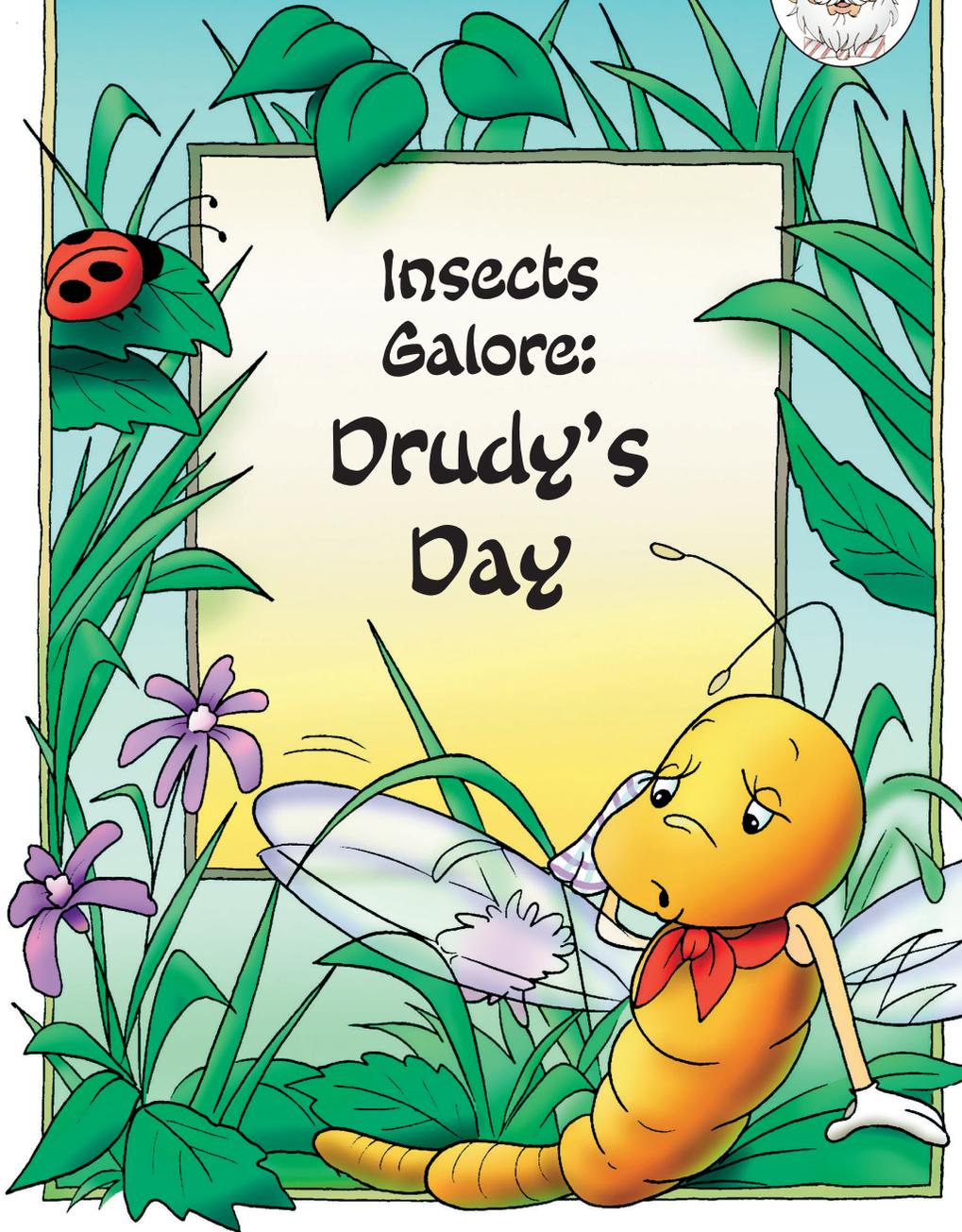




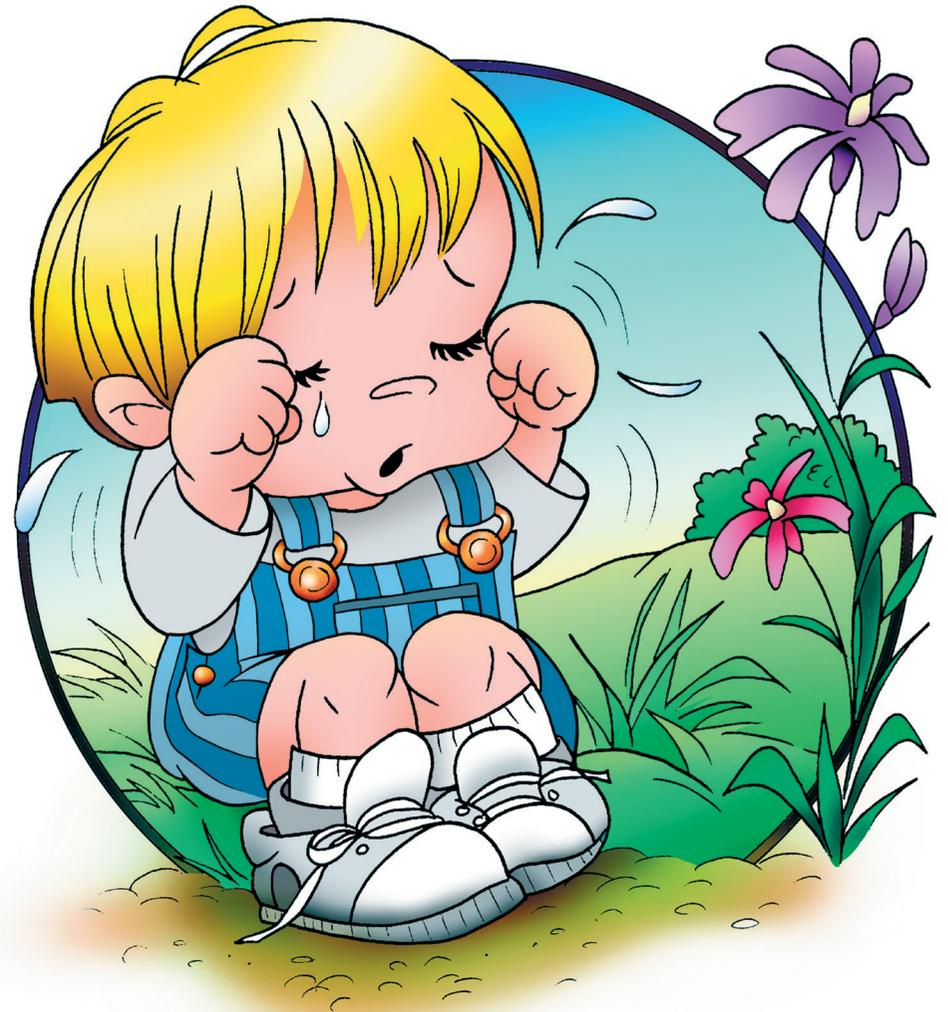
Insects
Galore:
Drudy's
Day

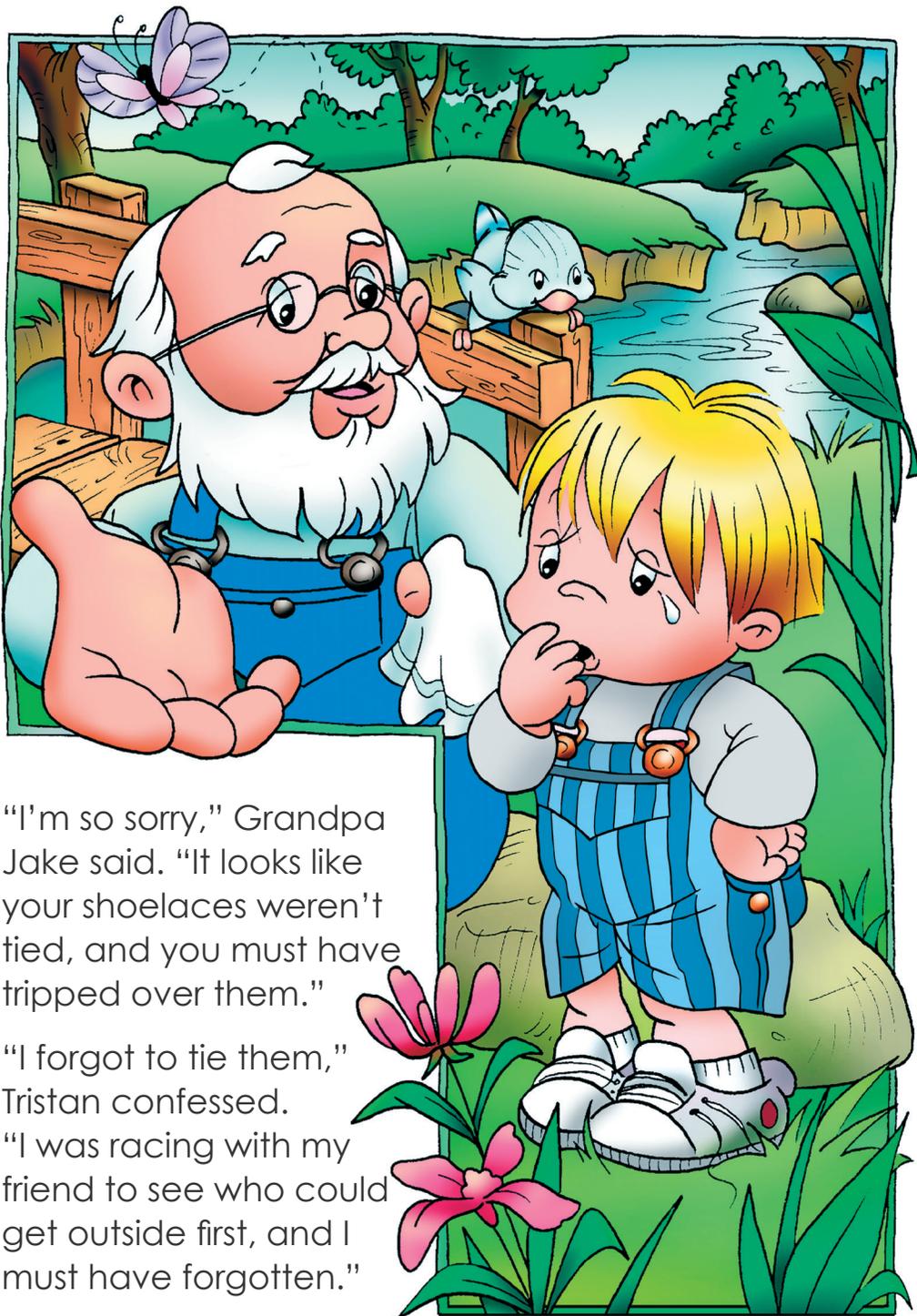


Tristan's sob could be heard loudly through the house and garden.

"What's wrong, Tristan?" Grandpa Jake asked when he found his grandson tending to a small cut on his knee.

"It hurts, Grandpa," Tristan said.





"I'm so sorry," Grandpa Jake said. "It looks like your shoelaces weren't tied, and you must have tripped over them."

"I forgot to tie them," Tristan confessed. "I was racing with my friend to see who could get outside first, and I must have forgotten."



"Well, it wasn't quick after all because you ended up getting hurt. This reminds me of a story about Drudy."

"Drudy?" Tristan asked, forgetting about his sore knee.

"Yes. Drudy was a dragonfly who had an accident like you did and learned a good lesson through it."

