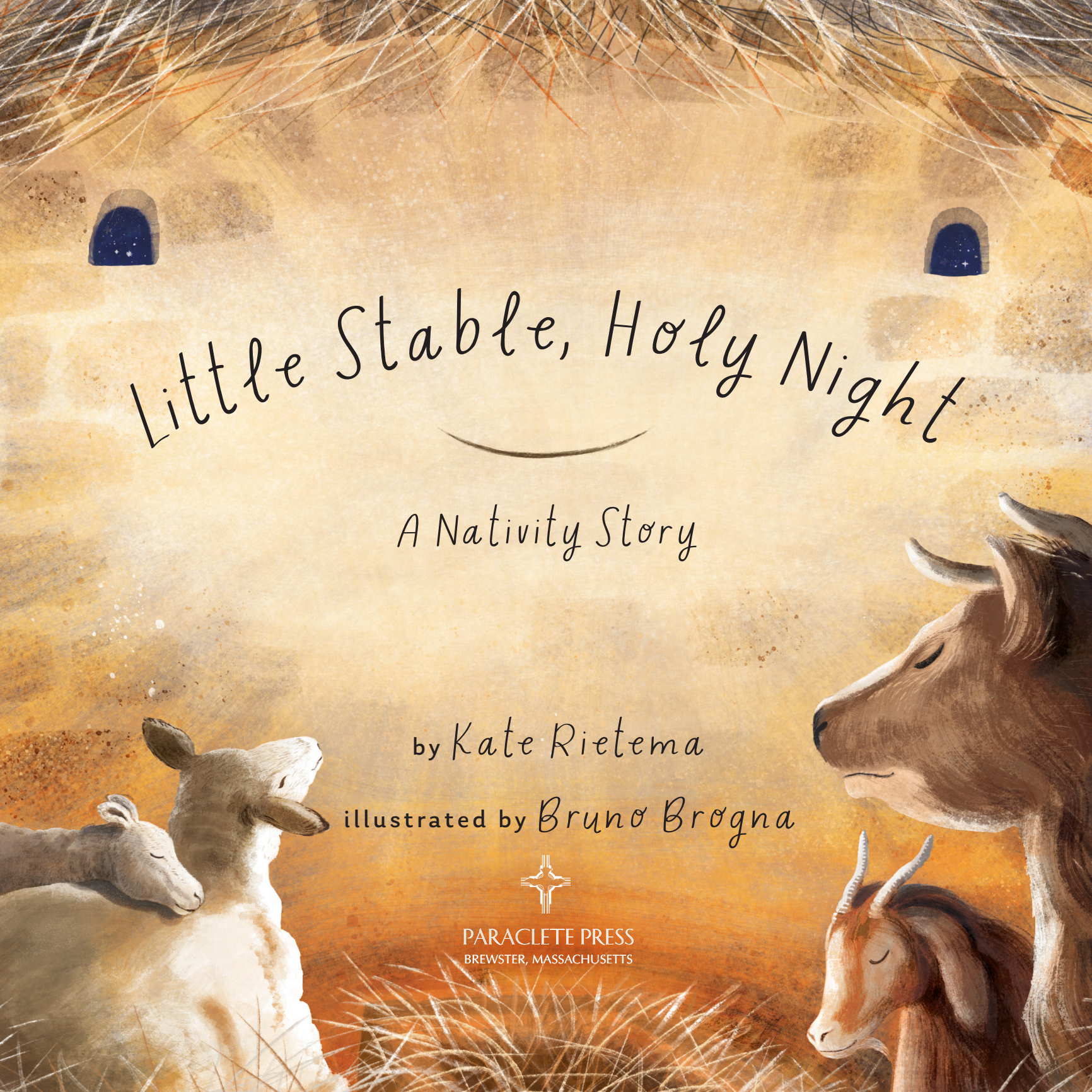
