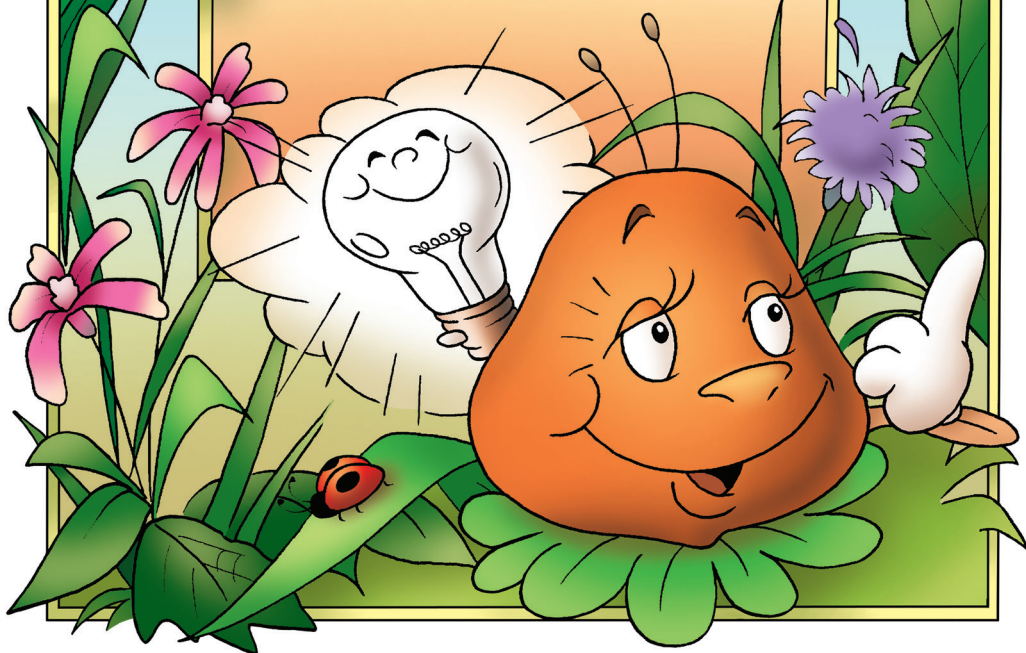