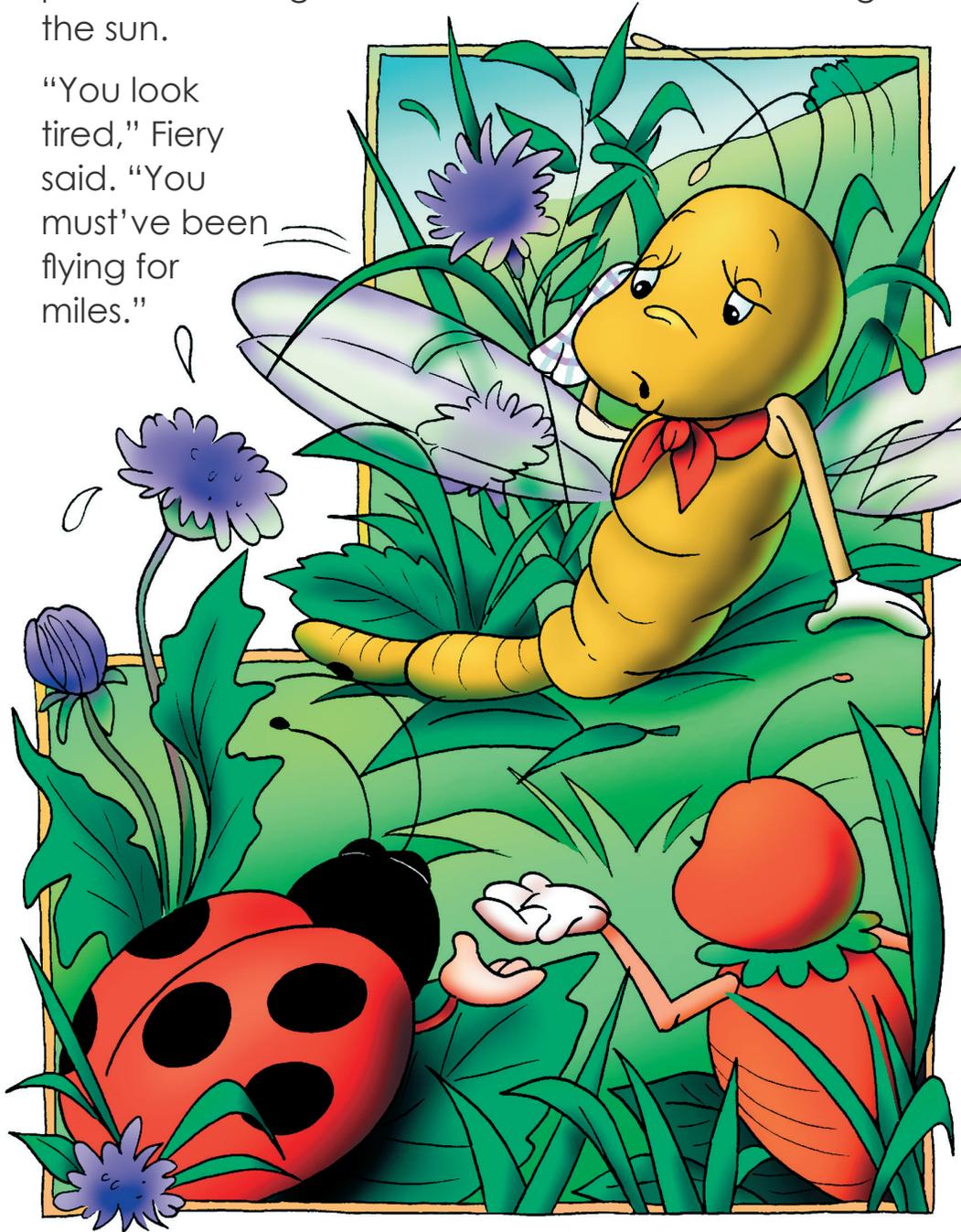
"Please tell me, Grandpa," Tristan said.

"It happened one day when Drudy found her friends, Lincoln and Fiery..." Grandpa Jake began.



"You'll never believe what happened to me," Drudy panted, coming to where her friends were relaxing in the sun.

"You look tired," Fiery said. "You must've been flying for miles."



"Not really, but I had a scary accident."



"This morning I went to visit my dragonfly friends at the pond," Drudy began.

