



COLOR THE TITLE!

Love

Who did a hard thing for me?

Love chooses to give, even when it is hard. This week our ornaments are stars!

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

- 1 **Tuesday, Dec. 29:** The Storm Night
- 2 **Wednesday, Dec. 30:** Pulling as One
- 3 **Thursday, Dec. 31 (New Year's Eve):** The Last Night of the Year
- 4 **Friday, Jan. 1 (New Year's Day):** The Last Light
- 5 **Saturday, Jan. 2:** Bruno's Washing Day
- 6 **Sunday, Jan. 3:** The Best Things
- 7 **Monday, Jan. 4 (Love Letter Day):** The Lantern for Whoever Comes Next

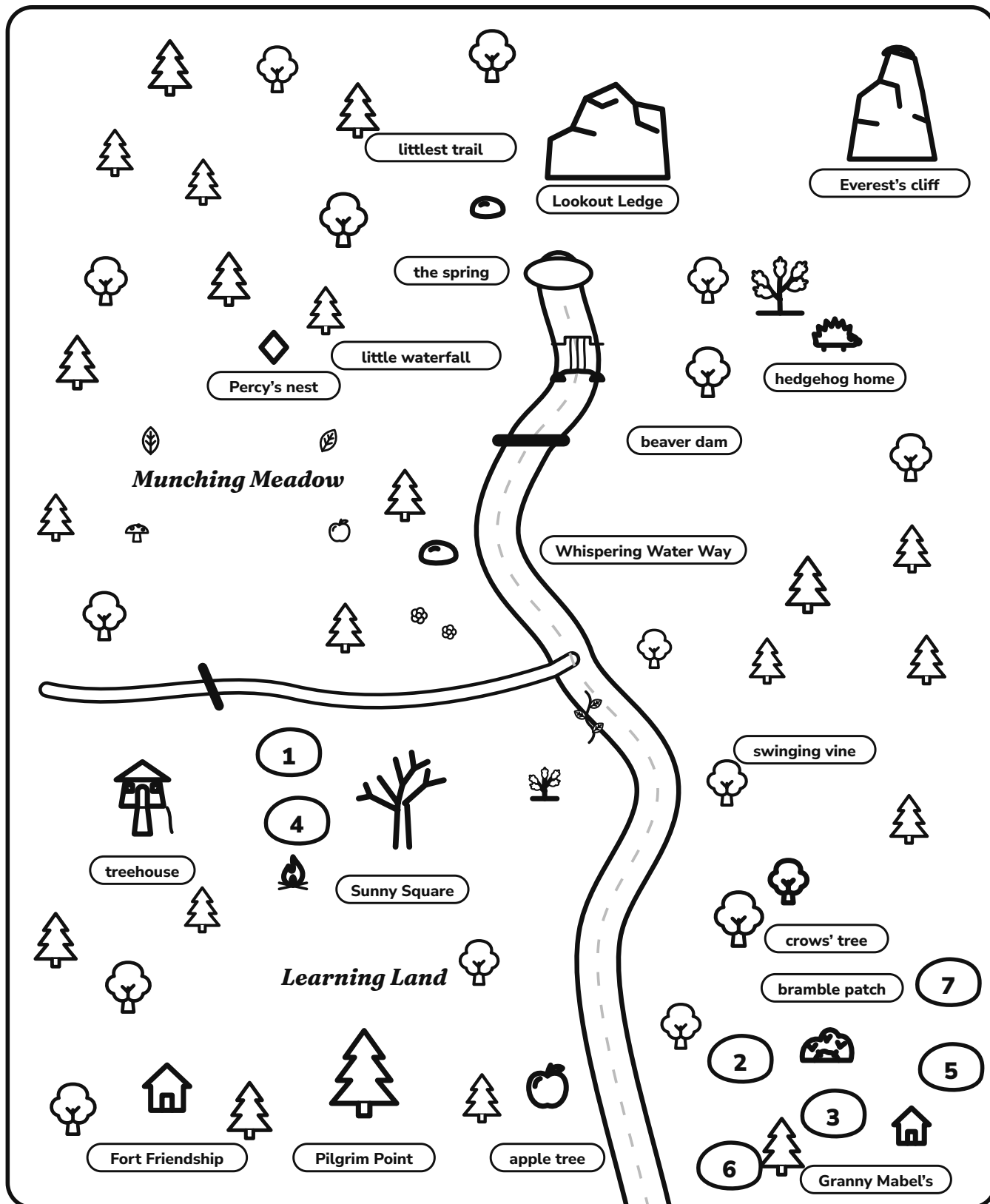
THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____, for doing a hard thing for 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 Storm Night

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The sky turned gray in the afternoon, then darker gray, then almost purple. The wind started to howl around the Moose home, ooo-WOOO, ooo-WOOO, and the snow came down so thick and fast that you couldn't see the Wishing Tree from the front door.

