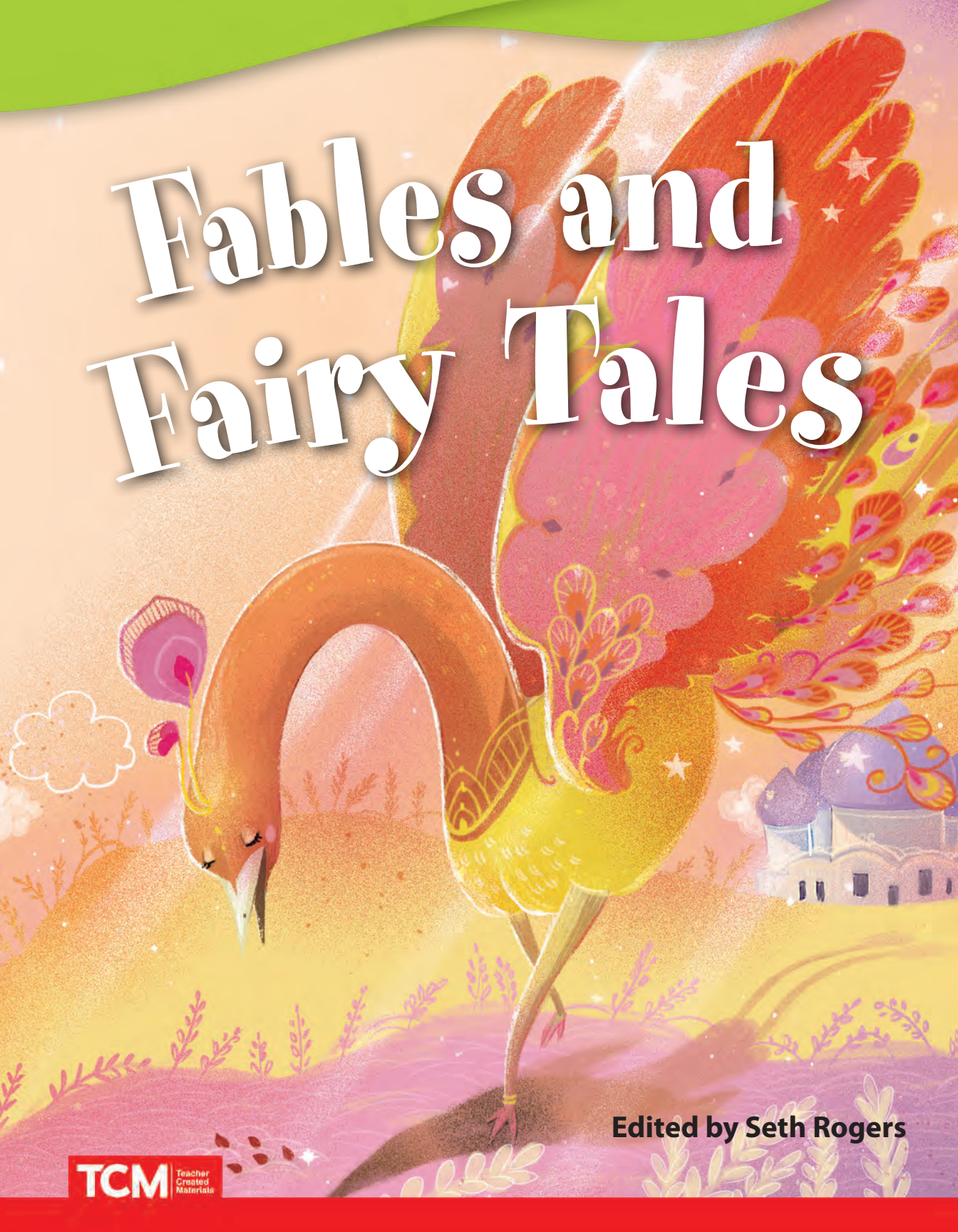
Fables and Fairy Tales



Edited by Seth Rogers

TCM Teacher Created Materials

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The Butterfly and the Rose

There was once a beautiful butterfly—the most beautiful butterfly anyone had ever seen—and it lived in a park not too far from where you live.

