

The Flutterbys



The Lost Cloud

By Nita Lesley

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MEET THE FLUTTERBYS

The Flutterbys are four friendly Butterflies who live in Flutterby Meadow. They love to explore, play and help their meadow friends. Bringing kindness, curiosity and a sprinkle of fluttery fun to every day.

Bold Red Ruby is full of energy and always ready to take the lead.

Sweet Pink Rosie is full of big ideas and endless excitement.

Thoughtful Bue Benny loves to figure things out.

Playful Orange Ollie, a mischief-maker, keeps everyone laughing with his playful ways.

Together the Flutterbys make the meadow a brighter, happier place, one flutter at a time.





It was a hot, hot day in Flutterby meadow. The sun shone high in the sky, and the air shimmered with warmth.

Ruby, Rosie, Benny and Ollie flapped their wings lazily as they played in the cool shade of the big oak tree.

"Phew! It's too warm to zoom around today," said Ruby, fanning herself with her wings.

"I know," said Rosie, stretching out on a leaf. "Let's rest here until it cools down."



But just as they were about to settle in, Benny's sharp eyes spotted something below.

"Look!" he called, pointing to the meadow, "The flowers don't look happy."



The Flutterbys peered down and gasped.

The meadow, usually bright and full of colour, looked dull
and droopy.

The flowers' petals hung limp, and their leaves were curling.



Ollie fluttered down first. "What's wrong, little flowers?"
he asked, worried.

A daisy lifted its tired head. "We're so thirsty," it sighed.

"The grey raincloud hasn't come in days, and we have no
water!"

"The poor raincloud must be lost." said Rosie



"Then we need to find it," said Benny. "Let's go Flutterbys!"
And off they flew, high into the sky.



They flapped higher, searching fields, forests and hills.
They peeked behind treetops and even under a bridge (just
in case clouds like hiding there).

But the lost raincloud was nowhere to be found.
Then, just as they were about to give up, Ruby spotted
something.



"Over there!" she pointed.

Far away, near the edge of a distant valley, a small grey cloud floated all alone, looking very sad.



The Flutterbys zoomed over.

"Hello cloud!" Rosie called.

The grey raincloud sniffled. "Oh! H-hello..."

"What are you doing all the way out here?" Benny asked.

The little cloud sighed. "The wind blew me off course. I've been trying to find Flutterby meadow, but I don't know the way back."

"Oh no!" said Ollie. "The flowers really need you. They are so thirsty."

"Oh dear!" the raincloud gasped. "I must hurry."



"But wait," said Ruby. "The wind might push you the wrong way again."

"Don't worry," Rosie smiled. "We'll guide you home."

The Flutterbys flitted around the raincloud, forming a fluttery little team.

"This way!" called Benny, leading the cloud forward.

"Stay close to us." said Ruby.

The wind tried to push the cloud off track, but the Flutterbys fluttered on both sides, keeping it steady.



Rosie twirled ahead. "We're almost there."

As they reached the meadow, the flowers lifted their droopy heads. "Look, look! The cloud is back!" they cheered.

The grey raincloud puffed up proudly and let out a soft sprinkle of cool rain.

DRIP...DROP...DRIZZLE

The flowers stretched their petals, drinking in the water. Their colours brightened, and their leaves perked up.

"Ahhh, that feels wonderful!" sighed the daisy.



The little cloud gave a happy rumble. "I'm so glad I could help."

"Thank you for bringing our friend home," said a sunflower.

Ollie giggled. "That was the best adventure ever!"

The Flutterbys twirled in the fresh, cool air, knowing that thanks to them, Flutterby meadow was a bright and happy once more.

THE END

FUN FACTS about Clouds

1. ● Clouds are made of tiny water droplets or ice crystals floating in the sky.
2. ● A single cloud can weigh more than a million kilograms—but it floats because the water is spread out!
3. ● Cumulus clouds (the fluffy ones) often look like cotton balls or animals—perfect for daydreaming.
4. ● Clouds can form at ground level, too—that's called fog!
5. ● Cloud shadows can move across fields and hills like giant sky puppets.

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Happy Fluttering

Nita Lesley

