

Type: Short Story
Topic: Children's story

The Little Butterfly

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2014

Once there was a little butterfly that hatched.

He had beautifully colored wings.

Although the world around the beautiful butterfly was bright and cheerful sometimes, sometimes it became dark and mean.

The little butterfly happily flew, as best as he could, even when the world became dark and mean, searching for other little butterflies to play with.

One day a dog saw the beautiful little butterfly and tried to catch it. The dog nipped at the little butterfly's wing, breaking off a part of the fragile, beautifully colored wing.

But the little butterfly kept flying, as happily as ever, searching for other little butterflies to be friends with.

The next day a hungry bird flew down and tried to catch the little butterfly. The bird bit off another colorful part of the little butterfly's wing, but the little butterfly escaped.

This time the little butterfly was scared. It hid until the bird left. Then the little butterfly flew on, hoping to find other little butterflies he could play with.

A bad storm came.

Some of the heavy raindrops hit the little butterfly, knocking off some of the tiny scales on the little butterfly's wings that gave the wings their amazing colors.

The little butterfly no longer looked beautiful.

But the little butterfly kept flying, hoping to find some other little butterflies he could play with.

Finally, the little butterfly found a large group of other little butterflies, sitting around a puddle, drinking water and fanning their wings.

The little butterfly looked at his damaged wings, that were no longer beautiful. The other little butterflies looked so beautiful - he felt ashamed that he wasn't beautiful. He became sad and turned to fly away.

Another little butterfly saw the little butterfly flying away. She rose and flew after him.

When she caught up with the little butterfly, she asked him, "Why are you flying away instead of landing and playing with us?"

The little butterfly was so ashamed, he didn't even look at her when he replied, "Because you're all so beautiful, and I - I'm not."

The other little butterfly looked him over, then said, "Look, a piece of my wing was torn by a curious child, and my colors are plain. If you looked close at each of the other butterflies down there, you'd find that most of them have been damaged too. Just because you're damaged doesn't mean we can't have friends and have fun."

The little butterfly thought about what she said, then smiled and flew with her back to the gathering of other little butterflies. He was happy and surprised at how warmly the other little butterflies welcomed him, some of whom were missing parts of their wings, a leg or two, or were rather plain looking.

The little butterfly became best friends with the other little butterfly who called him back, and made a point of warmly welcoming other little butterflies who were shy about joining the group.

And, after a while, the little butterfly's wings healed and he became one of the most beautiful butterflies in the group
The End.

Questions

1) What do you think the main character, the little butterfly, felt about his life at the beginning of the story? Was he sad, hopeful, angry, scared or what?

2) How did the little butterfly's attitude towards life and his mood change throughout the story and why did it change?

3) How might the little butterfly's view towards life at the beginning of the story have been different if the world around him was always dark and mean and never bright and cheerful?

4) How might the little butterfly's attitude have been different if the other little butterfly had not flown after him and invited him to play with the other little butterflies?

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