Both families were inside the Moose home, because the treehouse swayed too much in a storm like this. The fire was crackling. And on the little green pine by the door, Mama Moose had just put something new at the very top: a big gold star, cut from bark and painted bright, shining above all the circles.

"There," said Mama Moose. "Now the tree has its crown."

Mr. Moose looked out the window, toward the far edge of the woods. He couldn't see anything but snow. But he knew it was out there. The little dark home, past the bramble patch.

"It's out there in the storm," he said quietly.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Monkey. "When the storm stops. We'll find out whose it is."

Then the fire made a small, sad sound, fssss, and got smaller.

Daddy Moose looked at it. He looked at the wood box. It was empty. "The woodpile's out back," he said. "We need more, or the fire won't last the night."

Everybody looked at the window. The wind howled. The snow went sideways.

"I'll go," said Daddy Moose. "But I could use a helper. Somebody to hold the door and carry a few logs."

Mr. Monkey jumped up. "Me! I'll go!"

Mr. Moose didn't jump up. He looked at the dark, howling window, and his tummy squeezed up tight. It was so cold out there. So loud. So dark. He did not want to go out in that. Not one bit.

Mr. Monkey was already at the door, bouncing. "Come ON, Mr. Moose! Hurry up! Don't be such a scaredy-moose!"

Mr. Moose's ears went down flat. He didn't say anything. He just looked at the floor.

And Mr. Monkey saw his face, and his bouncing stopped. His tummy dropped down to his toes. He had said something unkind. And Mr. Moose's ears were all the way down because of it.

He came back from the door.

"I shouldn't have called you that," said Mr. Monkey. "It wasn't kind. I'm sorry. I won't say it again. How can I make it right?"

Mr. Moose looked up. "Yeah, I didn't like that," he said. "But we all make mistakes. Thank you for apologizing. I forgive you."

Then Mr. Moose thought about it. He thought about the fire going out, and everybody getting cold, and everybody waking up shivering. He thought about Daddy Moose, going out there with only one small helper.

He didn't want to go. But that didn't change anything. He stood up. "I don't want to," said Mr. Moose. "But I will."

First, Mama Moose bundled them up. She pulled Mr. Monkey's yellow hat down over his ears. She wrapped Mr. Moose's scarf around his neck once, twice, three times, four times, five times, until all you could see of Mr. Moose was two eyes and two antlers poking out of a big round ball of scarf.

"I can't turn my head," said Mr. Moose, from inside the scarf.

"Hee hee hee! You're a scarf with antlers!" said Mr. Monkey.

Then Daddy Moose opened the door, and the storm came in like a big cold hug that nobody asked for, *FWOOOSH*. Mr. Moose opened his mouth to say something, and a whole mouthful of snow blew right into it.

"Bleh," said Mr. Moose, with snow on his tongue.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Mr. Moose ate the storm!"

Out back, the woodpile was covered in snow. Daddy Moose dug out the logs. Mr. Monkey grabbed one, and the wind grabbed Mr. Monkey, and the log and Mr. Monkey went tumbling into a snowdrift together, *POOMF*. All that was left showing was two monkey feet sticking straight up out of the snow.

"Mr. Monkey!" called Mr. Moose. "Are you okay?"

The two feet wiggled. "I'm okay!" came a muffled voice from inside the drift. "I'm upside down! Hee hee hee!"

Mr. Moose pulled him out by the feet.

But Mr. Monkey was too small to carry many logs. He could only carry one at a time, and every time the wind blew, it tried to take him and the log away together. Mr. Moose thought about it. He had something Mr. Monkey didn't.

"Put them on my antlers," he said.

So Mr. Monkey climbed up and stacked the logs across Mr. Moose's antlers, one, two, three, four, five, until Mr. Moose was wearing a whole woodpile on his head.

