

## Solara's Spring Story: The Secret of the Butterflies

Hello, Little Oak Explorers! It's Solara here, and oh, do I have something flutteringly special to share with you today! Spring has tiptoed back into Little Oak Forest, and with it comes a magical secret carried on the breeze, hidden in petals, and whispered by wings...

### The Awakening Garden

The forest had begun to hum again. Birds sang - rehearsing for a grand concert, buds burst open in brilliant colours, and the ground felt soft and squishy beneath our paws. I was up early, brushing dew off my whiskers, when I spotted Ripple the Otter balancing on a mossy log, gazing skyward.

"Solara!" he called, spinning excitedly. "They're back!"

"Who's back?" I asked, trotting over.

Ripple's eyes twinkled. "The butterflies!"

I looked up - and there, fluttering through shafts of golden morning light, were delicate wings in every shade of springtime. Some were speckled like dandelions, others shimmered like sunlight on water. It felt like the forest itself was dancing.

"We have to show the others," Ripple grinned, already skipping toward Blossom's burrow.

### The Butterfly Path

We gathered Red, Timber, and even sleepy Sprout, who peeked out from his nest with bed-head prickles. Together, we followed Ripple along the winding trail through Little Oak Forest.

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Along the way, we passed bluebells and wild garlic, and I noticed little signs—clusters of caterpillars munching leaves, a chrysalis hidden beneath a branch, and the hush of wings brushing past our ears.

Finally, we reached a sunlit clearing Ripple called the Butterfly Garden. It wasn’t planted by paws or spades—it had grown wild, filled with nectar-rich flowers, long grass, and sheltering shrubs. A true wild space.

### **The Secret Shared**

The butterflies flitted around us, settling on fur and ears and paws. Sprout stood very still as a Red Admiral landed on his nose. He went cross-eyed trying to see it.

“They come back each spring,” Ripple said softly. “But only where the wild is left to grow. If we make space for them - just a little - they bring beauty, joy, and even help the flowers grow.”

I felt my heart glow as bright as the sun.

“Let’s make more butterfly places,” whispered Blossom. “Everywhere.”

So, Little Oak Explorers, the secret of the butterflies is this: when you make a wild space, you invite magic into the world. Even the tiniest patch - on a balcony, in a pot, or in a garden - can become a home for fluttering friends.

Until next time, keep exploring, keep planting, and keep your hearts open to the wonders of spring.

With fluttery joy,  
Solara

