

The Little Star



Every night, a little star watched the moon cross the sky. She wished she could shine as brightly as he did, but her light seemed too small to matter.

One cloudy evening, a young sailor lost sight of the harbor. The moon was hidden, and the sea looked the same in every direction. The little star noticed his boat and shone as hard as she could. Her light slipped through a break in the clouds.

The sailor saw the star above the distant lighthouse. He steered toward it and reached home before dawn.

“You helped him,” said the moon when the clouds cleared.

The little star smiled. Her light was small, but it had been enough.



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