

## The Giant Butterflies

*Boom!* The sky cracked, startling Casey. She jumped, and her mother looked worried. “What’s going on, Casey darling?” Casey looked out her window. “Mom, the sky’s all dark and there’s a huge black cloud right outside our window.”

*Crash!* The window shattered. “Aaaaah!” screamed Casey. “What IS going on?” Her mother peered out. “It’s some weird huge creature with wings!”

Casey’s older brother, Bill, came in. “Mom, what’s all the noise?” He took a look around the room they were in. “Whoa! What happened to the window?” he asked.

*Bam!* There was another loud noise. “Outside! Now!” shrieked Casey, scrambling for the door. She heard her mother and brother’s footsteps following closely behind her.

She puffed as she ran. Bill ran beside her, panting. “Where are we going to go?” he said. “Also, what are these creatures?”

They soon got to know. “We have come to destroy your planet,” hissed a giant creature. “Eeek!” screeched Casey. Bill looked scared, but curious. “What ARE you guys?” he asked.

“We are giant butterflies,” answered the creature. “And we have come to Planet Earth on our master’s orders. We have come to destroy your planet.”

“What?!” said Casey in disbelief. “That’s impossible. How exactly are you planning to destroy Earth?” The butterfly snickered quietly. “We have a bomb that cannot be taken away. It is very powerful. It can kill eight hundred people if one person touches it.”

Bill shook his head. “You can’t!” The butterfly laughed again. “Oh yes we can; we can.”

Casey ran away from the butterfly, dragging Bill with her. “We can’t let them do this! We *have* to come up with a plan to stop them!” she hissed.

Bill shook his head sadly. “There’s nothing we can do, Casey. You heard that butterfly. The bomb kills eight hundred people if a person touches it. We just have to die.”

Casey walked away and to the butterfly. As she got there, a plan popped up. She jogged back to Bill and whispered her plan. “Yes! That will *totally* work!” cheered Bill after she explained it to him.

They went back to the butterfly. “Hey, um, butterfly, what’s your name?” asked Casey, nodding at Bill. “My name is Wulida,” snapped the butterfly. “So, what’s your master’s name?” she asked again.

“Korolum.”

“Where’s the bomb?”

“In the oak tree next to your house.”

“How many of you are there?”

“600,000,000.”

“Do you eat humans?”

“No, and what’s with all the questions?”

“Never mind,” replied Casey. Bill came back, sighing. He grinned and nodded at Casey. “Yes! The bomb will explode in a few minutes. About three,” said Wulida. “Say good-bye to your world, Casey. You shall die in two minutes! Ha!”

Bill shook his head once, twice, and then three times. “Ha! I don’t think so, Mr. Bomb-is-so-dangerous-but-we-actually-destroyed-it!” Casey and Bill pounced on Wulida. “Aaaaaaaah!” screamed Wulida as they pulled his antennae and his legs.

He kicked and tried to fly away, but Casey had his wings pinned down and Bill had his legs all tied together and were holding them.

“You lied to us, Wulida, and it’s time to pay!” said Casey, smiling. “Who’s laughing now? Huh?” Bill said, chuckling. “Oh, hi, Mom!” Their mother came running up to them. “What in the world is that?” she shrieked. “That is the ugliest creature I have EVER seen!”

“Hey!” snapped Wulida. “You talk?” gasped Mom. “Yes!” answered Wulida, glaring at Mom.

Suddenly, there was a loud crack. “Noooooo.....” moaned Wulida, and then disappeared. “Where is Wulida?!” boomed a thunderous voice. Just then, a gigantic butterfly appeared. “He... he disappeared,” squeaked Casey, shaking. “He moaned, ‘nooo’ and then disappeared.”

The gigantic butterfly growled. “Arrgh! We have failed our mission! I am Korolum, and I am the master of all butterflies!” he roared. “Good-bye!” Then he gave a “Katanga!” and flew off, into the sky.

Mom was the one to break the silence. “Wow. That was... strange,” she said. “Totally,” agreed Bill. “Yeah,” said Casey. “Let’s go back.” They walked back to their house. To their amazement, the house was in perfect condition. There was no damage, nothing at all.

Casey walked to the window that had crashed. “Wow! Mom, come here!” she called. The window had repaired itself, or something else did. “Cool,” said Mom. “Now, let’s go check out the rest of the house.”

Bill walked up to them. “It’s fine,” he said. “Everything’s fine. Nothing is damaged, nothing at all.”

There was another silence, and then they all cheered for joy. “Yay!” cried Casey, jumping up and down. “I’m so—“

“Casey? Time to wake up, honey!” called Mom. *Huh?* thought Casey. *What are you talking about?* “It’s time to wake up!” repeated Mom.

Casey yawned and stretched. “So it was all a dream?” she murmured. Mom came in her room. “Let’s go!” she cried.

“All right, all right,” Casey said. “I’m coming.” She walked downstairs to the kitchen to eat breakfast. As she chewed her toast, she heard a loud voice roaring. *Wait a sec*, She thought. *That voice sounds familiar...* “WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOMB?!” the voice yelled.

“Oh, no,” muttered Casey. “That sounds like... Korolum!” *Crash!* The window shattered to pieces. “What in the world is happening?!” shrieked Mom. “A giant creature is outside talking!”

“Was I sleeping last night?” Casey asked. Mom looked confused. “Of course you were,” she said. “What else were you doing?”

The doorbell rang. "I'll get it," said Casey. To her surprise, no one was there except a magazine glinting in the sunlight. She picked it up and read:  
"Giant Butterflies Try to Invade Town!"

"It WAS true," she whispered. She looked up in the sky, and saw a little piece of a giant wing. She could hear the wing pushing up and down to get the creature it was attached to soar, up, up, and away, far to another land.

THE END  
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