



COLOR THE TITLE!

Generosity

Who gave up something so I could have something good?

This week we notice who gave to us. Then we give, too: our time, our things, and our words.

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

- ① **Tuesday, Dec. 1:** The Candle That Got Smaller
- ② **Wednesday, Dec. 2:** Sammy's Forgotten Acorns
- ③ **Thursday, Dec. 3:** The Eagle Who Came Down
- ④ **Friday, Dec. 4:** Thanks First
- ⑤ **Saturday, Dec. 5:** The Best Sledding Day
- ⑥ **Sunday, Dec. 6 (St. Nicholas Day):** It's a Secret!
- ⑦ **Monday, Dec. 7:** Not a Secret

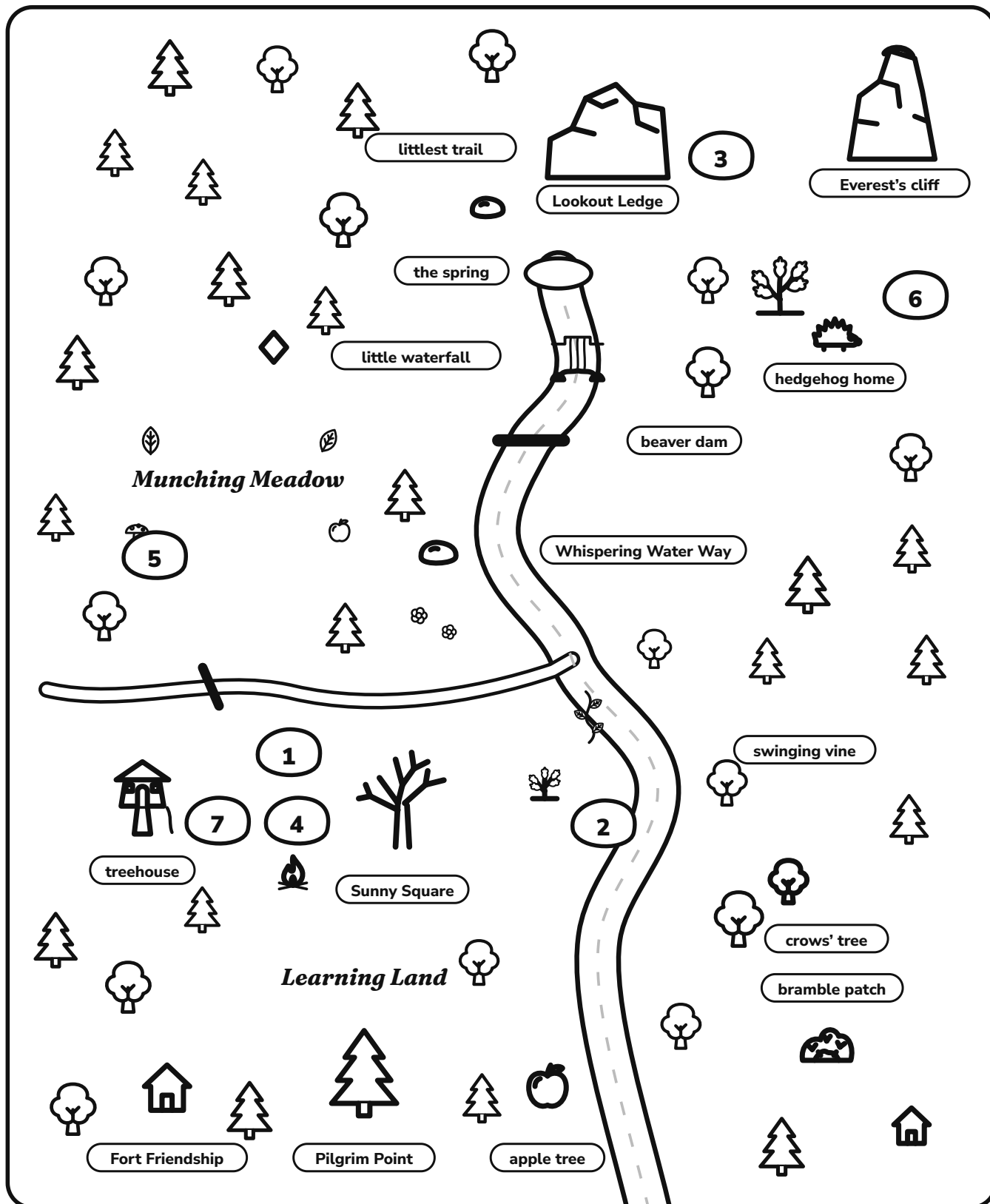
THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____, for giving to me.

