

## The Star That Led the Three Wise Men

Long ago, far to the East, three wise friends lived under wide, quiet skies. Their names were Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. They loved the evening most of all. When the world slowed down, they would sit together and look up into the deep, dark night. They counted tiny lights sprinkled across the sky. Twinkle... twinkle... glow. Twinkle... twinkle... glow. One calm night, something new appeared. A fresh star shimmered above them, brighter than the rest, as if it carried a soft golden lantern in its heart. Melchior lifted his hand toward it, eyes wide with wonder. The star seemed to say: "-Come closer, keep going, follow the light." Balthasar nodded gently, as though he could hear the message in the glow. "-A new King has been born," he said in a quiet voice. "-We should go and welcome him." Gaspar smiled, and the three friends began to prepare. They chose gifts that were precious and carefully kept. Gaspar brought gold that gleamed like morning sun. Rub... rub... shine. Melchior filled a small jar with sweet, fragrant frankincense. And Balthasar wrapped myrrh in soft cloth, tucked safely away. When everything was ready, they climbed onto their tall, patient camels. The camels were gentle and steady, with warm fur and slow, thoughtful steps. Up... up... up. Then they set off. Clip-clop... clip-clop... clip-clop. They crossed the desert where sand dunes rose and fell like sleepy golden waves. Days were bright and warm, and nights were cool and quiet. The star stayed with them, always ahead, like a kind guide that never grew tired. After a while, the land changed. Mountains stood tall and rocky. The path grew narrow, and the camels placed their hooves with care. Step... step... step. The wind slipped between the stones and hummed a soft song. Whoosh... whoosh... At last, everyone felt weary. Gaspar spoke kindly. "-Let us rest." They found a small oasis with palm trees swaying slowly. Water shimmered in a calm pool. Splash... splash. They made a little fire, just enough to warm their hands. Crackle... pop. The wise men sipped warm tea, and the camels folded their legs beneath them on the soft grass. Above, the bright star waited, steady and calm, as if it promised, you are close now. Humm... humm. Morning came, gentle and quiet. The travelers packed up again and followed the light. The camels gave a sleepy little hum. "-Are we nearly there?" Gaspar whispered, "-Almost." Then he added, "-Keep following." Soon, the star guided them to a small town called Bethlehem. It hovered above a simple stable, shining softly, not harsh or loud, just warm and kind. Hush... hush. The three wise men climbed down and stepped inside. There, in the quiet straw, a baby rested in a manger. Baby Jesus slept peacefully, and the whole place felt calm, like a cozy blanket wrapped around the night. The wise men knelt carefully and placed their gifts nearby, as gentle as falling snow. "-Welcome, little one," they whispered. Outside, the star glittered one more time, bright and happy, as if it smiled at the world. And in that still, peaceful moment, the long journey ended. The wise men, the soft-hearted camels, and the sleeping baby rested together under the quiet night. Sleep softly, little traveler.