Butterfly Moon By Tauna M. Robley Essay, Research Paper

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Tika pulled her curtains open. Her long golden hair reflected the moon’s rays.

“Hello Moon,” Tika said.

The moon just hung there, with no words in return.

Tika sighed, “I know you cannot talk back to me, but if you could, the stories we

would share.”

She sat on her bed. It was filled with fallen feathers she had gathered. It took her

weeks to strip the soft part from the sharp part of the feather. Even with its softness, she

found sleeping on the night of the full moon very difficult. It was a reminder to her of her

old life, running through fields with the others, flying threw the sky, and eating wild

berries they had picked.

“Why did Father betray me?” She felt her pointy ears with her pale long fingers. Even

if she was a full-bred fairy, instead of half-human, they would have still hated her. Her

People didn’t even allow her to be a servant because of the hatred of humans. A tear

traced Tika’s cheek. She couldn’t understand how her family and friends could turn on

her and her mother so fast. Her father, King of the Breezon fairies, married her Mother

Sara Seaward, a human, twenty years ago. Back when the human and Fairies races lived

in harmony. But now the Fairies despised humans and believed them to be the reason for

the all evil in the world. Once the treasured Princess of The Fairy Tribe, Breezon, Tika

was now the object of pity and ridicule.

“Kill them!” The chant echoed in her mind. Tika saw the people holding long candles

as her father had his human victims drug out, They were tied to planks of wood and the

people threw their candles at them burning them to death.

Her mother’s dying wail broke her heart.

Tika grabbed his foot. “Please, Father, don’t!”

“Humans are enemies; they plot against us,” he replied.

“We must take them and all they have before they take us.”

“No!”

Father kicked Tika violently. “It’s too late, she’s dead.”

Tika saw her mother’s burnt flesh.

“Like a dead butterfly,” Father said. “Bugs are attracted to the light of death.”

Tika got up and ran. She ran as fast and far as she could She hurt, but knew if she

stopped, they would kill her too. Tika’s royal blood did nothing to help her now, she was

their enemy. Only reason her father didn’t kill her already was because she was his blood,

fairy blood.

Tika got out of bed, pulled a cotton shawl over her wings and walked outside.

“Oh moon,” Tika sighed. “How I wish you could talk to me.”

She wanted a family so desperately, a family loving and gentle. It had been two years

sense she fled her home land.

As she walked, she looked in windows and saw human families eating dinner

together. Anything was better than being the only one who could hear her voice. She

would risk them stoning her just to hear another speak.

Suddenly, she heard some stray cats brawling in the alleyway. She crept up to see

what the commotion was. As she turned the corner and peeked her head around, she could

hear muffled voices coming from behind a heap of trash. Although scared, she was

compelled to see what it was. There, hunched in the corner like two cornered cats, was a

human man and a young fairy boy with human features.

“Please dont hurt my son!” Pleaded the man.

Tika’s body relaxed and she smiled.

“She is a fairy dad! Like me!” Blurted the young half-breed.

“It is ok, I will not harm you.“ Tika said gently. ”In fact, I am one of you.” She

dropped the shawl and exposed her wings.

She gathered the little boy and his father and took them in.

Tika felt a kick, and smiled as she felt her baby turn in her plump belly. She snuck out

of bed as not to wake her husband, tipped toed down the hall and peeked in at Timmy

sleeping. It was just eleven months ago when she found him and his father in the alley.

She finally had the family she always wanted. She thought of her father as she walked

outside and looked up at the night sky.

“Although I live in poverty and will never be excepted by any true race, I have more

then my father ever had. For I know love.“

“Hello Moon,” Tika sang.

The moon seemed to smile at her.