Then we give: time, things, and words.

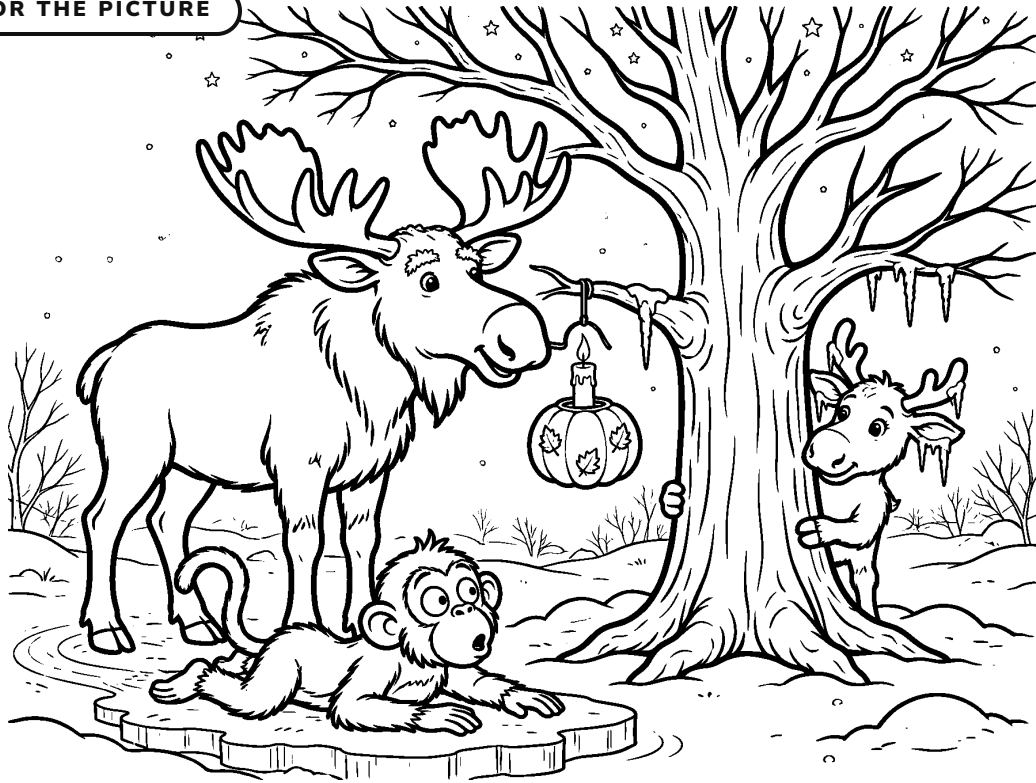
Where We'll Go This Week

Each day, find the stone with that day's number and color it. It shows where the day's story happens!



The Candle That Got Smaller

 COLOR THE PICTURE



December came to Wonderful Woods with a fresh coat of snow. It sat on every branch like frosting, and when the wind blew, little puffs of it slid off the treetops, *fffsh*, and sparkled all the way down.

In the middle of Sunny Square sat the Swap pile, neat and tall. Beside it, stuck in the snow, was Ricky's new piece of bark. At the top it said WHO NEEDS THEM? Underneath, it didn't say anything at all.

Mr. Monkey couldn't wait. "I know who needs them!" he said. "Everybody!"

He grabbed a present off the pile and gave it to Bruno. He grabbed another one and gave it to Dottie. He gave one to Hazel and one to Shiloh, as fast as he could.