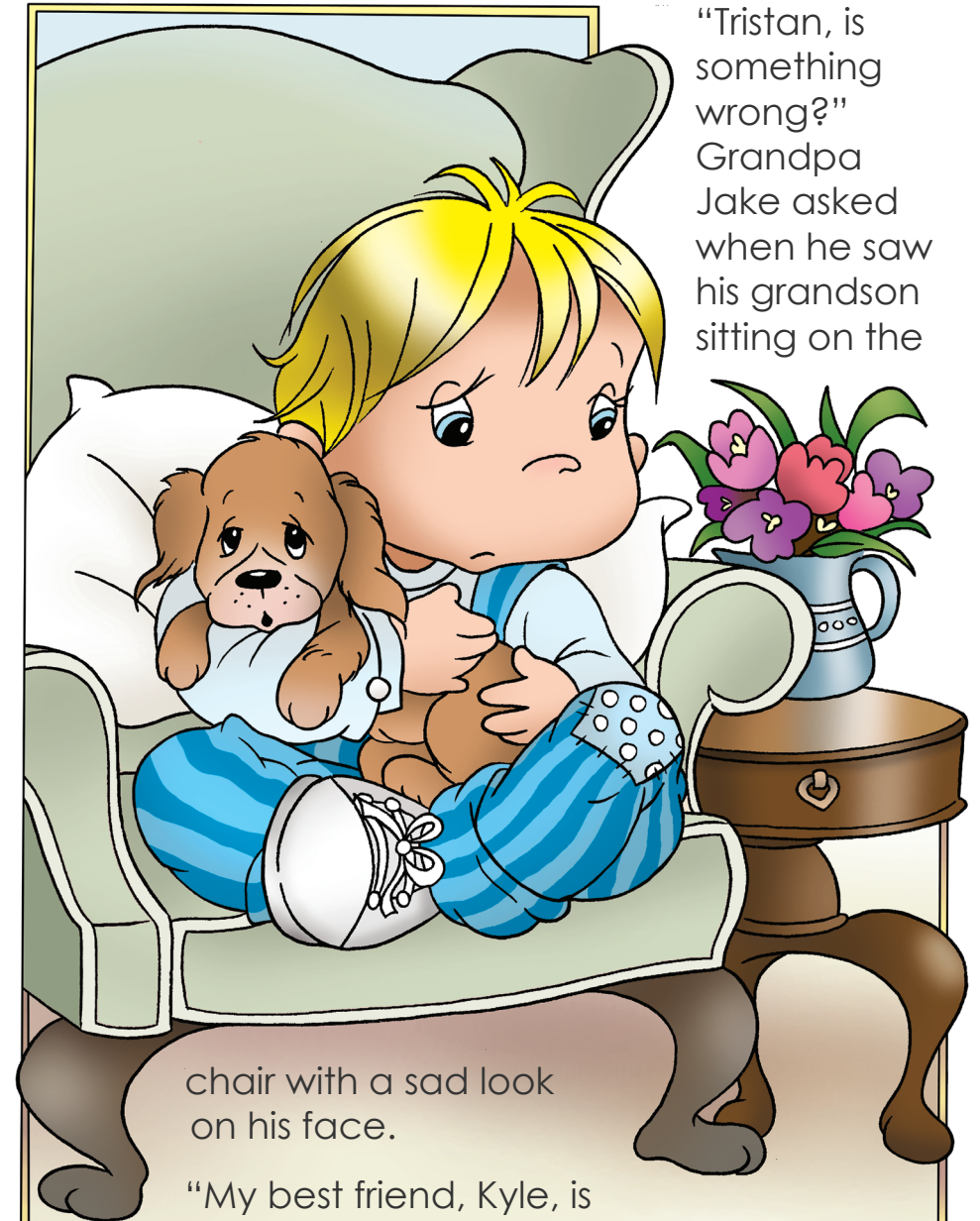




