FELUS THE FIREFLY

# A LITTLE LIGHT, A BIG HEART

## FELUS AND THE LIGHT OF GREEN MEADOW

PART 1



LENA ŚWIETLIŃSKA

## After the Night of Welcome

The night of greetings ended. Voices faded away, and drops of dew woke Green Meadow to a brand-new day.

Felus flew above the path when a tiny blue glow blinked beneath a fern.

He did not rush ahead or guess. He slowed down and looked carefully. His little golden dot lit the ground.

‘First I’ll see what’s here,’ he said. ‘Then I’ll choose which way to go.’





# Chapter 1. A Flash Beneath the Fern

It was quiet beneath the fern. Only one small leaf trembled, as if it were hiding a secret.

Felus peeped underneath and shone his light on the ground. The blue flash was gone, but something remained in the shade: a thin, wet ribbon curling through the grass.

‘That isn’t dew,’ he whispered. ‘I wonder where it came from. I’ll follow it slowly, step by step.’





Pola met Felus on the damp path. ‘What are you looking at?’ she asked. ‘I’d like to help.’

Together they saw the wet blue ribbon crossing the clover. One end lay beneath a leaf, while the other stretched farther ahead.

The friends followed it carefully until it led them to a fresh puddle, where a piece of soggy paper rested beside a stone.





## Chapter 2. A Trail Through the Puddle

Tolek waited at the puddle and stared at the water. ‘The trail goes on, but I can’t get out of here by myself.’

The bank was soft, muddy and slippery after the rain. The friends made a little bridge from a twig and two leaves. Felus checked both ends, and Pola straightened a leaf. Safe steps mattered more than speed. ‘I’m glad you’re here,’ said Tolek.





Tolek slid across the little bridge with great care while Felus softly lit both edges.
On the far side, the wet paper clung to a stone, and the blue ribbon wound on toward the grass and shade.
‘I made it!’ called Tolek when he reached the bank.
Felus smiled. ‘Everyone played a part.’
Together they followed the ribbon as it curled among the herbs.





## Chapter 3. Trapped in a Bottle Cap

A bottle cap lay in the grass, filled with rainwater. A little beetle called, ‘I can’t get out of here by myself!’

He tried to climb the side but kept sliding back. Pola lowered a blade of grass like a tiny green bridge.

Felus shone gently above the water. The beetle climbed to safety, shook his wet wings and rested beside a plant.

‘I saw more litter near the stream,’ he said.





They folded a large leaf into a sturdy green basket and placed the soggy paper, bottle cap and ribbon inside.
They did not touch glass or anything sharp. They collected only light, safe things from between the leaves.
The beetle pointed toward a bend beyond a grey rock. A blue trail glimmered on the stream bank.
Felus went first, with Pola walking beside the water.





## Chapter 4. The Ribbon in the Stream

Zosia sat beside the stream. Leaves had stopped the water.
A plastic bag and the blue ribbon were tangled between the twigs.
Felus studied the blockage from above and the side. Zosia pointed to a stone underwater.
‘First find the end, then move the leaves.’
His little golden dot lit the spot.





Zosia moved the small stone, and Felus pulled the ribbon free. The water trembled, then began to flow.
They nudged one last wet leaf aside, and the stream bubbled happily between the rocks.
The blue ribbon slipped out from the twigs. The final wet knot was gone.
The stream sang again, but the trail continued toward the roots of the old trees.





## Chapter 5. Beneath the Roots

A soft rustle came from beneath the old oak, like paper sliding through a dark hollow.

Mela sat at the entrance, feelers raised. ‘Not drops or footsteps. I hear scraps of plastic.’

Felus lit the damp path while Mela listened and showed him where the sound came from.

They did not hurry into the dark. First they checked the exit and the daylight behind them.