Bruno tore his open. Inside was a honeycomb, wrapped in a leaf. He stared at it. "This is MY honeycomb," he said. "I wrapped this. I gave this." He took a big bite. "I love it."

Dottie opened hers. It was a stick. Her own stick, the one she ran all over the woods to make bigger.

Hazel opened hers. Inside, wrapped very carefully in a big leaf, was a flat, round piece of ice. "My puddle!" she said. "It froze!"

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno, with honey on his nose.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Everybody got their own present back!"

Ricky looked at all of them, holding their own presents. "That's a swap again," he said. "Backward."

Mr. Moose looked at Ricky's list. "Who needs them," he said slowly. "Bruno doesn't need his own honey."

"I kind of do," said Bruno.

But he wrapped it back up, mostly, and put it back on the pile. So did everybody else.

"We'll find out who really needs them," said Ricky. "And then we'll give them. And nobody will even know it was us."

That's when Mr. Moose noticed the lantern.

It was still glowing on the lowest branch of the Wishing Tree, the same as it had every night since the Thankful Feast. Its little leaf-shaped lights flickered gold on the snow. Mr. Moose looked at it for a long time.

"Mr. Monkey," he said. "A candle doesn't last a whole week."

"So?"

"So somebody puts a new one in. Every morning. Before anybody's awake."

Mr. Monkey's eyes went wide. "Who?"

"Let's find out," said Mr. Moose.

So that night, Mr. Monkey slept over at the Moose home under the big maple. It was a strange, dark night inside. There was no candle on the table, and no candle by the bed. Mama Moose told the bedtime story by moonlight, with the snow glowing blue in the window.

"Mama," whispered Mr. Moose, "where are our candles?"

"We're using them for something," said Mama Moose, and she kissed him on the nose.

Long before the sun came up, Mr. Monkey poked Mr. Moose. “Now,” he whispered.

They crept out the door into the cold, dark morning. Mr. Moose tiptoed as carefully as a moose can tiptoe. But icicles were hanging all along the edge of the roof, and his antlers went right through them. *Ting-ting-ting-ting-tingle-ting*. It sounded like a whole row of tiny bells.

Mr. Monkey stopped. “Mr. Moose. You’re ringing.”

“I’m trying not to,” whispered Mr. Moose, and the icicles went *ting-tingle-ting* again.

“Hee hee hee!” went Mr. Monkey, into his hands. “You’re a jingle-jangle moose!”

Then Mr. Monkey stepped onto a patch of ice. His feet went one way. His tail went the other way. And he slid on his tummy all the way across Sunny Square, *shhhhhhhhoop*, spinning slowly around, until he bumped to a stop right at the bottom of the Wishing Tree, between two very big, very hairy legs.

He looked up.

It was Daddy Moose.

Daddy Moose was standing in the snow in the dark, with frost on his eyebrows and little clouds puffing out of his nose. In his mouth was a candle. He reached up, very carefully, opened the little squash lantern, and put the new candle in, right next to the old one. Then he lit it from the last flicker of the old one, just before it went out.

He looked down. “Good morning, Mr. Monkey,” he said around the candle.

“Ha-ha-ha!” laughed Mr. Moose, coming slowly across the ice behind. Then he saw what his daddy was holding, and he stopped laughing.

“Daddy,” he said. “Is that our candle?”

“It’s the last one,” said Daddy Moose.

“Every morning?”

“Every morning.”

Daddy Moose held out the old candle. It wasn’t really a candle anymore. It was just a little puddle of wax with a tiny black wick in the middle, all melted down flat.

Mr. Moose looked at it for a long time. Yesterday morning it had been a whole candle, tall and smooth. Now there was hardly anything left. All night long, all that light on the snow had come out of this candle. And it couldn’t make the light and stay big, too.

“It got smaller,” said Mr. Moose softly. “It has to melt to make the light.”

Mr. Monkey’s chest went tight. He thought about Daddy Moose coming out here every single morning in the cold and the dark, while everybody else was asleep. He thought about the Moose home last night, with no candle on the table. Daddy Moose had given away his sleep. He had given away the warm. And he had given away his own family’s light, so the lantern could keep shining. And nobody even knew.

