

## A Story told by Bella the Butterfly

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### A Tiny Beginning

Hello. My name is **Bella**, and this is the story of my life.

Long before I had wings, long before I could fly, my life started as something quite different.

A beautiful butterfly carefully chose the underside of a bright green leaf on which to lay her tiny round eggs – and inside one of them was me.

For several days, the leaf swayed in the gentle breeze as I grew safely inside my tiny shell and all the while something inside me seemed to whisper, saying “*Grow, Bella. Your journey is just beginning.*”

I didn’t know yet how big and busy the world outside was going to be because inside my egg everything was calm, waiting for me to grow and become something I couldn’t yet possibly imagine. I was **becoming**.

And then one day... it happened!



## **Always Hungry!** *(The Caterpillar Stage)*

Crack!

I pushed and wiggled out of the egg shell and felt the warmth of sunshine for the very first time.

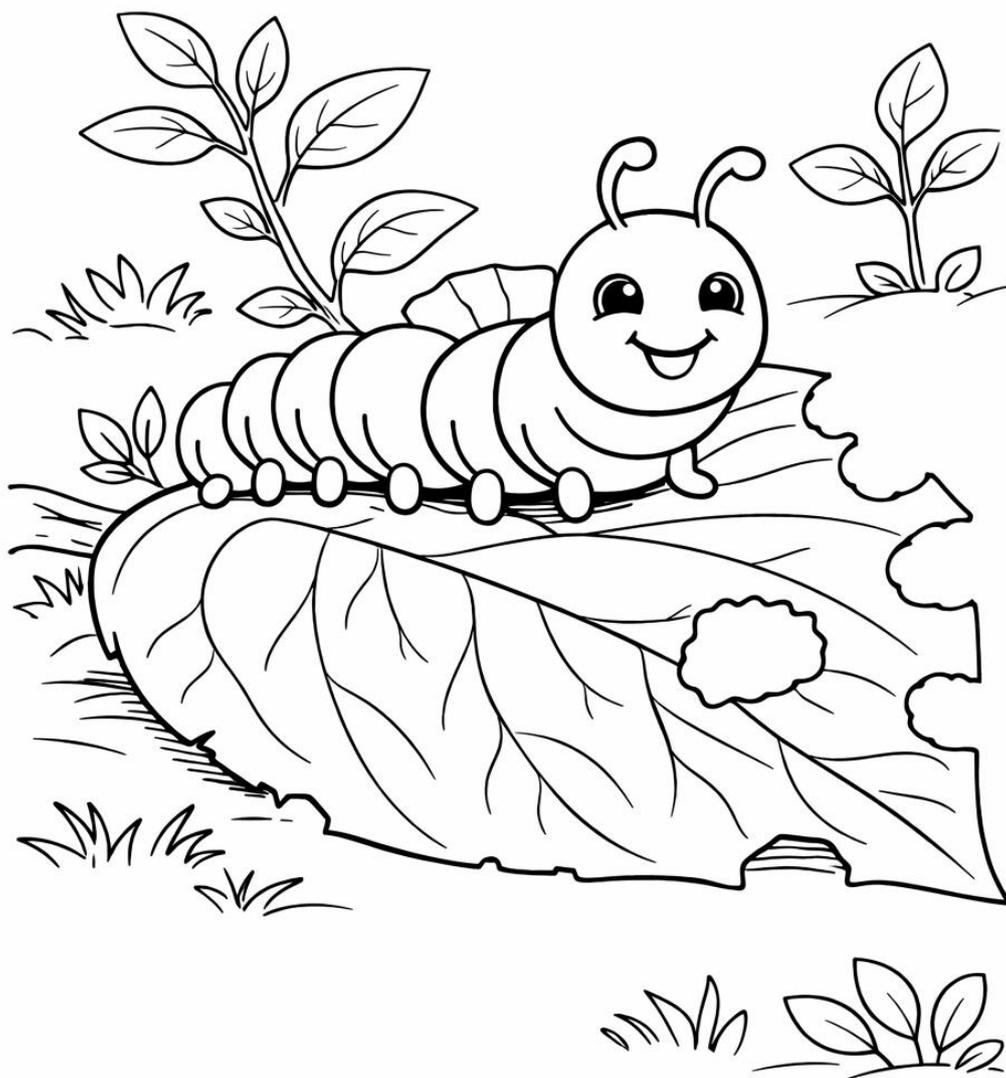
I was a tiny caterpillar and oh my goodness... I was HUNGRY.

The first thing I did was nibble the leaf on which I was born. Crunch, crunch, crunch! It tasted fresh and green and delicious. I ate and ate and ate. Every day I grew a little longer and a little stouter.

With such a voracious appetite, my skin would become too tight, and I had to shed it every so often so that I could keep growing. It felt strange but exciting — like outgrowing old clothes.

Flowers and leaves rustled around me as I munched away with my mandibles, leaving big holes in the leaves as I went. Life was simple and lovely – eat, grow, rest, repeat. But all the while I seemed to know that this wasn't the end of my story.

Something bigger was waiting for me.



