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The Adventures of Flitt the Butterfly

by Robin Wynn
Flitt awoke this morning earlier than usual. He intended to go out over the mountain tops to see what the other side looked like, for he had heard that there was another lovely Green Forest there. Naturally he was curious, as we all would be, so he started out alone to explore.

Shortly after Flitt left, Mr. Sunbeam came to Flitt's house to see what plans he had for the day. But he could plainly see that Flitt had had his breakfast and gone, leaving his house all neat and tidy. Mr. Sunbeam then started out to see if he could find out where his friend had gone. However, each time he asked any one of the Green Forest folk, he received the same answer, "No, I haven't seen Flitt at all this morning."

After looking for Flitt until almost noon, Mr. Sunbeam was feeling quite puzzled. Even the Spider telephone brought no results. By this time, almost all the little people of the Green Forest were looking for their friend, for it wasn't like Flitt to go away without saying goodbye to anyone. Finally,

they all gathered at the clearing with Mr. Sunbeam and were trying to decide what to do, when, suddenly Mrs. Hummingbird swooped down at terrific speed.

"Flitt is stuck, Flitt is stuck," she gasped, as soon as she could get her breath. She told them that Flitt was stuck fast by his feet in some sticky balsam on a big pine tree near the mountain on the edge of the Green Forest.

You see, Flitt had been flying high over the forest coming closer and closer to the mountains he was going to cross. As he flew along in the sunshine, he was humming a tune to himself to the rhythm of the beat of his wings. Then he thought he heard a crash below him, so without looking where he was going, he lit right plump into a big patch of sticky balsam that oozes out of pine trees when the woodpeckers peck thro the bark. Luckily, he didn't get any on his wings, but my, oh my, his feet!!! They were stuck right up to his ankles in goo, and he couldn't move a single inch!

"What will I do now?" thought Flitt. "I'll never get out of this alone and it's so near the mountains that I doubt if any of my friends will find me. Why didn't I think to tell Mr. Sunbeam where I was going?"

And hard as he pulled and tugged he just couldn't get free. He had to be so careful not to let his wings get stuck too. Poor Flitt! He was getting so tired that he could hardly hold his feeters up. He had visions of starving to death high up in his gooey prison.

His tired head drooped lower and lower toward the sticky puddle of balsam, when faintly he heard the chatter of many little voices in the distance. Soon he heard the whirr of many wings. Flitt could have cried for joy, for he knew that his friends were on the way. He felt sure that they would help him some way, but he couldn't see how.

Carefully his friends landed about him. Mr. Sunbeam stopped on a branch right beside him and tried to cheer him up. "Don't worry, Flitt, we'll soon have you free," he said.

"I don't know how you can get my feet out of this," said Flitt, looking down at his feet buried in balsam.

"Never fear, we've got a plan," said Mr. Sunbeam, and just then Mrs. Robin Redbreast landed on the branch.

"Now just watch us," said tiny voices, which seemed to come from Mrs. Redbreast's back, for it certainly wasn't Mrs. Redbreast's voice.

Would you believe it, as sure as you are you, there was the whole family of wood ants riding on the back of the birds who had come to help with Flitt's rescue!

"All ready, men!" said Mr. Sunbeam, and in the neatest order, the wood ants marched single file up the tree trunk to a dry branch near Flitt. Without more ado, they started to gnaw out bits of wood. As each ant got a piece chewed loose, he brought it to the edge of the sticky puddle and placed it carefully ahead of the last piece. In this way, they made a solid dry little sidewalk right out to Flitt!

My, how those little wood ants worked! It wasn't long before there was not only a sidewalk to Flitt, but a clean, dry platform all around him.

Now Mr. Sunbeam who had watched the operations very closely, came out to Flitt and explained to him what to do to get free. Then with a tremendous burst of energy, Mr. Sunbeam shone his shiniest crown on Flitt's feet, and the sticky balsam got softer and softer with Mr. Sunbeam's warmth.

Carefully, Flitt lifted one foot up, and as soon as it was free, the ants pushed more little bits of dry wood under it so that it wouldn't get stuck again. When all of Flitt's feet had been set free and he was standing on the wood ants' sidewalk, a mighty cheer went up, for the little people of the Green Forest had been watching breathlessly. It took only a matter of minutes to clean the rest of the soft balsam off Flitt's feet and Flitt was able to fly out into the sunshine again!

How proud the little people were to have been able to help their dear friend, Flitt, who spent most of his life helping them. It wasn't long before Flitt was back in his own home, very tired but very happy that he had such wonderful friends to help him when he needed them.

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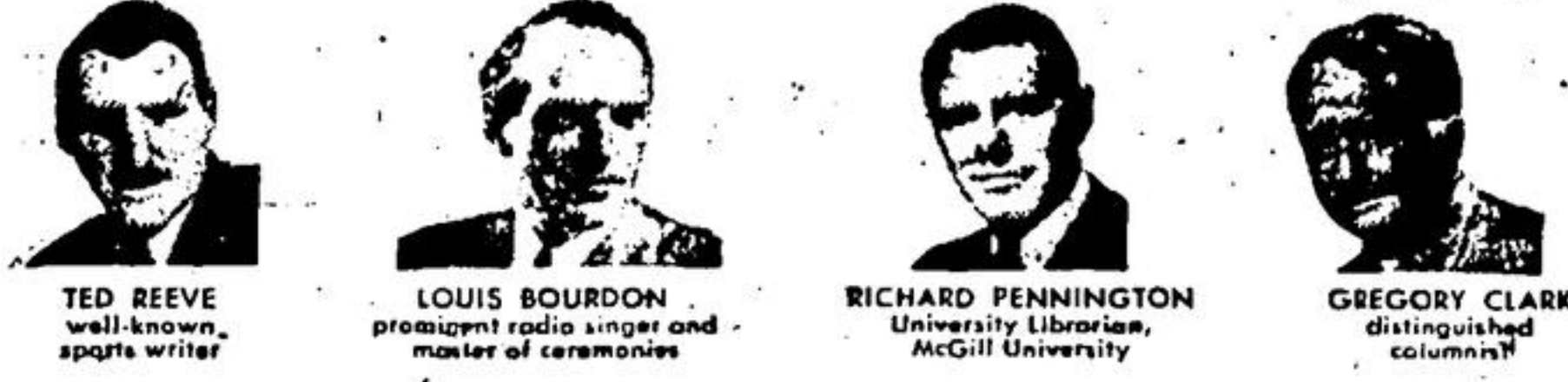
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Do You Know

how far birds fly to migrate?

Every year, at certain times, millions of birds in every part of the world suddenly take wing and fly varying distances to foreign climes. No one yet has been able to satisfactorily determine the prime impulse of these migrations and to fathom the great mystery of its accomplishment.

Do You Know . . . that the Arctic Tern nests within the Arctic Circle and then flies over more than 10,000 miles of ocean to winter on the islands of the Antarctic! . . . that the Grey Plover breeds in the Arctic Circle and winters in equatorial countries! . . . that swallows ringed in Great Britain have been traced to South Africa, more than 6,000 miles away!

Do You Know . . . that migrants usually fly at under 3,000 feet? . . . that the average distance flown in a day is 200 miles, even though the full flight may be thousands of miles? . . . that many species manage to cross these enormous distances without a break! . . . that even young birds, making the trip for the first time, make the flight unerringly, without guidance from the older birds!

Do You Know any interesting and unusual facts? Our "Advisory Panel" will pay \$25 for any authenticated readers' submissions if they are usable. All letters become our property. Write Black Horse Brewery, Station L, Montreal, P.Q.



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