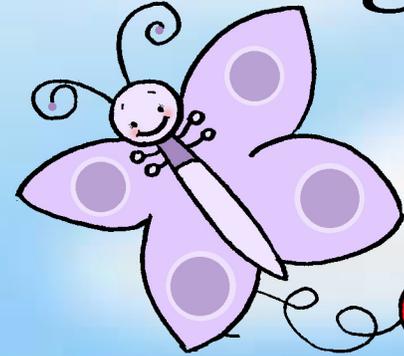
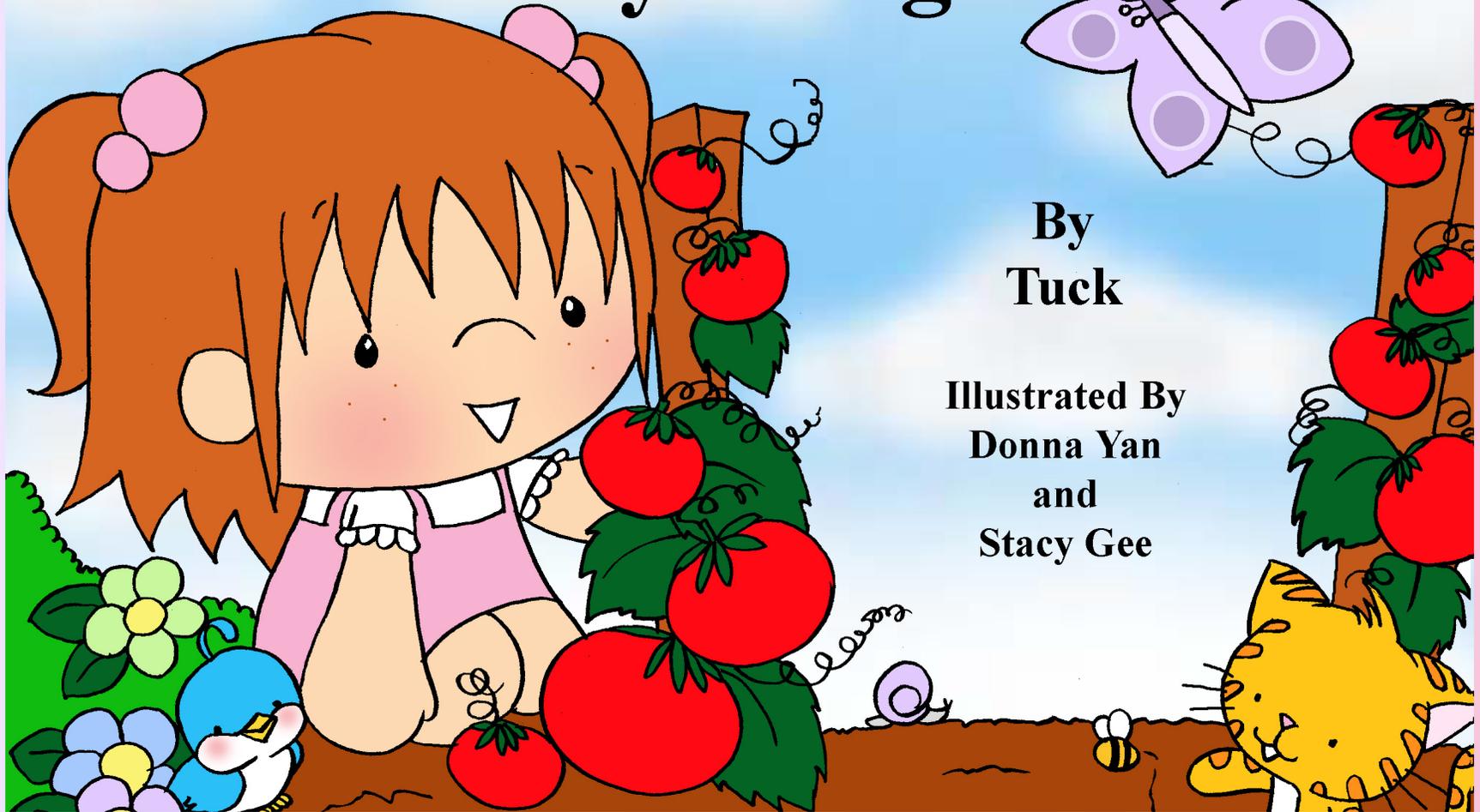


