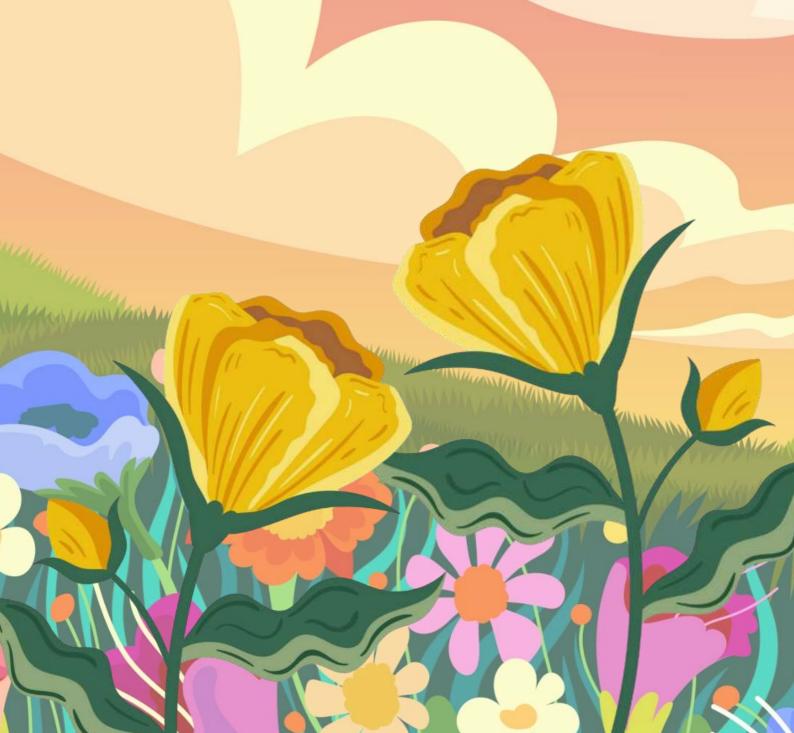


Summer Stories By Enid Blyton

The Little Butter-Dishes

Once upon a time there was a flower that grew in the fields in June, called Ranunculus bulbosus. It was a pretty little flower, deep yellow and cup-shaped, but nobody took much notice of it because it had such an awkward name.





