

# THE FIREFLY'S LIGHT

retold by Katie Omachi

*Mood* is the feeling you get from a story.

Long ago in the Philippines, there were no fireflies, and the forgetful King of the Air ruled the land.

One day, the King noticed that his ring was missing. Forgetting how forgetful he was, he suspected a thief. The King was angry. "My ring has been stolen!" he shouted. "I will reward whoever finds it."

[Click the part of the text that the illustration shows.](#)



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# THE FIREFLY'S LIGHT (continued)

The King's loyal subjects scurried away to search for the precious ring. Each wanted to be the one who won the big reward.

It was then that the King noticed a tiny fly perched on a nearby table. The sight of the trembling insect further annoyed the King. He brought his face level with the fly's.



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# THE FIREFLY'S LIGHT (continued)

"What are you doing here?" the King asked sternly. "Didn't you hear about my ring? I might order you swatted, for how could a tiny mite like you be of use to me?"

The lowly fly squeaked: "I can see with my many eyes that the ring was not stolen, my lord! Look at your crown!"

The King removed his crown, and there the ring was!

Full of gratitude, the King said, "You are the smallest of creatures, yet you saw what others did not. What reward can I offer you?"

"Oh King, I wish to stand out in some way."

The King smiled. "I will make you shine in the night, so that others will know how bright you are."

And so it was that the fly became a firefly.

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