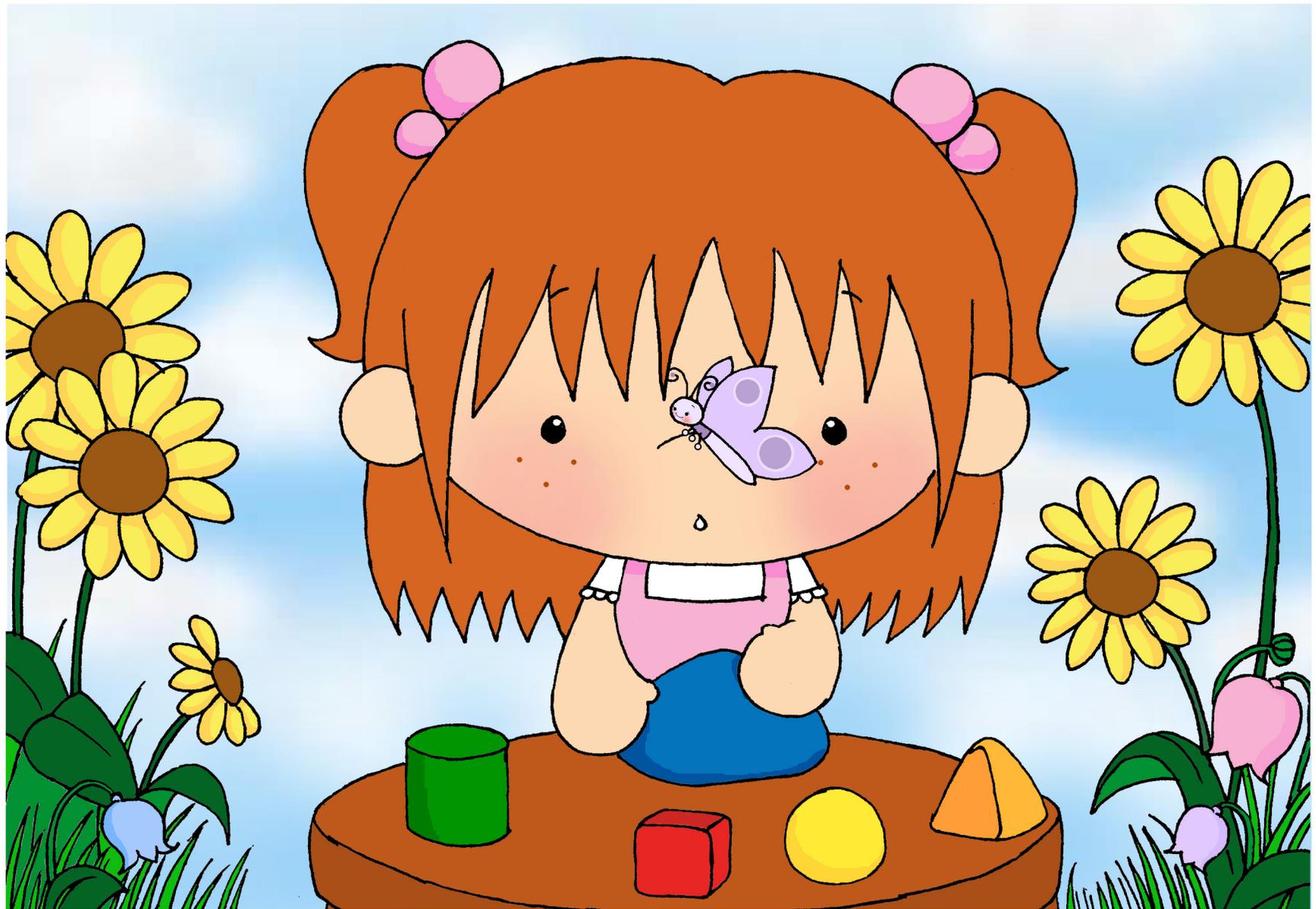
The Shape of Things Through Butterfly Wings



