

# The Butterfly Nation

By David Austin Cox

## Forward

The following story is a metaphor in many areas. It is a futuristic presentation one hundred million years in the future when planets are left to their own living energy. This planet that we call Earth and the Butterfly Nation known as Blue Dot heals itself from the damage inflicted by it's inhabitants. The story is not intended to be a political statement. However if the old saying.. "If the shoe fits, wear it" then so be it. Primarily, it is for the preteens and teens and hopefully he talks to them without preaching.

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The larger triangular shaped craft glided effortlessly through the eerie silence of space at the incredible warp speed of 126,000 miles per hour. The propulsion system was enhanced 1000 times by a solar energy device that gathered the light from all stars within the range of 10,000 light years and stored all excess energy when the ship was not within that distance. On the bow of the craft were painted large symbols of squares, circles, and crossed triangles that translated to English spelled "New Home." Upon closer examination, the entire fuselage was pitted and scarred from its millions of traveled years throughout the universe. In length, it measured the equivalent of 3 miles and its width was approximately one mile. Attached to the top deck of "New Home" were many smaller vehicles, dull gray in appearance as opposed to the bright silver of the mother ship. At a fair distance it looked much like a small village. The vehicles were life rafts, much like what was the way large ocean going vessels look like in their long ago past.

Inside there was the pilot's area with an amazing array of colorful technical equipment, some ominous in

appearance, obviously weaponry and others looking mostly navigational. From the floor upward, carving to part of the ceiling was a two-foot thick windshield made of a metallic see-through substance, totally impenetrable, and its view was panoramic. Seated in a retractable black metal chair was a robot with multiple arms and from each of its six arms there were two very dexterous hands, capable of multitasking with great ease. The robot was nicknamed "Eyes" by the craft's 275,000 inhabitants. He looked and moved much like the sea creature octopus. Just in front of *Eyes* was a frameless TV screen with a roving black dot within its borders, it bore no attachments to hold it in place and was simply a steering mechanism, controlled by *Eyes*. The robot was small in size, not much more than three feet in height and its arms and feet were two feet when fully extended. The robot's eyes were enormous, compared to its size. They protruded several inches from its round skull and could rotate in any direction, with the ability to magnify things at a great distance for closer detailed examination. *Eyes* was in constant vigilance, he was in complete control of the enormous vessel. It was being guided with pinpoint accuracy.

Behind the pilot's room was a two-mile long fuselage containing what appeared to be steel see-through cocoons.

Rising from the cocoons were still tubes attached to a large circular clock like device filled with symbols and moving chronometers measuring body functions of all the suspended animation personnel. The persons in the cocoons looked amazingly similar to the ancient inhabitants of the planet called Earth millions of years earlier. Their skin was vibrant in spite of the long period of travel time. The destination of "New Home" was within 36 hours of touchdown.

Suddenly an enormously loud alarm sounded, very much like an air raid siren. It filled the entire spaceship resounding from room to room. Within seconds the lids of the casket like cocoons popped open, next the eyes of each opened wide and a great amount of starrng took place. The noise inside the ship seemed such a contrast to the lack of sound in space. The black dot on the pilots screen began to move hither and thither, as the ship slowed from warp speed to a minimal 60,000 mph. In the front window one could see distant planets, somewhat beautiful ice crystal rings, others barren and obviously lifeless, there was one planet covered with clouds of frozen methane gas, another close to the central star with thick gaseous dioxide. Then, midway between the nine planets sat the one, which was the destination of "New Home." Eyes quickly used his

telescoping ability to hone in on it and project the image on the giant screen in the main fuselage.

Unlike the other baron planets some of which contained ruins that suggested earlier life existence, this one was lush with water and green foliage reflections the blue skies. The people when choosing this planet called it "Blue Dot," in history it was known by its inhabitants as Earth. *Eyes* scanned the planet and zoomed in on the two particular areas. One area had huge mud structures climbing hundreds of feet in the air from a rather scrubby treed plateau. The other was a very high mountainous fully green with large lakes dotting the landscape. The former mud structures appeared to be dwellings for similar in size beings, while the mountains were without what would be habitants.

As the bodies once comatose in the cocoons came to life, they stretched and yawned, set up right and slowly exited from their long milenious of sleep. The first to stand and shake his legs and arms was dressed in a shiny purple cloth made of dress unlike former Earth beings, these beings had huge muscular growths emanating from each side area of their back as though they had huge muscular backs. The protuberances rose easily one foot above their heads. At first glance it looked grotesque. Much like an

early literature character of movie fame on the ancient Hollywood named Quasi-Moto the hunchback of Notre Dame, of the population it was carefully planned, half female. No children. The skin colors were many, both within their own bodies and varied within each other, all colors were considered equal and considered beautiful.

