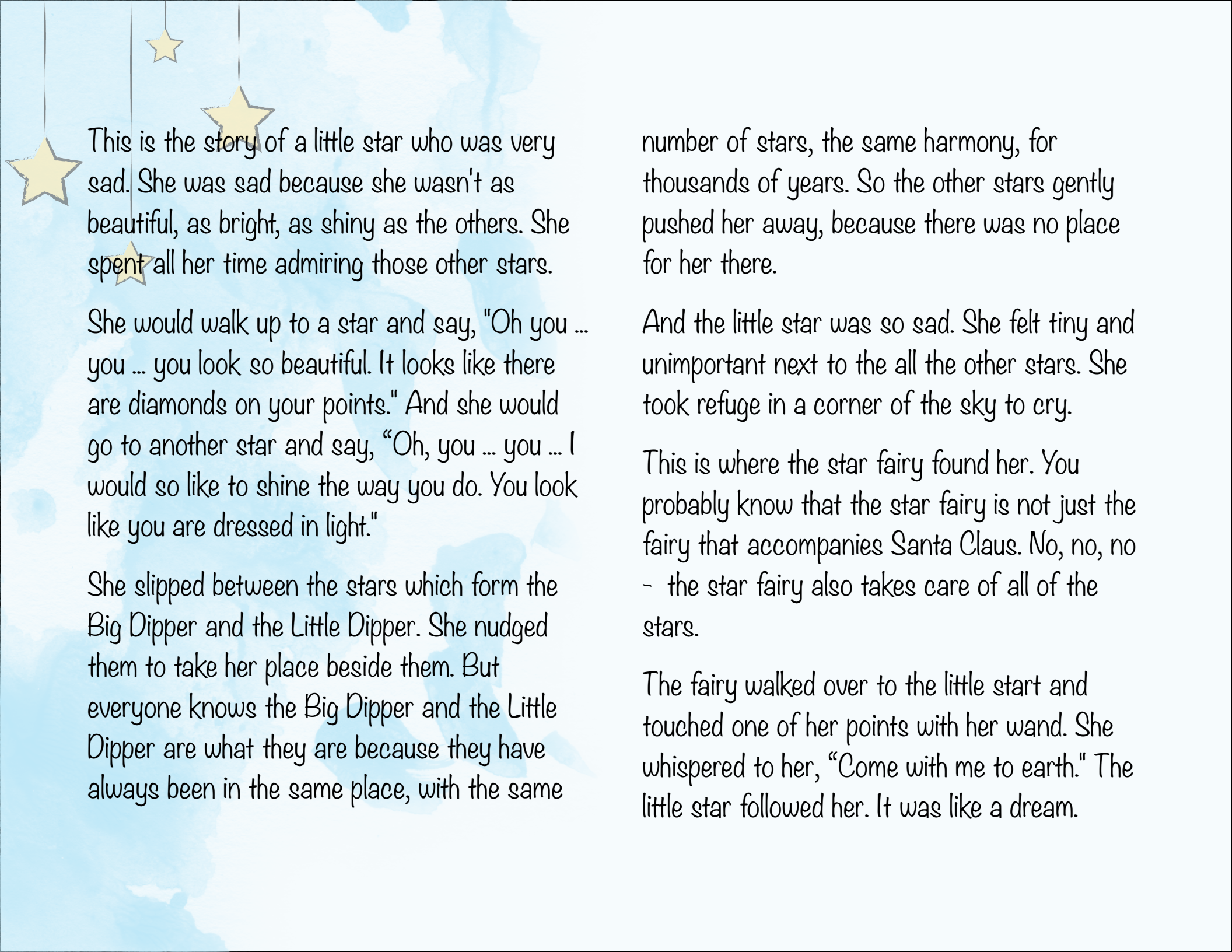




The Little Star

- Brigitte Lavoie



This is the story of a little star who was very sad. She was sad because she wasn't as beautiful, as bright, as shiny as the others. She spent all her time admiring those other stars.

She would walk up to a star and say, "Oh you ... you ... you look so beautiful. It looks like there are diamonds on your points." And she would go to another star and say, "Oh, you ... you ... I would so like to shine the way you do. You look like you are dressed in light."



She slipped between the stars which form the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper. She nudged them to take her place beside them. But everyone knows the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper are what they are because they have always been in the same place, with the same

number of stars, the same harmony, for thousands of years. So the other stars gently pushed her away, because there was no place for her there.

And the little star was so sad. She felt tiny and unimportant next to the all the other stars. She took refuge in a corner of the sky to cry.


This is where the star fairy found her. You probably know that the star fairy is not just the fairy that accompanies Santa Claus. No, no, no - the star fairy also takes care of all of the stars.

The fairy walked over to the little star and touched one of her points with her wand. She whispered to her, "Come with me to earth." The little star followed her. It was like a dream.




They arrived on earth just as the night was beginning its day. They stretched out on the grass that was still warm from the sun.

It was a summer evening with the sound of crickets, a summer evening that smelled of fresh cut grass. It was the moment when children and couples were preparing their dreams.




The first star arrived in the sky, as if by magic. The little star gasped. "Look, look! It's the most beautiful star, the one that guides travellers, the one that tells us that the night is waking up! It's the brightest. It is so beautiful."

She was so moved that she could hardly speak. She whispered quietly, as if to herself, "The stars are even more beautiful from here."






And the sky lit up. One by one, the stars took their place, like a ballet where the movements of each dancer flow together. The little star could barely hear herself breathe. She let herself be carried away by the music of the dance.

As she was caught up in the spectacle, she was startled by the voices of children. They were fidgety and restless. They seemed to be waiting for something. They were looking up, a little worried and impatient, pointing their fingers at the sky.




The little star began to search too. She asked the fairy, "What are they waiting for?" And the fairy replied softly, like a gentle breeze that's just enough to make the leaves and your heart tremble, "They are waiting for you."







The little star didn't understand right away. A shiver ran through her. "What do you mean, they are waiting for me?" She repeated those words so she could feel them inside.

And the fairy continued: "They are waiting for you, and tonight you're not there. You are the shooting star. You are the one the children and the couples love the most."




The little star felt a warm and tingly all over, all the way to her points. And she had a wild feeling that she needed to dance. And she was laughing, because she had found her place in the sky, and the sky had always been her place.

And since that night, the little star has been dancing from star to star. She still admires the others, but she doesn't envy them anymore.



If you are careful, on a clear night, you will see her having fun. Sometimes she hides behind a star to surprise children. She zips around and teases the stars of the Big Dipper, who can't catch her because they have to stay in their place.

And sometimes she is there to comfort the stars who are having a difficult night, because she knows now that wishes do come true.



And who would know that better than a shooting star?





Questions for discussion:

Sometimes a story should just be a story. These questions should never interfere when you are reading together. But if they inspire a conversation without spoiling the fun, I invite you to ask some of these questions.

- ★ Who are the most beautiful stars in your life (people you admire a lot)?
- ★ What do you admire most about these people?
- ★ Do you know that when we admire someone, it's often because we are like them? Give me an example to show me how you are already like the people you admire.
- ★ What's bright, unique and shiny about you? How do you make an effort to be kind to others, to have fun, to _____?
- ★ The little star is looking for its place. Who do you feel best with?
- ★ Complete this sentence: I feel best when I _____ (draw, dance, do math, cuddle, etc.).
- ★ Do you want to make a wish? Would you like to whisper it in my ear?

