



Dear Reader,

Below, you will find one chapter of the delightful story of *Little Wing*, including the full-color illustrations. You'll be happy to read this eBook to your children or grandchildren. Go ahead and put a smile on their faces.
Best regards,

Jake Taylor

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CHAPTER 3

As Little Wing continued searching for Professor Moth, he came across a strange lady who was jumping up and down on what seemed to be a net of some sort. As she jumped she was singing, and the words of her song said:

“I’d bet, I’d bet
This is the prettiest net
I’d bet, I’d bet
This is the strongest net.”

When she noticed Little Wing, she stopped and looked at him. First, her mouth began to water, but as she noticed his reluctance to come closer, she changed her tactics, and she said to him with a “friendly” voice,

— “Hello, little kid. What brings you around here? Do you want to play in my web, I mean my net? Wouldn’t you like to have some fun?”

— “Ah, err, I’m looking for Professor Moth, the sage of Butterfly Forest,” answered our friend.

— “Oh, I see,” said the stranger, as she got a little closer to Little Wing.

Immediately, Little Wing, who remembered the ants and Lou’s words, stepped back a little too.

The spider, for that’s what she was, a big old spider with painted lips, took out a cigarette and began to puff at it. She made circles of smoke to attract Little Wing’s attention. And again she asked,



— **“I can jump very high,” said Little Wing.**
— **“Just make sure you land on my net.”**

— “Would you like to play in my net? My net is the finest and the best. Don’t be afraid, come along and play with me. We’ll jump and sing together.”

And she began to jump and sing, “I’d bet, I’d bet. This is the prettiest net. I’d bet, I’d bet. This is the strongest net.”

She would look at Little Wing from time to time and then she would smile. She was encouraging him to jump.

— “Come on! You’ll love it. My net is safe and strong, you won’t fall. You’ll just have a lot of fun.”

Little Wing began to think it over. It really looked like fun, and maybe she was a nice lady. Perhaps she just wanted to have fun. She probably felt lonely. So, he thought, “Well..., maybe I should try this, just once to see how it feels.” Then, Little Wing said to the spider,

— “If I jump, will you later help me find Professor Moth?”

— “Of course! Of course I will. It will be a pleasure. But first, come along and jump.”

— “I can jump very high,” said Little Wing proudly.

— “Great! Jump as high as you like. Just make sure you land on my net.”

— “Okay” said Little Wing as he took a big leap and closed his eyes. Ah, but as he was reaching the peak of his jump he was hit by something hard. He was knocked out and away from the “net.” As he fell to the ground, he heard a buzzing sound go by.

Little Wing was unconscious. You see, what really happened was that some busy bees were passing through, carrying their buckets full of honey, and one of them accidentally had hit Little Wing on the head.

The old spider looked down and saw Little Wing out cold in the ground. She immediately took out her rope and began to climb down as fast as she could. She wanted to get to Little Wing as soon as possible. As she reached the ground, Little Wing began to wake up and to rub his head. At that moment, Little Wing saw a flying creature approach a nearby tree, and as the creature landed, it disappeared!

— “Oh, that must be Professor Moth!” thought Little Wing and took off after him. He did it just in time. Right behind him, the ugly old spider had jumped to grab him. She missed by just a little bit.

The spider was furious. She began to scream and yell:

— “Why me!? Why me!? Why don’t you pick on somebody else? What have I done to deserve this? Oh, I hate those bees. They should watch where they’re flying.”

Little Wing approached the tree where he had seen Professor Moth land. He couldn’t see anybody, so he began to shout, “Professor Moth! Professor Moooth! Professor Moooth!” While he was screaming, a little door above him opened up and a very charming old moth came out. He was dressed as a university professor. “Who is it?” asked Professor Moth. And Little Wing very proudly answered, “It is I, Little Wing, a subject of



— **“Professor Moth, I would like to know WHAT I am.”** *WJ*

Mary, Monarch of Butterfly Forest,” as he took a bow.

— “Get in here! There are dangers out there,” said Professor Moth. “What do you want from me?”

— “Professor Moth, I would like to know WHAT I am.”

— “Well, I don’t know, you sort of look like a premature bumblebee without the yellow stripes and with no antennae. But we’ll find out soon enough. Come, let’s go to my study. Let’s check it out.”

— “Okay” said Little Wing as he followed Professor Moth. They took an elevator inside the trunk of the tree and went down to Professor Moth’s study. As soon as they had entered, Professor Moth rushed to an empty desk and began to scream,

— “I’ve been robbed! I’ve been robbed! Where is it? Oh, by my holy ancestors, by Sequoia the Great who fed them for a thousand years! Where’s my computer? Where is it? Where? Where? Where!?”