The first person to exit his cocoon walked to the front of the room; turned and faced the remaining exiting crowd. It was obvious he was their leader. As he stood waiting for the completion of the large amount of people, a young much smaller person left the group to walk to the leader and held his hand, standing by his side. This was a woman draped in gold cloth. She had a very curvaceous, sexually attractive figure. The leader was her mate. Standing well over 6 feet tall he towers over her. He began to address everyone in the ancient English language. "Dear friends and relatives, we have arrived at our destination. The planet "Blue Dot." This planet revolves around a star known as Sun some 93,000,000 miles give or take a few million, at times depending on the planets orbit. The memory of the destruction of our home planet was far different in nature from Blue Dot. The people of Blue Dot allowed destructive poisonous conditions to burn holes in the ozone layer. This ozone layer protected the

life on the planet from the sun's radiation. Eventually the battle was lost in all life disappeared. Elixitine, our planet, blue up from within and as you probably can guess that was over 2 million years or circles of our star ago. However, Blue Dot, having perfect conditions to heal, did so in roughly 500,000 circles of its star the sun. It has regained its perfect chemical balance to once again sustain life. The condition on Blue Dot was well known by our scientists to be the very same as Elixitine. Although the news was excellent when we began this journey, a problem has taken place during our time in space. A group known as the Wasp people have inhabited the continent called Europe. Large mud dwellings have risen in abundance over most of its area. Upon *Eyes* examination he has determined they are warlike people. Therefore he has decided to land New Home in the high mountainous place once known as Switzerland. Huge rugged mountains rise to great heights affording a certain degree of safety. The wasp people have found that area unfavorable for their needs. Hopefully we will live there in peace and harmony. Thank you. Now prepare for boarding the exit crafts in one rotation of Blue Dot to descend to our new home. The Butterfly Nation shall rise again. In 23 hours we will gather in the great room to disembark." As the leader

ended his speech he heard a mighty roar calling out his name "yeah Jenquil, yea Jenquil." As they dispersed for their private quarters,  $\emptyset 00\Delta$ , or Jenquil sighed with a great relief. His mind began to drift back to the day they departed Elixitine and the assignments to different crafts and their leaders. There were over a million ships, each one receiving specific orders to areas of the universe with potential and habitable planets. Each ship had a robot to pilot them. Each leader was made fully aware of possible failures and several only carried families with children. Jenquil's was not one of them. However he was given a special dispensation to take his son, Jenquil II. Jenquil had been chosen as the supreme leader of the entire Elixitine population because of his education and special abilities that were far above average. He was a graduate of the University of Elixitine with the highest honors ever awarded. His scientific knowledge of the universe was second to none. As a child prior to the detachment from his mother and father, he had shown his brilliance by solving the equation of advanced spaceship speed and the invention of the see-through metal. This made the speed equation possible to be tested and it also is the perfect substance to put barriers around all the dwellings. This gave a great measure of protection to the Butterfly people.



All this caused him to be considered the highest of the intellectual elite's of Elixitine.

Peace on Elixitine was a given. All disagreements with in the populace work tended to by the robots. They were programmed to interpret all the laws of the planet. Should they disobey the robots decision they would go before the tribunal consisting of 12 leaders for sentencing. Many would receive a time of banishment to the black moon, a very dark dead moon that circled Elixitine. The average sentence was less then one year since life expectancy there was only 3 to 4 years. There was no light three fourths of the year. At two years the sentence could be adjudicated to be finished on the planet in servitude. This was not pleasant as the populace basically ignored them much the same as if they were on the black moon. There were less than 200 prisoners serving time and 50 men and 5 women in servitude.

On Elixitine there was no such thing as marriage. The rules were simple. If you begot a child you were charged raising them for 12 years. At that point they will detach and become tradesmen or university students. Science was the most popular choice, other one could certainly choose from a variety of educational fields. All children were taught self-esteem, the arts, and they had to participate

in one sport for the entire school time. The most popular was aerial ball. Primarily all sports on the planet were non-combative and done for the purpose of health and strength.

Jenquil thought back to the day that *Eyes* sounded the alarm that resounded through every nook and cranny of the entire planet. All were warned that the planet would soon explode and they had three months to prepare for entire evacuation. The internal core of Elixitine would reach a complete meltdown temperature soon after that. The entire planet would no longer exist. All the great minds of Elixitine could not solve the problem that the robot's sensors had detected. So, finally the order was given to prepare. The race to build one million space vessels for great distance travel was begun.