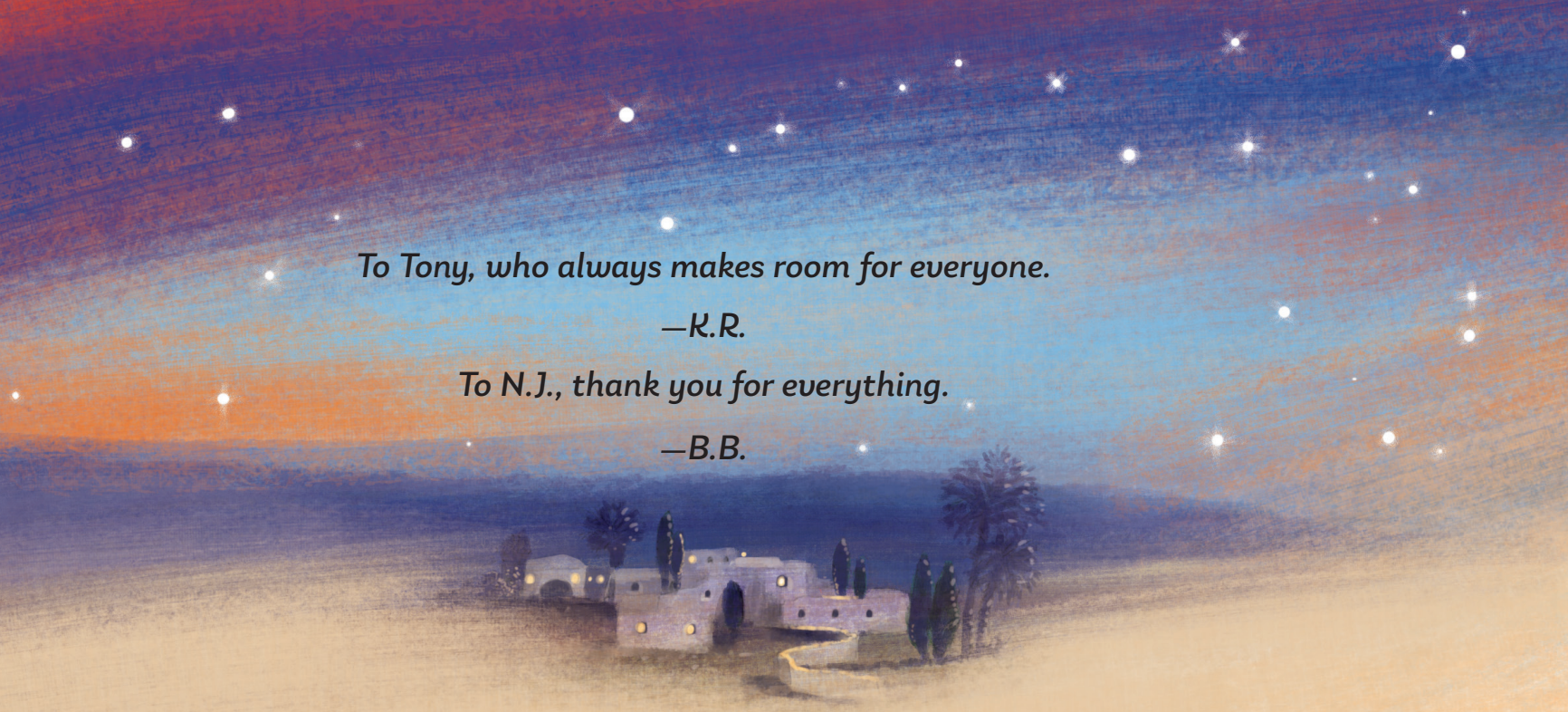

