

# Mountain of the Butterflies



*Retold by*

**J. B. Disanayaka**

*Illustrated by*

**Saman Kalubowila**

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J. B. Disanayaka

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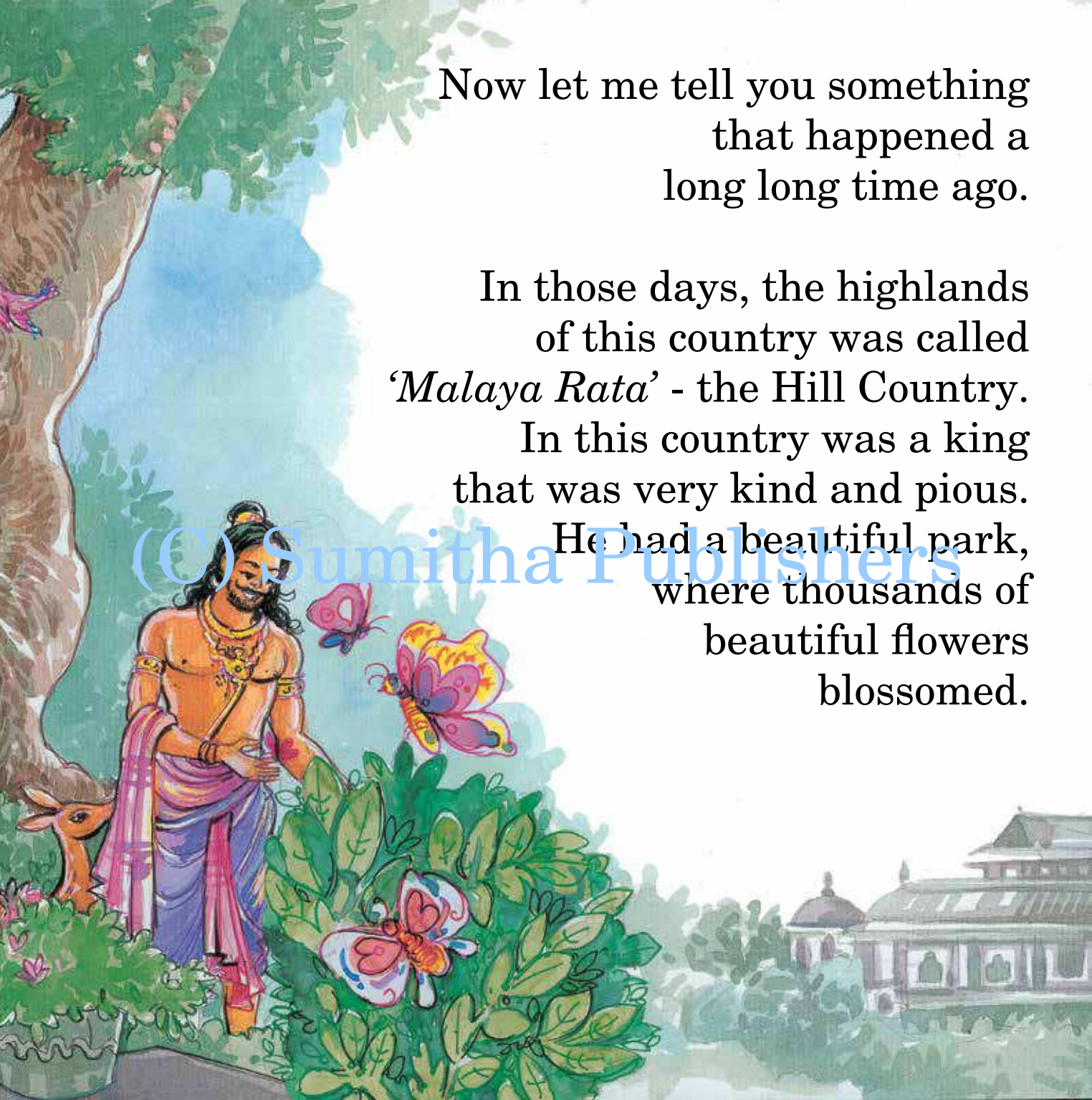
Now let me tell you something  
that happened a  
long long time ago.

In those days, the highlands  
of this country was called  
*'Malaya Rata'* - the Hill Country.

In this country was a king  
that was very kind and pious.

He had a beautiful park,  
where thousands of  
beautiful flowers  
blossomed.