By
Tuck

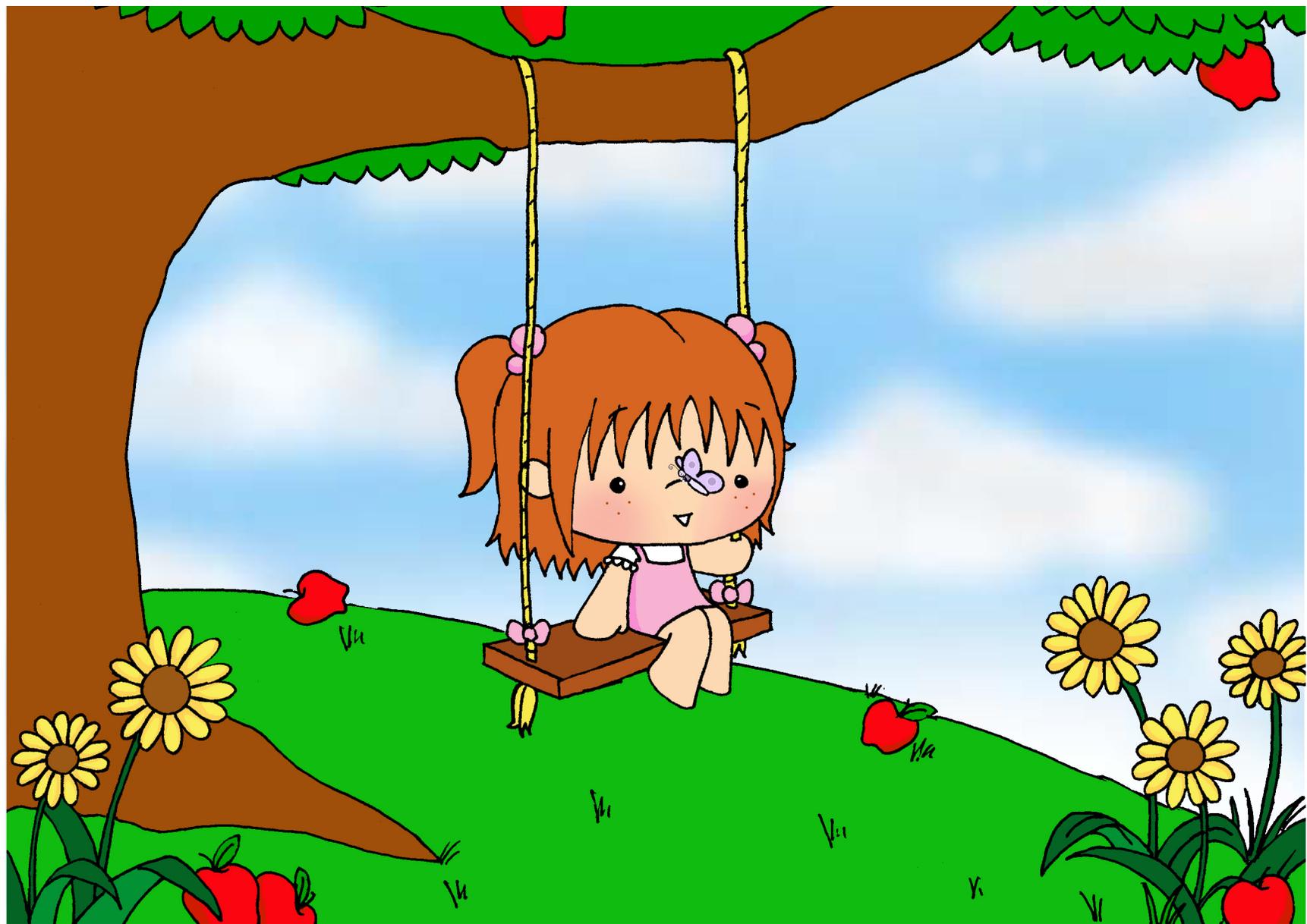
Illustrated By
Donna Yan
and
Stacy Gee





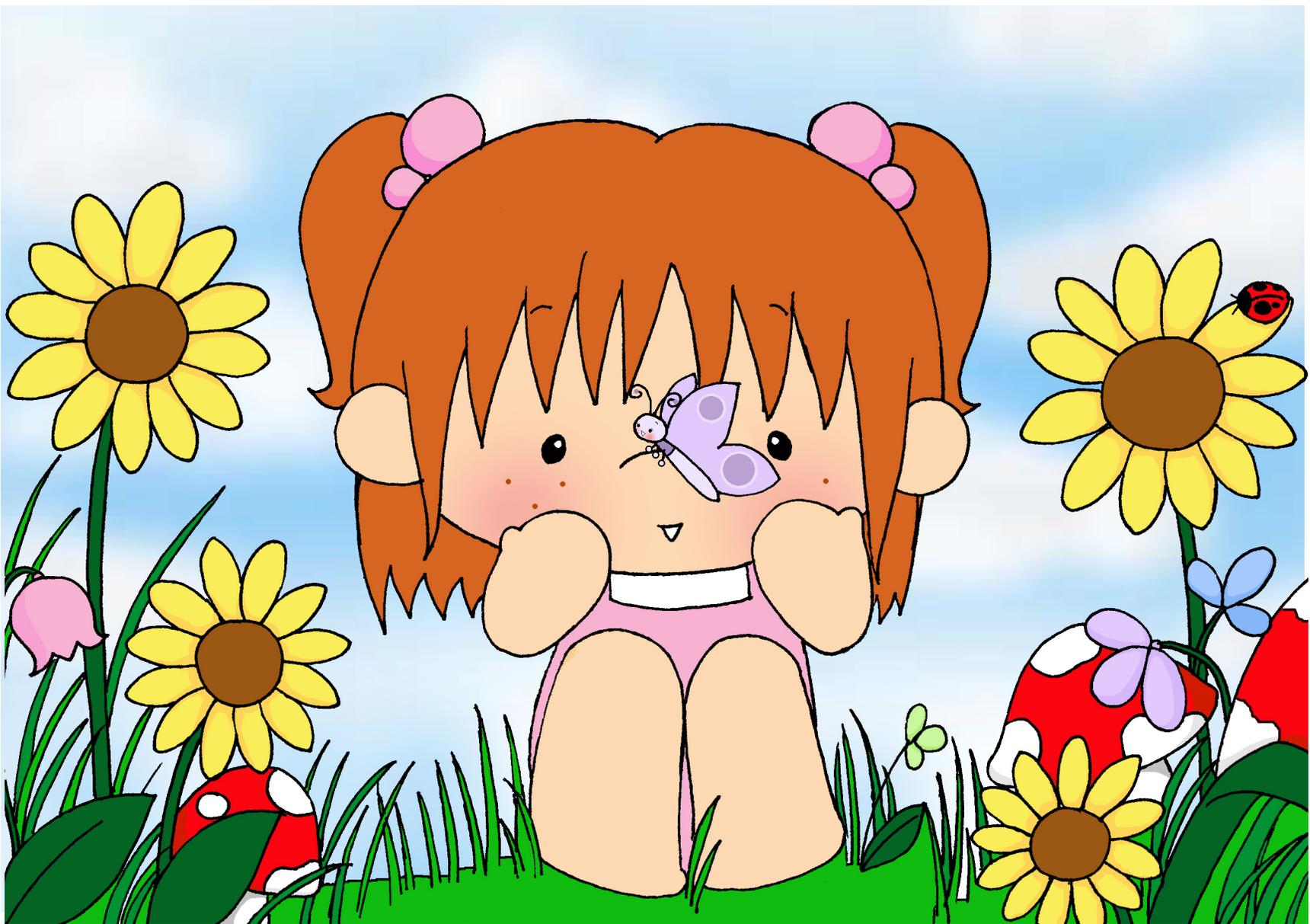
**A butterfly landed on my nose today,
While I was in the garden modeling clay.**