Little Stable, Holy Night
A Nativity Story
by Kate Rietema
illustrated by Bruno Brogna
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To Tony, who always makes room for everyone.

—K.R.

To N.J., thank you for everything.

—B.B.

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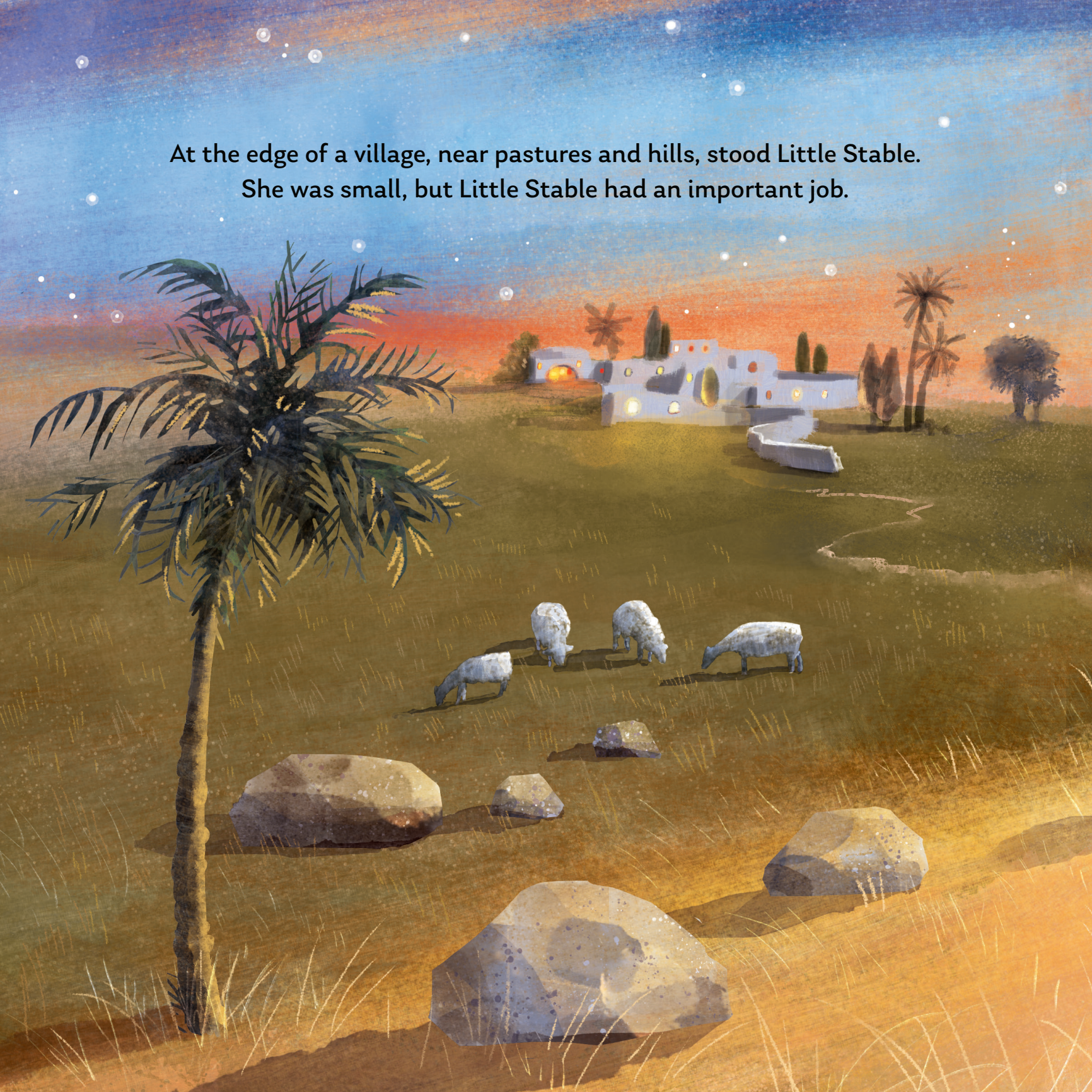
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She gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped
him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger,
because there was no place for them in the inn.