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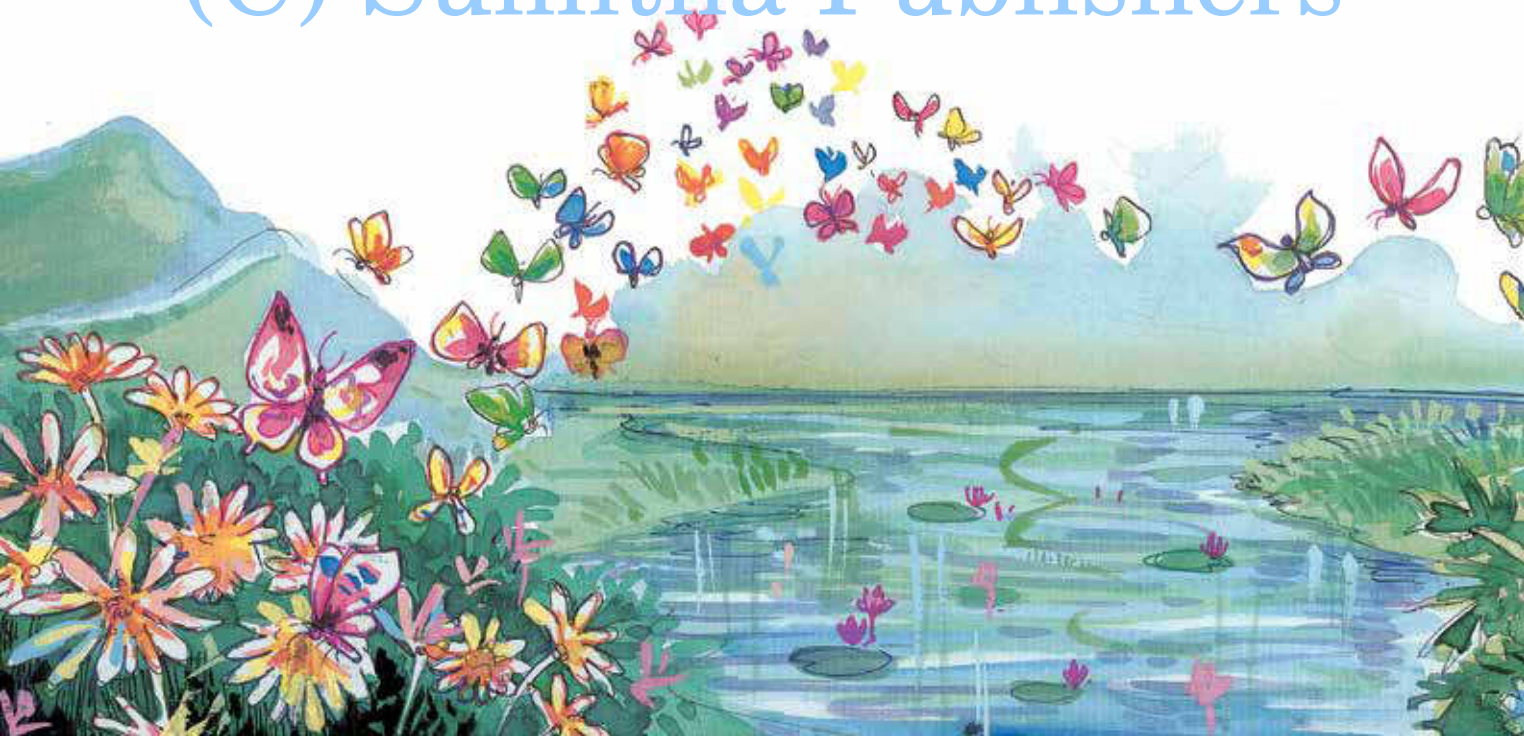


In the cool month of December thousands of butterflies - called '*samanala*' in Sinhala - of all colours and hues come to this park, Then they fly again.

'Where do these butterflies go?' wondered the king.

They fly towards a mountain - a beautiful mountain indeed!

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A vibrant, stylized illustration of a man in traditional Indian attire standing in a lush garden. The man, seen from the side, has a beard and is wearing a yellow-orange dhoti with a purple sash and a pink shawl draped over his shoulder. He is looking towards a large tree on the right. The garden is filled with various colorful butterflies in shades of yellow, orange, pink, blue, and green, fluttering around him. There are also pink flowers and green foliage throughout the scene. The background features a large tree with thick branches and dense green leaves. The overall style is reminiscent of traditional Indian folk art or children's book illustrations.

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As the sun rises at dawn,  
the shadow of this mountain  
falls on other mountains.

Clouds float in the sky  
almost touching the peak  
of this mountain.

‘Why do butterflies  
go towards this mountain?’  
pondered the king.

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One day,  
the king saw a disabled man -  
a man without legs.  
He felt sorry for the man  
and asked him to  
look after his park.  
The man looked after the park  
with great care.