

Leptiri svetla

Na livadi punoj cveća živele su dve mame leptirice, Mama Mela i Mama Joja. Njihova dečica Luka, Vasa i Sara, kao i sva druga deca iz okoline, rasla su bezbrižno. Trčkarala naokolo, proučavala bubice, brala cveće, hranila ptičice i pozdravljala drugare na koje bi nailazila tokom igre. Goluždrava i nestašna, vedra i razigrana, upijala su kao mali sunderi svaku priču koju bi im mame ispričale, umela da nacrtaju sve što bi njihove ručice dotakle i da izrecituju svaku pesmicu koju bi im vaspitačica Leptirka zadala tog dana u vrtiću za domaći zadatak. Ipak, postojalo je nešto što su iščekivala više od svega. Priče o “Velikom letu”, o svetu koji postoji i van njihove livade, polju crvenih makova i plišanih zumbula, podgrevale su njihovu želju da se manu bubica i običnog livadskog cveća koje ih je okruživalo, da se vinu na taj put što je pre moguće, pomirišu zumbule, prespavaju u ljubičastoj lali i popiju vodu sa nekog drugog izvora. Nestrpljiva da porastu stalno su zagledala svoja leđa i začetke malih krila koja su se na njima nalazila.

– Mamaaaa, a kad ćemo mi dobiti tako lepa krila kao što vi imate?

– pitao bi Vasa svako malo svoju Mama Joju.

– Meni će krila izrasti pre nego tebi, jer sam stariji punih mesec dana! Je l' tako, mama? – pitao bi Luka tada Mama Melu i pokušao da opet premeri koliko je izraslo perce koje je nagoveštavalo ta dugo željena krila koja bi mu omogućila da odleti malo dalje, i vidi još nešto osim

Butterflies of Light

In a meadow filled with flowers lived two Mummy butterflies, Mummy Mel and Mummy Jo. Their little ones Luke, Vance and Sarah, along with all the other children around them, grew up carefree, running around, studying bugs, picking flowers, feeding birds and greeting friends they would meet while playing. Barefoot and whimsical, cheerful and playful children would soak up like a sponge every story their Mums used to tell them, they could draw whatever their hands would touch and recite any poem their kindergarten teacher Mrs Butterfly gave them for homework. Still, there was something they were longing for. Stories about “The Great Flight”, about the world that exists outside of their meadow, about the field filled with red poppies and velvet hyacinths, tickled their taste buds to forget about the little bugs and plain meadow flowers that surrounded them, to set off on that journey as soon as possible, to smell hyacinths, to spend at least one night in a purple tulip and to drink water from a different spring. Being so impatient to grow up, they would constantly peek behind their back, just to check the progress of their tiny wings.

-Muumummy, when are we going to have wings as beautiful as yours? - every so often, Vance would ask his Mummy Jo.

-My wings will be bigger than yours, I am one month older after all! Right, mum? - Luke would ask his Mummy Mel and then he would attempt to measure if maybe there was a hint of those long awaited

svoje livade.

– Mama, a da li su moja bar malo porasla noćas? Sinoć sam popila baš punu šolju mleka – bila je radoznala Sara koja je bila najmlađa i najmanja pa joj je bilo teško čak i da priviri svojim leđima.

– Jesu, jesu, Saro, porasla su bar za kapljicu tog mleka koje si popila – uveravala ju je tad Mama Joja.

– A znate li od čega krila najviše rastu? – pitala ih je mama Mela, a oni se zamislili i pokušali da daju baš svakakve odgovore.

– Krila rastu kada dugo spavate, krila rastu kada zdravo jedete, ali najviše od svega krila rastu kada mnoooooogo čitate, kada vredno učite, kada marljivo slikate i crtate i čuvate svet oko sebe. Ne ubijate bubice, štitite druge leptire i pomognete mraviću ako je zapeo na stazi noseći svoj tovar za zimu – objašnjavala im je Mama Mela, a oni je začuđeno gledali.

– Kako da čitamo kada ne znamo još uvek sva slova? – pitao je Luka tada.

– Ja znam bar 10 – rekao bi Vasa – A, B, V, G, D, Đ, E, Ž, Z, I.

– Ja nisam umeo da izgovorim Č, Dž, Š i Ž, pa sam išao kod logopeda i naučio – ubacio bi se Luka u razgovor, a Sara bi na sve samo prokomentarisala:

– Ja najviše volim da crtam!

– Nema veze što ne znate sva slova, ne odustajte od učenja – rekla je Mama Joja – Mame su tu da vam pomognu. Mame su tu da vam čitaju sve dok i sami ne savladate tu čaroliju. Ti, Saro, ako najviše voliš da crtaš,

wings that would enable him to fly a bit further away and to see something else beyond his meadow.

-Mummy, did my wings grow at least a tiny bit last night? I had a mug full of milk last night - curious Sarah would say, who also happened to be the youngest and the smallest so it was hard to take a peek on what was behind her back.

-Of course Sarah, your wings have grown for at least one drop of that milk you had - Mummy Jo used to say.

-But do you know what makes the wings grow really big - Mummy Mel asked, and all of them started thinking hard and gave all kinds of answers.

-Wings grow when you sleep a lot, they grow when you eat healthy, but most of all, wings grow when you read a looooooot, when you study hard, when you draw and paint diligently and when you look after your environment. When you don't kill bugs, when you protect other butterflies and help a little ant when it gets stuck carrying its load for the winter - Mummy Mel explained and they all looked at her surprised.

-How can we read when we don't know all the letters - Luke asked.

-I know at least 10 - Vance said-A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J...

-I couldn't say ketchup, I used to say keputch, but then I visited speech therapist and he helped me - Luke would add, and Sarah would just add:

-I prefer to draw!

-It doesn't matter if you don't know all the letters, don't give up on learning - Mummy Jo said - Mums will always be here to help you. Mums

