FELUS THE FIREFLY

A LITTLE LIGHT, A BIG HEART

FELUS AND THE NIGHT THAT WAS TOO BRIGHT

PART 4



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Twilight settled over Green Meadow, soft and slow. Every tiny footstep faded below. Felus flew low above clover leaves, while Mela drifted beside him in the evening breeze. Pip, pip - his little golden spot blinked through the grass. Dew shone like silver, and stars filled the sky. The friends knew this peaceful hour well. Night felt gentle, quiet, and safe.



Suddenly, beside the path, something flashed - CRACK! Bright light spilled over flowers, moss, and every grassy track. The stars disappeared, and the moon looked pale. Even the darkest shadows seemed to run away. Sleeping bluebells gleamed as if morning had come. 'What kind of sun gives no warmth?' Felus asked. 'Why is the night so bright?' Mela stopped and squeezed her eyes shut.



Mela usually followed the moon's silver glow. Tonight, its shining trail had vanished from view. She circled left, then right, but every blade of grass looked the same. 'Felus, please wait. I have lost my way. This light hurts my eyes, and I cannot see the path. Let us rest somewhere farther from the glare. I need a quiet patch of soft, dark grass.'



'I will shine brighter!' Felus said bravely. He stretched, blinked, and flashed with all his might. Pip, pip, pip! His little golden spot glowed warmly, but the tall lamp still flooded the meadow. Felus's small light nearly disappeared inside the glare. It did not help Mela feel calm or sure. 'More light is not helping,' he admitted. 'We need another way to save the night.'



Pola the ladybug peeked from beneath a leaf. 'I can see what is wrong at the edge of our meadow. The lamp shines upward, sideways, and into the grass, even though the path runs below.' 'You are right!' Felus cried. 'Its light should guide walkers, not brighten the whole meadow and sky.' Pola counted the stars overhead. Only two were visible. The lamp hid all the rest.



With a splash, Zosia arrived from the stream. 'The night world changes when the light is this strong. First, let us take Mela beneath the fern. It is darker there, and she can rest.' Then they would ask the Forester for help. A grown-up knew how to make the lamp safe. 'We must not touch the wires, glass, or switch,' Zosia said. 'Everyone can do the part they can do.'



Pola stayed with Mela beneath the green fern. She held a broad leaf above her friend with gentle care. 'Rest now. I am right here, and you will not be alone. Soon our meadow will feel peaceful again.' Felus and Zosia hurried toward the forest cottage. They avoided wet stones and tangled flowers. The problem mattered, but they did not rush blindly. Asking for safe help can be brave.



The Forester was checking the young trees. His small flashlight pointed down, exactly where he needed to step. Felus flew closer, and Zosia sat on a flat stone. The Forester knelt beside them in the moonlit shade. Zosia explained what had happened to Mela and the meadow. Felus added that almost no stars were visible. The Forester listened carefully. 'Show me the place. We will study the light together.'



The Forester carried a flashlight with a warm, gentle beam. He aimed it at the ground, not into the sky above the trees. They followed the path slowly, step by step, while Felus and Zosia stayed safely beside him. When they reached the meadow, the lamp was still blazing. Its glow covered half the clearing. 'It truly shines too far and too high,' the Forester said. 'You were right to tell me.'



'This lamp helps walkers at the bend,' the Forester explained, 'but its beam should point toward the path, not everywhere. The stones need a little light near the ground. The sky, flowers, and animals need nighttime shadows.' He opened a small notebook. 'Let us make a map of what the meadow needs. Your observations will show me exactly what to change, so the path stays safe and the night stays peaceful.'