As New Home only had one child, his mother, the senior Jenquil's mate Solimine was charged with his complete education upon reaching the chosen destination. Jenquil II was 10 years of age and showing a genius that even surpassed his father. Solimine was the perfect mother to nurture her son. Being Jenquil senior's mate was no accident. They were matched by their intellectual brilliance; many of the leaders were women on Elixitine. Solomine in actuality gave up her command of an escape ship

just to be with Jenquil senior. Despite being match she was also very much in love. She was one of the top graduates at the same university where she and Jenquil met. Solomine was beautiful in every way. She had rich golden locks of hair that fell well down between the muscles on her sides. Her colors were vibrant aqua blues and yellow with streaks of brown dividing each one, her perfectly shaped buttocks and legs were muscular yet thin an appearance, and then came her blemish free pale brown face with large violent and green eyes separated by white lines.

Jenquil thought how lucky he was to have such a beautiful wife and son and he prayed to the creator to allow him to protect her and their new land. "Please," he said, "let me find the materials and climate to create a wonderful life for all of our people." As he continued to daydream, Jenquil II ran to him and vigorously clasped his arms about his father's waste. Jenquil lurched "no son," he said, "you must never clasp the back area, it can cause severe damage." "I am so sorry," Jenquil II said to his father. Not wanting to sound gruff, Jenquil quickly softened his voice to say "that area," pointing to his sons waste, "will someday soon be the most beautiful and freeing part of your body." Jenquill II looked deep into his father's eyes as large tears roll down from his own. He

repeated, "I am so sorry father, I shall never forget your words." Jenquil bent forward and kissed his son's forehead, then bade him to go be with his mother and to wait the 18 hour meeting. As his son skipped away, his face field with fatherly pride at such a wonderful son.

Solimine sat in her small cubicle, feeling both excited and scared at the same moment. She also prayed to the creator, "Please make Blue Dot the perfect and safe home, protect us from all evils and all natural dangers, we remain your humble and grateful servants." Solimine put her arm around her sons waste to hug him. Janquil II said, "No mother, you must never hug me there." She knew instantly that his father had taught him that lesson. She smiled and said "You are so right. So I will give you the best hug around your neck." She then sat back on the airflow bed and bade Jenquil II to join her and they lay down side-by-side to wait for the 18<sup>th</sup> hour.

Outside of the front metallic window, *Eyes* was aware of how large Blue Dot was as New Home's auto mechanism began to slow to an orbiting speed around this beautiful aqua blue planet. *Eyes* had not been programmed with emotions yet it seemed he was almost smiling when one looked into his clear liquid pool eyes. The central pilot room chronometer was quickly approaching the time to board

the landing crafts. Behind *Eyes* the sliding door to the great room opened and he checked out each of the Elixitines slowly filtering in. As they did, they lined up standing at attention adjusting to the position to leave a space on each side of them. Jenquil was the last enter from an upper deck overlooking the vast crowd. He gave the appearance of floating or hovering above them. Facing the throng, he began to speak.

"Welcome to the 18<sup>th</sup> hour my friends, it is only minutes when we will be boarding to descend to the surface of Blue Dot. We will be disembarking in the mountainous area once named Switzerland by the ancients of this planet. *Eyes* has determined it to be safe and highly habitable with ample water and building materials. So, it is important that we now have a final physical inspection. So if by chance any damage was incurred, it can be repaired on board by our New Home Medical Department. The persons needing repair will be detained until it is complete. Please follow my instructions: lift your arm high in the air. Yes, like that!" One young lady several rows back could not get hers fully extended. She began to moan as though in pain. The two males closest to her moved to each side and placed their hands beneath her elbows and ever so gently lifted her arms above her head. Ever so happy at the relief she

smiled and graciously said "thank you." Jenquil, observing the kindness, said "I believe you are a bit weakened from the journey." She nodded in agreement and Jenquil continuing his instruction said "Now all rotate fairly rapidly to the right." As they did a beautiful multicolored diaphanous wing emerged from the hump or muscle on that side. It rose to the area above each head and spread out to a few feet on each side. He repeated the instruction for the left side and standing in front of him there now stood a Butterfly Nation of the most beautiful, most colorful people imaginable, translucent and moving slowly forward and back. The effect was magical. Jenquil's eyes filled with tears at the site. Without a reflection of his own image Jenquil could not see that his wings were larger and more beautiful than any of the others. The creator had honored him during the suspended journey. Solomine standing in the front row directly in front of him swooned at his glorious and handsome appearance. Jenquil II watching the procedure from the side walked to his mother and gently touched her wings. They are so soft and beautiful mother. Solomine saw that he was disappointed that he had no wings and reaching down placed her hand on the area where his muscle was beginning to grow. "You must know, my son, that your father and I