### Quiet Transformation *(The Pupa Stage)*

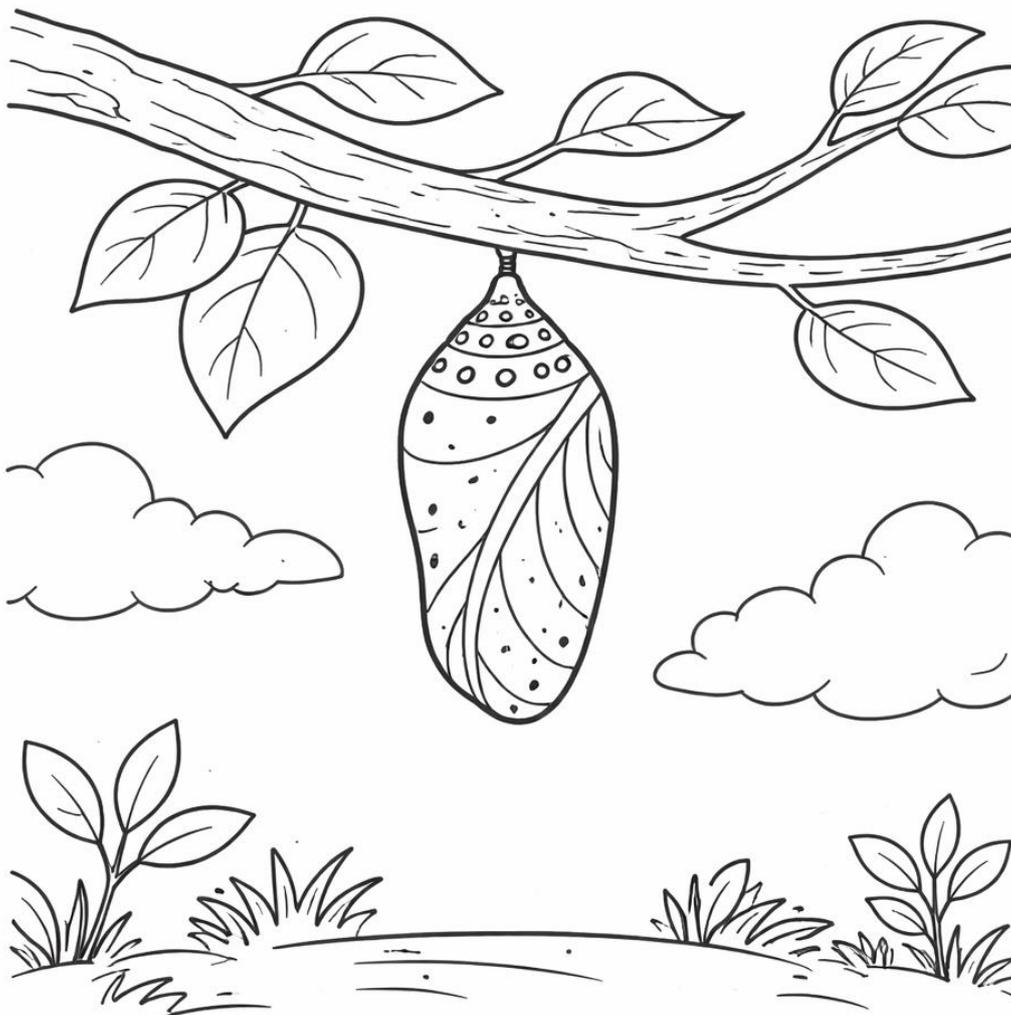
One day, I felt different. I had grown so big and round, and my skin so tight and taut that I felt extremely lazy and tired and ready to go into the deepest slumber. Strangely, I had lost my appetite too.

I mustered all my energy to crawl along the stems of the plant until I found a well-hidden comfortable spot where I would be camouflaged to look exactly like the plant's stem itself. I attached myself with a kind of spidery web and fell so fast asleep that I was quite unaware of the protective covering that was transforming me into a chrysalis.

From the outside, I looked still. But inside... oh, one of Nature's miracles was taking place. Everything was changing.

Quite unbeknown to me, my caterpillar body slowly broke down and rearranged itself. New parts formed – wings, antennae, long delicate legs. It was mysterious and magical.

Finally, after many days, I stirred and slowly roused from my deep slumber.



## **Wings at Last** *(The Butterfly Stage)*

Using all my strength, I pushed my way out of the chrysalis. I clung to its now-empty shell that had held me, safe and secure, during my transformation into something new – something incredible, something beautiful, something with WINGS.

At first, my wings were slightly wet and scrunched up but the sun warmed and dried them. I could feel strength flowing into them.

Finally I stretched them wide. I saw their pattern, I saw their colours. I could hardly believe my eyes.

With their delicate strength, they lifted me into the air. The world looked completely different from above. Flowers called to me with their sweet scent. I sipped nectar and felt light and free.

I had been an egg.

I had been a caterpillar.

I had rested in a chrysalis.

And now I was Bella the Butterfly.

My journey taught me something important: Growing takes patience. Change can feel strange. But sometimes, the quiet waiting moments are when the most beautiful transformations happen.

If you are ever in a stage where you feel small, hungry, or hidden away, remember me.

You might just be growing your wings.