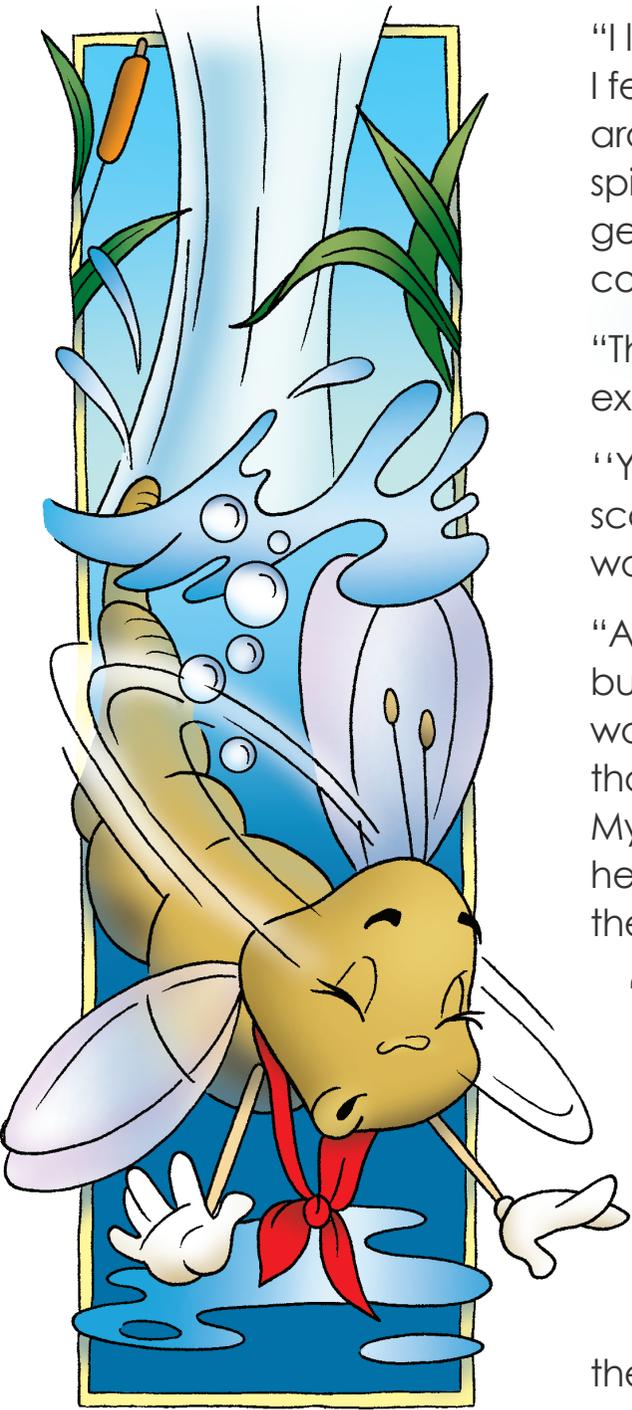
"We were playing flying games. First, we'd fly up as high as we could, and then we'd dive down real fast. We were seeing who could make it to the surface of the water without getting wet and catch one of the mosquitoes circling the surface of the pond."



"I wasn't doing so well," Drudy confessed. "I could fly high, but I wasn't able to dive as quickly as the others. I was hardly catching any mosquitoes."

"I got angry and wanted to prove that I was as good as the other dragonflies. And I didn't want anyone to think I was afraid of getting stuck in the water. So I wasn't being careful as I flew really high and dove through the air as fast as I could. I picked up so much speed when I was diving that I wasn't able to turn and catch the mosquito. Instead, I hit the water with a splash," Drudy explained.





"I landed so fast that I felt like everything around me was spinning. When I tried to get out of the water, I couldn't."

"That's terrible!" Fiery exclaimed.

"You must have been scared," Lincoln said. "I would've been."

"At first, I wasn't scared, but then I started to worry when I realized that I couldn't fly out. My wings were wet and heavy; I couldn't lift them. I was stuck."

"Oh dear!" Lincoln said.

"What happened next?" Fiery asked.

"My friends tried to help me out, but I was too heavy for them too."



"I thought I might be stuck in the water for a very long time and maybe even drown. My friends went to find help, and when I was alone, I felt very helpless."

"What did you do?" Lincoln asked.

"I remembered what my mom always told me to do if I found myself in a difficult situation: I prayed. I asked God to help my friends find some way of helping me, or that God would send someone to rescue me. I told Him that I'd be more careful next time and not get so competitive."



"And?" Fiery interrupted.

"Just then two children were walking by the pond."

"They had caught a frog in their yard and were bringing it to the pond to set it free. I tried calling for help, but they didn't see or hear me. I prayed again, and then the little girl saw me."

“Cid, Cid!” she shouted. ‘There’s a dragonfly in the water. It looks like it needs help.’”

“Her brother turned around and saw me, and he gently fished me out of the water.”

“‘Poor little thing,’ he said. ‘Good thing you saw the dragonfly, Sheila, I don’t know how much longer it would’ve lasted in the water. Let’s put it on this leaf here so that the sun can dry its wings, and soon it will be able to fly again.’”



“It’s good those kids walked by when you needed them,” Fiery said.

“I’m so glad that you’re all right now,” Lincoln sighed.

“Me too,” Drudy agreed. “I’m going to be a lot more careful from now on.”



“Would you like to play a game together?” Fiery asked.

The other two looked at her and smiled.

“Why not?” Drudy answered.

“Let’s be extra careful,” Lincoln said.

“And not too competitive,” Fiery added.



“I’m glad that I didn’t get into as much trouble as Drudy did,” Tristan said.

“Yes, I am too,” his grandfather said.

“But it’s very important to remember that accidents often happen when you’re not careful. It’s easy to become careless—as in Drudy’s case—if you get competitive when you play with others and always want to win.”

“I’d better tie my shoelaces before I go and play again,” Tristan said.

