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The Legend Of The Christmas Tree

Unknown writer

In a small apartment on the edge of a busy city lived a kind-hearted family. The father, Mr. Williams, worked long hours as a janitor, and the mother, Mrs. Williams, stitched clothes to make ends meet. They had two children, Liam and Ella, who were always helpful and cheerful, despite their humble life. Every evening, they gathered around a little artificial fireplace in their living room, sharing stories, laughter, and whatever simple meal they could afford.

It was Christmas Eve, and the snow fell silently outside, blanketing the noisy city in a peaceful hush. The Williams family was enjoying hot cocoa and leftover cookies when they heard a soft knock on their door. A timid voice called from the hallway: "Please, can someone help me? I'm cold and hungry, and I have nowhere to go."

Liam and Ella exchanged glances, then quickly ran to open the door. Standing there was a small boy, no older than eight, dressed in thin, worn clothes and shivering from the cold.

"Come in!" Ella said, pulling him gently by the hand.

"You must be freezing," added Liam, draping a blanket over the boy's shoulders.

They brought him to the fireplace, offered him the warmest spot on the couch, and gave him their last two cookies. "It's not much," said Ella apologetically, "but it's what we have."

The boy smiled faintly, his pale cheeks flushing with warmth. "Thank you. You're very kind."

As the night wore on, Liam and Ella insisted he take their bed, promising they would sleep in sleeping bags near the fireplace. The boy hesitated but finally accepted. Before drifting off, he whispered, "Thank you. You are like angels to me."

Later that night, Ella woke up to the sound of music—soft and heavenly, as if coming from somewhere above. She nudged Liam awake. "Do you hear that?"

The siblings crept to the window and peeked out. To their astonishment, the street outside was bathed in a warm, golden glow. A group of children stood there, dressed in shimmering white outfits, singing a beautiful melody. Each

child held a glowing lantern, and their faces radiated pure joy.

"Are they carolers?" Liam whispered, but before Ella could answer, they both heard a soft voice behind them.

"Come and see," said the boy they had taken in. But he wasn't the same. He now wore a gleaming robe, and a soft light surrounded him. His once-tired eyes sparkled with warmth and love.

"I am the Christ-child," he said, his voice gentle yet filled with authority. "I walk among the world to see the hearts of its people. You welcomed me when I seemed lost and alone. You gave from what little you had. For your kindness, I give you my blessing."

He walked to their small, plastic Christmas tree and touched one of its branches. The tree began to glow, its branches sprouting tiny golden ornaments and sparkling lights that twinkled like stars.

"This tree will remind you and everyone who sees it that love and kindness are the true spirit of Christmas," the Christ-child said. "And every year, it will bear blessings for those who give selflessly."

Before Liam or Ella could say a word, the boy smiled and faded away. Outside, the music stopped, and the golden glow disappeared with the dawn.

The next morning, the Williams family found their once-humble living room transformed. Their little Christmas tree shimmered with golden ornaments, and under it lay wrapped presents they hadn't placed there.

As the family embraced each other, Ella whispered, "We were blessed because we cared."



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