"Mr. Moose!" said Mr. Monkey. "You're a walking woodpile!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, very carefully, so the logs wouldn't fall off.

And they walked back through the storm together, slowly, Mr. Monkey holding on to Mr. Moose's tail so he wouldn't blow away, and Mr. Moose carrying his woodpile, with Daddy Moose behind them with his arms full.

The fire roared up big and warm again. Everybody cheered.

Mr. Moose sat down by the fire, still covered in snow, and shivered. Mama Moose wrapped him in a blanket.

Then Mama Monkey brought out a plate. On it was one honey cake. Just one. The very last one.

"For whoever went out in the storm," said Mama Monkey.

Mr. Monkey looked at the honey cake. He had gone out in the storm. He had been tumbled into a snowdrift. He was SO hungry. His tummy made a big loud noise, *GRRRRRRRUMBLE*, so loud that Daddy Monkey looked around to see if it was the wind.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "That was my tummy!"

He wanted that honey cake so much.

But then he looked at Mr. Moose, shivering in his blanket. Mr. Moose, who hadn't wanted to go out at all. Who went anyway. Who carried the whole woodpile on his head.

Mr. Monkey wanted to. But he wouldn't.

He picked up the honey cake and gave it to Mr. Moose. "You carried the woodpile," he said.

His tummy growled again. *GRRRRUMBLE*.

"Your tummy doesn't agree," said Mr. Moose.

"My tummy can wait," said Mr. Monkey.

Mr. Moose looked at the honey cake. Then he broke it right in half and gave the bigger half back.

That night, by the fire, the families painted little gold stars and hung them up near the top of the pine, under the big star.

"Paint somebody in your house," said Mama Moose, "who did something hard for you this year, even when they didn't want to."

Mr. Moose painted Daddy Moose on the front, with a log on each shoulder. On the back, he painted Daddy Moose going out into the storm first, every time, before anybody else had to.

Mr. Monkey painted Mama Monkey, who had stayed up three whole nights when he had a sore throat in the fall, singing to him even though she was tired. He gave her ears that were extra big, so she could hear him.

"What a day!" said Mr. Moose, all tucked in. "A big storm came, and the fire got small. Mr. Monkey called me a scaredy-moose, and he said sorry, and I forgave him. I didn't want to go out, but I did. Mama made me into a scarf with antlers. I ate a mouthful of storm. Mr. Monkey got stuck upside down in a snowdrift, and I was a walking woodpile. Mr. Monkey gave me the last honey cake, even though his tummy said no."

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

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

And all night long, the storm howled around the Moose home, while inside, the fire burned big and warm, and the gold star at the top of the little pine caught every flicker of it.

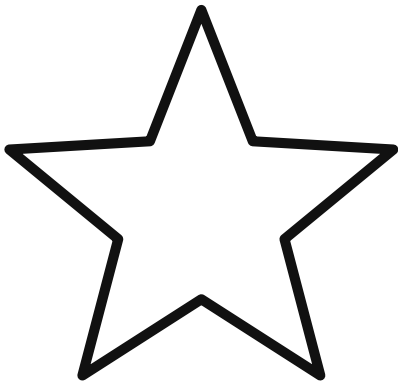
Let's Talk

- 1 Mr. Moose didn't want to go out in the storm. Why did he go anyway?
- 2 Who in our house did something hard for you, even when they didn't want to?

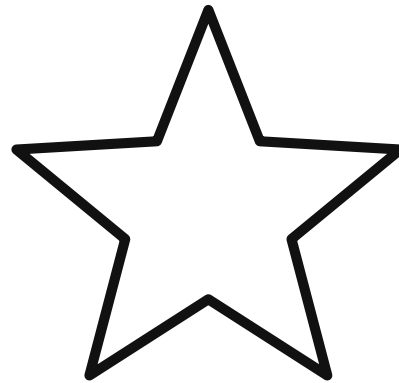
Your Turn

Make a gold star for someone in our house who did something hard for you.
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 stars. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and hang it with your family's stars.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What do you get when you cross an apple and a pine tree?

