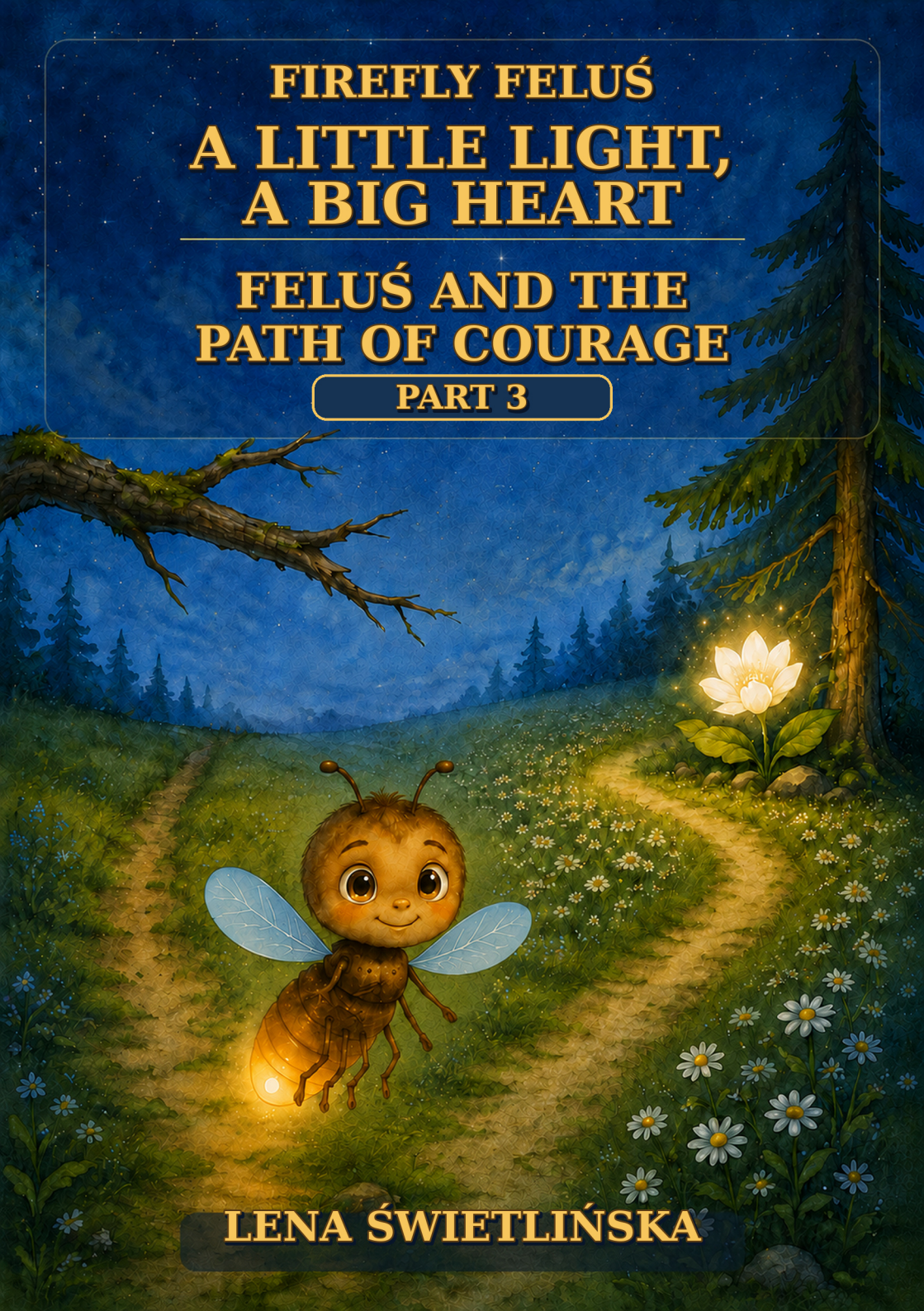
FIREFLY FELUŚ

A LITTLE LIGHT, A BIG HEART

FELUŚ AND THE PATH OF COURAGE

PART 3



LENA ŚWIETLIŃSKA

The evening breeze fell still on Green Meadow,
The moon rose softly over fields below.
Above the mint, Feluś looped through the night,
And blinked his tiny golden dot of light.
By crimson poppies Tolek and Lila stayed,
All set to start their nighttime escapade.
They hoped to see, beneath the old pine tree,
A white night flower bloom for all to see.



The shortest path ran under hazel boughs,
Past ferns and clover where the moss was soft.
Feluś turned toward it when he heard, “Crack!”
A piece of bark fell on the empty track.
He raised his feelers. High above the trail,
A broken branch was rocking, worn and frail.
It still held tightly to the old tree’s crown,
But how much longer till it tumbled down?



Behind him, both his friends came happily,
With gentle laughs and buzzing merrily.
Feluś tried to warn them, but his words felt small:
“What if I’m wrong? What if it doesn’t fall?”
He did not want to spoil their nighttime quest,
Or frighten Lila over just a guess.
But then the heavy branch creaked once again,
So Feluś took a slow, deep breath right then.



“Stop! Do not go farther!” he called, loud and clear.
“Stay by the poppies. You’ll be safer here.”
Tolek stopped at once, his feelers tucked down low,
While Lila turned above the bluebells’ glow.
Feluś pointed upward. “See that broken bough?
We must not pass beneath it, not right now.”
They saw the narrow crack along the bark,
And stepped back farther in the quiet dark.



“I do not know if it will fall,” said he.
“I did not want to scare you needlessly.”
Lila replied, “When something looks unsafe,
Say it out loud. Speaking up is brave.”
Tolek nodded, feelers bobbing slow:
“It’s safer to check before we onward go.”
The knot in Feluś’s tummy loosened then;
His little voice had kept both friends from harm.



“Let’s never touch the trunk or broken bough.
A grown-up with strong ropes is needed now,”
said careful Tolek. “Tools are needed too.
Let’s stay far back. That’s the safest thing to do.”
Lila chose three leaves, broad, green, and bright,
And laid them far away, all left to right.
The leafy border crossed the narrow track,
So no one neared the branch or wandered back.



At Green Meadow’s edge, by birches small,
The Ranger checked young saplings, one and all.
But he was far beyond the ferns that night;
He could not hear them call from such a site.
Feluś remembered what he used to say:
“If you see danger, tell me right away.”
Three quick flashes, pause, then three again -
Their special signal meant, “Please come, my friend.”



Feluś flew up above the open grass,
Far from the branch and high above the path.
“Flash, flash, flash!” His golden light shone bright.
A pause - then three more flashes in the night.
The Ranger looked up from a sapling tree,
And waved. “Your little light is clear to me!”
He chose the wider trail from the other side,
Where no bent branches hung across his stride.



When the Ranger came, Feluś spoke, worried still:
“The branch has cracked above the narrow trail.
No one went underneath. We waited here.
Our leaves show everyone: do not come near.”
His voice still trembled, but his words were plain.
The Ranger listened gently, without blame.
“Thank you, Feluś. You did the right thing.
I’ll check the tree. Stay safely where you are.”



The Ranger walked a wide circle around.
He never stood where broken boughs leaned down.
From far away, he saw the crack was wide,
The heavy branch hung high above the track.
“I need a hard hat, sturdy rope, and a saw.
Without those tools I cannot fix it all.
Stay behind the leaves and close together.
I’ll be back soon to make the pathway better.”

