

*Not All Butterflies are Nice and Sweet*

By Angela Dawn MacKay

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So you think butterflies are nice, pretty little creatures, do you? Well, let me tell you about a very rare, unknown species of butterflies that might make you change your mind. Meet the Butterflies Boogies, the baddest, meanest butterflies in all of existence.

What? You've never heard of them? What? You don't believe me? You think I'm just making them up? You don't believe that these creatures with wings as soft as the lips of a fair maiden and movements as graceful as the death of a turtle dove and colors as bright as the sun and moon put together could be bad and mean?

Well, you don't have to believe me if you don't want to. But, remember, don't say I didn't warn you when you lay down to go to sleep tonight. Oh, now I've got your attention, do I? What about sleep, you ask?

Well, my dear friends, that is where the Butterfly Boogies reside, in the twilight between sleep and waking, that slippery state, that muffled haze between dreams and reality. The Butterfly Boogies flutter beneath your eyelids, making you think that you're going off to the Land of Nod or Never Never Land, or whatever you call that beautiful imaginary dreamworld where all is well and good.

They trick you with their beauty, they hide their true faces in the folds of their wings, not showing you who they really are until it is too late.

And BAM! You're in the middle of a nightmare, a nightscape so horrifying and rare that you are completely bewildered. And then what are you gonna do? You're gonna wish you listened to me, aren't ya? Gonna wish that you didn't sneer and laugh when I said that butterflies could be your worst enemy. You're gonna wish that you'd let me tell you about their secret powers that will drive you mad and send you to the nuthouse. You're gonna wish that you'd let me tell you of their hidden weakness and how to defeat them.

But no, you've ignored me, laughed at me, mocked me, and now, I'm just a little bit slighted, maybe even slightly peeved off. I mean, why would I tell you any more about the Butterflies Boogies after your insolent remarks?

No, my dear friends, you're on your own.

You don't want to hear more about the Butterfly Boogies'? Fine! But when you lie in bed tonight, snuggled deep into your down duvet and fleece sheets, with the venetian blinds down and the velvet curtains drawn, and the lights out, and it is dark, dark, dark...

and then you see them, just a flutter of teal and purple flitting and flying you off to sleep, and in the darkness, when their true faces shine through, your gonna wish that you had listened to what I was gonna say.

What? You want me to tell you now? No, sorry, too late – I don't have time to tell you now, for it's time for lights out.

No, my friends, you're on your own tonight. Sleep well, my dear friends. That is, if you can.