

THE MOTH and THE BUTTERFLY

Estee and Delphy were two caterpillars who lived happily in a beautiful forest. They were the best of friends and did everything together. They played in the grass, chased each other up and down trees, and chewed on young leaves.

One day, it came time for Estee and Delphy to weave their cocoons. Wanting to stay near each other, the two friends chose the same tree, spun two different-looking cocoons, and fell into a deep sleep.

Time had passed when Estee woke up and felt a strong urge to break out of her cocoon. With all her strength she pushed and kicked until she had wiggled free.

“Oh, wonderful!” she exclaimed. “The fresh air feels wonderful! What a pleasure!”

Estee went to find Delphy. “Delphy! Are you still in there?” she asked. Crawling around Delphy’s cocoon, she found it hadn’t yet broken open, so Estee stayed nearby to wait for her friend.

It was just before sunset when Delphy’s cocoon began to move. After a few minutes of struggle, Delphy emerged.

“Hi!” Estee greeted her friend. “You look different—what happened to you?”

“You look very different from when I last saw you, too,” Delphy replied. “But look ... we both have wings.”



“Oh, yes,” Estee said as she tried flapping them. “I think flying is going to be so much fun!”

After some stretching and flexing of their wings, Estee and Delphy let go of the branch they were on and found, to their delight, that their wings not only kept them up in the air but made it possible to quickly move about from one place to the next. It was exciting to be able to move freely after their long sleep.

“I’m feeling ready for some fun,” Delphy said. “Why don’t we go exploring?”

“Actually, I’m feeling quite tired,” Estee replied. “It’s getting dark, so I think I’ll get some rest.”

“Oh ... well, I’ll see you later,” Delphy said. Then she flew away.

Estee found a sheltered spot underneath a big leaf on a tree and went to sleep.



The next morning, Estee was up bright and early, ready for a fun day ahead.

“Good morning, Delphy. Did you have a good sleep? I sure did,” Estee said cheerily to Delphy, who had landed on a branch next to where Estee was.

“I didn’t sleep at all,” Delphy said. “I was up all night ... but now I’m sooo sleepy.”

“Oh. ... Well, maybe we can play together when you wake up.”



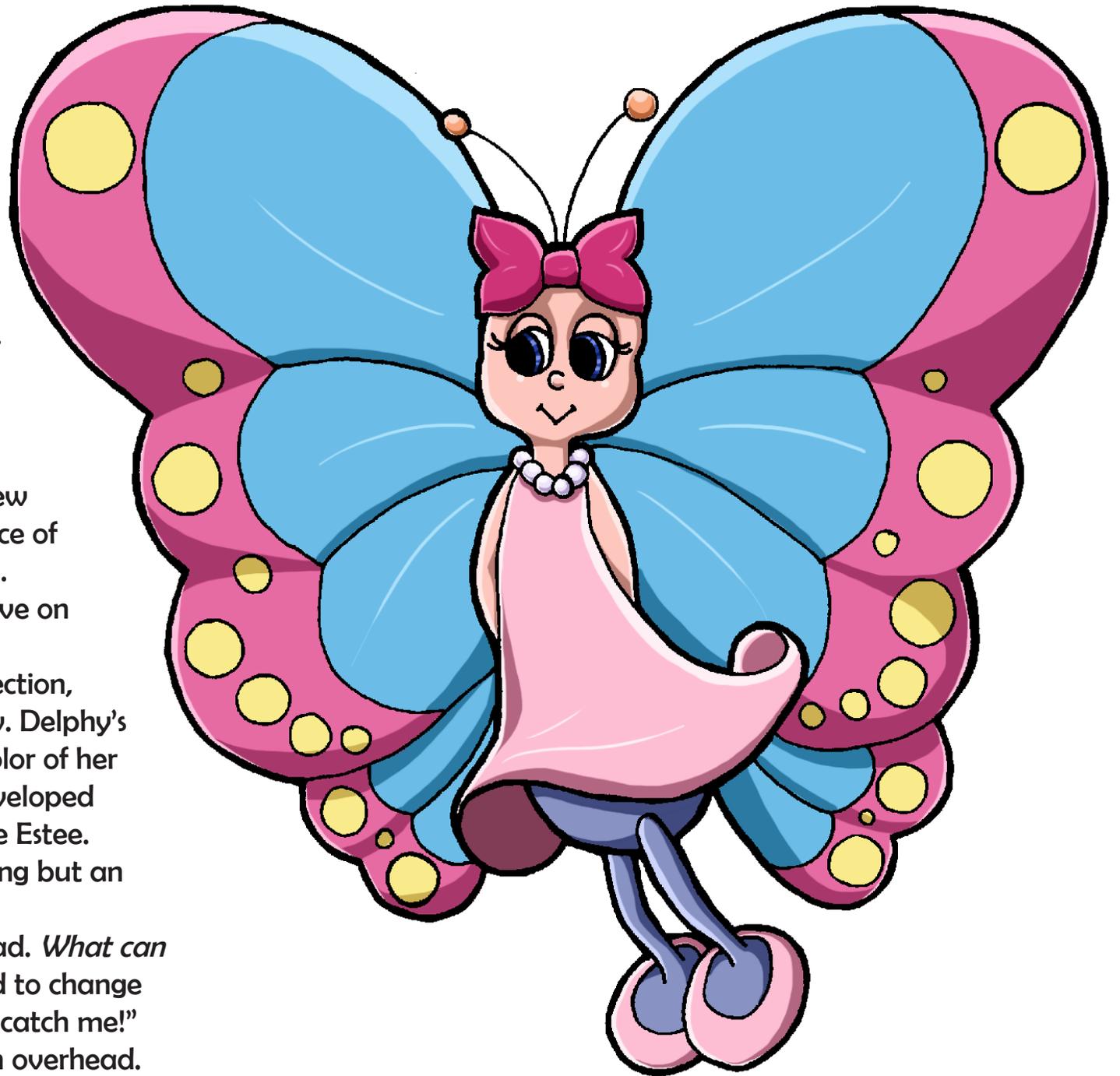
As the days passed, Estee and Delphy found themselves on different schedules. Estee would sleep at night while Delphy would sleep during the day, so the two friends did not spend as much time together as they had when they were caterpillars. But every day, when the sun was beginning to set, Estee and Delphy would tell the other of their adventures, exploring, or flitting in and out of the leaves of the big trees.

