

THREE CHRISTMAS BEDTIME STORIES

For _____.

ONE

One more sleep

It was Christmas Eve, and Finn the fox could not keep still.

The tree in the corner was wearing all its lights. His stocking hung on its hook, flat and empty and waiting.

“How many more sleeps?” asked Finn.

Someone big sat down low and held up one finger. “One,” they said. “Just one.”

Finn looked at the finger. One was very small. One was almost nothing.

“Let’s breathe like the tree,” said the big voice, and they breathed in slow, as if smelling the pine, and out slow, as if blowing the lights soft.

In, like the tree. Out, like the tree.

Finn's shoulders came down. His tail stopped flicking.

“Goodnight, tree,” Finn whispered. “Goodnight, stocking. See you after one sleep.”

Then Finn climbed into bed, and before the big voice had finished the story, Finn was already doing the one sleep.

How to read them

Under two minutes each, read slowly, as the last story of the night. Pick one; three is a late night.

Do the tree breath with them. In through the nose like smelling the pine, out slowly like blowing the lights soft.

One sleep, one finger. Hold it up low where they can see it. Then the usual bedtime, in the usual order.

TWO

The last light

On Christmas Eve, Finn the fox watched the windows on the street go dark.

One window. Then another. Then the one with the blue lights. Everyone was going to bed, one house at a time.

“Why is everyone sleeping?” asked Finn.

“Because morning comes faster that way,” said someone big, and tucked the blanket up to his chin.

Finn watched the last light across the street. It was yellow, and small, and then it was gone.

Now the only light left was his own tree, glowing soft in the corner.

“You’re the last one,” Finn told the tree. “You can go to sleep now too.”

The tree did not say anything. Trees never do. But its lights seemed a little softer, and the room a little quieter, and Finn's eyes a little heavier.

“Goodnight, last light,” said Finn.

And then there were no lights at all, only Finn, warm in bed, and the morning, somewhere far off, on its way.

THREE

The stocking knows how to wait

Finn's stocking hung on its hook, flat as a pancake.

“It’s empty,” said Finn.

“It’s waiting,” said someone big. “Stockings are very good at waiting. So are trees. So are teddies.”

Finn looked at the tree, standing still in the corner. Finn looked at teddy, lying still on the pillow. Everyone was waiting, and everyone was doing it the same way.

“How do they wait?” asked Finn.

“They go still. They go quiet. They close their eyes. And when they open them, it’s morning.”

Finn thought that sounded easy, and tried it. Still. Quiet. Eyes closed.

“I’m waiting,” Finn whispered.

“You are,” said the big voice, very softly. “You’re doing it just right.”

And Finn waited so well, so still and so quiet, that Finn was asleep before the tree lights had finished glowing. The stocking waited on its hook. The tree waited in the corner. And morning, which had been waiting too, started to find its way.

Watch your child's face when the kid waiting for Christmas morning is them.

A story of their own Christmas Eve, with their name in it, the one finger, the tree breath, the morning after. Coming soon. **Scan to be first to know.**

fablefleet.com/stories/christmas

Free bedtime routine in the app