

The Flutterbys



The Stolen Colours

By Nita Lesley

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MEET THE FLUTTERBYS

The Flutterbys are four friendly Butterflies who live in Flutterby Meadow. They love to explore, play and help their meadow friends. Bringing kindness, curiosity and a sprinkle of fluttery fun to every day.

Bold Red Ruby is full of energy and always ready to take the lead.

Sweet Pink Rosie is full of big ideas and endless excitement.

Thoughtful Bue Benny loves to figure things out.

Playful Orange Ollie, a mischief-maker, keeps everyone laughing with his playful ways.

Together the Flutterbys make the meadow a brighter, happier place, one flutter at a time.





It was a bright and beautiful morning in Flutterby meadow -
until it wasn't!

The Flutterbys had just finished their morning game of
loop-the-loop when something strange caught their eyes.

"Wait a fluttering second!" Ruby gasped, as she landed on a
daisy. "Why do the flowers look so ... blah?"



Rosie twirled in midair, then stopped, her eyes wide.
"And the trees! The leaves look like someone forgot to
colour them in."

Benny flitted above a patch of violets and scratched his
head. "Even the sky looks a little ... sad."

Ollie gasped dramatically and held out his wings. "Oh no! My
orange is less...orangey!" He wobbled in a circle.

"Am I disappearing? AM I A GHOST?"

Rosie patted him on the back. "No Ollie. You're still here."
"But where did all the colours go?" Benny wondered.



Just then, a tiny giggle echoed through the air.

The Flutterbys turned to see a cheeky little Wind Sprite peeking out from behind a fluffy cloud.

It had swirling ribbons of colour shimmering in its breezy hands. "Aha!" Ruby pointed. "You took them!"

The Wind Sprite did a little twirl and tossed a swirly of pink and blue into the air.

"I just borrowed them," it said. "I wanted to paint the sky in new colours, but I didn't think anyone would miss them."



"The Flutterbys gasped. "Didn't miss them!"

Rosie flailed her wings. "Look at this meadow! The Roses aren't red, the violets aren't blue, and Ollie is panicking!"

"I nearly became a ghost!" Ollie wailed.

The Wind Sprite tapped its breezy chin. "Well...I did think the sunflowers looked a bit grumpy..."

The Flutterbys spun to look at the sunflowers.

Without their bright yellow petals, they did indeed look rather annoyed. One had folded its leaves like arms.

Another looked like it was giving a very big sigh.



Benny crossed his wings. "You can't just steal the colours!
The flowers need them."

"And the trees!" Rosie added.

"And me!" Ollie shrieked.

The Wind Sprite looked around as if noticing the dreary meadow for the first time. "Oh... I suppose everything does look a little gloomy," it admitted. "I didn't mean to cause trouble."

Benny had an idea. "Maybe we can help you find another way to paint the sky, without stealing the colours from the meadow."



The Wind Sprite's eyes sparkled. "Really? How?"

The Flutterbys thought for a moment.

Then Ruby grinned. "Rainbows!"

"Yes." Ollie twirled in midair. "If we find a little rain the sunlight will make all the colours appear in the sky."

The Wind Sprite clapped its breezy hands. "That's perfect!
But ... uh...where do we find rain?"

The Flutterbys looked around. No grey clouds, no raindrops,
just a whole lot of dull blue sky.



Benny scratched his head. "Maybe we could make some."

"How?" Ruby asked.

Ollie grinned, "We dance for it!" Before anyone could stop him, he started twirling wildly in the air, flapping his wings as fast as he could.

The Wind Sprite tilted his head. "I don't think that's how rain works."

Rosie giggled. "I don't know, but I do think Ollie might get dizzy again."

"Too...much...twirling..." Ollie mumbled as he flopped on to a leaf.



Just then a cool breeze swept through the meadow and the
grey raincloud began to roll in.

A single raindrop plopped on to Rosie's nose. "Look! It's
working!" she cheered.



As the gentle rain fell, the stolen colours swirled back into the flowers, trees and even Ollie's wings.

The meadow brightened once more. And then, as the rain slowed, a dazzling rainbow stretched across the sky.

The Wind Sprite zipped through it, giggling with joy. "This is even better than before."

The Flutterbys beamed as they flitted below.

Their colours were back, the meadow was happy, and the sky now had a magical splash of colour too.



As the Wind Sprite danced through the rainbow, Ollie sighed with relief. "Phew! I never want to be a ghost again!

Rosie laughed. "You were never a ghost, Ollie."

Ollie smirked. "Are you sure? Because I feel extra solid now!"

He bonked playfully into Benny.

Benny rolled his eyes, but he was laughing too.

And as the Flutterbys played in the sunshine they knew that their colours and their fun were safe in Flutterby meadow.

THE END

FUN FACTS about Mythical Wind Sprites

- 🌀 Wind sprites are tiny, invisible creatures said to ride the breeze, tickling leaves, flipping petals, and swirling dandelions as they go.
- 🧚 Some say when your hair suddenly blows into your face, a wind sprite just zoomed past in a hurry!
- 🌬️ They help carry butterfly wishes to the sky and whisper secrets into tree branches.
- 🪁 It's believed that wind sprites follow kites for fun and dance in the ribbons!
- ✨ You'll never see them clearly—but if you spot a swirl of sparkles in the wind or a giggle in the grass... it might be a wind sprite saying hello.

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Happy Fluttering

Nita Lesley

