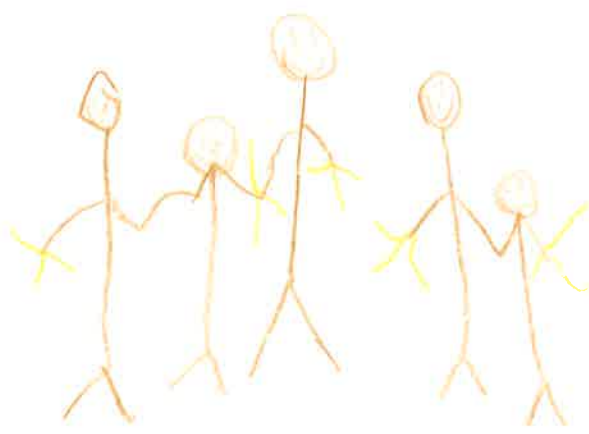


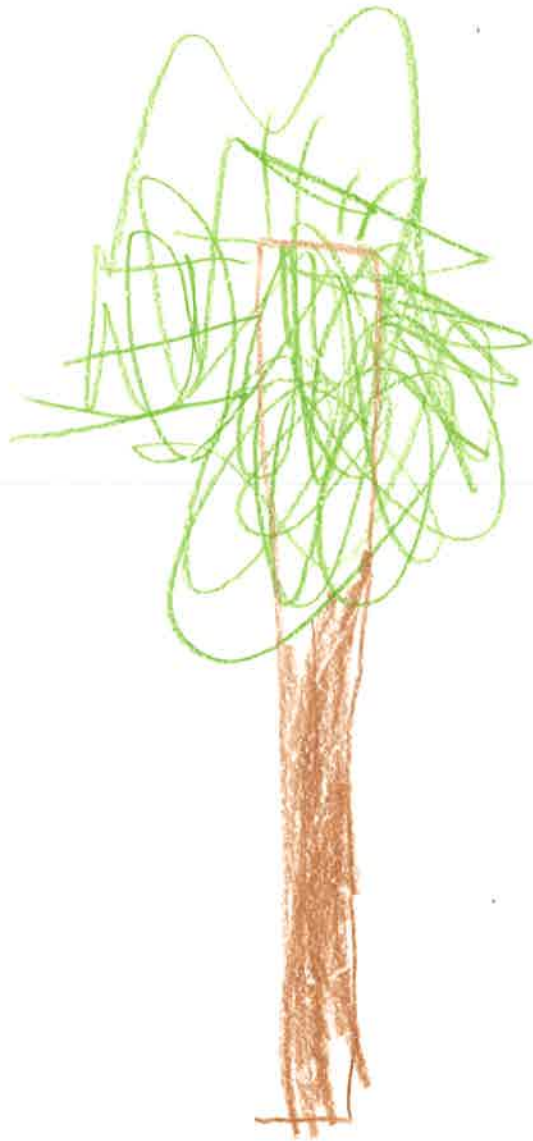
The

Firefly  
Tree

by Deilah  
Marek



One breezy night, I went catching fireflies with my family.



We were by a big, big tree in my Grandma's yard.



We caught the fireflies in little, glass jars.  
They moved around inside of the jars and  
blinked a lot.



We kept them in the jars for a little bit, and then we dumped them out onto our hands to look at. Then we let them be free.



When they flew off my hands, they went up to the big tree. The whole tree twinkled with fireflies.

The End