

This book is said by some to have a magical power. It was only by chance that it was discovered, as it was buried in the ground inside a worn metal box. It was found by an old man digging in his garden and, without thinking, the old man tossed it away, never looking to see what was inside.

The unwanted metal box laid discarded in the street, and I was the only one to stop and look. This was how I came to find this book.

People have said the artist and author was a man who generously loved nature and people. A long time ago, while drawing the pictures for this story on the streets of Paris, he was almost always surrounded by a flutter of moths and butterflies. This made some people afraid, but others, especially children, curious. He brought his drawings to many children and asked them to write their own stories to complement his images. These tales were carefully collected by the artist, and he kept them together, safe and warm, in the same box as his own drawings.

Word spread quickly of the mysterious artist, and children, everywhere, couldn't wait to write and share their stories with him. Something strange and wonderful happened to these children. Every one of them