

★ FELUŚ THE FIREFLY ★

A LITTLE LIGHT, A BIG HEART

FELUŚ AND THE LOST LIGHT

PART 2



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Back to Green Meadow

Evening settles on Green Meadow,
moonlight paints each fern and shadow.
Feluś flutters home through blue,
to smiling friends who call, "It's you!"
Pola waves, and Tolek peeks;
starlight dances on their cheeks.
No one knows what dawn will bring,
what new task or puzzling thing.
Before the grass wakes, fresh with dew,
his little golden dot fades from view.



Where Is My Glow?

At dawn Feluś stretches high,
spreads his wings beneath the sky.
Then he looks down, full of doubt:
his warm golden glow is out.
Blink once, twice - no tiny spark.
His little tummy stays quite dark.
"Where is my golden dot today?
Did a chilly raindrop wash it away?"
Though morning sparkles, bright and new,
Feluś feels a little blue.



Blink, Blink... Nothing

Feluś squeezes his eyes up tight.
"Blink, blink, blink - please make some light!"
Nothing gleams upon his tummy;
spinning round just makes him dizzy.
He hops once, then hops twice,
but his glow will not arise.
"Can I help if I can't shine?
Will my friends still call me kind?"
Under ferns he settles low;
leaves hug close, row after row.



Pola Flies In

Pola flutters through the flowers,
in her red coat dotted black.
"Why do your feelers droop so low?
Come, sit with me; we'll take it slow."
Feluś shows his tummy gray:
"My golden dot has gone away."
"You are still my friend today,
brave and kind in every way.
We will search for it together;
friendship guides us, now and ever."



Tolek's Advice

Tolek glides from leafy shade,
and he sees his friend's afraid.
"Whenever I can't see my way,
I take one little step each day.
First one step, and then one more;
soon I'm farther than before.
When it gets too hard, I say,
'Friends, please help me on my way!'"
Feluś lifts his feelers high:
"I'm glad you're here," comes his reply.



Beneath the Bluebells

Pola searches bluebells bright;
Feluś checks both left and right.

Could his glow be on a petal,
curled up small and warm and gentle?
Under leaves and blooms they peer,
looking far and looking near.

"No lost light," says Pola, "yet
every dewdrop shines when wet."

Feluś smiles at what he sees:
light still dances through the trees.



A Clue by the Stream

Feluś watches water flow;
sees his gray tummy below.
Pola points to rings of light,
where the moonbeams bounce so bright.
"Every glow can leave a clue.
Let's look closely - me and you."
Wet stones sparkle by the shore,
like snow crumbs on a forest floor.
Slowly onward, side by side,
hope begins to be their guide.



Helping at the Stream

Tolek calls, "The stream is wide!
How will I reach the other side?"
One small branch lies like a bridge,
but Tolek pauses at its edge.
Feluś says, "I'm here with you.
We will cross - I know what to do."
Pola hovers overhead:
"Take it slowly. Look ahead!"
Feluś walks beside his friend,
keeping watch from start to end.



We Did It!

Tolek crosses with great care;
soon the meadow waits right there.

Just a little, nearly done -
one more step, and he has won.

"I did it, thanks to both of you!
I have the best friends, kind and true!"

Feluś still has no warm light,
yet his helpful choice was right.

Maybe goodness has a light
when we help to make things right.



A Trail of Petals

Past the stream, a petal white,
then another comes in sight.

By the roots, a third one lies,
pale against the green disguise.
Pola spots a wing-shaped trace;
nearby yawns a shadowy place.
From beneath the roots, a cry:
"Can somebody hear me? Hi!"

Feluś quickly flutters near,
though his heart beats fast with fear.