— “Did someone steal your computer, Professor Moth?”

— “Yes. The question is how did they get in here?”

— “I don’t know what a computer is, Professor Moth. But why would someone steal it?”

— “Oh, they probably thought it was an apple. I disguised it as such. Oh, oh, oh...”

Little Wing didn’t know what to say and finally he asked,

— “Can you still tell me what I am, Professor Moth?”

— “Not without my computer. At least not now. Tomorrow afternoon maybe. You see, I’ve just finished eating an encyclopedia.”

— “An encyclopedia?”

— “Yes, an encyclopedia. You don’t know what that is, do you? Well, let me tell you. An encyclopedia is a large collection of books. These books contain all sorts of facts. Most everything you want to know is there. Usually all you need to do is find what you are looking for, and read the information. However, us, the Moth family members, do not just read books, we eat them. So now, I just have to wait for my digestion to take

place and then I'll know everything in the encyclopedia. Then I'll be able to tell you what you are. But, you'll have to return tomorrow afternoon."

Professor Moth was really upset. He looked worried and sad. Little Wing thought it best to agree with Professor Moth. He said,

— "Okay, Professor Moth, I'll be back tomorrow afternoon. I'm really sorry about your computer."

— "Come along, let me show you the way out," answered Professor Moth. "And don't forget to be extremely careful out there."

— "I will," said Little Wing as he left to return to Lou's place.

— "Hi Lou, how are you?" said Little Wing when he arrived at Lou's place.

— "Oh, I'm fine. How about yourself?"

— "Well, I am proudly here to inform you that as of this afternoon I am a subject of her Majesty, Mary, Monarch of Butterfly Forest, who graciously granted me the name of Little Wing." And, in saying this, Little Wing rolled out the document that validated his words.

— "Oh, I see. Well, well,... Pleased to meet you, Little Wing," said Lou. "And now that you know who and where you are, tell me, did you find Professor Moth, and if so, did he tell you what you are?"

— "Well, I found Professor Moth," answered Little Wing as he carefully rolled back his document and put it in one of his pockets. "However, someone stole Professor Moth's computer. He said that whoever did this was confused and thought the computer was an apple. He also said that he couldn't tell me what I am until tomorrow afternoon, because he was waiting for his digestion to take place. He ate a whole encyclopedia, can you believe it?"

— "Oh, I do, he's very smart. He'll do anything to get new knowledge. Did he tell you anything else?" asked Lou.

— “Well, at first he said that I looked like a premature bumblebee without the yellow stripes and without antennae. So, I still don’t know for sure.”

— “I see. Well, that’s okay; you can wait ’till tomorrow, or even the day after tomorrow. Listen, what are your plans for this evening? Have you found a place to stay tonight?”

— “No, not yet,” answered Little Wing. “Besides, Lou, I’m hungry.”



Little Wing looked up and saw the Moon and the first little stars coming out.

— “Well, let me invite you over for dinner. I wish I could also ask you to stay here overnight. But I’m afraid it may be too dangerous for you. A friend told me that there’s a safer place near here. I beg you to accept

my invitation to dinner 'cause I haven't been feeling too good lately, and would like your company, if you don't mind."

Little Wing readily accepted Lou's invitation. They had a nice full dinner and chatted for a while. Then Lou said, "Listen, Little Wing, if you are going to look for a place, you'd better hurry. Go towards the meadows. Don't go into the forest. It isn't that I want you to go, but I'm feeling a bit dizzy. Perhaps I am too tired after today's work. Anyway, take care of yourself and come back tomorrow, right after you learn what you are, okay?"

— "Sure will, Lou. Don't worry about me, I'll be careful. I'll be back tomorrow to tell you. But, are you sure you want me to leave?"

— "Yes, it is too dangerous for you around here. Don't worry about me; I'll be fine by tomorrow. I'm tired, that's all."

Little Wing began to fly very fast towards the meadows. The sun was setting and the sky was purple and pink. He then saw thousands of flowers in the meadows. As he approached them, he heard them humming. It was a beautiful melody of hope and peace, very soft, very tender, like a lullaby. The flowers swayed like palm trees in the wind. Little Wing went right to a beautiful white flower. He landed on one of the flower's big petals. Little Wing grabbed the petal and pulled it over himself, like a blanket. He looked up and saw the Moon and the first little stars coming out. And as he watched them, and listened to the music of the flowers, he fell asleep.