# Insects Galore: Firefly Flower



"Tristan, is something wrong?" Grandpa Jake asked when he saw his grandson sitting on the



chair with a sad look on his face.

"My best friend, Kyle, is sick," Tristan answered. "His mommy says that I can't see him because I could get sick too."



"I'm sorry," responded Grandpa Jake. "But his mommy does have a point. It wouldn't be nice if you got sick, would it?"

"No. But I wanted to play with Kyle. It might make him feel better."

"I'm sure Kyle wants to play with you too. Sometimes, though, you have to choose to do the right thing, even if it's not what you'd prefer to do," Grandpa Jake explained.







"I feel so miserable," Bits said, as she lay curled up in her bed.

"Me too," Lincoln agreed.



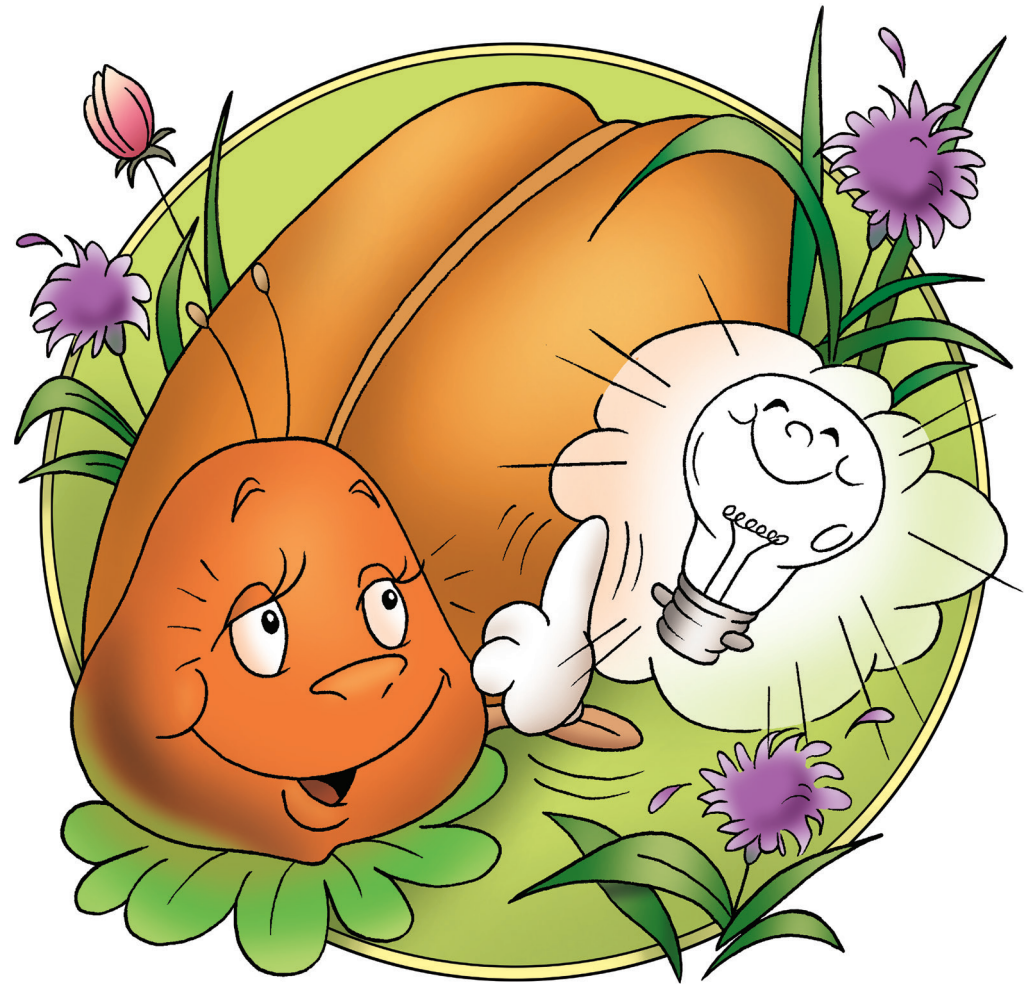
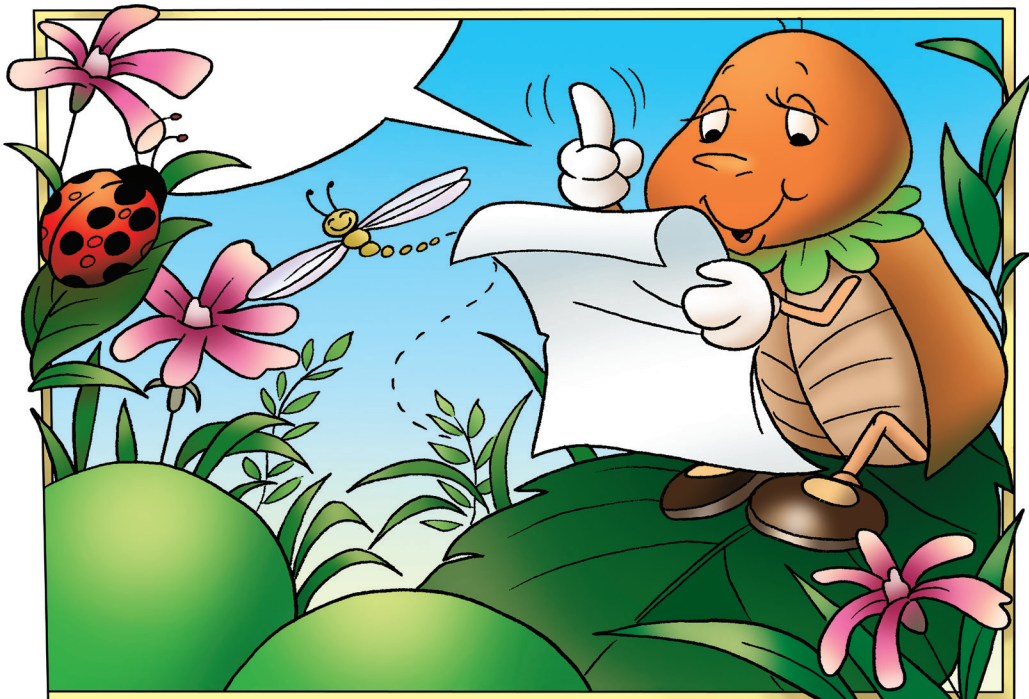
The day before, the two insects had been out when they got caught in an unexpected thunderstorm. They tried to find shelter, but it was raining so heavily that the little leaves they had stood under couldn't protect them from the big raindrops. When Bits and Lincoln arrived home, they were soaking wet. By the next day they were both sick with a terrible cough and cold, lying on two leaves and feeling miserable.