are so proud of you. Your gentle nature is beyond description. Sit for a moment and let me tell you a story that the ancients of our home on Elixitine had passed down for thousands of generations. It seems that the planet Blue Dot was discovered by our scientist way back when this planet was field with a large diverse population. Some of the people were fortunate to have discovered enlightenment while others lived and existed in the darkness. Their world was aggressive and warlike. Because of this, there were many troubles. Mostly from fear and uncertain beliefs. Oppressive and cruel leaders caused people to die or live in poverty simply because of their skin color. There were many wars leading to the making of powerful destructive weaponry and the worst of it was they did not possess wings so they invented vehicles that polluted the planet. So the creator in an effort to save people from pain and suffering sent a large contingent of butterflies from Elixitine team to Blue Dot. It was a mystery as to how they were transported even to this day. Sometimes the creator does things that way. Anyway, when they were there the people could not see them except on very special occasions when they were being saved or guided. The earth people gave them the name angels. Many believed in many did not. As the planet deteriorated more and more from the

destruction of the protective ozone not even the angels could exist so one by one they were brought back to Elixitine. They told the most interesting and fascinating accounts of rescues and savior heroism. The people of Blue Dot revered them and never let the stories die out. In so doing the transition of Elixitine to a peace loving people took place. Now as for you not having wings yet. One day soon they will simply appear on your sides and keep growing to a full and powerful size. When that day comes, we shall call you a man." Jenquil II listened intently to every word and when she concluded Jenquill II asked "Did they ever see the creator, Mother?" "Yes dear" she answered "they are the only ones who have ever seen the Creator with the exception of the creator's son, many while he lived among the earth people called him Jesus of Nazareth, although he went by many names. However, that is a story for another day. Let it suffice to say that your father and now you are direct descendants of the Creator's chosen people. As are all the leaders of Elixitine. It is a gift given to them for their time on Blue Dot." "Mother," asked Jenquill II, "will I ever see the creator?" Solomine pondered the question. Then put her hand tightly into his and answered, "Those chosen ones said that if you close your eyes and calm your heart eventually a very bright



white light will appear within you. At this moment a sense of extreme joy will overtake your entire being. This they say is the Creator for he is all things and the collective mind of all life in the universe. With knowledge beyond any one individual, however in his wisdom he created a tiny speck of that connection to every living thing and to man and woman a thing called freewill. Freewill some have chosen to block that connection and use their power for evil, fortunately that is not the case in the Butterfly People. Now Jenquill you must continue your studies." A brilliant young teacher had been selected prior to the journey to assist Solomine. Jenquill II was elated yet there existed a sadness in his eyes for he had to say goodbye to many young friends and especially a blond girl named 00VΔΔ0 or in translation Janine. All female names in the nation started with a circle and ended with one, males began with a square and ended with a square. If there was a question of identity the name started with a birth determination and ended with the opposite. This was not determined until they ended puberty. No one was ever judged by his or her identity choice.

*Eyes* was busy scanning the mountainous terrain below when he spotted a location suitable for their new home. The particular location was surrounding a huge mountaintop

lake, once call Geneva, now much overgrown but exquisitely beautiful. The lake gleamed crystal clear in the early summer season. It was filled from flowing streams deriving from snow filled mountaintops all year long. The summer season was at its slowest a refill, however in the winter season the daytime sun melted just enough to fit it to capacity. Beautiful flora covered all the lakes borders making colors abound.

*Eyes* calculated that the safest landing area was on the lake itself and since it calls little risk to the mothership "New Home" there would be no need to use the landing crafts. Jenquil was informed and his announcement echoed throughout every room to prepare for touchdown. Since Blue Dot contained many elements and in particular rough wind currents, it seemed reasonable to use safety harnesses. The descent began and as they pierced the first atmospheric layers huge flames adorned the front and sides of the ship. *Eyes* had warned that Blue Dot had a very thick atmosphere, however the metals far surpassed the heat levels that would be experienced. With very slight wind "New Home" settled in the warm lake waters. Much hissing and steam arose for a brief period, then *Eyes* pressed a button and large pontoons emerged from the lower deck of the ship stabilizing it within moments. Slowly it found

its way to the deepest landing area near the shore. The instrument panel was a blaze with moving colors measuring air content, temperatures, water quality and depth. No stone for safe existence was left unturned and when all was found to be satisfactory an all clear resounded. The cheers rose to a deafening roar. As *Eyes* scanned the forest, he calculated signs of life. He could not determine whether they were harmful but it was abundant. The Elixiterians were vegetarians. To them all life was sacred. Located in the top deck of New Home was the farm section. It contained a giant garden with stored seeds of every variety. They had been chemically tested to conform to the soil Blue Dot and since the water and starlight was equal to most planets, the plants would thrive. Over the loud speaker came Janquil's happy voice. "You may now venture to the outside deck, the temperature is 72°, the chemical balance is the same as Elixitine." With that, doors slid open and the smell of warm sweet mountain area filled the rooms, an orderly procession to the top deck began. The awe and wonder was evident on every face. Jenquil holding his son's hand and Solomine's with the other swooped his mate's body carefully up to his and kissed her, radiant joy filled their faces.