**Imagine a butterfly right on your nose!
Why didn't she land on a weed or a rose?**



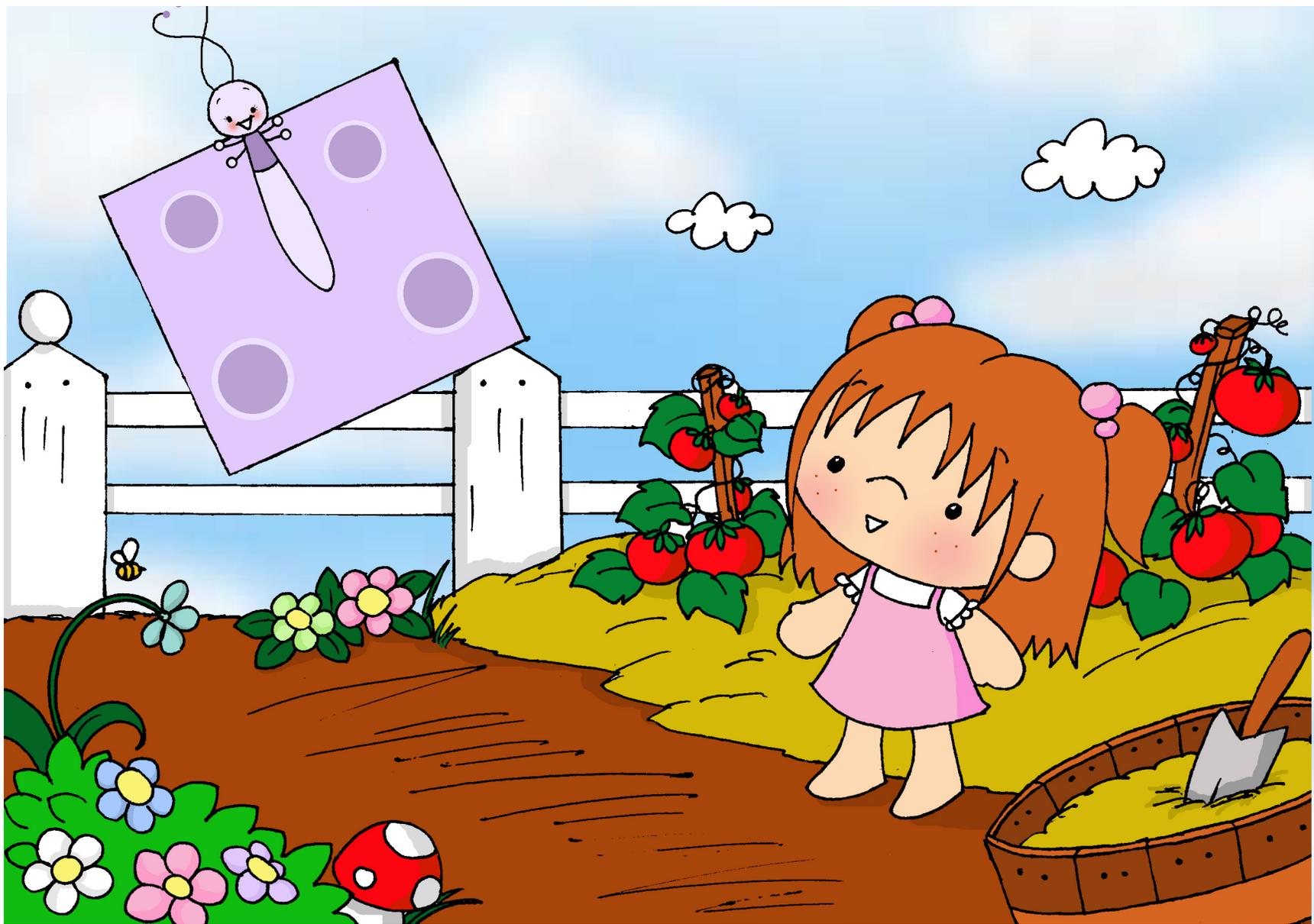
**So I sat in swing under our tree,
Where I stared at her, and she stared at me.**

