

For Lily and Isla—A.L.

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Pray

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It had been such a lovely day for a walk . . .





... that Mouse didn't realise
how late it was getting.

And in no time,
the sun had set.



Mouse was terrified.

‘How will I ever get home safely in the dark?’ he sobbed.

But then there came a glow from inside a flower . . .



. . . which grew
brighter, and
brighter,
and brighter,
until . . .



. . . out popped a firefly. 'Follow me,' she said.
'I'm Ray and I'll light your way!'



‘Oh, thank you!’ said Mouse.
‘But just so you know, I’m not *actually*
scared of the dark. It’s just that tonight
the moon isn’t as bright as usual,
so it’s tricky to see.’

My house is past the woodpile...



... around the cactuses ...





... up by the pond ...

... and just beyond the rocks.



home