*Eyes* spoke into the microphone with a warning, loud and clear. "Please do not venture near the edge of the deck, should you fall into the water your wings getting wet will drag you beneath the surface. This could be extremely dangerous. Also, do not attempt flight yet as we must first test the wind currents. That is all." With that he clicked off.

As Jenquil, Solomine, and Jenquil II stood holding hands gazing at the new land that would be their home for the rest of their lives, Solomine turned to Jenquil and with the biggest sigh said, "Oh, Jenquil, it is so magnificent!" With that a passion rose between them that caused their wings to fill with radiance that was new to even them. As Jenquil basked in this newfound feeling a very large winged creature flew up and around them. To him they seem to be miniatures of themselves. So he asked *Eyes* to explain what they were. *Eyes* asked if they were about 3 to 4 inches in size with yellow wings covered with black dots. He replied yes, but some were orange. "Oh" come back from *Eyes*. "They are monarchs, otherwise known as butterflies. At one time a vanishing species." "A butterfly" he yelled. "Hooray! The creator has sent a sign. This is truly now the Butterfly Nation." The colony was to

be known henceforth as the planet Blue Dot's Land of the Butterfly Nation.

The building of the colony's homes began almost at once. The people flew back-and-forth from the ship with tools to cut timber and other building materials. Homes began to dot the shoreline of the lake, seeds were planted to take advantage of a plentiful fall harvest. Then from the bowels of New Home, the animals that were kept in a suspended state until things were ready began to rise and much like the people yawned and stretched to shake off the long sleep. Horses, cows, dogs, cats, parrots many varieties of domesticated pets and so began the adaptation period. Life was turning to an orderly existence. Many prayed to the creator often for the safe journey to an equally beautiful place for their former friends and relatives. All was well.

The mother ship became the supplier of electricity and power machinery. The whole community began to take on the look of a society that was the lifeblood of Elixetine eons ago.

Far to the east of the isolated island European continent, the wasp people began to feel uneasiness in the air. They did not know why but they sensed something was amiss, their daily rituals had begun to sing tiresome. It

was the same combat games every day since they had no real enemies. The audiences would clamor for a kill when one wasp soldier defeated another as battles took place. The participants would put their sting guns on the lowest charge, this would kill the defeated without harming the audience. If the charge did not kill the defeated, the wasp would be allowed to live, his sting gun would be removed and he would live the rest of his existence in shame. Each wasp was required to join the army at the age of puberty on males and till the age of 80 years and females had the option to leave after birthing offspring. The army consisted of more than 500,000 males and only 75,000 females, for females to remain in the military they were required to be sterilized as it made them stronger and less sexually attractive to the males. Wasp females were losing their fertility more and more as the years transgressed. The females were often given as prizes for won battles and consequently many successful warriors had harems. The leaders became generals from consistently winning. As each new opponent succumbed to a general, the general would grow meaner and more grotesque a looking. The biggest winners carried two sting guns and only one in the whole nation earned three, his name was General Crushel. He was mighty, large, and mean.

His harem consisted of 50 women and he was the father of thousands of children. He had the reputation of slaying any child that disobeyed his order no matter how ridiculous it was. Once Crushel had become the supreme commander of the Wasp army doing duels was no longer a requirement for him. Crushul has been gifted with extremely accurate intuition and it was he who sensed that something was wrong. Wasps thrived on wars. It was in their DNA. The soldiers had a nickname for Crushel, one that he detested so it was only passed around and whispers when he was not around. Many suspected that he really knew and secretly enjoyed the name being so keenly sensitive. "Pssst" one would whisper to another, "did you hear that the Bug Crusher crushed another of his children today" and a mild chuckle could be heard rising from the small gathering. Gestures of being silent would take place for fear of it got back to him their life could be lost, or at the very least he would have them tortured.

As the Butterfly Nation began to get more and more comfortable in their new land, several rules had been put in place to deal with the daily ins in outs of life. Ninety-nine percent of the people were totally law-abiding,

honest, kind, and considerate. The first case of disagreement came about over one person encroaching on the land and in particular the garden of a mate less woman who was known by the name Lilithea. She had planted the vegetable beatamint, a very sugar loaded flower that was very desirable to every butterfly person. To drink of its nectar increased both wisdom and strength, much the same as multi-vitamins did for the agents of Blue Dot or Earth. Jessara, her neighbor, sneaked into her garden, tapped the fast-growing flower much the way maple syrup is drawn from trees in the northern section of the American continent. When Lilithea brought charges against him to the newly formed tribunal, old habits banned him to the moon. However the only problem was Blue Dot's moon had no atmosphere and was totally hostile to any live form. So when he was found guilty they had to find an alternate punishment. They determined he would be put into servitude for several star or sun circles. Jessara would have none of this. He ran from the tribunal building and flew to the highest mountaintop where upon he rested for a moment then impulsively headed off to the east. His huge ingestion of beatamint gave him extra strength and a false feeling of power and speed so flying high in the air enabled him by accident to enter the wind stream that flowed from west to



