The Sleepy Lighthouse

Firefly’s first night on duty.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Sleepy Lighthouse

Firefly had an important job. She would shine beside the pond path while the little animals walked home.

At sunset, she landed on a tall reed.

Blink. Blink.

"This way," she called.

Mouse passed with a basket. Frog passed with a leaf hat. Beetle passed carrying nothing at all, which he said was quite heavy enough.

Firefly shone proudly.

Then she yawned.

She had stayed awake all day practising for her first night.

Her light blinked slowly.

Blink.

Pause.

Blink.

"Oh dear," she murmured. The path was still busy, and her eyes felt like stones.

The Sleepy Lighthouse

Moth fluttered over.

"You look tired."

"I'm supposed to be a lighthouse," said Firefly. "Lighthouses don't yawn."

"Perhaps they would if they had mouths."

Firefly giggled, then yawned again.

Moth flew to the other reeds. Soon three more fireflies arrived.

"We can take turns," they said.

One shone by the bend. One shone beside the stepping stones. One settled on Firefly's reed.

The path twinkled all the way home.

Firefly tucked herself beneath a dry leaf.

"Wake me when it's my turn," she whispered.

She slept while Mouse went home, while Frog found his door and while Beetle finally put down his heavy nothing.

Later, Moth touched the leaf gently.

Firefly opened her eyes. She felt bright inside and out.

She climbed the reed and lit her little lamp.

Blink. Blink.

Across the quiet pond, the other lights answered.

Her first night was not finished yet, and now she had friends to share it.

THE END

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