

Little Flame in the Arctic



by
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This is the story of Little Flame in the Arctic



Little Flame is a *little flame* who lives in the Arctic. During the season when the days are very short, and the nights are very long, Little Flame shines her little light through the long, dark, nights.

She shines her little flame as brightly as she can, to help guide all those who need it to see. And she holds the gentle glow of her flame very carefully inside, so she can show her little light in the nighttime sky, keeping each night aglow.





Little Flame shares a special moment each night, which only a few have ever seen. If you watch and listen carefully, when Little Flame's friend, the Great Arctic Wind, comes blowing into the night, Little Flame begins to dance.



Little Flame loves to dance with the wind. Her little flame moves and bends, sways and turns, soars up and down, dances from side to side, this way and that, and dances round and round, soaring far above the ground.



One night, when Little Flame was dancing in the wind, she forgot something very important. She forgot to watch over her own little flame. As she danced and turned, the wind began to grow stronger. It blew harder, and it blew faster, and the wind blew Little Flame far, far away where she had never been before.



Little Flame had ridden with the wind as best she could, dancing with all her might, bending into the wind's force, but her little flame had begun to flicker, and then, it started to go out. Little Flame found herself all alone, with only a soft ember of herself to light the nighttime sky. She knew that those who counted on her would soon find themselves lost in the darkness as well.



Little Flame laid herself down beneath a tall, ice covered rock, to give her tiny flickering flame time to rest. She soon drifted off to sleep, and dreamed of the hearth where she was born. She dreamed of the warm, arctic sun, and the many Arctic friends she had come to know.



Little Flame dreamed of the Penguin family, swimming and diving, jumping from water to ice. The penguins counted on Little Flame when the darkness descended over the nighttime sky.



Little Flame dreamed of the Fox family with their babies, rustling in the brush. Like the penguins, the foxes too counted on Little Flame to light the nighttime sky.



Little Flame dreamed of the Caribou family with their strong, tall antlers, chewing and stomping out on the tundra.



Little Flame dreamed of the Seal family, barking and lounging together out on the ice at play.



And Little Flame dreamed of the arctic birds, calling overhead to the young in their nests. Like the seals, the birds too counted on Little Flame to light the nighttime sky.



Each one of Little Flame's arctic friends depended on her bright little flame to shine in the long, dark arctic nights.



And remembering this, Little Flame began to wake up. With all her courage and strength, Little Flame flickered, and flickered, and flickered her own little flame beneath the wind worn rock. And as she woke, she remembered she could ask her arctic friends to show her the way home!



And who should appear but the Penguins? They pointed their beaks north toward the tip of the ice wall in the distance.



Little Flame thanked them, and started out on her way!



Little Flame came to her Fox friends who pointed their ears north toward the tip of the tall ice wall in the distance.



Little Flame thanked them, and continued on her way.



Little Flame came to her Caribou friends who pointed their great antlers north toward the tip of the ice wall in the distance.



Little Flame thanked them, and continued on her way.



Little Flame came to the Seals who pointed their flippers north toward the tip of the ice wall far in the distance.



Little Flame thanked them and continued on her way.



Little Flame came to her bird friends, who pointed their wings north toward the tip of the ice wall far in the distance.



Little Flame thanked them, and continued on her way.



As she traveled, Little Flame soon felt her flame growing warmer and brighter, and she knew her flame would soon shine and glow within as it always had before.



When she finally arrived home, Little Flame felt the Wind begin to blow, and she started to dance.



And that is the story of Little Flame in the Arctic.

As she danced, she remembered to watch, not only the light and the night outside, but her own little light inside. And she knew she would never again let the wind grow stronger than the little flame that glows inside.