

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

PACITA'S CHRISTMAS TREE

By Aunt Julia



LITTLE PACITA was very poor. She lived in a very small house. She did not have fine dresses. But she was happy. She liked the flowers in her mother's little garden better than fine dresses.

Pacita had very few toys. When she saw the other girls with big dolls, she would say, "I like my cat better. I can play on the ground with my cat."

When she saw the boys with kiddy cars, she would say,

"I like my dog better. My pet dog can run after me. I run after him. We play together."

When Pacita came home from school one day, she ran to her mother.

"Mother, Mother, my teacher said Christmas is coming. We have a Christmas tree in our room. Shall we have a Christmas tree at home?"

"We shall ask Father if we might have one. You know dear, a Christmas tree costs money." Pacita's mother said slowly. She

looked sad. She took the little girl in her arms and kissed her.

"Oh, never mind, Mother. I do not want it very badly. Caridad, who lives in that big house will have a fine Christmas tree. Her mother is very, very rich. She will let me see her Christmas tree."

"You may wish for one, dear." The mother said. "If you wish hard enough, you might have one. Santa Claus might bring you one."

Christmas Eve. When Pacita said her prayers with her head on her mother's shoulders, she said,

"Dear God, if I cannot have a Christmas tree, please let me see one in my dreams."

Very early on Christmas morning, Pacita went to church. She saw Caridad riding in a big car. Caridad waved to her and shouted,

"Pacita, when you walk past our house, look through the gate. You will see my beautiful Christmas tree."

"Yes, Caridad, I will. Thank you." Pacita shouted back.

Pacita was met by her mother on the stairs.

(Please turn to page 321)