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Silent Kay and the Night before Christmas

The night before Christmas was a long, long time ago. This fact is rarely disputed even thousands of years later, despite nights being eves and having their own associated celebrations.

But this is not a tale of eves and nights – it’s a tale of a child, more powerful than she could have ever realized.

And so in that time of nights and Christmases there lived a young and precocious girl named Kay. She hardly ever spoke – her shyness so profound as to confuse and confound those who so desperately wanted to talk to her. So they called her Silent Kay (at least, the exceedingly naughty boys who insisted on pulling her hair after school called her that).

On the day before Christmas – neither night nor eve yet – Silent Kay was casually knitting a sweater to give to her mother. The value of home economics was seldom appreciated in youth, but Kay was an appreciable child and therefore knew the value of needles and knitting.

In the midst of her knitting came a knock at the door. Kay frowned in frustration at the callous disregard for her moment of knitting, but gave up her efforts as the knock came again.

Opening the door with a turn of the knob, Kay looked. What she saw on the doorstep was a bold and confusing sight to behold. On the doorstep was a knight – a knight whom she did not know.

What a silly thought I’ve just had, Kay thought to herself. I know no knights to begin with, much less this one who disturbs my holiday knitting. So she settled herself against the door frame and asked, “What do you need?”

“Pardon me,” said the knight. “I’m in need of your help! I have casually yet vigorously scraped my knees and my knuckles. I need a bandage.” He paused for a moment to fret, and then continued his thought. “I have a bandage in my knapsack, but I

can't get it out due to knots in the rope holding everything together! Please can you help me?"

Silent Kay pondered a moment then thought of her knitting. Knots were her thing and she nodded her head as if to say "yes." She inquisitively wondered why nodding was easier than simply saying, but by the time she was nearing an answer she had already gone to the kitchen to fetch a knife.

"Here let me help you, good Knight," said Kay. And with expertise in her grip she took knife to knot, and cut it away. "There," she exclaimed, "the knot is undone. Now let's find that bandage and fix you all up."

"Oh, Kay," said the knight. "You've been so kind to me that I must make the truth known to you. I am not really a knight. I am the King!"

This mad revelation caused Kay to go silent. The King at her house? How crazy was that?

"I would like to thank you for helping me, Kay. Especially since you helped me never knowing that I was really not a knight! If you will kneel down, on your right knee please, I will make you a real knight – a Knight of the Kingdom!"

It was the first time Kay even knew she lived in a kingdom, but the sweater would not knit itself, so she knelt down on her knee.

The king tapped her shoulder with his sword and proclaimed, "Kay on this Christmas Eve day, I dub thee a knight. From now on you will be known as Knight Kay."

And that is how Silent Kay became a Knight before Christmas.

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