

# The Little Light Monster

By Kaira Chang

In the late evening hours, I sat at my chair drawing the flower pot of lilies on my desk. I looked at the flowers and thought about the garden back at my old apartment. We had just moved into an old, creaky house that was lit by lamps and was owned by an old lady who loved birds. I started to sketch the petals.

Flick! The lantern above my desk went out, leaving smoke in the air and ash on my paper.

I looked around to see who had extinguished the light. "Mom?" "Dad?" I asked, frightened. They were probably still unpacking in the kitchen. I lit the lamp again with a match and kept working. Maybe it was just the wind? I moved on to sketch the pot when I noticed a small note on my paper, written in spooky scarlet red:

*"I float above ground, but when you look around, you see nothing."*

I shrieked!

"Kristy, what happened?" my mom called. "Nothing," I replied. I glanced at my drawing. Yet another note appeared:

*"I don't make a peep, but I give you a creep!"*

*This house is totally haunted!* I thought. I began looking around my room for the thing... or whatever it was.

Flick! The lights went out and something brushed past me! It was pitch black in my room, not a light at all. I lit a candle. Was it a ghost? What should I do? If I told my parents, they'd say ghosts weren't real. I thought and I thought. Could I trap the thing that kept extinguishing the light? I looked around my room and saw an old bird cage the previous owner had left behind. I put the candle inside the cage, and placed the cage on my desk. I hid underneath, grabbed a spare candle, and waited.

Five minutes passed, then ten. Suddenly, something fluttered into the light and it extinguished again. I shut the cage door. I lit my spare candle and climbed onto my

desk to look for the thing inside. Peering in anxiously, I saw a little creature with honey-colored wings, a furry face, and two chicken-looking feet. Its single finger was bleeding. That explains the notes with red ink!

I looked at him, and he looked at me. He squeaked, "I came here to get some glow for my friends to shine. You see, I am Glow, the Firefly Spirit of Light, and I collect light for fireflies to glow. I got hurt on my way here, and the notes were my way of getting your attention."

I apologized for trapping him and bandaged his finger. I let him take some of my candlelight and told him that he can come visit any time. Now I knew what was taking my light: a little monster named Glow. And he wasn't really a monster at all.

He fluttered off. Outside my window, I saw the glow of thousands of fireflies sparkling in the night sky, and I smiled.