

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

The Little Poinsettia

By AUNT JULIA



“HAPPY DAYS little poinsettia said. “How can I make
are coming. my leaves red?”

Happy days “Ask the cool wind to help you. Ask
are coming.” The little the warm sun to help you.”
maya sang.

The little poinsettia heard the maya.
The little poinsettia looked up.

“What does the maya mean?” she
asked her big sister.

The big poinsettia was smiling. She
was happy. She was so happy that she
became red.

“Christmas is coming,” she answered.
She smiled again and she became redder.

“We must greet Christmas with our
red blossoms,” said the big poinsettia.

“You are growing red, Sister,” the

The big sun was just coming up. It
was bright and warm.

“Big sun, bright sun, please help me,”
the little poinsettia begged.

“Yes, little poinsettia, I know what
you want. Christmas is coming. You
must turn your green leaves to red,” the
great big sun said.

“Thank you, big sun,” the little poin-
settia smiled.

“But I cannot do everything,” the sun
said. “You must smile. You must
keep on smiling. Then ask the wind to



help you.”

The little poinsettia looked around. She felt the wind coming. The wind was gentle. The wind was cool.

“Wind, wind, please help me.”

“Yes,” little poinsettia, “I know what you want. I shall help you. We shall make your leaves red. My cool breath will make them red.”

The little poinsettia smiled.

“But I cannot do everything,” the wind said. “You must smile and keep on smiling.”

The big sun came to help the little poinsettia. It was not hot. It was warm. It was just warm enough for the little poinsettia. The little poinsettia was happy. She smiled sweetly. She blushed as she smiled.

The gentle wind came. Its breath was soft and cool. The little poinsettia liked the cool wind. It was just cool enough for her. She smiled. As she kept on smiling she became redder.

One morning the big poinsettia looked down at the little poinsettia.

“Why, little sister, you are already



Christmas.”

The little poinsettia was very, very happy. She looked at herself. She was red, as red as her big sister.

“Thank you, big warm sun,” she said.

“Thank you, gentle, cool wind.”

“Happy days are here again,” sang a maya, from a branch overhead.

“Yes, I know, little maya, and I am ready. See my red blossoms. I am ready to greet Christmas.”