Oliver and the Paper Star





On Christmas Eve, Oliver found a scrap of gold paper. He folded one point, then another. When he opened it, one point was crooked.
“That’s how I’ll know it’s mine,” he said.



Oliver tied a red thread through the star and hung it in the window. Snow covered the rooftops and softened the sound of every car on the street. His little star shone in the window.



Tap, tap, tap. An elf named Pip stood on the windowsill, brushing snow off his hat. “Your star helped me find this house,” he said. “Santa’s workshop is running late. Can you lend us a hand?”



Oliver pulled on his boots and pocketed the star he made for practice. Pip's little sleigh had two seats, one plaid blanket, and a reindeer who sneezed just before takeoff.

"Achoo!" And up they went.



At the North Pole, elves painted wheels and stitched ears onto cloth rabbits. Someone called, “Watch the wet paint!” Oliver followed Pip past a stack of boxes taller than Santa.



Santa held up a wooden train. “Can you tell why this wheel won’t turn?” Oliver spotted a drop of dried paint and scraped it with his thumbnail. The train rolled all the way to Santa’s cocoa mug.



Oliver painted the bills on a row of wooden ducks. Pip stuffed rabbits until one was too plump for its box. Then they wrapped the train. Just as Oliver tied its bow, the first bell rang.



Under a bench, Oliver spotted an empty box with Nora’s name on it. Pip read him her letter. Her family had just moved, and she wanted a star for their little Christmas tree.



Santa tried the wooden star on a little tree. The top branch bent right over.
His practice star had torn along a fold. Then the second bell rang.
“I know where there’s a star that’s light enough,” he said.



Santa flew Oliver home. His paper star was still in the window. Oliver reached over the side of the sleigh and untied the red thread. Pip touched the crooked point.

“Leave it,” Oliver said. “That’s the top.”



At Nora’s house, Pip steadied the top branch while Oliver tied on the star. It held. From the sleigh, Oliver saw Nora come to the window in her socks. She pointed to the star and called for her dad.



Before they said goodbye, Pip gave Oliver three scraps of paper from the workshop. On Christmas morning, Oliver folded them into a red, green, and blue star. One point was crooked. He turned it right to the top and hung it in the window.