

The Butterfly and the Flower

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A butterfly flitted from blossom to blossom. He was beautiful. He was grand.

A pretty flower fell in love with him.

“Oh, I hope he comes here!” said the flower. “I wish he comes to me! Please! Please!”

And the butterfly did come. He landed on her and closed his beautiful wings. Then he flitted away.

“Wait!” cried the flower. “Don’t leave ...” but the butterfly was gone.

Oh, how the pretty flower wept, all her tears turning to sweetness and nectar.