**Now this went on for a moment or two,
Until I said, “How-do-you-do?”**



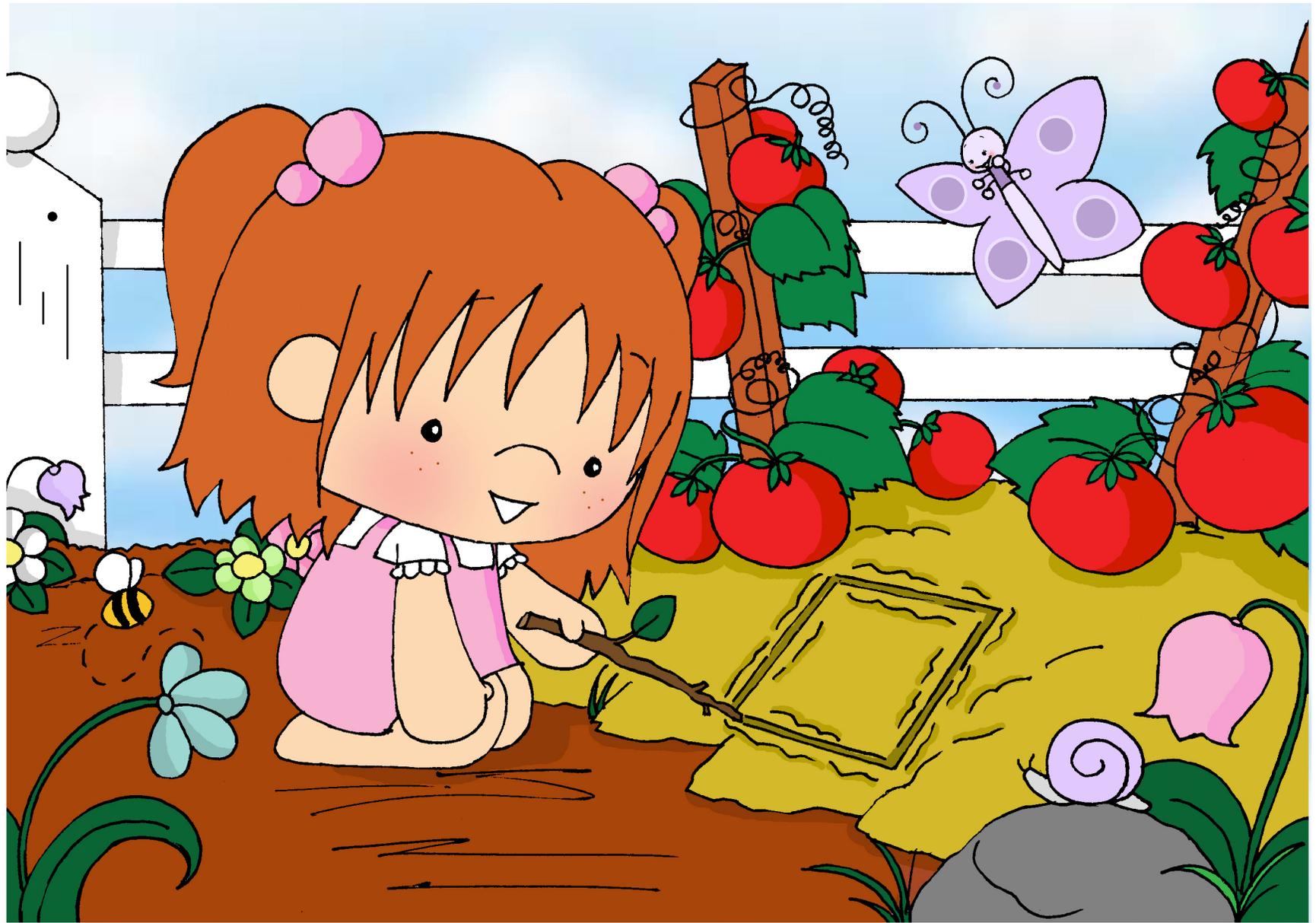
**She waved a wing at my freckled face,
Stepping a bit higher with delicate grace.**