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



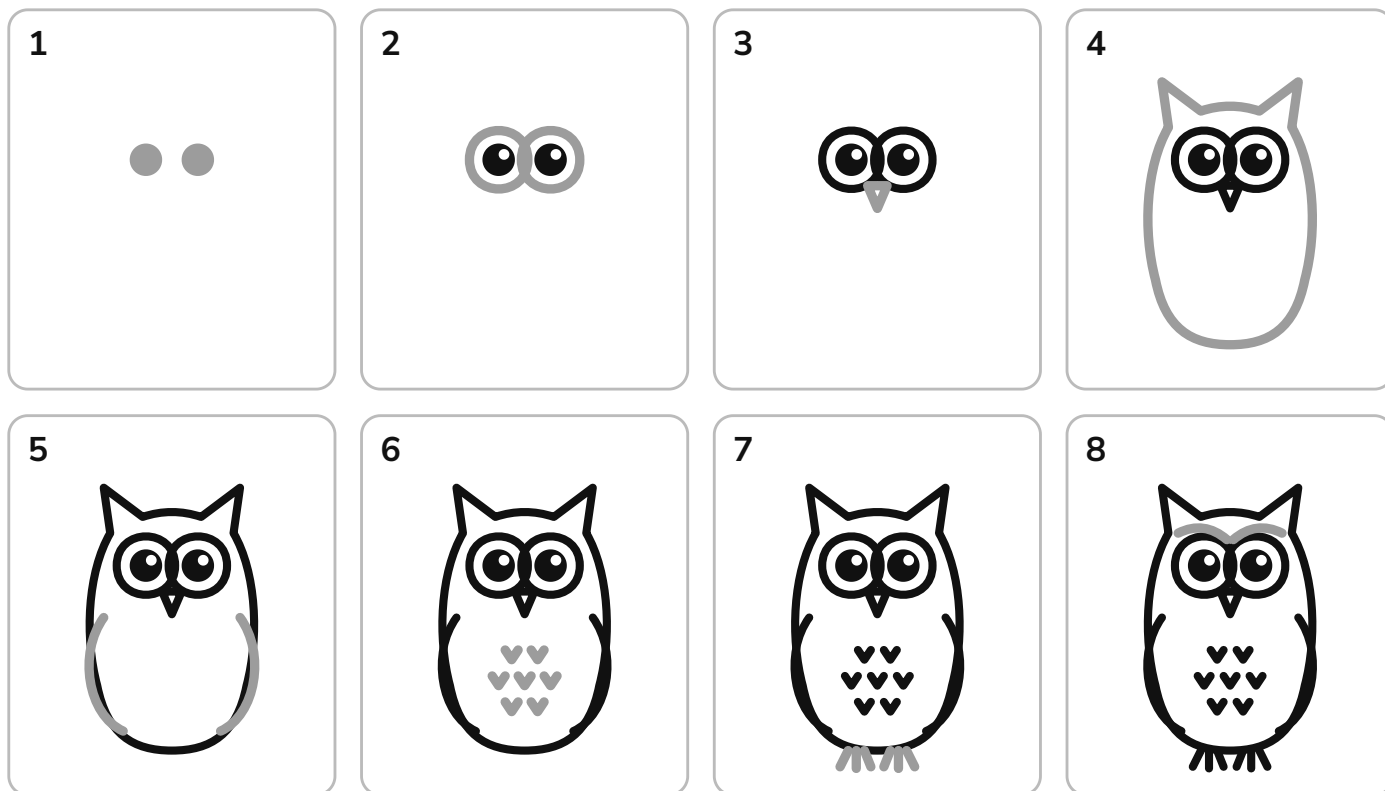
CLUE



A _____ apple!

Draw Orion Owl!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY ORION OWL

 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

 Will Go

The wind is big, and the flames are small. Dad must get logs.

 jumps up. “Ha!  is not brave!”

 is sad.  sees it.

“I said a bad thing,” says . “I am sad I said it. Can I fix it?”

“Yes,” says . “I will go, and you will help.”

 stacks logs on .  is a pile of logs!

Then Mom has a cake. It is the last cake.

 hands it to .

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Moose  Mr. Monkey

For grown-ups: New sounds: silent e with a and i (cake, bike).



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

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

Thank you.

for doing a hard thing for me.

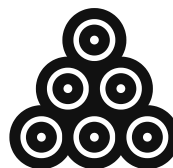
☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



be a scarf with antlers

OR

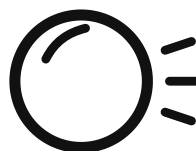


be a walking woodpile



eat a mouthful of snow

OR



land upside down in a snowdrift



share the last honey cake

OR



carry five logs on your head