

# *The Sun and the Butterfly*

*From 'Eggs for the Hunting'*

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*This is a short bedtime story that Farmer John tells his children, Tom Nutcracker and June Berry.*

A butterfly flitted in the sunshine. The sun was golden and the butterfly was golden. The sun soared high in the blue sky, and on the golden wings of the butterfly were two blue circles, each as round as the sun.

The butterfly flitted here, and she flitted there, and the sun held steadily on his course.

The butterfly looked up at the golden sun shining so brightly in the blue sky.

‘God is in you,’ she said, in wonder.

‘And you are in God,’ replied the sun.

Over the earth the sun soared, and from flower to flower the butterfly flew. At last the butterfly found a plant. It had bright orange and yellow flowers, and long green leaves. She landed on a leaf and laid her eggs, one by one, in a row. She laid them underneath where the rain couldn’t find them.

Up above, small white clouds appeared in the blue sky. Sometimes they blocked the sun, sometimes they didn’t. The butterfly kept laying her eggs—now in shadow, now in sunshine.

At last, her last egg was laid. Her wings grew tired, and she died. The wind came and blew her golden body over the grass, and when the sun went to bed, the clouds were painted all in gold, and circles of bright blue sky shone through.