—Luke 2:7

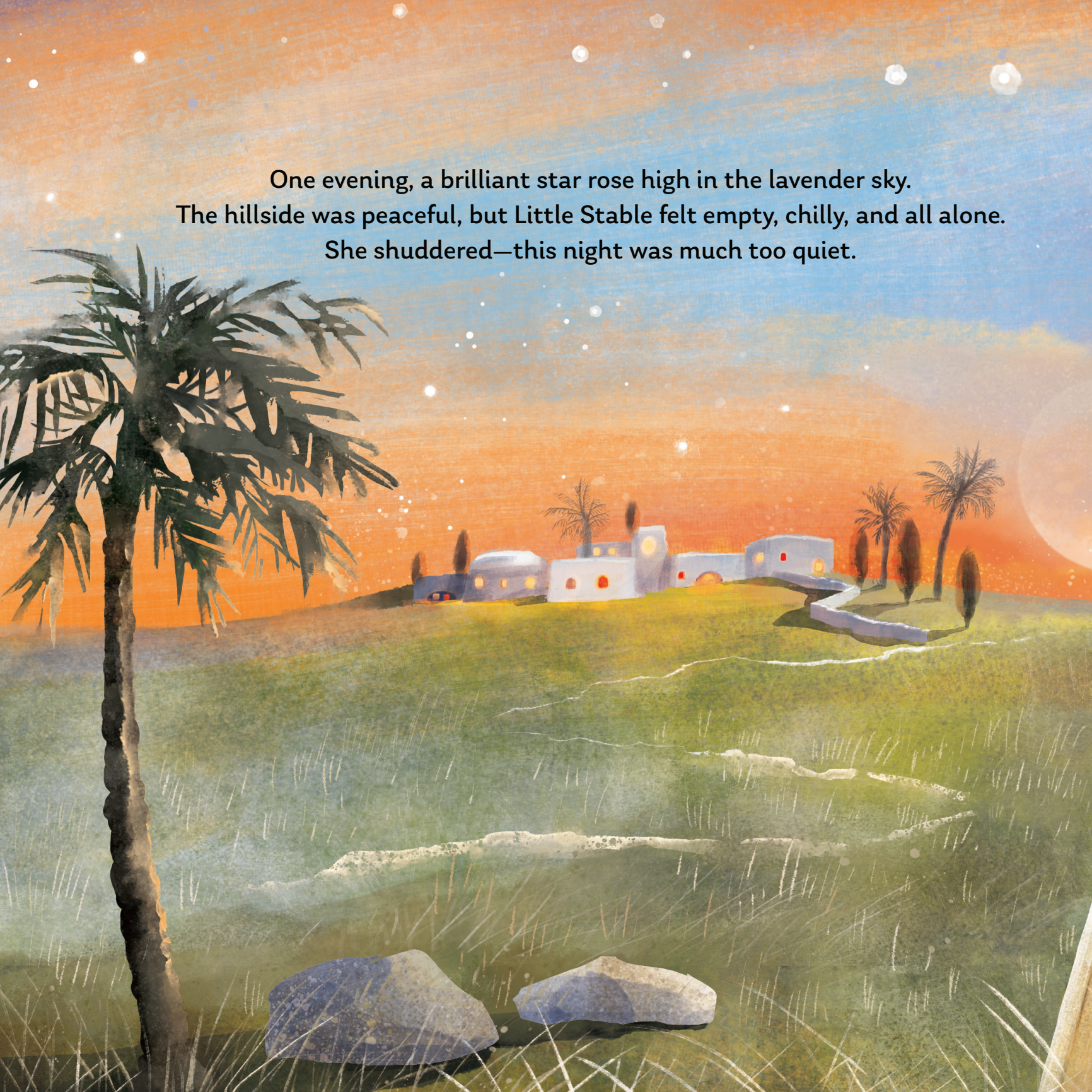




At the edge of a village, near pastures and hills, stood Little Stable.
She was small, but Little Stable had an important job.



Each night, Little Stable opened her doors to offer shelter for all the animals.



One evening, a brilliant star rose high in the lavender sky.
The hillside was peaceful, but Little Stable felt empty, chilly, and all alone.
She shuddered—this night was much too quiet.