Oh, deary me! Fiery thought, as she hovered a short distance away and saw poor Bits and Lincoln curled up in their leaf beds. God, please show me what I can do to make Lincoln and Bits feel better.

"What would make me feel better if I were sick?" Fiery asked herself aloud. "Why, of course! Thank You, God, for that idea!" With a big smile on her face, Fiery flew off in search of her other friends.

"I was thinking how nice it would be if we could do something to cheer up Bits and Lincoln," Fiery told her friends. "I have an idea, but I need your help. Does anybody want to help me cheer up our sick friends?"



"Of course!" the others chorused.

"Okay then! Everyone, gather around, and listen to this plan...."

A few minutes later, the little group excitedly went on their way to begin preparations.



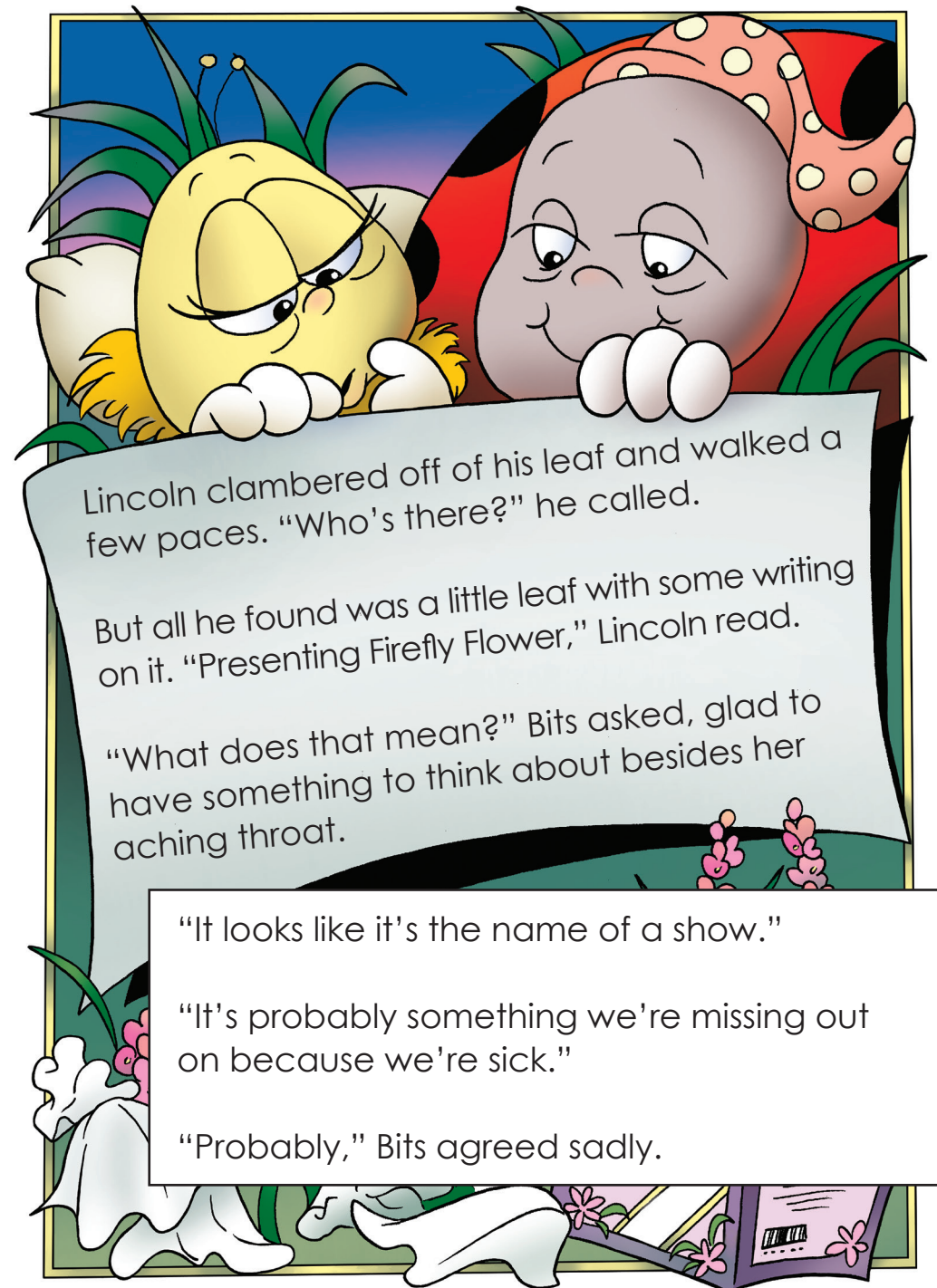


Nighttime had come.  
The moon was  
unusually bright, and  
hundreds of stars could  
be seen twinkling in  
the inky sky.

In the middle of a cough and a sneeze, Bits and Lincoln heard some rustling nearby.

"Did you hear something?" Bits asked Lincoln, after another sneeze.

"It's coming from my side over here," responded Lincoln. "I'll go see what it is."



Lincoln clambered off of his leaf and walked a few paces. "Who's there?" he called.

But all he found was a little leaf with some writing on it. "Presenting Firefly Flower," Lincoln read.

"What does that mean?" Bits asked, glad to have something to think about besides her aching throat.

"It looks like it's the name of a show."

"It's probably something we're missing out on because we're sick."

"Probably," Bits agreed sadly.



Just then Fiery flew down. "Hey there, Fiery!" Lincoln called out.

"Hi, Bits and Lincoln! Quickly hop back into bed, Lincoln," Fiery said. "We have a surprise for you!"

"A surprise?" Bits asked curiously. "What sort of surprise?"

"You'll see," Fiery said, then flew out of sight.



