

*One night, in the coldest part of the season, something comes slithering and capering through the boughs and branches of your forest. Perhaps you glimpse it yourself, or perhaps word of it comes to you from labourers and silk-workers in your employ. Whatever the thing is, that twitching and spasming shape of shadow, it sings and croons to the butterflies as it passes, and their wings shiver in the moonlight as if touched by a brief ecstasy. It brushes the cocoons with gentle tenderness, and darts from grub to grub with eager anticipation.*

*When it finds the biggest, fattest grub amongst the blindly writhing creatures, it plucks the little creature forth with threads of shadow, and then... is gone.*

*In its aftermath, in the days that follow, an amazing fecundity takes hold of the iridescent butterflies. They reproduce at a startling rate, and the silken cocoons that the grubs create are of incredible size and lustre. The result is a remarkable bounty of gloaming well beyond normal expectations.*