

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Aunt Julia

The Lazy Butterfly



"Get up. You must get your breakfast," Mother Butterfly said.

"I want to sleep some more," Little Butterfly answered.

"The sun is up. The bees are out. The ants are working. The other butterflies are gathering food. They will leave nothing for you," Mother Butterfly warned.

"Yes, Mother, I will be up in a minute."

Mother Butterfly flew away.

Little Butterfly went to the pond. He flitted over the pond. He looked at himself. He looked at his wings. They were black and yellow and red.

"How beautiful I am," Little Butterfly said.

After playing for a long time, he felt hungry. "Now I am going to Farmer Pablo's garden. He has many *katuray* trees. I like the *katuray* flowers. They have plenty of nectar."

Little Butterfly flew toward Farmer Pablo's garden. He flew as fast as he could.

He met the bees. They were flying home. He met many butterflies. They were on their way home.

Little Butterfly flew to the *katuray* flowers. He peeped into all the flowers. They had no more nectar.

"You are late, Little Butterfly," the *katuray* flowers said. "The bees came early. The other butterflies came early. Even the ants have been here."

Little Butterfly was very hungry. He flew to the yellow bells on old Farmer Pablo's window.

"Too late, Little Butterfly," the yellow bells said.

Little Butterfly went to the little flowers. Surely the bees and the other butterflies would not care to visit the little flowers.

"You are too late, Little Butterfly," they all said.

Little Butterfly went home. He could not fly fast. He had no breakfast that day.