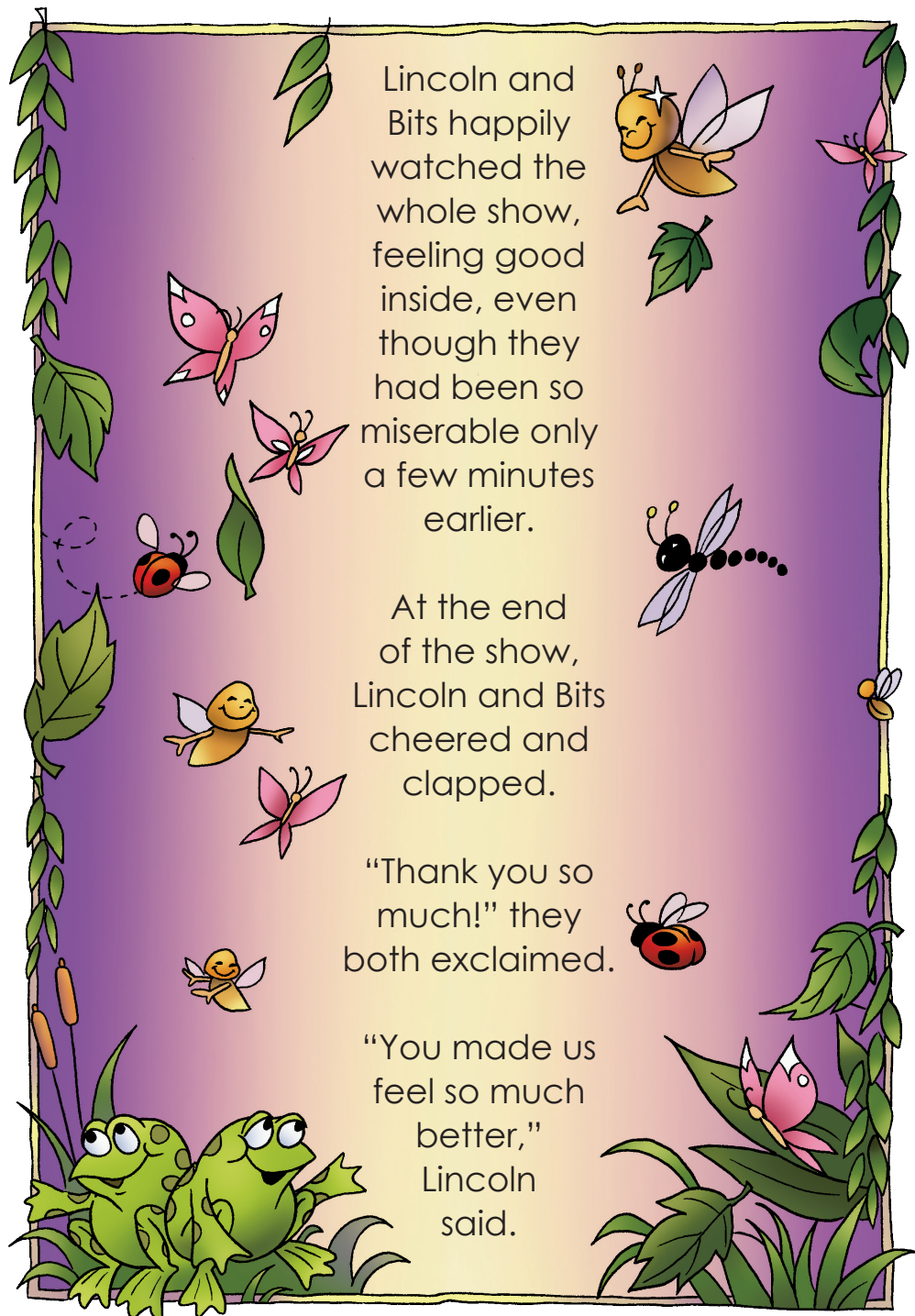
"Oh, this is so exciting!" Lincoln exclaimed, climbing hurriedly back into his bed.



A minute passed and then they heard the old bullfrog from the pond begin his song. A single firefly, all aglow, started to dance.

The bullfrog's song was then joined by a chorus of frogs. Then more fireflies joined the dance, aglow and fluttering in flowerlike formations to the beautiful chorus of the frogs.





Lincoln and Bits happily watched the whole show, feeling good inside, even though they had been so miserable only a few minutes earlier.

At the end of the show, Lincoln and Bits cheered and clapped.

"Thank you so much!" they both exclaimed.

"You made us feel so much better," Lincoln said.

The two little insects were snug in bed, just about ready to sleep when Bits said to Lincoln: "We should do something special for our friends when we're better."

"Yes," answered Lincoln with a yawn. "Maybe tomorrow we can plan it, seeing as we still have to stay in bed."



"Good idea. Sleep well, Lincoln," Bits said, as she turned over and shut her eyes.

"You too."





