

## Beacon Was In My Bedroom

I was very, very tired from the day that I'd had,  
So I kissed my Mother 'good night,' and also my Dad.

It was late. It was dark. It was just after nine,  
when I put down my head on that pillow of mine.

I was ready for sleep, to dream the whole night,  
And my eyes drifted shut as I turned off the light.

My room was real quiet, as I slept on my back;  
But then I heard something... just a tiny *"CLICK-CLACK."*

For a second I listened, and then I heard it again;  
A *"CLICK-CLACK"* so soft ---- like the drop of a pin!

I turned on the light and I lifted my head.  
Because the sound, it did seem, came from under my bed.

I looked under the bed, first left and then right.  
But nothing, no nothing, came into my sight.

So I turned out the light and in bed I crawled back,  
And as my eyes closed came another *"CLICK-CLACK."*

I jumped up once more and turned on the light.  
I wanted to find this "noise" in the night.

I looked in my closet and in my box full of toys.  
I found nothing in there that was making that noise.

I looked under my sheets. I looked under my chair.  
I looked under my desk, but nothing was there.

As I walked back to bed, I gave out a sigh,  
when a very small movement was seen by my eye.

Right down by my feet, right down on the rug,  
I saw something wiggle --- **a very small bug!**

This didn't seem normal, this bug on my floor.  
So I moved even closer so I could see more!

This bug had six legs, **(nothing strange about that);**  
And they were normal shaped legs... not skinny, not fat.  
But they were twitching and wiggling all up in the air,  
And I just couldn't help it, so I started to stare!

And as I kept watching this bug wiggle and twitch,  
I saw on its tummy...an "OFF and ON" switch!

Yes, right on its tummy, right there on my rug,  
A tiny "OFF and ON" switch, on a very small bug!

And when that switch moved, first up and then back,  
It was making that sound, that tiny "*CLICK-CLACK.*"

Well, I leaned even closer and I heard this bug speak;  
But he talked very softly, as his voice was quite weak.

With a voice very faint, here's what this bug said,  
"I..I'm sorry I've made you get up from your bed.

**But I'm having trouble and I feel like a dummy,  
'cause this "OFF and ON" switch, right here on my tummy,  
it is NOT working correctly, it is NOT working right.  
If it were working correctly, this light bulb would light!"**

Then he pointed to a light bulb, by using his toes;  
A light bulb that was placed...near the top of his nose!

Well, now I was wondering what kind of bug this bug was;  
Because most bugs do not talk, but this one sure does!

And most bugs don't have lights near the top of their noses;  
And most bugs stay outdoors in the trees and the roses!

It was then I did ask him, because I wanted to know;  
“How did you get here?” and “Would you please go?”

When I did ask him that, the little bug gave a sigh;  
Then he sniffled a little and he started to cry.

Well, I calmed him down by patting his head;  
Then he took a deep breath and here’s what he said,

“My name is **Beacon**, and I’m a small lightning bug.  
And I know I shouldn’t be here, right here on your rug.

But when you were playing, out in the back yard,  
You bumped into me, and knocked me down hard!”

And the bump made me dizzy and it really hurt, too!  
And I fell toward the ground and fell right in your shoe!

And when I woke up and didn’t hurt anymore,  
Here I was, on your rug, right here on the floor.

Now I need help because my light bulb won’t light,  
And I can’t see at all in the dark of the night.

And I want to be outside and using my wings,  
And blinking my light, and other lightning bug things!

If YOU hadn’t bumped me, my light bulb would light,  
And I could be outdoors on this beautiful night!”

Well, wasn’t that SOMETHING! This bug blaming ME,  
For his light bulb not working and not able to see!

Still, I wanted to help him, but what could I do?  
I could ask someone else, but I didn’t know who!

“I have an idea!” said that small lightning bug;  
“But you’ll have to come closer, down here on the rug.”

So I leaned even closer and he whispered his plan.  
"Please open your window and then holler for Stan.

Stan is my Uncle and he is out in your yard;  
But Stan's getting old, and his life has been hard.

He doesn't hear well and he blinks kind of slow;  
And his eyesight's just fair, so he flies rather low.

But if you holler REALLY loud, I truly believe,  
He will come fix my light and then I can leave.

I will leave through your window, out into the night,  
just as soon as my uncle can fix-up my light."

Well, I walked to the window and I looked all around;  
I saw one lightning bug, blinking slow, near the ground.

"That MUST be Uncle Stan!" yelled the small lightning bug.  
So I opened the window with a swift, upward tug.

Then I hollered, "UNCLE STAN!!!" as loud as I could.  
And the noise that I made filled the whole neighborhood.

The bug must have heard me, 'cause in my window it flew;  
Then it said slowly, "I am Stan. Now, what can I do?"

Well, I carried the bug over and put him down on the floor.  
That's when Mom and Dad came and looked through my door.

"Just what are you doing?" my Mother asked me,  
And my Father was glaring, looking mad as could be.

"You've opened your window and made such a fuss,  
That every one of the neighbors is YELLING at us!

And NOW we have found you, right down on your knees,  
With your face near the floor, EXPLAIN, would you please!"

Well, I told them my story, but Mom shook her head;  
It was then that she made me crawl back into bed.

Mom looked out the window and then she winked at my Dad.  
(I could see in her eyes she was no longer mad.)

“It was only a dream,” she said with a smile;  
“And you’ll know it too, if you think for a while.”

Then she walked to my bed and tucked in my sheet;  
Then she pulled up my blanket, to cover my feet.

She closed down the window and kissed me goodnight;  
Then she gave me a hug as she turned out the light.

But when Mom left the room, I jumped up again,  
And I ran to the place where the small bugs had been.

But Beacon wasn’t there; and neither was Stan!  
I was very disappointed and to the window I ran.

**Was it only a dream? Was my Mom really right?**  
And as I looked out the window, out in to the night,  
TWO lightning bugs passed, each blinking its light!

And when one circled the yard, and flew by again,  
I KNEW it was Beacon, my lightning bug friend.  
I waved and I laughed because it made me feel good.  
And then Beacon flew closer, just as close as he could.

And when he stopped at my window, brightly blinking his light,  
I knew he was saying, **“THANK YOU and GOOD NIGHT!”**

**THE END**