

FELUŚ THE FIREFLY

A LITTLE LIGHT, A BIG HEART

FELUŚ AND THE
PATIENT SEED

PART 6



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After the rainy evening, the meadow smelled fresh, and drops on the clover shone like silver. Feluś flew above the garden bed, where Lila had been checking since morning what the long-awaited rain had brought.

Little green hooks peeked out of the earth, tiny and tender, thinner than twigs. Lila hummed softly, and Feluś blinked gold. "After the rain, new life wakes up bright and bold!"



But beside the blue bellflower, the soil was smooth. Not a single leaf or blade of grass had appeared. Lila pointed to a spot right beside a pebble. "A seed is sleeping here. It has not peeked out yet."

Feluś looked at the sprouts growing all around. "What if the sleepy seed just cannot wake? All the others are growing, but this one still waits. I will help it quickly. Time is running away!"



Feluś hovered low above the brown garden bed and warmed it with golden light, bright as a little sun. Blink, blink, blink! He glowed for a long time, brighter and brighter, thinking, "If I warm it well, it will rise much faster."

But soon the moist clump of soil lost its shine, and a hair-thin crack ran across the ground. Lila touched the earth with the tip of one foot. "Let us stop the light. It is getting drier here."



Feluś dimmed his little golden light again. "I only wanted to help and warm it just a bit." Lila replied, "I know you have a kind heart, but sometimes too much does not help at all."

"Before we do anything, let us find out what it needs. Is the soil damp? Does it have shade from the sky? A seed cannot tell us how it feels, so careful eyes must read the signs it gives."



Zosia arrived from the stream carrying a drop of dew. "Should I water the seed?" she asked cheerfully. Lila slid a blade of grass into the soft soil from the side. When she pulled it out, it gleamed in the dim light.

"There is still plenty of water from yesterday's rain. It does not need another drop. Let us take this one to the flowers on the dry bank." Zosia hopped toward them, croaking a quiet tune.



Pola climbed onto a cornflower and looked carefully. "At noon, this bellflower will shade the seed. In the evening, the clover leaf will bring the shade back. This is a peaceful place, far from the heat." Feluś looked left and then right. "It has moisture and shade. Everything looks healthy. If nothing needs fixing right now, what can we do to help?"



Tolek crawled over from the moss, calm as always. "You can give it time and keep watching carefully. Not every traveler starts at the same moment. One moves quickly; another waits a little longer."

"Let us make a waiting plan," Lila suggested. "Every evening we will check whether the soil has changed. No digging, no pulling, and no forcing it awake. Care can be quiet when a place is safe."



Tolek found four flat pebbles lying loosely by the edge of the path. He placed them far from the garden bed and did not touch the soil. "Each pebble will stand for one new evening."

After every sunset, they would move one aside and check the earth once, not with every stride. Feluś counted the pebbles and smiled. "Four little evenings. We will wait together."



The first evening arrived with a pink cloud. Feluś flew close and stopped to the side. The soil was dark, calm, and level.

No sprout could be seen, but the moisture was just right.

"Nothing happened," he sighed softly. Lila moved the first pebble onto the path.

"Waiting happened, even if you cannot see it. Beneath the soil, the seed may be busy in its own way."



On the second night, the wind swayed the cup of the bellflower. Feluś heard a rustle and sat beneath a leaf. He almost brushed the soil aside to look deeper, but he tucked his feet back and watched from the side.

"If I dig up the bed, I could interrupt its growth. I will only check the moisture. That is enough for today." The grass blade came back wet, and the second pebble moved. Feluś waited, even though he was curious.