**And then she began a wonderful game,
A game of shapes that had no name.**



**She tucked her wings into a perfect square,
And twisted her antennae round in the air.**

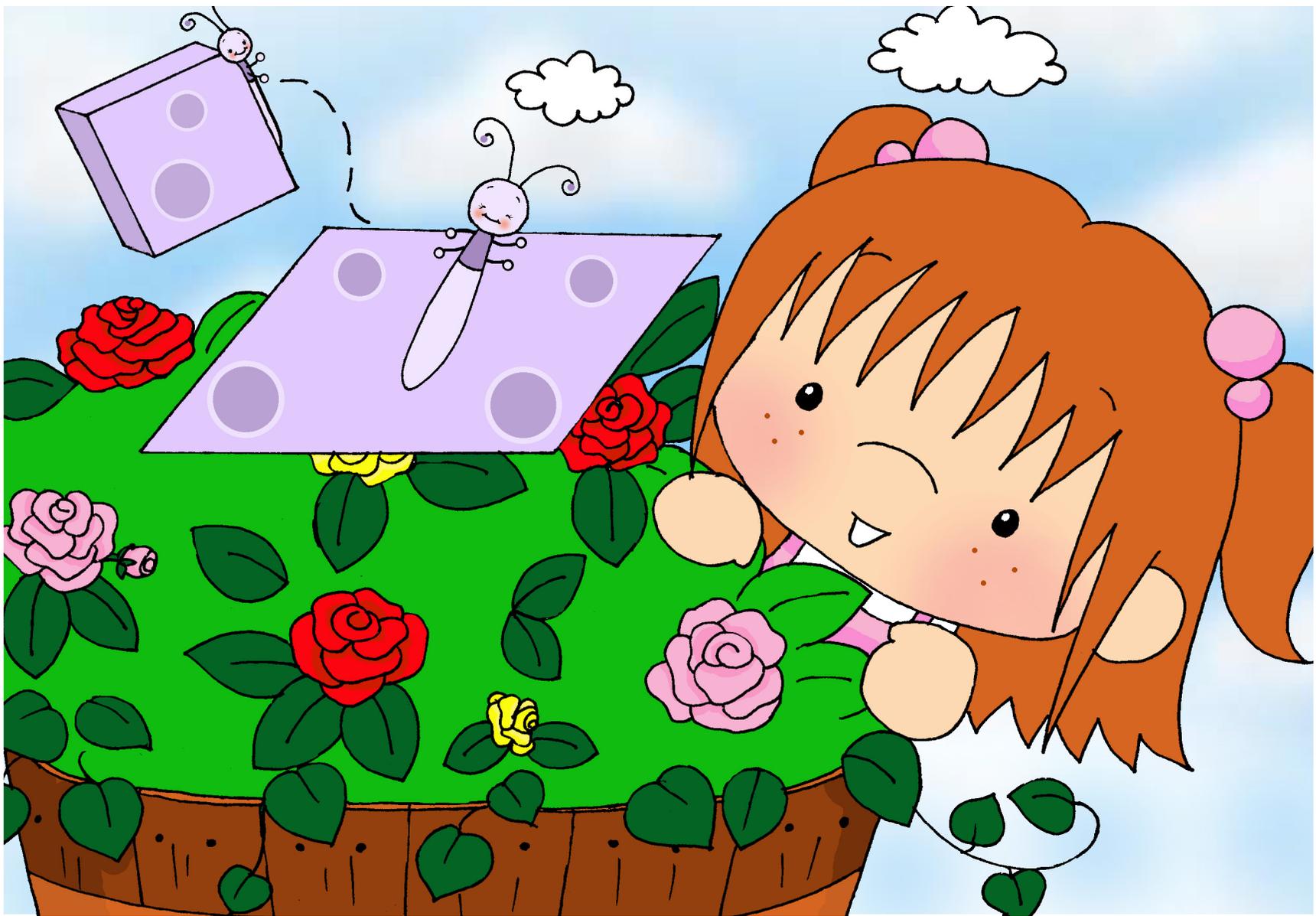
**I wondered amazed at this incredible sight,
Butterflies can't make squares, this wasn't right.**



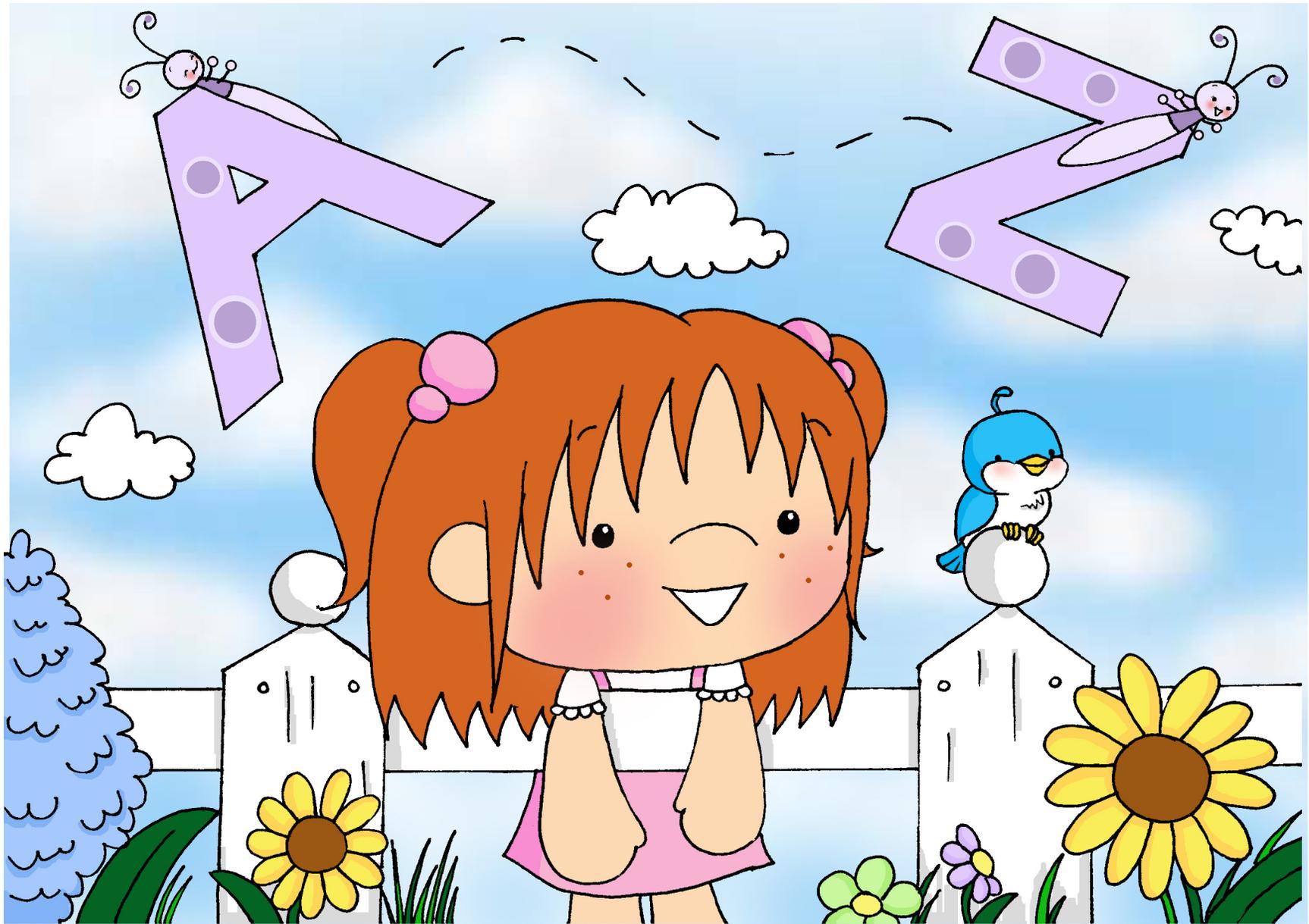
**But when I copied with a square of my own,
My Butterfly went into a shape making zone.**



