

Follow the Butterflies

I am home. Home to the big farm house with the red door where vibrant green grass grows in the yard, and butterflies of every color fly free in the sky. Oh how beautiful they are! How gracefully they fly through the air with those delicate colorful wings of theirs. Floating gently though the sky with wings thinner than paper. How I wish I could join them up in the sky, but every time I try to fly, something keeps me from joining them. Two beetles, as black a night stop me and jump on my wings every time I try to fly! Oh why, why must this happen to me! After all I did to help them escape...

I still remember that exact day when my parents told me the news, although the only thing I want to do is erase the memory from my mind. *You're dad got a job in the city.* It was those few words that changed my life forever and whisked me away from my beloved farm house I loved so much with the bright red door and vibrant green grass and into the city where we lived in a small box suspended up hundreds of feet above the ground. I hated it there where tall grey buildings blocked my vision of the bright blue sky and smoke choked the very air right out of my lungs. Oh how I missed the rolling hills of the country side! Where I could run free chasing butterflies through the grass and watch the puffy white clouds as I lay in the soft grass and breathed in the clean fresh country air.

The colors here were dull and gray, so different from the bright green grass and the vibrant flowers in the country. The only colors came from giant floating boards up in the sky that shone so bright, they blocked out the sun. They hurt my eyes to even look at them. The air was thick and gray and hard to inhale, but I had to gag down the air every time I had to breathe if I wanted to survive. But alas, for everything wasn't that bad. For in the city, I made some new friends.

Bright vibrant butterflies of every color in the rainbow! Just like they were back home! They didn't appear right away or all at once, but gradually, until I was almost overwhelmed with them. They filled my room, and our entire box so full, I sometimes could not even see where I walked, but I didn't mind. They kept me company in a place where I had no friends and brought color into this dull, gray, and boring world. They stayed by me day and night, just floating in air as if they didn't have a care in the world. At least, that's what I thought at first. It wasn't until more of them had appeared that I realized that they were trapped, just like I was. Something was keeping them from flying to the place where they belonged.

It was then I noticed that they seemed attracted to my parents, and I noticed that my parents, the ones who were trapping me inside this unholy place, were also trapping the butterflies. They trapped the butterflies within themselves and refused to let them free!

It was only then that I realized that they needed my help, and only I was the only one who could help them. My parents claimed they didn't exist. Even when I yelled and pleaded with them to set them free, they would not listen. All they said was "*He needs time to adjust to a new life*" but oh, how wrong they were. I was going to set the butterflies free, no matter what the cost.

One day, while both my parents were sleeping, I snuck out of my room and into the kitchen. The butterflies made a trail leading me towards the biggest knife in the kitchen which I picked up in my right hand. I crept into my parent's bedroom and slowly and carefully opened the door making sure not to make a sound. I went over to their bed and saw the butterflies frantically flying around their bodies. They were just waiting for their friends to be free, they

couldn't leave without them, and I knew that I was the only one who could help. I rose up the knife in my hand and brought it down on my father's chest as felt the knife easily penetrate the skin. He opened his mouth to scream but no noise came out, but I paid less attention to his face and more to the bright red butterflies flew out from his body as if they had been trapped for an eternity and couldn't wait to fly free! I slid the knife down to make a larger opening for the butterflies and watched as they flew out by the thousands. I then pulled the knife out of them and went over to my mother on the other side of the bed. The job was almost done and my heart was filled with joy just knowing that the butterflies would be free from the awful place they were imprisoned. I brought the knife down on my mother and made no hesitation in making a large opening for them to fly out of. Just like before, the butterflies came flying out by the hundreds, all the same bright red color. They filled the entire room and I watched in joy as they reunited with their friends, but I realized that something was wrong.

They were still trapped! They couldn't go home even though I had freed their friends! I must have done something wrong? There must be more butterflies trapped somewhere else!

And then, I felt a thumping inside of my body. It was faint at first, but the feeling quickly rose to the point where I felt it would rip my whole body apart. It was like the thumping of a thousand butterfly wings within me just waiting in anticipation to be set free. How could I have not realized before? Only *I* could save them and I had not finished the job! I quickly picked up the knife from my mother's body and raised it up in my hand. I turned to tip into myself and I felt the knife penetrate my skin. I cried out in pain as I felt my body being ripped apart as I watched the butterflies fly up and into the sky. But despite the pain I felt in my body, I smiled and felt joy in my heart, knowing that I had freed the butterflies from their prison.

As they rose up in a spiral into the sky, I felt myself being lifted up into the sky as I flew away with them. Away from this gray concrete prison with the gray buildings and the bright signs that hurt my eyes and back to my farmhouse with the vibrant red door and the bright green grass.