



## Butterfly Book

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1. The story in Maltese *L-**Avventura ta' Fiks***
2. The story in English ***Fiks on Adventure***
3. Outlines of six pictures for colouring

a butterfly

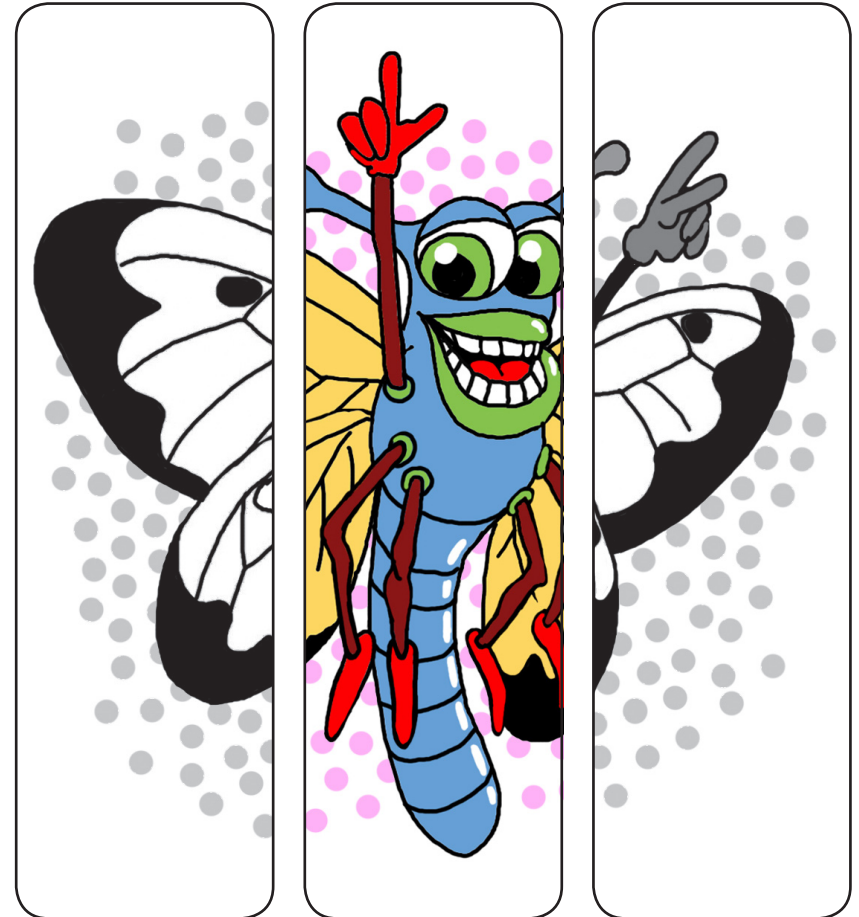
a mouse

a spider

a robin

a lizard

the boy



# L-Avventura ta' Fiks



Darba kien hemm foresta mimlija siġar. Fiha kien u jgħixu ħafna annimali.

Ġurnata waħda Ġanni l-Ġurdien ried jilgħab logħba. Ġabar lil sħabu l-annimali l-oħrajn madwaru, ġabar prinjola mill-art u qalilhom:

“Araw, din il-prinjola miftuħa u ħafna miż-żerriegħa diġà waqgħetilha, imma għad fadlilha ftit. Issa jien se nxejjirha u minnha se ntajjar il-bqija taż-żerriegħa. Mela l-logħba hija hekk. Fuq min taqa' ż-żerriegħa jkun biha u jkollu jobdi li ngħidulu. Tajjeb?”

“Iva tajba l-idea!” qalu l-annimali. “Ibda, Ġann!”

Ġanni xejjer il-prinjola u *plink!* minnha taret żerriegħa waħda u ġiet fuq ras Fiks il-Farfett.

