Each evening, Luna the firefly watched the stars awaken above the meadow.

The other fireflies glowed like tiny lanterns. Luna’s light was softer, and she worried it was too small.

One night, Luna heard a quiet sniffle beneath a fern. A young moth had lost the way home.



“I’ll help you,” Luna promised, although her little light trembled.

The Moon smiled down. “Look for familiar shapes among the stars. They can guide you.”

Luna and the moth found a dipper-shaped pattern sparkling above the hills.

They followed the stars across the meadow and over a silver stream.

Luna's glow reflected on the water, making a golden path from stone to stone.


Suddenly, thick clouds covered the Moon and every star disappeared.

The moth huddled close. “How will we find the way now?”

Luna took a slow breath. “My light is small, but I can still share it.”



She flew ahead, glowing as brightly as she could through the shadowy woods.

Her warm light revealed mushrooms, roots, and the safe path between the trees.