

In a cozy little house, nestled amongst sunflowers taller than a giraffe, lived a firefly named Flick. Unlike other fireflies, Flick's light wasn't bright. It was a soft, warm glow, the color of dandelion fluff. Flick felt sad sometimes. He couldn't light up the night sky like his friends. one, the fireflies gathered near him, their fear replaced by a warm, fuzzy feeling.