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The Adventures of Flitt the Butterfly

by Robin Wynn

(continued from last week)

They started all over again, waiting patiently for it to boil down and then, came time for the sweet cedar oil and the pinch of fresh star dust. "Wasn't it a good thing that Mr. Woodworm had brought six drops instead of three?"

Mr. Green Goblin had hung the big question mark up on the wall to remind him not to forget the sunshine.

Just as he was about to put the star dust in, the sun went under a cloud and then they couldn't get any sunshine. It looked for a moment as if it would be another failure — when suddenly Mr. Sunbeam hopped up on the edge of the big kettle and shone his shiniest right down into the magic potion. Quickly Mr. Green Goblin put in the pinch of fresh star dust.

This time the magic potion just steamed a bit, then settled down to a few drops of clear potion that just smelled like millions of flowers, all poured into a few drops. As soon as the potion was proved to be O.K. the big question mark from the first batch just melted away and blew out the window.

Now pleased they all were! Mr. Green Goblin poured the magic potion into a tiny perfume bottle, put the cork in tight, and then put it carefully away on the shelf. It would be safe there until the next morning when Flitt would be leaving.

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Mr. Green Goblin motioned for him to come and sit on his knee. The Baby Squirrel was a little shy at first, but no one is really afraid of the Green Goblin, so he hopped on his knee. He tickled the Green Goblin's nose with the tip of his bushy tail just to show that he wasn't afraid of him.

Mr. Green Goblin sat there, stroking the little squirrel and saying over and over, "Just the right thing, just the right thing."

He called Mr. Sunbeam and asked him to please bring the Squirrel family to the cave.

Mr. Green Goblin stood up very solemnly, cleared his throat, and said, "Your Baby Squirrel can solve our last problem. The tip of his tail would be just the right thing to brush the magic potion on Flitt's wings. That is, if Daddy and Mummy Squirrel wouldn't mind."

"Of course, we wouldn't mind for it will soon grow on again. We'd all be proud to have such a great part in Flitt's going-away present," said Daddy Squirrel.

"That's fine," said the Green Goblin and took down a big pair of scissors. Snip, snip, snip, off came the fine hair of the baby squirrel's tail. It didn't take long to make it into a lovely soft brush with a nice yellow plastic handle to match Flitt's wings. Now all was ready for the big day tomorrow.

The next morning Mr. Sunbeam was up earlier than a sunbeam should be. He came down to Flitt's house, tiptoed quietly to the door and pecked in. There was Flitt in his butterfly pajamas, fast asleep, and doing just a little snore now and then.

Mr. Sunbeam tiptoed in and put the coffee on. He reached for a big bowl to start the porridge when crash, bang, it slipped out of his hand and broke into little pieces on the stove.

Out of the bedroom darted Flitt to see what had happened. When he saw it was Mr. Sunbeam, he just laughed and then helped him get breakfast ready.

After they had tidied the house and finished the last minute packing, Mr. Sunbeam said "Let's take a little trip around the Green Forest for a last look before you go."

Of course Flitt agreed and they started off.

once picked up and carried up to the platform that the Beaver family had built. They sat him down on a soft seat made from a mushy silk cover that the Silkworm family had made especially for the occasion.

Flitt was more puzzled than ever — he looked around this way and that. In one corner of the platform he saw the Wise Old Owl blinking in the sunshine. In another corner sat Mr. Sunbeam just so excited he couldn't keep still. He sparkled so brightly that Lady Robin had to put up her sun shade to keep her red breast from fading.

Everyone seemed to be waiting for something. Then the Wise Old Owl stood up, blinked very wisely and said in a solemn tone, "We are gathered here today to honour the finest friend we have, Flitt the Butterfly. Nearly every one of us has been helped at some time or other by Flitt's quick thinking. We all know that he helps every one in trouble and he has taught us to work together instead of quarrelling. To show how much we appreciate our friend Flitt, we want him to accept this farewell gift from all of us."

The Wise Old Owl sat down and shut his eyes. But just at that moment the Baby Squirrel stepped up on the platform carrying the little bottle of magic potion and the tiny brush made from the tip of his tail. You could just see how proud he was, for he strutted across to Flitt with his little bushy tail stuck straight up in the air.

He wanted everyone to see where the Green Goblin had cut off the fine hairs.

Mummy Squirrel and Daddy Squirrel just beamed with pride, sitting in the front row right near the platform. It was wonderful to have Baby Squirrel playing such an important part in the celebration.

Baby Squirrel carried the tiny package over to Flitt and put it in his lap. He tried to say his little speech, but he was so excited he forgot it. He just scampered over to Mummy Squirrel while everyone clapped — he was such a tiny little fellow.

The Green Goblin then stepped on the platform and explained to Flitt how to brush the magic potion on his wings so that he could go to the bottom of the sea to visit his father without getting wet at all.

Flitt was so surprised that he couldn't hardly speak. He stood up and said, "I-I-Thank you all so much for this wonderful gift. I am so surprised I don't know what to say!"

Everyone clapped and cheered again. Mr. Sunbeam led them all down a little path to where the picnic lunch was spread on lovely coloured leaves.

What wonderful things were there to eat! There were tiny-honey sandwiches that the bees had prepared; there were fresh marshmallows that the Beaver family had gathered by the creek. There were little blue or yellow cups for everyone made from blue bells and buttercups placed upside down. And in the cups was a lovely cool drink made from morning dew flavoured with wild strawberry. To finish the lunch off, Mrs. Squirrel had brought sliced nuts.

Everyone had a wonderful time enjoying the dainty meal. In fact, Baby Squirrel and Baby Rabbit ate so much they felt as if their tummies would burst!

Flitt had recovered from his surprise by this time, so he went back to the platform and said, "Thank you all again, my friends of the Green Forest. With your gift, I am sure that I will have the most wonderful holiday. I'll have amazing adventures to describe to you when I return from my visit with Father Neptune."

"Three cheers for Flitt! Three Cheers for Flitt!" shouted all the little Green Forest folk as Flitt and Mr. Sunbeam flew off to get his suitcase to begin his journey.

CHURCH NEWS

Norval and Union Presbyterian Churches
Rev. J. L. Self, B.A., B.D.
Norval
2:00 p.m.—Sunday School
3:00 p.m.—Public Worship
Union
10:00 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Public Worship

Balfinnsd Charge of the United Church
Rev. O. R. Ellisdall, Minister
Balfinnsd
10 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Public Worship
Church Hill
1:30 p.m.—Public Worship
Melville
2:00 p.m.—Sunday School
3:00 p.m.—Public Worship

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