

There I was minding my own business munching on the lush tasty emerald green grass when this familiar couple approached my precious field.

Then, I noticed the woman had an over stretched stomach ,like a camel with two humps, panicking I started to trot away. I really did not fancy carrying her on my back but my owner chased me saying I was the most excellent choice of ride for such a special couple. He was not the one to be having the weight on his back - I tell you that was one heavy load - but I did it anyway.

After my saddle was put on, I was ready to set off, finally persuaded with some crunchy, crisp carrots, I made the first steps of this important journey.

High up in the sky, shining like a diamond, was a bright star that lit up the dusty, dirt track of a road.

The woman, who I now know was named Mary, did have an over stretched stomach but this was because she was pregnant not because she had eaten too much. Later, we got a bit closer but still far away from Bethlehem. Still, Mary on my back I was getting so tired I just wanted her to get off my back. I understood she couldn't walk far without a hippopotamus.

Around 9 at night we finally stopped at Bethlehem so we could get some rest but everyone had the same idea. The man, called Joseph, knocked on door after door hoping someone would give them a room for the night and me a stable. Unfortunately, this wasn't to happen, nothing was available. The last place we went to the innkeeper offered us a stable, this was music to my long, pointy ears! A bed for me but I ended up sharing it with Mary and Joseph. Not awkward at all. The bright star was still shining down over us and something magically happened, the baby was born in the stable.

That night, there were several visitors to see the new born baby, named Jesus! It was non stop, wise men with their camels(bringing individual presents) and shepherds with their sheep. All I wanted to do was rest my aching hooves and sleep, but I had to appreciate what I had seen.