east. Much like a river current, it exhilarated him to a speed that he had never experienced. Within hours he was entering the space over the Wasp settlements. With his strength ebbing and no food insight, it caused him to land dangerously close to a large mud structure. His condition was now growing serious. Desperate for nourishment, he searched the area frantically. There was nothing. As he grew weaker and weaker his mind started drifting to his childhood days when his parents were banned to the black moon for their corrupt handling of the local food bank. Jessara was sent to a foster home where his anger caused much acting out. At first a lot of it was forgiven knowing that he was suffering from deep inner pain of living with the shame of his parents. Jessara loved and missed them. Finally at the age of 18 he was ordered to face the tribunal as an adult. They showed leniency and sent him to one year at the university. It would be a trial. At the school he was shunned so he vented his anger at fellow students. At the years end he again faced the tribunal for beating a girl who refused to date him. The night in question he flew to a treetop and hid until his capture the following day. His tribunal sentencing date was set for the following month. However, since the abandonment of Elixitime came about within that time it was decided that

he would be sent to Blue Dot aboard Jenquil's ship. It was believed that if anyone could arrest his angry ways, it would be Jenquil. As Jessara lay on the muddy cave ground dying, little did he know that the mud structure next to him was where Crushel's harem abided. Back in the Butterfly Nation the hunt for Jessara was called off. There was great belief and concern that he had fled to the east and might be captured by the Wasp People. So Jenquil called an emergency meeting of the Tribunal for 8pm that evening.

Within the chamber of the mud house were private rooms for each female in the room. Closest to where Jessara lay was a young wasp girl named Sepina. Her gift and consequently ownership to Crushel's harem had happened only days earlier. Sepina looking out from her cubical bedroom spied Jessara's body lying in a heap not 20 feet from her window. Sepina ran out to see whom this was. As she studied him she realized his condition and quickly went to her room and grabbed a jar of huel. Huel was the main food of wasps. It was basically a jelly like substance made from a combination of mashed vegetables and honey, most often honey that was stolen from a small colony of honey producing bees that dwelled in the foothills of the mountains west of the wasps' domain. Sepina spooned the

huel into Jessara's mouth and stroking his throat so it would be fully ingested. As his life force increased, his black and yellow wings began to flutter and unfold. Sepina stared in disbelief. She had never seen anyone so beautiful. Her body quivered from the uncontrolled attraction. Wasp women had never seen a butterfly person. As she continued to give him nourishment his eyes opened, again their beauty smote her. As Jessara focused and Sepina came into his sight, he lurched, "No" said Sepina in a language that he could not understand. Realizing that he was frightened, Sepina began to caress his face in a most tender way. Slowly Jessara relaxed as he became aware of her kindness. Sepina was an exception among the harem women. Crushel's behavior was hateful to her sensitive nature. Most of Crushel's harem were excited and drawn it to his demanding actions. They thought it manly.

While Sepina caressed Jessara's face, his strength continued to grow. It seemed strange to him that he was finding himself attracted to her. He had never felt such kindness.

Off in the distance on an adjacent mud home that housed Crushel's guard, a sentry was looking through binoculars. Spotting the couple he immediately summoned Crushel. The guards at once surrounded them and dragged

Jessara away from her. Sepina realizing she had to lie if she were to save him stated the butterfly man had forced her to help him. The guards believing her bade her return to her room. She thank them then walked over and slapped Jessara. For a brief moment he was confused, then a light bulb went off in his mind. He knew she had adopted a plan to save him.

The interrogation of Jessara began as soon as he was brought into the guard quarters, torture of every kind was done to him. He knew that upon getting any information he would doom in the Butterfly Nation. Crushel was clever. He knew how to get to his enemies and Jessara was far from having the strength or ability to last very long. Crushel weighed this possibility, which would mean there would be little or no information about the enemy. After a few minutes of thought he walked to his desk and from the bottom drawer produced a very sharp knife. Holding it in front of Jessara he said "resist talking after I count to ten and your wings will come off." Jessara could not bear the thought of being without wings so he spoke in a very frightened voice, "I will tell you all" he stuttered and so he did. In Jessara's mind he was desperately conjuring up a plan. He knew he must play along until Sepina made her move. He just knew she would. Crushel had a military

intellect and was well aware that having a spy in captivity would be a great advantage. Especially considering two things, his intuition and the fact that he had no idea of the size of this Butterfly Nation. So for the present Jessara had bided time. Crushel looked him straight in the eye and said "should you give one lie and your wings will be history." Jessara sighed a breath of relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He repeated to himself "I just know she will save me."