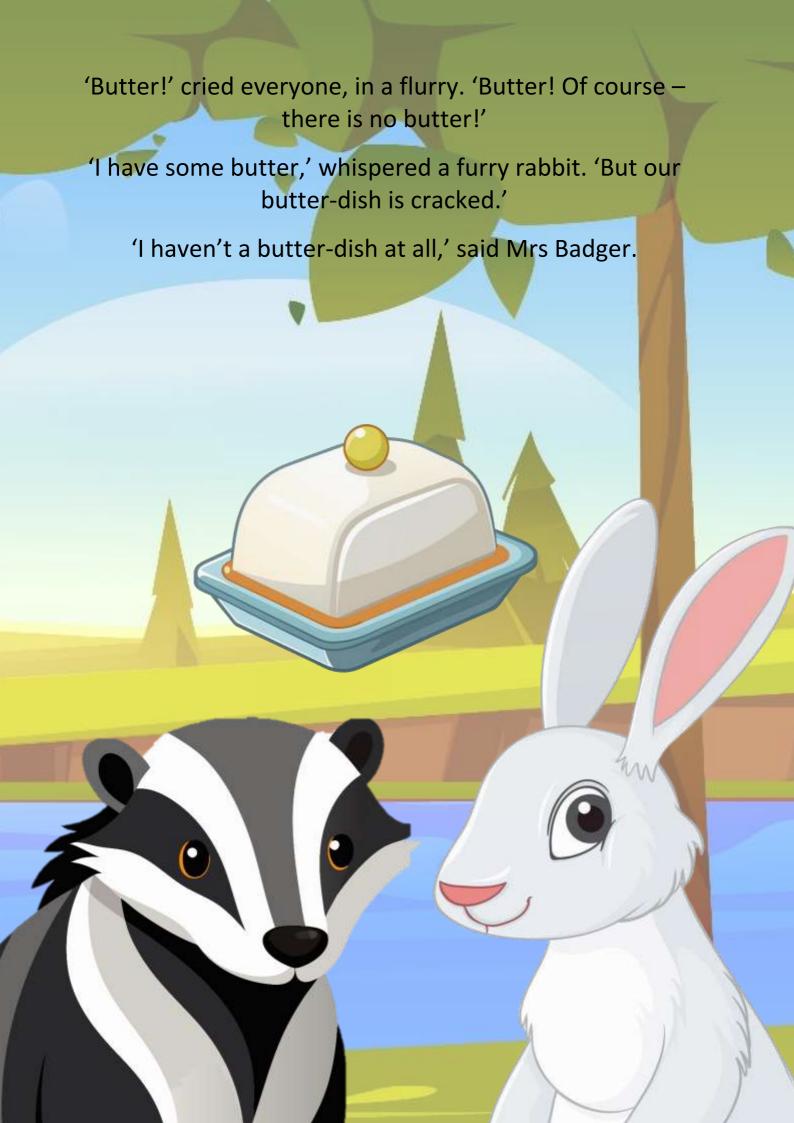




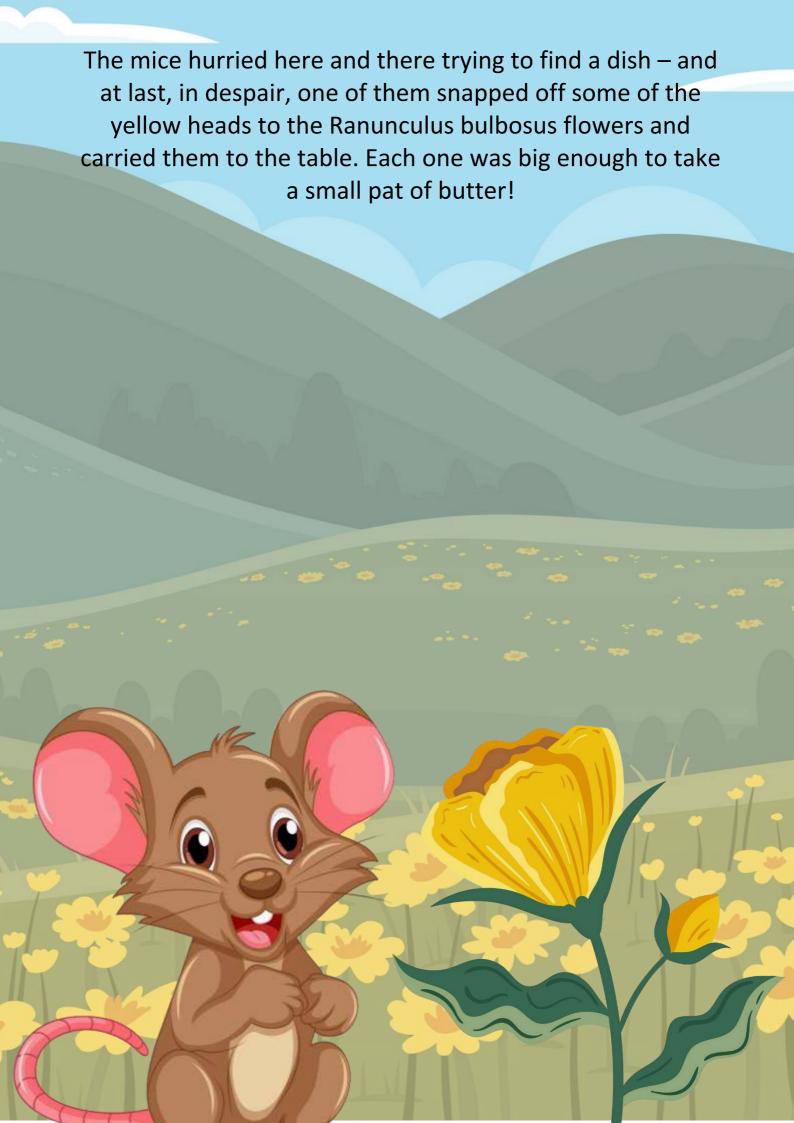


The queen arrived. She nodded graciously to tall the excited mice, and sat down to eat. For she had come a long way and was hungry. She looked around the table and smiled. 'White bread, new honey and cherry cakes!' she said. 'Just what I love! But there is no butter.'