**Her wings and antennae formed perfect triangles,
Flipped inside out they became rectangles.**



**She formed a cube and a parallelogram,
I felt like I was taking a shaping exam.**



**Then as quick as you please,
She ran through the alphabet -- A's to the Z's.**



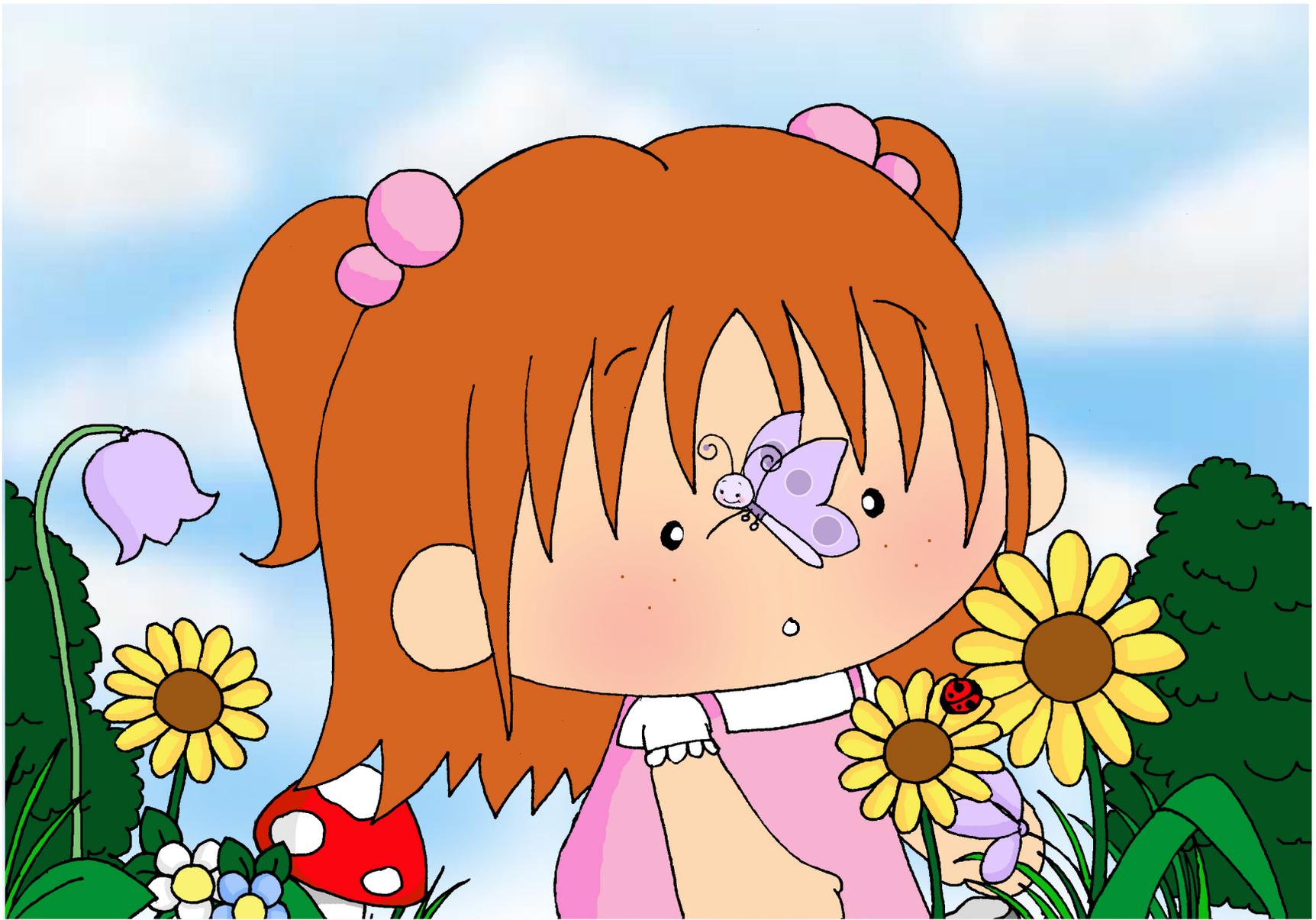
**She bent in half to form a bone,
Then wrapped a wing into a cone.**



