

A Night of Fire and Colors

Marta was a very cheerful and curious girl who lived in a small town near the beach. She had been eagerly awaiting Saint John’s Eve, the most beautiful and magical festival of the summer, for days.

That afternoon, Marta helped her family prepare the bonfire in the middle of the town square. They added firewood, branches, and colorful flowers. Nearby, her friends Pol and Laia were preparing firecrackers, which glowed with red, green, and blue lights.

“How exciting!” Marta exclaimed. “Tonight will be a special night!”

As darkness fell, the whole town gathered. The adults told stories of fires and firecrackers, while the children watched with wide eyes.

Marta saw that someone had left a bunch of firecrackers too close to the bonfire, and the wind was starting to blow sparks toward it.

“Oh no! Something could happen!” Marta thought nervously.

Without wasting a moment, she ran to warn Grandpa Joan, who was very wise and always knew what to do. Grandpa Joan came quickly, and with the help of some adults, they moved the firecrackers away from the fire.

“Thank you, Marta! You were very quick and brave,” Grandpa Joan said with a smile.

The party continued, and Marta, Pol, and Laia set off firecrackers that went “boom” and “whoosh,” lighting up the sky with amazing colors and shapes.

At the end of the night, the mayor invited everyone to jump over the bonfire.

“By jumping over the fire, we leave behind everything that hurts us and start a new summer with joy!” the mayor said.

Marta, a little nervous, took her mother’s hand and they jumped together. At that moment, she felt a special magic that made her smile and feel happy.

That night, Marta learned that Saint John’s Eve isn’t just magical because of the lights and firecrackers, but because everyone is together, looking out for each other and celebrating life.

When she got home, tired but happy, Marta dreamed of the adventures that summer would bring.