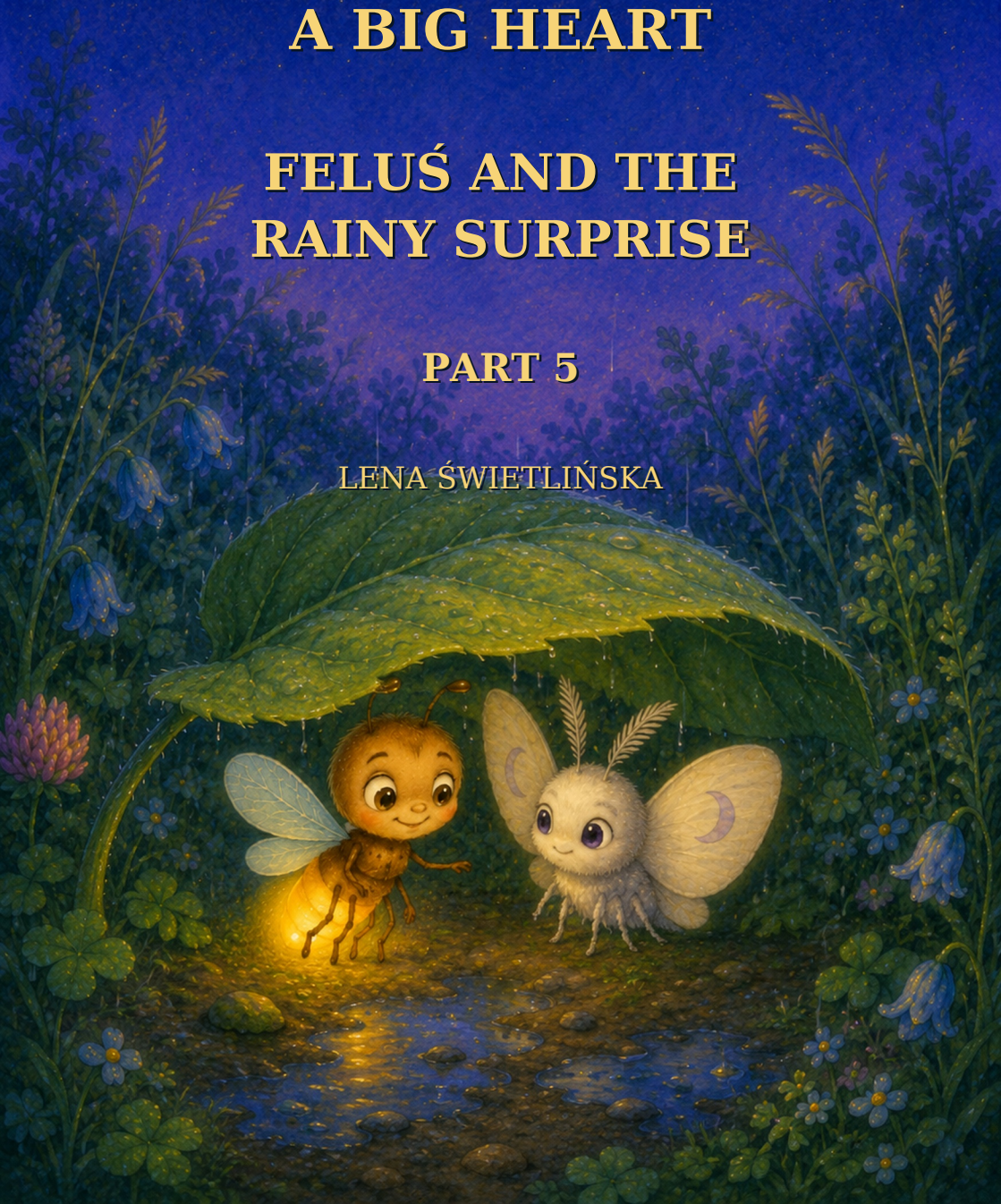


FELUŚ THE FIREFLY A LITTLE LIGHT, A BIG HEART

FELUŚ AND THE RAINY SURPRISE

PART 5

LENA ŚWIETLIŃSKA



Evening drifted over Green Meadow,
turning every blade to gold.
Feluś fluttered past the poppies,
while the day grew soft and old.
In the clover, all his friends
prepared a Night of Little Lights.
Walnut shells stood on the stones
to catch the moon and stars so bright.
Fresh mint scented all the air,
and Cricket tuned his song with care.



Lila checked the garden seeds.
Pola counted seats nearby.
Tolek chose a smooth, flat stone.
Zosia practiced jumps up high.
Mela tried her moonlight dance,
floating softly through the clover.
"When the stars come out," she cried,
"our happy show will soon begin!"
Each friend had a different task,
but sharing joy was all they asked.



Feluś hung a walnut lantern
without picking leaf or flower.
Then a chilly drop touched one feeler.
Plip! Another. What a shower!
Drip on clover, drop on stone,
tap-tap-tapping, one by one.
Tolek peered above his honey shell.
"Those clouds have drifted close," he said.
Lila sheltered all the seeds,
while Pola watched the dark sky spread.



Rain began to whisper softly:
swish, swish, swish across the ground.
Drops danced on a broad burdock leaf
with a gentle, pattering sound.
Paper stars went under a stone;
petals clung to blades of grass.
Mela lowered both pale wings.
"Will our lovely evening pass?
I practiced all day for my dance."
Small rings trembled in the puddles.



"I will cover everything!"
Feluś called and raised a leaf.
But one small leaf could not protect
each shell and star beneath.
A drop fell left, a drop fell right;
the heavy leaf began to sway.
Feluś darted, tired and wet,
while steady rain kept up its play.
The faster that he flew about,
alone, he could not keep the rain out.



Pola perched upon the mint.
"You need not stop the rain, dear friend.
First, let's learn what kind has come
before deciding what to mend.
There is no thunder, wind, or flash.
These drops are calm and falling slow.
We can find a sheltered place,
then choose together where to go."
Feluś rested next to Pola.
"You are right. Let's look around."



Zosia knew the meadow well,
even when the paths were wet.
"Far away from the little stream
there's a safe and sheltered spot.
By the low hill, burdock leaves
make a wide and leafy hood.
There are no tall, heavy branches,
and beneath, the earth is good.
No deep water gathers there.
We can move with steady care."



Tolek glided on ahead,
feeling every patch of ground.
"Here the mud is much too slippery.
Flat, firm stones are safe and sound."

By the edge, his silver trail
showed the friends a careful way.

No one hurried, no one raced;
each one followed the careful way.

Slow and steady, Tolek knew
what soft earth and rain could do.



Feluś did not flood the night
with a bright and dazzling glow.
His one little golden dot
shone warm and softly, clear and low.
Blink by one stone, blink by two,
he marked the pathway through the rain.
Pola brought a paper star;
Lila carried an acorn cap.
Zosia showed the sheltered turn.
Every friend walked at their pace.



Under burdock, all were dry,
but Mela watched the dripping flowers.
"My dance was meant for silver moonlight.
I have practiced it for hours.
Now I hear the raindrops only.
I feel sad," she softly said.
Feluś sat beside his friend.
He did not fix her feelings yet.
He gave her time and listened closely,
while the rain hummed overhead.