“Mr. Moose,” whispered Mr. Monkey. “Your house is dark. Because of the lantern.”

Mr. Moose was thinking. They couldn’t tell Daddy to stop. They’d learned that with the blanket: when somebody gives you something, giving it back stops them from giving. But they could make sure he knew they saw.

“We say thank you,” said Mr. Moose. “And then we give him some light back.”

When the sun came up, Mama Moose had something waiting: a little green pine tree in a pot, set right by the door. “In December,” she said, “our thank-yous go on a green tree. Thank-you circles. Paint who it’s for on the front. And on the back, paint what they gave you, and what it cost them.”

Mr. Moose painted a round gold circle of birch bark. On the front, Daddy’s face, with frost on his eyebrows. On the back, a big moose in the dark snow, with a candle in his mouth and shiver lines all around him, and a dark little house behind him.

Mr. Monkey painted one for Mama Monkey, for the morning she let him lick the whole honey spoon, even though she had been saving that honey for her tea. They hung them on the little pine with the painted side to the trunk.

Then they went to find Bruno.

“Bruno,” said Mr. Monkey. “We need some honeycomb wax.”

Bruno looked at his honeycomb. He had just unwrapped it again. He looked at it for a long, long time. Then he broke off a big piece of wax. “That’s a lot of wax,” he said. “And not a lot of honey.”

Mama Moose rolled the wax into a fat new candle. “And when this one burns low,” she said, “I’ll roll the next one and light it from this one. Then the light never has to start over.” Mr. Moose held it steady. And Mr. Monkey lit a twig from the squash lantern and, very carefully, lit the candle.

They carried it inside and set it in the middle of the Moose home’s table.

When Daddy Moose came in from the cold, the whole house was glowing gold. He stopped in the doorway. He looked at the candle. Then he looked at the little pine tree by the door, where a gold circle with his own frosty face on it was hanging.

He didn’t peek. He just smiled, slowly, all the way.

“What a day!” said Mr. Monkey. “Everybody got their own present back, and Hazel got a frozen puddle. Mr. Moose rang the icicles like bells. I slid across the ice and found Daddy Moose with a candle in his mouth. The candle melted to make the light. And now the Moose house has light again.”

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And under the big maple, the first home lit from the little lantern glowed warm and gold, while the snow outside turned pink with morning.

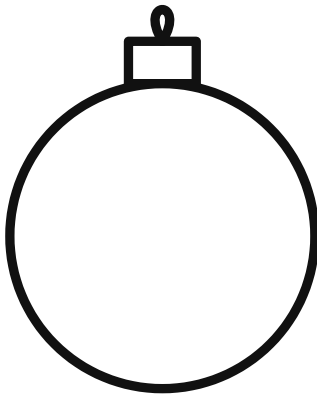
☁ Let's Talk

- 1 Every morning, Daddy Moose put the family's last candle in the lantern. Why does a candle have to get smaller to make light?
- 2 Who in our house gave something that cost them, so you could have something good?

✎ Your Turn

Make a gold ornament for someone in our house who gave you something. Front: their name. Back: draw what they did.

FRONT: THE NAME



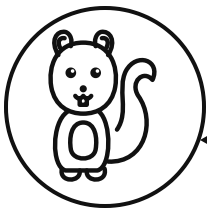
BACK: THE THANK-YOU



This one is gold. Color it yellow or gold when you are done!

Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both ornaments. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and hang it with your family's ornaments.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What do you call a frozen puppy?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