L-annimali ċapċpu u Fiks qam bil-wieqfa. L-annimali bdew jitkellmu bejniethom biex jaraw x'se jqabbdh jagħmel. Imbagħad Ġanni l-Ġurdien qal:

“Fiks, int għandek ġwienah kbar u taf ittir. Ahna ma nafux intiru u rridu nkunu nafu x'hemm in-naħa l-oħra tal-forest. Li trid tagħmel hu li ttir għan-naħa l-oħra tal-forest u tiġi lura tgħidilna x'rajt. Tajjeb?”

“Orrajt,” qal Fiks. “Arawni sejjer.”

Ferfer tnejn ġwinħajh – kellu ġwienah sbieħ u sofor – u tar.

“Il-aħwa kemm irrid immur bogħod,” qal Fiks. “Imma jiena nieħu gost intir u mhux ħa nibża’.”

Huwa u jtir bdiet nieżla x-xita.

“Hażin!” qal Fiks. “Aħjar insib fejn nistkenn għax jekk jixxarbuli l-ġwienah ma nkunx nista' ntir.”

Fiks ra siġra b'ħafna weraq u niżel fiha. Imma kif niżel inqabad ġo għanqbuta ta' brimba.

“X'waħdadin xi ġrali!” beda jgħajjat Fiks, “Issa kif se noħroġ?” Wara ftit ra brimba kbira ġejja għalih biex taqbd u tieklu. Fiks beda jirtogħod bil-biża'. Imma f'daqqa waħda ġie pitirross, qabad lil Fiks b'munqaru, qalgħu mill-għanqbuta u tar bih.

Issa Fiks iktar beda jibża'.

“Ajma hej,” qal, “issa flok tikolni l-brimba ħa jikolni l-pitirross.” U miskin beda jibki.

Imma dak il-ħin tfaċċa pitirross ieħor u beda jgħajjat mal-pitirross li kien qabad lil Fiks.

“Ojj int! Mur minn hawn, dis-siġra tiegħi. Mela ma rajtnix?”

Il-pitirross li kellu lil Fiks fetaħ ħalqu biex jitkellem imma malli għamel hekk, Fiks kien pront ħarablu. Tgħidx kemm ġera!

“Ajma hej x'qatgħa dik,” qal Fiks. “Aħjar noqgħod iktar attent.”

Ix-xita waqfet u Fiks kompla jtir. Wara ftit qabdu l-għatx u ra pjanta b'ħafna fjuri. Fiks niżel fuq waħda mill-fjuri u ħareġ ilsien u, li kien qisu stro. Daħħlu ġo fjura u beda jixrob u jixrob mill-ilma ħelu tal-fjura.

“Aħħ kemm hu tajjeb,” qal u kompla jixrob bil-qalb. Tant kien qed jieħu gost li ma ndunax li warajh kienet ġejja gremxula. Il-gremxula kellha l-ġuħ u l-friefet kienet tħobb ticolhom. Tatu s-salt imma Fiks induna u tarilha.

“Kemm hawn min hu bil-ġuħ,” gerger Fiks. “Kulħadd irid jikolni illum. Naħseb aħjar immur

lura qabel nispiċċa f'zaqq xi ħadd.” Imma kien ftit għajjen u niżel jistrieħ fuq ċint fix-xemx.

“Hawnhekk tajjeb, għax m'hawnx brimb u pitirrossi u gremxul,” qal.

Imma dak il-ħin ġie jġiri warajh tifel li f'idu kellu kopp. Kien tifel kattiv li ried jaqbd u fix-xibka biex ipogħiħ ġo vażett. Beda jxejjer bil-kopp u Fiks twerwer.

“Maa x'biża'!” qal, “Issa anke t-tfal iridu jaqbduni. Jekk jaqbadni ma nibqax ferħan u mmut bil-ġuħ.” Dak il-ħin Fiks ra koċċ fjuri sofor u niżel jistaħba fihom. Minħabba li kellu l-ġwienah sofor bħall-fjuri, it-tifel ma setax jarah. Wara ftit it-tifel qata' qalbu u telaq.

