

The Little Red Christmas Bow

KidsSoup, Inc.

On Christmas Eve, under the twinkling tree,
a shiny red bow sat on a big pile of gifts, happy as could be.
But then—**whoosh!**—a chilly winter breeze blew through the door,
and the little bow fluttered up, up, and out across the floor!



Through the window it sailed into the night,
spinning and twirling, a sparkling sight.
Down it drifted and landed—**plop!**—on a **stick** by the snow.
A bunny hopped by and said, “Oh! What a show!”

He tied the bow to his stick with delight,
“A candy cane flag! Merry Christmas tonight!”

The wind came again—**swish, swirl, blow!**
Off flew the little red Christmas bow.
It landed next on a **rock** by a stream,
where a hedgehog was dreaming a hedgehog-y dream.

The bow made the rock look shiny and new.
“Now I have a sparkle in my home too!” said the hedgehog, waving thank you.

The wind whispered gently, “Time to go!”
and lifted once more the little red bow.
It floated down onto a **spring flower** so fair,
and a squirrel stopped by with joy to share.

“Such a ribbon of red! What a grand decoration!”
He sang all day in happy celebration.

Then softly it fell on an **apple** in the snow,
and a hungry deer found it—“Oh, what a glow!”
She nibbled the apple and nodded her head,
then trotted away, her belly well-fed.

At last, as the stars began to gleam,
the little bow floated down in a dream.
It landed—so softly—in front of a **girl**,
who gasped with delight as she gave it a twirl.

She tied it right into **her hair**,
and smiled from ear to ear right there.
The bow had flown both far and wide—
but now it had a home for Christmas time.

And under the tree, the gifts still shone,
but the happiest gift was the bow’s new home.

