

Victor

## **My Butterfly Tummy Ache.**

The surf was crashing leaving white bubbles shining glistening on the beach. I flapped my wings feeling cramps inside and burped a stench. I didn't want my kids to have these darn parasites. I flew high, I flew low, I flew right, butterfly and I circled left, I saw no milkweed on the beach.

I flew south above West Cliff drive, "neeeeyooow" I remember just missing the windshield of the tall white truck, unfortunately, my weak buddy splattered onto the window. I flew on alone going east on swift street looking for the orange blooms of a tropical milkweed.

I took a small turn and I ended up in a big green forest. I also saw a swamp and almost mistaked a swamp milkweed for a tropical milkweed and sighed. I lifted up my head and continued searching and I think I might have found a orange plant. I flew down and headed for the plant.

I got closer but I saw a flashing orange thing flashing in my eyes over and over again like the white truck that almost hit but orange. I saw the back of it come tame at very fast speeds but it missed. I just then noticed it was a wasp that was trying to kill me. I flew to a tree that was nearby and tricked it to hit the tree. I slowed down and laid my eggs on the tropical milkweed.