

# *The Firefly's Story*

*From – The Tales of Tiptoes Lightly*

*Edited extract from Chapter 43 – the illustrations are not included*

© – Copyright – Reg Down

*All rights reserved. No part of this publication, in part or in whole may be reproduced, transmitted or utilized in any form, without the permission of the author, except for brief quotations in critical articles and reviews.*

Once upon a time there lived a bug. He was not a big bug. He was a little bug, and no one paid any attention to him. He lived in the grass, and his favorite color was brown.

One night he looked up at the Moon and fell in love with her.

“She’s so beautiful,” he thought. “She shines with such a silvery-blue light – and every night she’s different. Sometimes she is round and full, and other times she is slim and slender, and shaped like a blade of bent grass. I want to visit her and tell her how lovely she is.”

He flew to the top of the tallest tree and waited for her to sail into the sky. But when she rose that evening she was still very far away. So the next night he flew to the top of the tallest mountain, but when the Moon climbed into the heavens she was still far, far away.

The bug was sad. He knew now that he would never get close to her, but he still spent every night looking at her face. He loved her so deeply that her silvery rays came in through his eyes and stayed in his heart.

“Oh, she will never see the fire glowing in my heart if it’s hidden away,” he said, and sent it to the tip of his tail. Then he flew up into the cool night air, and every time his heart beat strongly his tail glowed brightly.

“Look!” everybody cried. “What a wonderful bug! He twinkles and glows in the light of the Moon!” And they named him Firefly because his heart was on fire with his love for the Moon.