

Once upon a time it was the night of the Magi:

In all the houses, the children slept, dreaming of the gifts they had asked for in their letters to the Three Wise Men. But in one of those houses a boy, Oscar, couldn't sleep. He was so nervous and he was running from his bed to the dining room and from the dining room to his bed to see that everything was in place:

1. Three pieces of nougat, for Melchior, Gaspar and Balthasar, the Magi
2. A pair of shoes for them to know where to leave the gifts.
3. Three glasses of water for Mechalbeló, Guasón the joker and Barbas the bearded, the three camels of the Magi.

"Oscar, it is the time to go to bed"- Oscar's mom took him to his bed, covered him with the duvet and smiled at him.

- But mum, I want to stay awake to see the Magi. How will they know their way?'

- That depends on you, all the children, and a little shooting star ...

- What is that shooting star?

And Oscar's mother told him this story:

It was a magical night, like today, but a long time ago, white snowflakes fell from the sky, like dancers dancing a song, leaving a bright white mantle behind them. There, in the heights, in the house of the stars, there were lots of them, coming from distant realms. They all competed to be the most brilliant ... There was a very red star, boasting it was the best. And another silver one with a body of ice that shed diamonds in its path ...But suddenly, out of all the stars, there was a timid voice that said, 'I want to try, too.' All of them were astonished: the one that spoke was a small star, very small. No one trusted her, but the little star closed her eyes very hard and thought .. 'I'm brilliant, I'm brilliant' ... but when she opened her eyes, she could only hear the laughter of the others.

A gust of wind threw it away, and fell into a dark place ... full of rocks ... And when she spread her arms and touched, she discovered that she was inside a ... mouth! It turned out to be the mouth of the Wise King Balthasar. The star came out of the mouth of the king, and discovered that beside him were traveling two more magi. The Magi loved the presence of the star. They asked her what she was doing there ... and she, embarrassed, said she had fallen from the sky.

King Balthasar told her that she could help them. "*How?*" said the star, "*if I am small and I barely shine!*"

"You are not small," said the wise king. "You will be the star of the children, the one who will guide us to the desires of the children. Close your eyes and concentrate ... you will hear the voices of children asking for their wishes. You will take us to them'

So she did. Since then, the shooting star has been responsible every Christmas for taking the Magi to the dreams of children. Each time it shines more and more, because what makes a star shine is its heart.

