Traffic Light

“But we have to be careful getting out of here. Come this way.”
They ran out of the burrow onto a low wall. Suddenly Adam stopped.
“What is it?” said Amanda. “What’s wrong?”

“Look! Up there! Look at that great red jewel in the sky!”

“Adam,” Amanda said gently. “That’s a traffic light.” The red jewel disappeared. Now a bright emerald seemed to be hanging in the air.

“It’s beautiful!” Adam whispered. “Why does it change its color?”

“It keeps changing from red to green,” Amanda explained. “When the light is red, people and cars have to stop. When the light turns green, they can go.”

“What a clever idea!” Adam marveled. “Who ever thought of that?”

He would have stood rooted there watching the changing light, but Amanda hurried him on.

“It’s not safe here,” she told him. “We lost a dear friend here last week.”

Adam shivered, even as he admired the steadiness of Amanda’s voice.

“I live across the street, but we don’t have to wait for the traffic light,” she said with a laugh.