X'ħin it-tifel telaq, Fiks tar b'ġirja lura lejn id-dar, fejn sab lill-ħbieb jistennewh. Kemm kellu x'jirakkuntalhom, u kemm ċapċpulu l-annimali meta spiċċa l-istorja tiegħu.

“Imma Fiks,” qallu Ġanni l-Ġurdien, “għadek m'għedtilniex x'sibt in-naħa l-oħra tal-forest.”

“Heqq, ma nafx ta,” qallu Fiks. “Tant kont qed nibża' li nsejt niċċekkja!”

U tgħidx kemm daħqu l-annimali.

# Fiks on Adventure



Once there was a wood and in this wood there were lots of trees. Many animals lived there.

One day Ġanni the Mouse wanted to play a game. He gathered his friends around him and he picked up a pine cone from the floor.

“Look,” he said, “this pine cone is open and many of the seeds are gone. But there are still some left in it. I’m going to shake the cone and the other seeds will fly out. This is the game: whoever gets hit by the seed must do what we tell him to do.”

“Good idea,” said the animals. “Let’s begin.”

Ġanni shook the pine cone and *plink!* a seed flew out and landed on the head of Fiks the Butterfly. The animals clapped and Fiks stood up. The animals talked about what job to give Fiks. Then Ġanni the Mouse said:

“Fiks, you have wings and you can fly. We cannot fly and we never went to the other side of the wood. We want you to fly to the other side, then come back and tell us what you saw.”

“Okay,” said Fiks. “Off I go!”

Fiks fluttered his nice big yellow wings and off he flew.

“Wow, how far I must fly,” said Fiks. “But I don’t mind, I like flying.” But then it began to rain.

“Oh no,” said Fiks. “If my wings get wet I can’t fly. I must find somewhere to shelter.”

Fiks saw a tree with lots of leaves and he went there. But when he landed he got caught in a spider’s web.

“Oh dear,” cried Fiks, “I’m trapped and I cannot get out.” Soon a big spider came to get him and Fiks trembled with fear. But suddenly a robin appeared, caught Fiks in his beak, pulled him off the web and flew off with him.

Fiks was even more scared now.

“What bad luck!” he said. “The spider will not eat me but the robin will eat me instead.” Poor Fiks began to cry.

But just then another robin appeared and began to shout at the robin who was carrying Fiks.

“Hey you, go away from here! This tree is mine! Didn’t you see me?”

The robin with Fiks in his mouth opened his beak to speak. As soon as he did, Fiks escaped at once and flew away as fast as he could.

“Phew! What a fright,” he said. “I must be more careful.”

The rain stopped and Fiks flew off again. Soon he was thirsty and he saw a bush with lots of flowers. Fiks landed on one of the flowers and put out his tongue – it was long and thin like a straw. He put his tongue in the flower and began to drink the sweet water in there.

“Mmmm, delicious!” he said and drank some more. He did not see a lizard creeping up behind him. The lizard was hungry and liked to eat butterflies. She snapped at Fiks but he saw her and flew off just in time.

“Wow, that was close. Why does everyone want to eat me today? I think I’ll go home now. I don’t

want to end up in someone’s tummy!” But Fiks was tired, so he flew down to rest on a sunny wall.

“This is a good place to rest. No spiders or robins or lizards here.”

But just then a boy appeared with a net in his hand. He was a nasty boy who liked to catch butterflies to shut them up in a jar. Fiks was frightened.

“Oh no,” he said, “now even the children want to catch me. If this boy catches me I won’t be happy any more and I will die.”

Then Fiks saw a patch of yellow flowers and he went to hide among them. The boy could not see him there because Fiks had yellow wings, just like the flowers. The boy soon gave up and went away.

Fiks then flew away home as fast as he could. His friends were waiting for him and he told them all about his adventure. When he finished his story they clapped with joy.

Then Ġanni the Mouse said “But Fiks, you didn’t tell us what you saw on the other side of the wood.”

“Ooops!” said Fiks, “I think I was so scared that I forgot to check!”

The animals all laughed.

