

## Bug and the BeBops

Dad called to Bug, "Come quick and watch this TV show!" Bug's dad was so excited about seeing this rock concert on TV, but Bug didn't really understand why. Bug nestled in next to his dad as he always did while watching TV together. Today Bug was five years old and his Mom and Dad were the loving center of his life on the moon.

As they watched the rock concert, Dad smiled, explaining how he'd practiced guitar in school and had joined a small band. The band played a few parties, but never seemed to have time to practice and be a success. Bug's dad said he'd had the dream of being the guitar player in a famous band playing concerts all over the world. When he saw the band play on TV, he screamed, "See the guitar player, he even looks like me!" His dad's smile vanished when he said, "When we moved to the moon, I lost my old guitar." With a sadness in his voice, he said, "I've searched the entire moon twice, but just can't find it. I had hoped to teach you how to play guitar, but that can never happen now." Bug went to bed thinking of his dad and how talking about his guitar had made him smile.

Bug was smiling ear to ear - then the tears came pouring down his cheeks. The audience of thousands screamed for an encore! He had played hundreds of sold-out concerts all over the universe. He'd written melodies, lyrics, and sang with his band with a joy in his heart he'd never known before. He cradled the old wooden guitar against his little chest and said ...I love you! Bug rubbed his eyes and realized he'd been dreaming. The next morning, Bug thought of his Dad losing his guitar and felt sad and ran to give him a hug before running out the door.

Bug went outside bouncing all the way to the crater to do his morning chores. Bug loved living on the moon. He enjoyed the way he could kind of bounce along half running and half flying. He always looked forward to doing his chores. He so delighted in feeding the dragons and crater fairies. As Bug came closer to his friends, Crescent, the mother dragon, rushed over to Bug. She snuggled and purred as he stroked her smooth purple head. Crescent had eight colorful baby dragons and loved each precious one. They were only three weeks old and still wobbly on their stubby green legs. They hadn't learned to fly with their mom yet. Their fuzzy purple heads bobbed up and down when Crescent stroked their backs with her long orange tongue. When the baby dragons saw Bug, they squealed with delight and ran as fast as they could on those shaky legs to get their morning cuddles! Dragons were made of pure love and Bug adored them all.

The crater fairies danced as Bug came closer to them. Dusty, the tiniest crater fairy of all laughed as Bug dropped sparkly moon dust into her hands. Each of the sixteen crater fairies was a different brilliant color of the rainbow. When the light reflected on their backs, they sparkled like diamonds and precious gems. Little Dusty was the life of every gathering and all the other fairies adored her. Bug just loved playing with the dragons and fairies each morning. His heart was filled with love for them.

After his chores were done, Bug and his friends hurried to play in the nearby crater. It was his favorite time of day. As they all danced in a circle, the baby dragons smiled tenderly at him as their eyes lit up with joy. They each snuggled up against him purring with pure contentment.

Bug yelled, "Crescent, I'll race you to the next crater." Crescent knew she would fly all the way there just above Bug's head. The rest of his friends would follow them playing in the dirt, laughing and giggling. He had often wished his friends could talk, but he knew that could never happen. Bug was out of breath when he reached the far crater. Crescent had let him win the race and snuggled in for a big hug. Running while Crescent flew above his head made his heart fill up with wonder and love.

Bug saw something sparkle in the light on the rocky hill. He happily scampered over to the shiny spot and stumbled to a halt. He carefully removed the sparkly moon dust that had buried it. Thin shiny metal strings began to appear. As he scattered more of the golden dust, the shape became clear. He suddenly knew what it was! He had found his Dad's guitar! How could this be? He slowly brushed off the old guitar and held it close to his heart. As he did, it quietly began to talk to him! "Thank you for finding me," it said in a scratchy voice. "I've been lost for years!" Bug was amazed and didn't know what to think! As he began to stroke the silver guitar strings, the baby dragons and fairies began to hum and sing along.

Bug couldn't believe what was happening! How could this be true? Was he dreaming again? Could his dad's old guitar really talk? Was he really hearing the dragons and fairies talk and sing? Bug began to cry thinking of how happy his dad would be when he showed him his old guitar! He had to tell his Dad!

Bug ran for home as fast as he could stumbling along the way. Bug was totally out of breath when he reached his dad. "Dad! Dad! Look what I found! It's your old guitar!" When his dad saw what he had found, he couldn't believe his eyes!

“Dad! Dad! This guitar can really talk!” Bug couldn’t get the words out of his mouth fast enough! Did his dad know this guitar could talk? Did he know that the dragons and fairies could sing when Bug strummed the guitar? Bug’s dad was so excited to see his old guitar he didn’t know what to say! The smile on Dad’s face said it all! Yes, he loved that old guitar and knew it was pure magic!

In a raspy voice the guitar asked to be held and played by Bug’s dad and snuggled into the old familiar arms. The sound of the guitar chords and dad’s voice were pure bliss! Bug’s dad smiled with tears of joy on his cheeks. How could this be? It was a dream come true!

Bug was so excited he couldn’t wait to ask his Dad, “Will you teach me to play the guitar?” “Of course!” his dad said. Bug practiced for hours on that old guitar with the dragons and fairies making up words to go with the music Bug wrote. The sweet songs they composed together made each one of them smile in their hearts. Bug often stood on the crest of the crater and pretended he was playing to a huge screaming audience. He had always known he would call the band Bug and the BeBops. He was certain someday he was going to be a rock star and play all over the moon and the universe sharing his love for music and the smooth sound of his dad’s guitar.

(Ten years later) Bug just grinned, he couldn’t believe that he had sold out concerts on Saturn for ten nights in a row! As Bug and the BeBops started their first encore, he motioned for his dad who was sitting in the front row to come on stage with him. Bug’s dad couldn’t believe this was happening! As Bug handed his dad the old guitar and began to sing their favorite song, they both had tears in their eyes. Bug had always known, dreams really do come true!

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