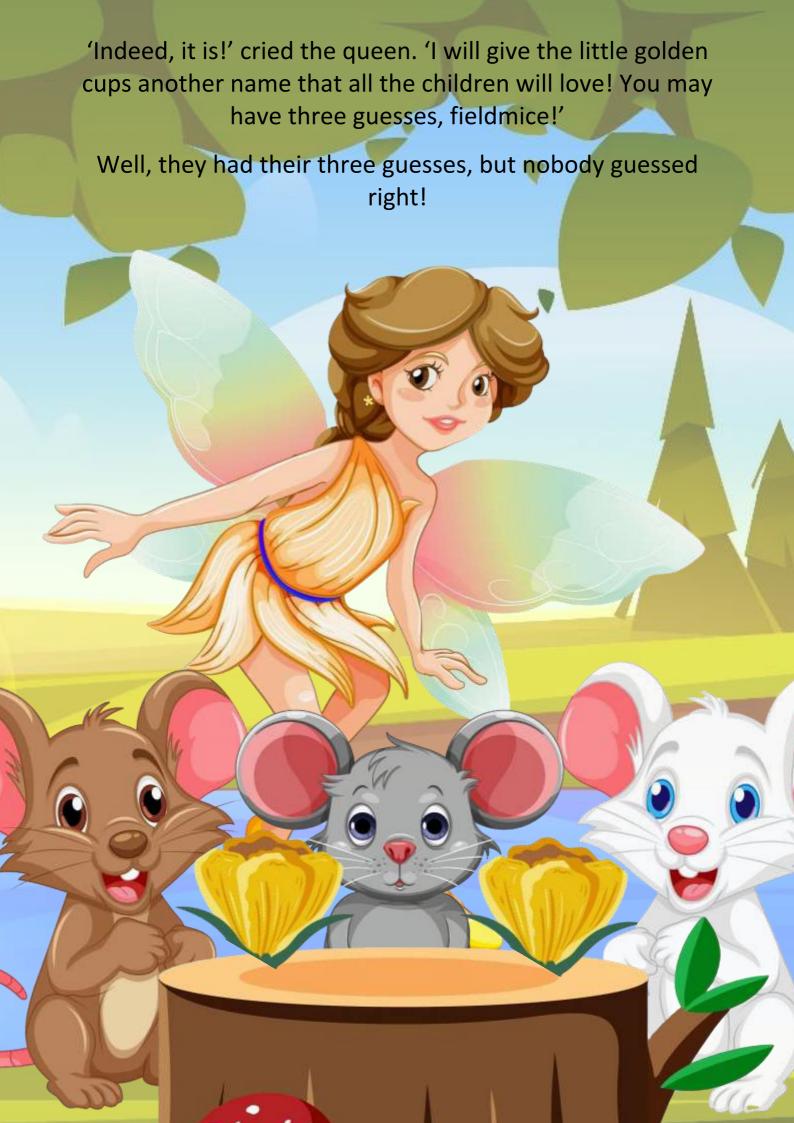


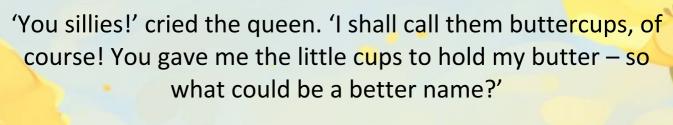












It was a good name, wasn't it! only very learned people call the little flowers Rannculus bulbosus – but to everybody else they are just the golden buttercups.