Jessara was being held in a cell in the back of the guard's quarters. Crushel's guards were crack troops and they also knew him personally as they interacted with him daily. So it was evident to them that he had developed feelings above that of his other harem women for Sepina. Perhaps because she was different, or because three times she had resisted his advances when he had salmon for her.

Back in the room Sepina knew she had to see Jessara. So donning a very sexy dress that Crushel had forced her to wear at their last meeting, she prepared to attempt a way past the guards. Wasp women had incredibly sexy bodies, large full breasts and fire red buttocks, legs that tapered down in a shapely manner. These attributes were extremely inviting to male wasps. Especially when they saw lust in the butt beautiful large round eyes. Sepina personified

all these attributes, so all she flew to the guardhouse. Guards knew that any indiscretion buy them to one of Crushel's harem meant certain death, so all their behavior was kept to gawking and imagination. Sepina slid the dress down to the point that it barely covered her breast and made sure the dress clung tightly to her full round buttocks with much of it hanging below the curves. She was making herself irresistible. As she walked up to the guard at the entrance, he stopped her. She immediately turned on her charm, "I came to let your prisoner know that I will ask Crushel to execute him. I wish to see him squirm when I tell him." The guard smiled and let her pass. As he watched her walk with her buttocks swaying back and forth he entertained many lustful thoughts but simply waved to the other guards to let her pass. When finally she reached his cell Jessara was crouched in the corner, seated on the cold wet floor looking scared and forlorn. Sepina stood facing the bars. Jessara so regretted running away from the mountain nation but something inside told him that all would turn out well. Besides, it was done and could not be reversed. Sepina slipped him a note that she had hidden in her bosom. Jessara's face suddenly lit up with a warm loving smile. The note has been translated to his language by machine knew all the languages in the universe. It read

"Dear strange and beautiful man, After you read this please ingest it. I try very hard to help you escape. At time please take me with you. For I will be slain by Crushel after I do such. This very hard to make happen. Stay alert, Sepina." Soon with that she touched his face. As she left Jessara ingested her note. Exiting past the guard she muttered just loud enough to be heard "I hate him."

Crushel called for a war council with his top generals. This made them devilishly happy. It was what they live for. The lack of war had lasted too long. The last one had been against the Spider Tribe. It lasted less than a week. The survivors fled to the deep jungles of what was once the Florida Everglades, no wasp would ever travel there. It would be suicidal.

The following morning soldiers lined the fields as far as the eye could see. As the generals inspected their troops, wings snapped to attention, all sting guns were locked and loaded. Orders to move out were given by Crushel. The vast army spread their wings and took off. Crushel had the luxury of being carried by thirty soldiers who were also protectors in what looked like a large rowboat at his side connected to him with a chain that cuffed Jessara's wrist and circled Crushel's upper arm. It was not easy for the wasp to fly against the wind current

so the order was given to turn and fly eastward. This would be a much longer distance but it preserved their strength as they could glide out over the great ocean an attack from the west. As Sepina watched the wasps depart she gathered several jars of hule and flew south. Her plan was to enlist the Spider people of the Everglades to join with the Butterfly Nation. It would be a difficult, however she had befriended one of the spider men when they were prisoners and indirectly helped him escape. She thought if he was still there she could make them understand. After all there was a lot of bitter feelings toward the wasp soldiers and especially towards Crushel who had personally tortured and killed many. Flying southeast, she could be there in plenty of time plus the spider men had rocket ships that held over a thousand men each. She would fly day and night. Forty-eight hours later Sepina landed safely in the center of the Everglades. She was taken to the spiders' president within minutes, her translator in her carrying pouch allowed her to ask for El Todrow. El Todrow was summoned in as he approached Sepina cautiously, his memory kicked in at her recognition. He bowed to her and extended one of his arms to greet her. He spoke breathlessly. "My lady" he said, "what brings you to our land?" "I need, no I implore you to ask your army to



help." With that she calmly explained the entire situation. The president sitting nearby listened intently. He rose and said "my lady, I shall convene the city senate at once." After several minutes he returned, bade her to follow and helped her board one of their rocket ships. Within no time 56,000 spider soldiers with Sepina in the lead rocket we're headed for the Butterfly Nation. The Rockets could fly at a speed surpassing any speed that either the wasp soldiers or the butterfly people could fly. The ships flew across the southern part of the great ocean on a course due east for 1000 miles then northeast until they saw below them the large island once known as Ireland. Now it was joined with the English island and moved to the French land separated by the width of the large river. This eons ago was the English Channel. The continental plates and drifted them together over the millions of years. Just ahead was the mountain home of the Butterfly Nation. The rockets landed effortlessly on the lake lined up as the president's rocket floated into the house-populated area.