Its wings were painted a deep cherry red with splashes of violet and streaks of pink, and the tip of each wing looked like it had been dipped in pure glittering gold. Wherever this butterfly went, flowers craned their stems toward it and lifted their petals, hoping this wonderful creature would choose them. They sighed sadly if it gracefully fluttered by.



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At last, when the sun was beating down on the park, the butterfly chose a flower to sip nectar from. It was a perfect pink rose, fresh from its bud.

It had the softest, most velvety petals you could ever wish to feel. Finally, the butterfly had found a flower to match its own beauty.

The butterfly fluttered over and gently landed on the rose. All at once, it fell in love.

"Oh, fragrant rose," it sighed. "I have been looking for someone just like you. Your petals are so very soft and pretty, and your nectar tastes so sweet. You are the loveliest flower I have ever seen."

The rose blushed and turned a little pinker. "Thank you. You are beautiful, too, Mr. Butterfly. You have such fine and colorful wings."

And so, the butterfly and the rose spent the whole afternoon exchanging compliments and sweet words. They had fallen in love. When it was finally time for the butterfly to fly away, it said, "I must leave now, but do you promise that you will be faithful and love only me?"



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"Of course!" said the rose, smiling. "Do you promise the same?"

"Always!" said the butterfly and it flew away, promising to return early the next day. The rose closed its petals and went to sleep.

At the break of dawn the following morning, the rose opened her petals hopefully and waited patiently for the butterfly to pay it a visit, but it didn't flutter by. A few hours passed, and there was still no sign of her true love. The rose was becoming restless.

Eventually, the butterfly fluttered down to land on the rose, who was so annoyed with him for being late, she cried, "So, this is what you call love? So much for your promise! You said you would come back to me this morning." The rose wept dewy tears. "You said you would be faithful, but I saw you over there just now, flitting around Miss Lavender and kissing Miss Buddleia. I saw you embracing Miss Daisy! Is that what you call loyalty, Mr. Butterfly?"

"Loyalty!" laughed Mr. Butterfly. "Loyalty! How dare you talk to me about loyalty? When I flew by to see you earlier this morning, I saw you

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giggling with Miss Honeybee. I saw you talking to Mr. Ladybug and dainty Mr. Lacewing. You were sharing your nectar with any bug that passed by!"

And there was nothing the rose could say in her own defense, because it was all true!

"My dear, beautiful rose," said the butterfly. "You can't expect someone to show you loyalty if you can't even be loyal yourself."

The butterfly opened its wings and fluttered away across the park to find another flower to love. And that was the end of the romance between the butterfly and the rose.



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The Money Snake

There was once a farmer who toiled all day long in his field, but nothing ever grew for him. No matter how hard he worked, the land remained bare.



One day, exhausted by the heat and hard labor, the farmer fell asleep in the shade of a tree.

When he opened his eyes, he was surprised to see a beautiful snake with a spectacular hood slip out from a nearby hole.

A-ha! thought the farmer. *Perhaps this explains my bad luck. Maybe the snake is the true owner of this field? I will leave a gift for the magnificent beast and see what happens.*

That evening, when he had

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finished digging yet again, he returned to his farmhouse, poured a saucer of milk, and brought it to the entrance of the snake's home. "Wonderful serpent," he called. "Please forgive me—I did not know that you were the rightful owner and protector of this field. I bring you a gift of thanks for letting me plant my crops here." The farmer felt a little silly, but he left the saucer and hoped for the best.

The following morning, the farmer rose bright and early and went to the field to see what had happened. There in the bowl was a shiny silver coin—it was equal in value to a whole day's wage. The farmer was delighted!

He worked all day in the field again, and that evening, he poured more milk into the snake's bowl. The next morning, the same thing happened—he was greeted by the sight of a shiny silver coin.

And so it went on. Every day, the farmer would bring milk for the snake, and the snake would leave a coin. The field even started to sprout crops!

The weeks went by, the crops grew higher, and the farmer had gotten so much money, he decided to treat his family. He planned to go to the local market, which was a day's ride away.



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