

The next day, the butterfly flew to a nearby flower.

How could such a tiny creature fly all the way to Mexico?

Silent, the girls watched and watched.

At last, "He's going, Maya," Jane whispered. "Look. And there's another one."

They stood and looked after the bright butterfly.

"Goodbye, butterfly," Maya whispered.

"Good luck," Jane added.

"Will he get there?" Jane asked her grandfather.

He hesitated before he answered.

"It's a long way to Mexico," he said.

