

Butterfly

by Angie

Samantha wanted to give Vincent a special magnet for his collection.

She rummaged through the box of small things she had found in the Park. She smiled as she found the perfect one. It had likely fallen off a child's toy.

Mouse provided her with a small magnet and she handed her contribution to Vincent after a reading class.

He turned it this way and that to catch the light, its reflections glittering on the walls.

“Beautiful, Samantha,” he smiled at her. “Now I’m a man with both a butterfly and a dream, proving that a certain philosopher* erred.”

* Chuang-tzu (*Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man.*)

