

Emily's story



I'm Emily and I'm a little flier. I spend the whole day flying out and about in the world. Sometimes I get tired and take a little break on a colourful flower or blossoming tree. Then I eavesdrop on people. They call me and my friends butterflies. I don't understand that. Sure, I fly, but I don't care about butter at all!

I do believe that butter is actually something people like to eat. Golden, shiny stuff they like to spread on bread, either to eat it by itself or together with something else on top.

Why they think I look like butter is beyond me. My wings are bright red with blue spots. My body is black. I've got nothing in common with butter!

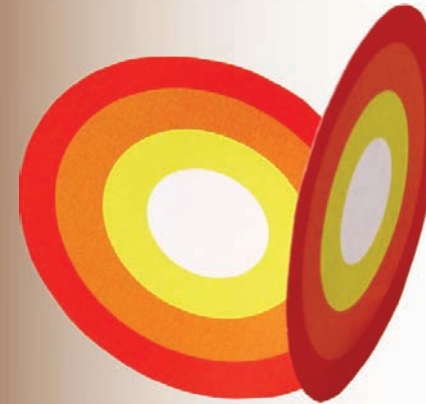


I'm curious to know how it is I got this strange name. I carefully move forwards.

A window is open. Inside, it smells of cake and cocoa. I fly in and treat myself to a swig of cocoa. I also have a little bit of cake.



Then I see a small girl. She looks at me with big eyes.



I fly over and light upon her finger. She shouts with delight and a bigger person, her mum, comes into the room. "Mum! Why is it called a butterfly?"

The child wants to know. I like this girl. That's exactly what I want to know, too. "Oh that's easy, dear," says her mum and begins to explain.



EMILY'S STORY



"Once upon a time there was an island. On the island lived lots and lots of tiny, little dwarves. They had a lot of cows. There was hardly any grass, no fruit and no vegetables – only butter and water. The little grass they had was given to the cows to eat. Their houses, clothes and everything else were made from butter.

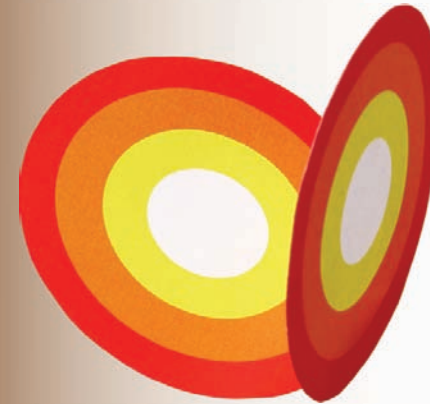


They also had small pets. Graceful little fliers that pulled their airships – because the dwarves didn't walk anywhere, they flew.

One day a ship with big people arrived at the island. They looked about at everything and were quite astonished. They gave the dwarves some cloth, which the dwarves used to make clothes.



The people gave the dwarves grass and fruit seeds, which the dwarves used to sow fields of grass and grow fruit in orchards. The dwarves thought this was great. Because the people were too big for the island they had to leave again. But before they left, the dwarves gave them a couple of their hardworking fliers as a thank-you present. The people were touched by this.



And so, to never forget what a wonderful island they had discovered, from then on they called the fliers 'butterflies'. The little girl listened intently to the story. I was also fascinated by the tale. So that's why people call us that. One day I'd like to see the island of my forebears. I think I'll set off now. Perhaps I'll find it.

