

# *Bitterfly and Butterfly*

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**B**itterfly and Butterfly were brothers. They were born the same on the outside, but different on the inside. Butterfly liked beauty; Bitterfly didn't.

"Oh, this flower is so lovely," said Butterfly.

"It's yucky," said Bitterfly. "I prefer dead meat."

"And its nectar is sweet and heavenly," said Butterfly, uncurling her long and slender sipping tube.

"I prefer rot," said Bitterfly, growing knives for a mouth.

"I love red and yellow and blue," said Butterfly. "White and rosy too."

"What use are they?" asked Bitterfly.

Butterfly loved the sun and the sunlight. She flitted about as lightly as a feather.

Bitterfly didn't like the sun. It hurt his eyes. He buzzed loudly and preferred the shade.

Bitterfly began to change. His wings grew short. His eyes grew large and bulgy. His colors turned black. He buzzed always.

"Bitterfly, Bitterfly, my brother!" cried Butterfly. "You have changed."

"Go away," said Bitterfly. "You and I are done."

And they were done; they never fly together as they used to. But if you see Bitterfly in the sunlight, his black armor still shines with dark beauty.