



The Christmas Wish That Found Its Way Home

A little reindeer. A little kindness. A Christmas to remember.

CHRISTMAS 2026

Especially for

our little dreamer

May you always find wonder.

May you always share kindness.

With love from your family

Christmas 2026



A sound in the snow

On Christmas Eve, Rowan sat beside the tree with a pencil and a wishbook. A train! A paint box! A bear with wonderfully floppy ears! Then, beneath the crackle of the fire, came a tiny sound. Jingle. Pause. Jingle. At the window stood a little reindeer, his nose dusted with snow. Rowan called Mom. Together they opened the door. The reindeer looked past them at the warm room, then back at the dark sky. He was very far from wherever he belonged.



One more place by the fire

A brass bell hung from his red collar. On its underside, in letters no bigger than breadcrumbs, was a name: Bramble. 'Are you lost?' Rowan whispered. Bramble lowered his head. 'Then you can stay with us while we help.' Mom made a quiet place by the tree. Rowan brought a blanket and sat nearby. The wishbook lay open on the rug. For the first time all evening, Rowan forgot to circle anything at all.



The very best sort of treats

Mom found oats, carrots and fresh water for their magical visitor. Rowan had a cup of warm cocoa with a marshmallow island floating on top. Bramble crunched. Rowan sipped. Outside, snow tapped the glass. Inside, a worried little reindeer began to feel safe. 'You don't have to know where you're going every minute,' Rowan told him. 'Sometimes you can rest while someone helps you find the way.' Bramble leaned closer, and his bell gave one small, happy ting.



A star that would not stay put

They folded paper stars and sang their favorite song. Bramble tried to help with the decorations, but a star caught on his antler. He shook his head. The star danced. Rowan laughed so hard that Mom had to rescue the cocoa. For a while, the cottage was full of ordinary Christmas things: crooked stars, crumbs, laughter and a new friend. Then Bramble heard bells far away. His ears sprang up. When the sound faded, his ears drooped again. Rowan understood. Even a lovely place wasn't quite the same as home.



A wish for someone else

Rowan turned to the letter page in the wishbook. Under the toy wishes, there was room for one more. 'Dear Santa,' Rowan wrote, 'I think somebody you love is missing. Bramble is safe with us. My biggest wish tonight is for him to get home.' Mom placed a lantern in the window. Rowan hung a paper star beside it. Then they waited together. Not for another present. For the person who might be looking for their friend.



The knock at the door

At last came a knock, followed by a breathless voice. 'Bramble?' Santa stood on the doorstep, snow on his boots and worry in his eyes. Bramble bounded forward. Santa knelt and wrapped both arms around him. 'There you are! The wind scattered us over the woods. I've been searching everywhere.' He rested his cheek against Bramble's soft forehead. Then he looked at Rowan. 'Thank you for looking after someone precious to me.' Rowan smiled. 'He looked like he needed a friend.'



Room for kindness on the sleigh

Outside, the other reindeer welcomed Bramble with soft snuffles. Santa checked his harness while Rowan tied the paper star to the sleigh. 'Will you finish delivering the toys?' Rowan asked. 'Together,' Santa promised. 'And your kindness is coming with us.' Bramble touched his cool nose to Rowan's mitten. Jingle, went his bell. Up rose the sleigh, past the chimney, past the tallest fir, into a sky full of stars. This time, Bramble knew exactly where he belonged.



The wish that stayed

On Christmas morning, Rowan found the wishbook beside the tree. Tucked inside was a little paper star and a note: 'Home safely. Still helping. With love, Bramble and Santa.' There were lovely things to open that morning. But the memory Rowan kept longest was a warm blanket, a funny antler star and the sound of a relieved Santa at the door. Some wishes are things we hope to receive. Others are things we can do for someone else. And those wishes can make the whole world feel a little more like home.

A little kindness, every day.

Make someone feel included

Invite someone into a game, a conversation or a family tradition.

Give a little time

Read with someone, help tidy a room, or call someone you miss.

Make something with love

Draw a card, fold a paper star, or write a thank-you note.

Share what you can

With a grown-up, choose something to give to someone else.

Our kindness wish this Christmas:

A note for the grown-ups

An original MyWishbook Christmas story, developed from Ashley's story idea. Illustrations created with AI and reviewed for this edition. This is a digital design proof, not a printer-approved or physically proofed edition.

The story is make-believe. Real wild animals need space and expert care; children should ask a trusted adult for help. Cocoa is for the child in the story; Bramble has oats, carrots and water.

Kindness is not a way to earn presents. Children can give time, attention and friendship. A wonderful Christmas does not require buying everything in a wishbook.

Read, imagine and make memories together.
mywishbook.xyz