**I made a shape like the moon and the sun,
Shaping with a Butterfly is incredible fun.**



**My Friend inched forward till my eyes went cross,
And then shaped into a hexagon to show my who's boss.**



**Her tiny feet tickled as she danced on my skin,
Then way down in my body I felt it begin.**



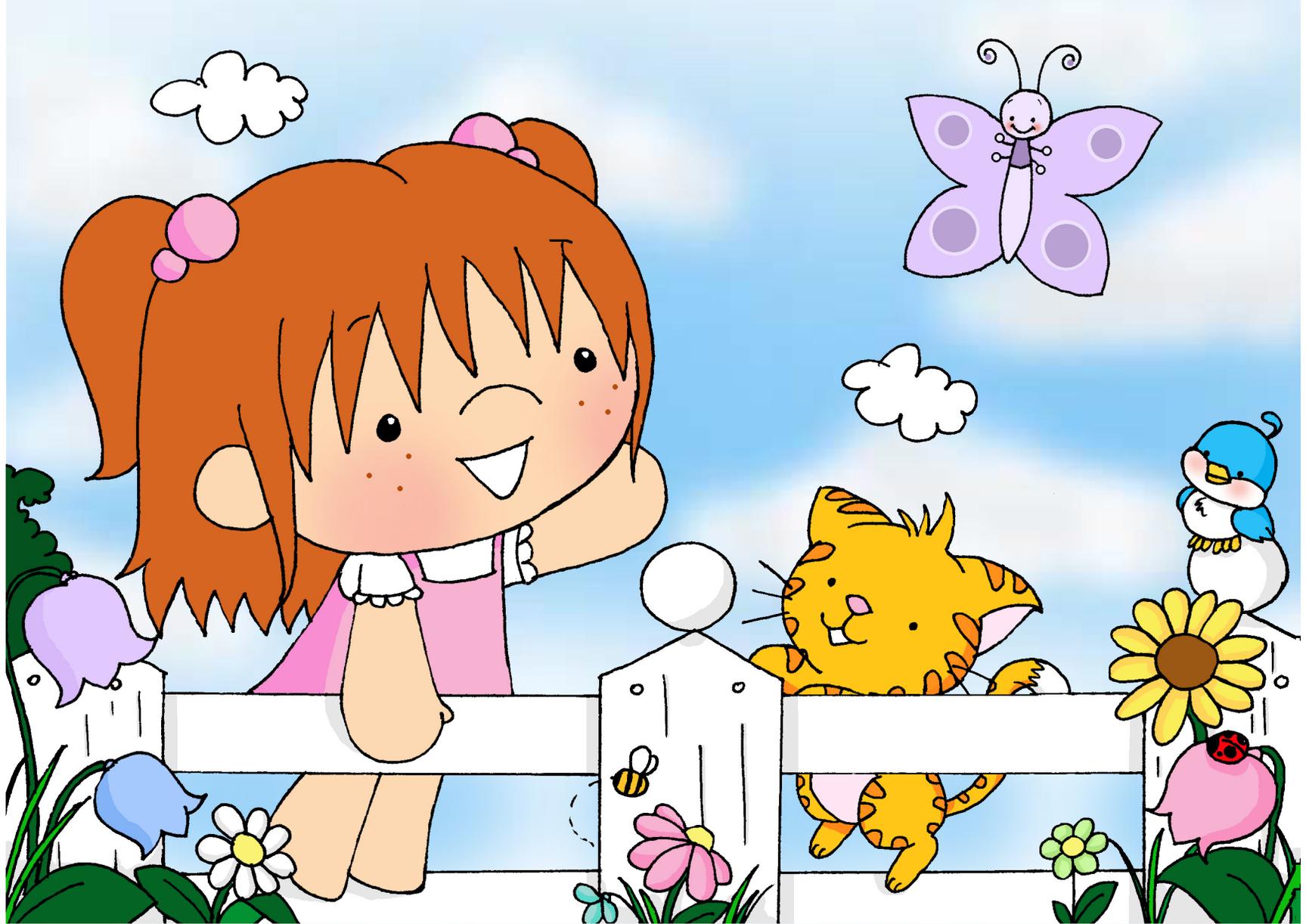
**Deep in my throat, right behind my eyes,
I was totally, utterly caught by surprise.**

**I wouldn't. I couldn't. Oh no, please.
I knew I was forming a horrible sneeze.**



**I pinched the holes on both sides of my nose,
But what happened next you'd never suppose.**

**Just as I sneezed with a big ah-choo,
My Butterfly friend did the same thing too.**



**Butterflies can't laugh, ask any kid,
But cross my heart, my butterfly did.**

**She waved good-bye and fluttered away,
And I waved back, what a wonderful day!**



**I felt my heart smile and fill with joy,
I had more fun with a Butterfly than I ever had with a toy.**