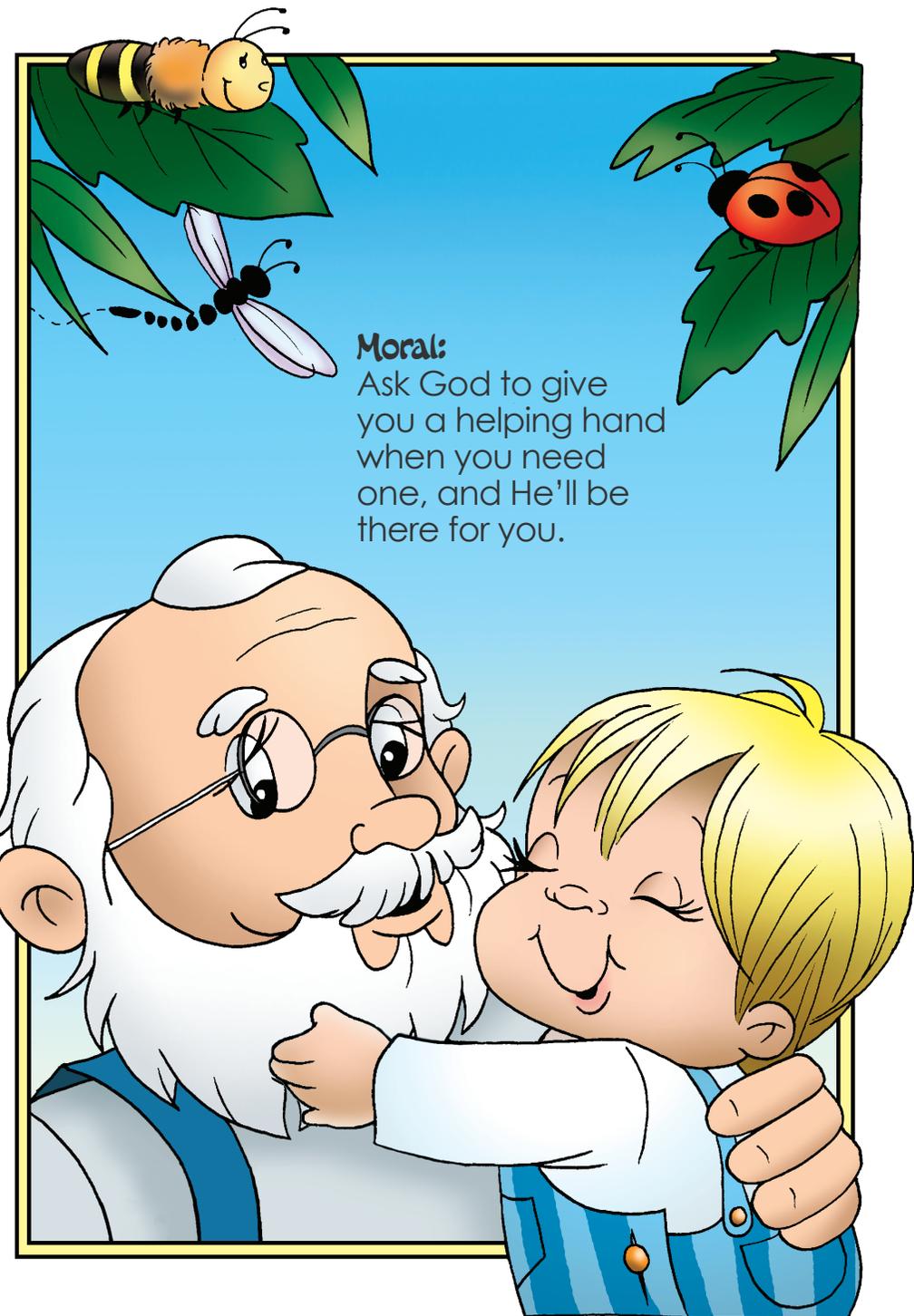
“And before you go, there’s one other thing you should remember that Drudy’s story taught us. Can you remember what?”

Tristan thought for a moment. “To pray?”

“That’s right! Then God can protect you from getting hurt.”

Tristan and his grandfather bowed their heads and said a prayer. Then Tristan bounded off to play with his friend.

On a nearby leaf, three small insects watched him and smiled at each other.



Authored by Katuscia Giusti. Illustrated by Agnes Lemaire.

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