

Gr. 1, Theme 10, Story 2
Fireflies For Nathan, Fluency

above	minute	against	dark	already
star	caught	jar	begin	arm

Nathan asks, "When Daddy lived here, was he little like me?"
Nana smiles, "He was. We came here when he was almost six."
"I'm six already," Nathan says.
"You are," and Nana kisses Nathan on the cheek.
"What was Daddy's favorite thing to do when he was six?"
Nathan asks.
Nana thinks and thinks. "Fireflies," she says.
"When night came on, the three of us— your poppy, too—
would creep across the lawn just when the fireflies
began to star the grass. Your daddy caught a few—
three, four, or five. Enough to make a shining lamp.
I know exactly where the jar has been."
Nathan jumps up. "Please, Nana, let's go in and get the jar.
It's almost night."
Nathan and Nana and Poppy are sitting in the grass.
The sky is streaked with red. They're waiting for the night to come.
Their feet are bare. A ladybug begins a journey
over Nathan's toes. A goldfinch lights atop a spread

of Queen Anne's lace.

A monarch butterfly wings in and out.

Deep in the pond

the bullfrogs croak Good Night, Good Night.

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