

The white butterfly, the red rose and the dandelion

Many would have said that the sky on that spring day was turquoise, a sparkling rich blue. The clouds, looking like whales, giants, rabbits, and pebbles, were constantly shaped by the wind while flying off into the horizon. The sun was gently enveloping the mountains, the rivers, the farms, and the towns. In this countryside was an old house with a little garden. And in this little garden was a magnificent red rose towering to the sky, and a puny little dandelion cowering in the shadow of the house. Almost carried by the warm breeze, a butterfly flew to the rose.

The butterfly was perched on the rose and said. "My! What a beautiful rose you are."

"Yes, but I am about to be cut down and used as decoration in the house."

The red rose replied without meeting its eyes. "How I envy that you are free to fly away to anywhere you wish."

"Ah but, I can just as easily be blown away by a gust of wind." The butterfly said. "Or be chased by little boys and birds, or be caught by a praying mantis, or be pushed to the ground by a storm."

From hearing all this, the dandelion smiled and said. "Everybody has short lives, but next spring, the roses' children will be in full bloom and the butterfly's children will once again be able to fly to where they want. I will let my seeds go to the wind and have them drift off to start anew. Let us enjoy next year's spring as well."

Hearing this, the rose expressed a beaming joy through a smile. The butterfly too, felt as though the gentle sun warmed his heart. And the butterfly took off like a white petal into the spring sky.