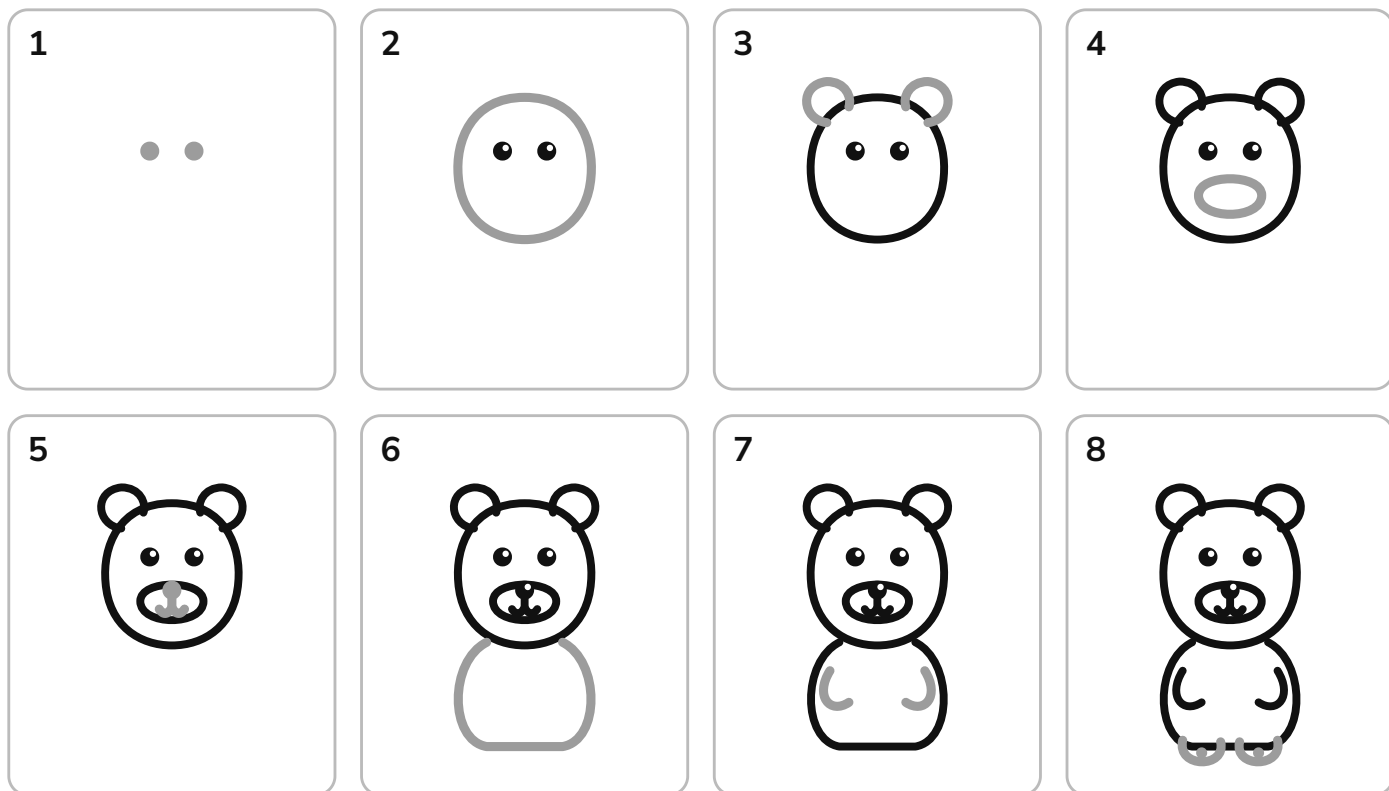
CLUE



A _____-sicle!

 Draw Bruno Bear!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY BRUNO BEAR

Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Dad and the Lamp

 and  get up. It is not yet sun-up.

Dad is at the lamp. He sets wax in it.

The lamp is lit!

 sees the wax. It is the last wax!

“Dad, it is the last wax!” said .

“It is a gift,” said Dad.

 hugs Dad. The lamp is lit.

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Moose  Mr. Monkey

For grown-ups: New sounds: j, y (as in yes), and x.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

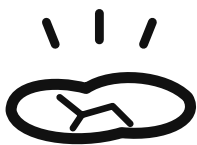
Trace the dark word, then the light words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

for giving to me.

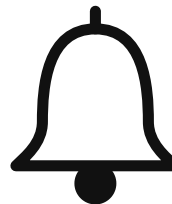
☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



slide across the
ice on your
tummy

OR



ring icicles like
bells with your
antlers



carry a lantern
through the
snow

OR



hang gold circles
on a little pine



eat a whole
honeycomb

OR



drink a giant
mug of cocoa