Jenquill was summoned immediately. As he stood watching this incredible site of rocket boats, a loud speaker blurred out "We come in peace my brothers and sisters. Maybe speak with your leader to convey an

important message." Jenquil asked for a loud speaking device and agreed to meet them aboard the New Home moored quite near them.

As the wasp soldiers neared the mountains from the northern area of Europe, it looked like a giant black cloud was feeling sky. Jessara grew more and more frightened as he sat helpless next to Crushel. The wasp soldiers would be over the Butterfly Nation within the hour.

Jenquil, Sepina, and the spider man president El Todrow exchanged the information briefly. Jenquil flew back quickly to the village center and over the loudspeaker system gave a warning for all to prepare for a coming invasion, women were to take themselves immediately to the great room in New Home. The butterfly men were to prepare to aid the spider men. Within minutes the Spider men had begun to spread a giant web completely surrounding the village. Eyes secured the women in the bowels of New Home and took his seat at the pilot room prepared for lift off if necessary. Sepina flew to execute her plan that she shared with Jenquil and the president. Out she flew and from her carry bag she transformed her looks to be a wasp soldier. Seeing the black cloud approach she swooped under it and came up one row behind Crushel. She had seen him strap Jessara in the seat to his left. The chain that

tethered them together was still on Crushel's right arm as it dangled confidently over the side of the rowboat shell. She now was flying directly behind them. Moving up to a place behind the wasp soldier next to Crushel. She pulled out a knife and hiding it beneath her wing, carefully sliced several parts of his wing causing him to pitch straight down. She quickly slipped into his place and with the grace of a professional pickpocket, slipped the ring down crush his arm and off of his hand. It was an incredible daring move. She knew that Crushel's desire to fight a war would have all of his attention. Jessara's instinct told him to look to his right and behind Crushel. He saw the dangling chain, realized that it was Sepina. Nobody had eyes like her. He threw himself over the side of the boat behind Crushel and let himself dropped way below the soldiers. Sepina followed in a similar fashion and when they were both a good distance below they opened their wings to dive further and land beneath the cover of thick leafy trees. As they lay on the ground Jessara leaned in and kissed Sepina, his adrenaline was out of control, nothing in his life could match the feeling.

The moment that Jessara flipped out of the boat Crushel became in enraged, however it would be a fools errand to go after him so he chose to concentrate on the

coming battle. In the Butterfly Nation, the butterfly men having no army were taking orders from the Spider men generals. They were to act as bait to draw them into the webs, staying just far enough away to make them feel it was too soon to release their sting guns. Just then an enormous black cloud of wasp soldiers came over the mountains at top speed. They circled the village to prepare a fast close in and a simultaneous firing of thousands of staying guns. Crushel sounded the charge as he saw the unarmed butterfly men hovering just off the ground. With lightening speed they flew straight into the webs, wasp soldier upon wasp became tangled. The spiders pounced upon them injecting poison into each struggling soldier, on they came wasp soldier upon wasp soldier. As they hit the many layers of webs, many sting guns discharged, the stings were flying in every direction. Many actually killed fellow soldiers in the webs, a few hit hovering butterfly men, and several hit spider men. Within twenty minutes the entire wasp man army was annihilated. Seven butterfly men were killed and 13 wounded, the most casualties were among the spider men army in all some 150 out of the thousands. Jenquil had a leg wound and lay on the ground being tended to by doctors from his nation. It didn't matter thanks to the Spiderman Army and Sepina but

now the hunt for Sepina and Jessara was to begin. Just as they were about to get volunteers to scout the mountainsides, Sepina and Jessara hand-in-hand flew into where they were tending to Jenquil. Both Solomine and Jenquil II were seated on the grass next to him. There was an immense crowd of Spider men, Butterfly people, Sepina, and Jesara as thank yous and gratitude was displayed.

As Jessara approached Jenquil, he sat facing him and humbly said "Jenquil, I am so sorry for my terrible behavior. If you can see in your wisdom to forgive me, I promise to never be trouble to you again." Jenquil smiled and answered, "I will tell the tribunal that you and Sepina saved the nation and that I recommend leniency. I sense that you have changed Jesarra. The creator will be pleased."

The tribunal met and followed Jenquil's advice. Jessara was given a period of one year to make amends to Alithia by spending one day a week tending to her garden. She forgave him for his actions. Sepina and Jesarra asked Jenquil to create a new precedent in the Butterfly Nation. "Would he honor them in marriage?" There was never a thought about it. Jenquil was the one who performed the ceremony.

The end.