



Shining brightly, she settled upon some bramble at the foot of an old oak tree.

A lively squirrel who was gathering nuts nearby, paused and looked up at her. Like all the other creatures in the meadow he knew Bliss because she glowed with such brilliant light and showed no fear.

“Why are you so happy all the time?” he asked her. **“Because I am,”** said Bliss.

“But why?” insisted the squirrel, curiously.

“Because I know who I am,” she replied.

“But you’re just a butterfly!” the squirrel chattered excitedly (which he always did when he was confused).



“Oh, I’m not just a butterfly - just as you’re not just a squirrel,” Bliss told him with her soft, joyful laugh which sounded like golden bells ringing gently in the breeze.