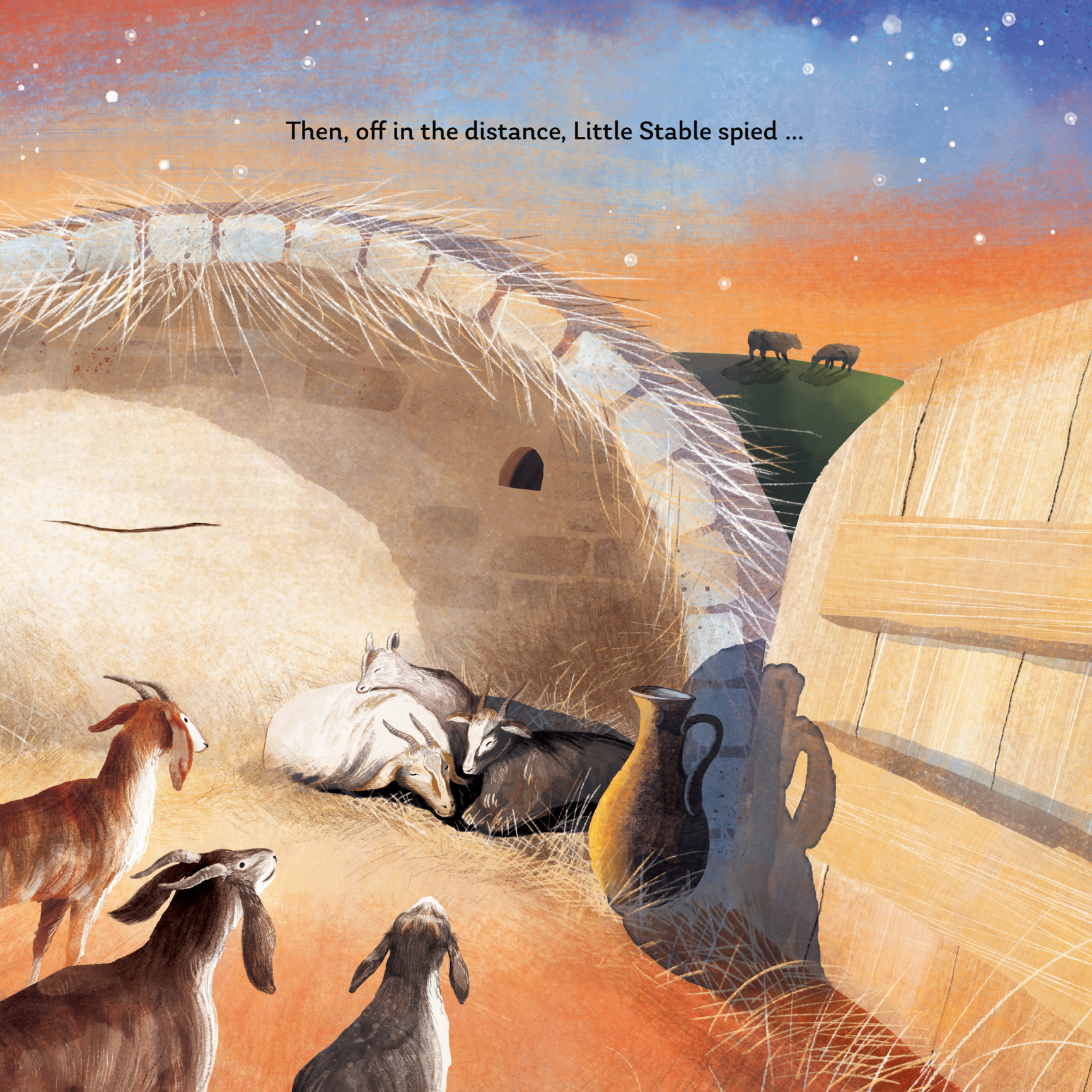

Then, off in the distance, Little Stable spied ...


... goats!


"Come," Little Stable called.
"Come in and sleep tight.
Curl up in my shelter
on this empty night."



Maa, maaa.
The goats galloped in and nestled into a heap.
Little Stable was no longer empty, but she still felt chilly—
like something was missing.


Then, off in the distance, Little Stable spied ...


... sheep!