

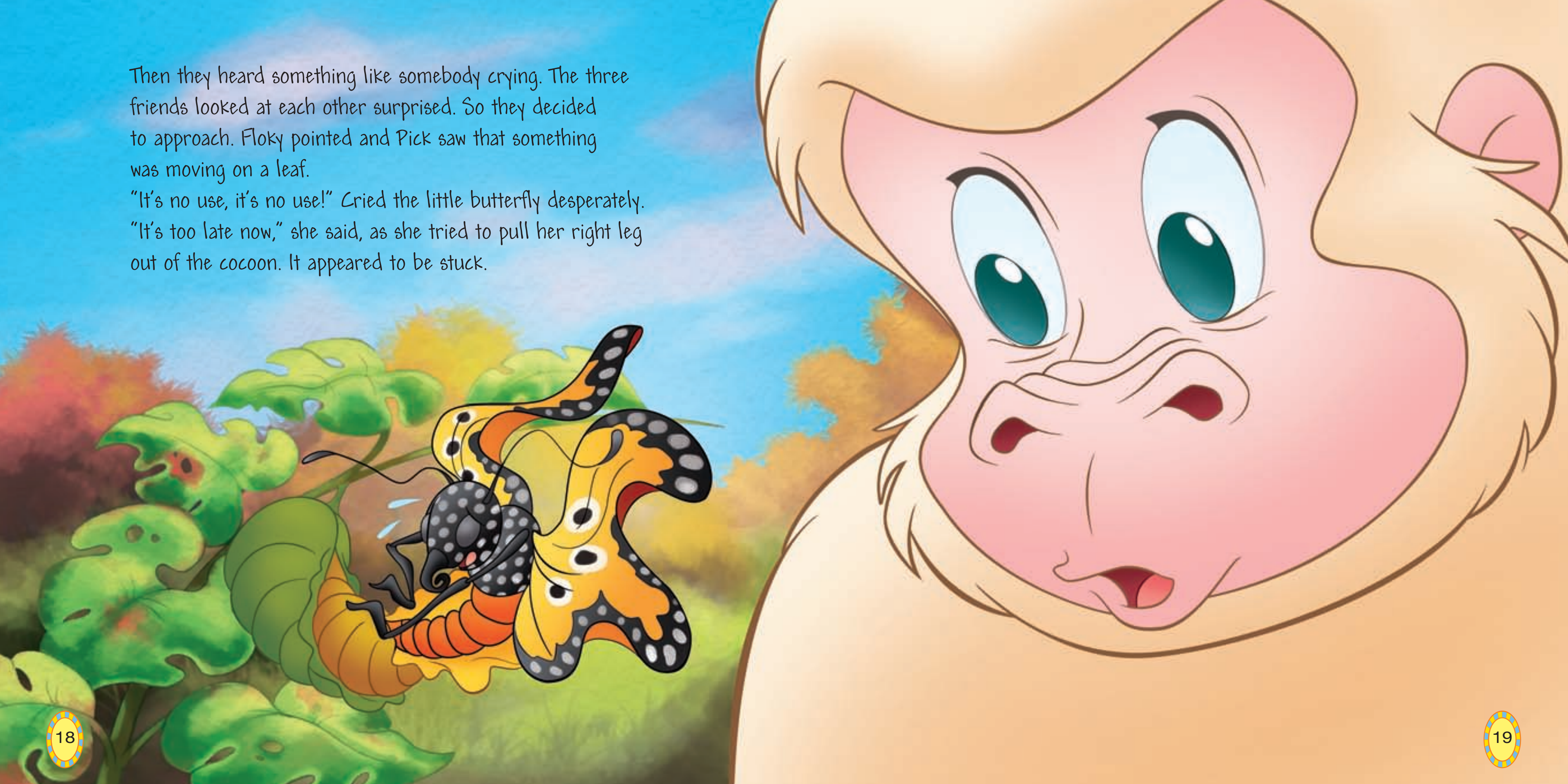


"I think the butterflies were waiting for a signal to set off on the Great Journey and you gave it to them," said Gru. The Great Journey is an endurance race for the butterflies, which must fly thousands of kilometers before reaching the forests in another continent. "Have a nice trip all of you!" The three of them shouted, as they danced a farewell and celebration dance.



Then they heard something like somebody crying. The three friends looked at each other surprised. So they decided to approach. Floky pointed and Pick saw that something was moving on a leaf.

"It's no use, it's no use!" Cried the little butterfly desperately. "It's too late now," she said, as she tried to pull her right leg out of the cocoon. It appeared to be stuck.





"Why not? What can be done?" Asked Floky.
"I'm afraid that nothing can be done. They must be
hundreds of kilometers away by now," sobbed the butterfly.

"Well, let's catch up with them!
Flight squadron, are you ready?" Said Floky.
"Ready!" Replied Pick and Gru.
"Hold on tightly; Gru's feathers are a 'first class seats'."