One day at dusk, the two friends flew together to a lily pad on the still surface of a pond and looked at their reflections.

“Look at all the different colors I have on my wings!” Estee exclaimed.

But Delphy, gazing at her own reflection, didn't seem as happy at what she saw. Delphy's body was round and furry, and the color of her wings was a plain brown. She had developed into a moth, not a bright butterfly like Estee. Delphy began to get teary. “I'm nothing but an ugly moth!”

Estee felt bad that Delphy was so sad. *What can I do to help her feel better?* Estee tried to change the subject. “Come on, Delphy! Try to catch me!” she said as she flew swiftly to a branch overhead.



Delphy looked up at her friend. *Estee is so fast when she flies. I feel so awkward and slow!*

That made her even sadder than before.

“No, I don’t feel like playing right now,” she mumbled.

Estee sent up a prayer to the Great Creator, “Creator, please help Delphy to be happy! She’s my dearest friend. Please do something to help her.”

The Creator heard Estee’s prayer and said, “I have some ideas of what to do that will help Delphy be thankful for the way I made her.”

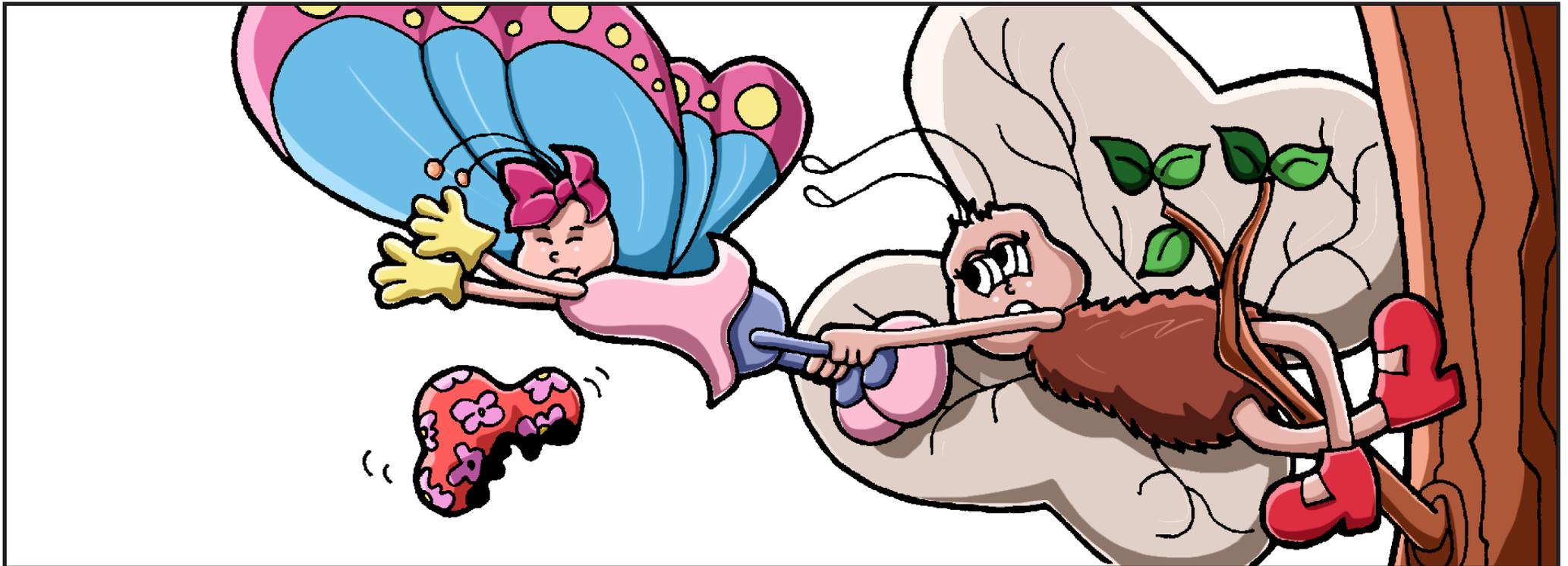
Estee went over to Delphy. “Thank you for being my dearest friend,” Estee said to Delphy, in an effort to encourage her.

Suddenly a gust of wind swept Estee up and carried her away!

“Oh, Delphy! Delphy! Help me! The wind is carrying me away!” she cried.

Without hesitation, Delphy went to Estee’s rescue. She flew as fast as she could and managed to catch up with Estee. Grabbing Estee by the legs, Delphy pulled her down behind a rock, where she was sheltered from the strong wind.

Estee was so grateful to her good friend for saving her life.



“Thank you, Delphy! I am so glad to have you as my friend! Just think, if you had been as light as me, we would have both been carried away by the wind. But thanks to the Creator, He gave you a stronger build so that the wind couldn’t carry you away as easily!”

She’s right, thought Delphy. I should be thankful for how I am made!

A short distance away a little boy was running around carrying a butterfly net. Scanning a patch of yellow flowers, he spotted Estee’s bright wings as she fluttered down to rest on a flower petal.

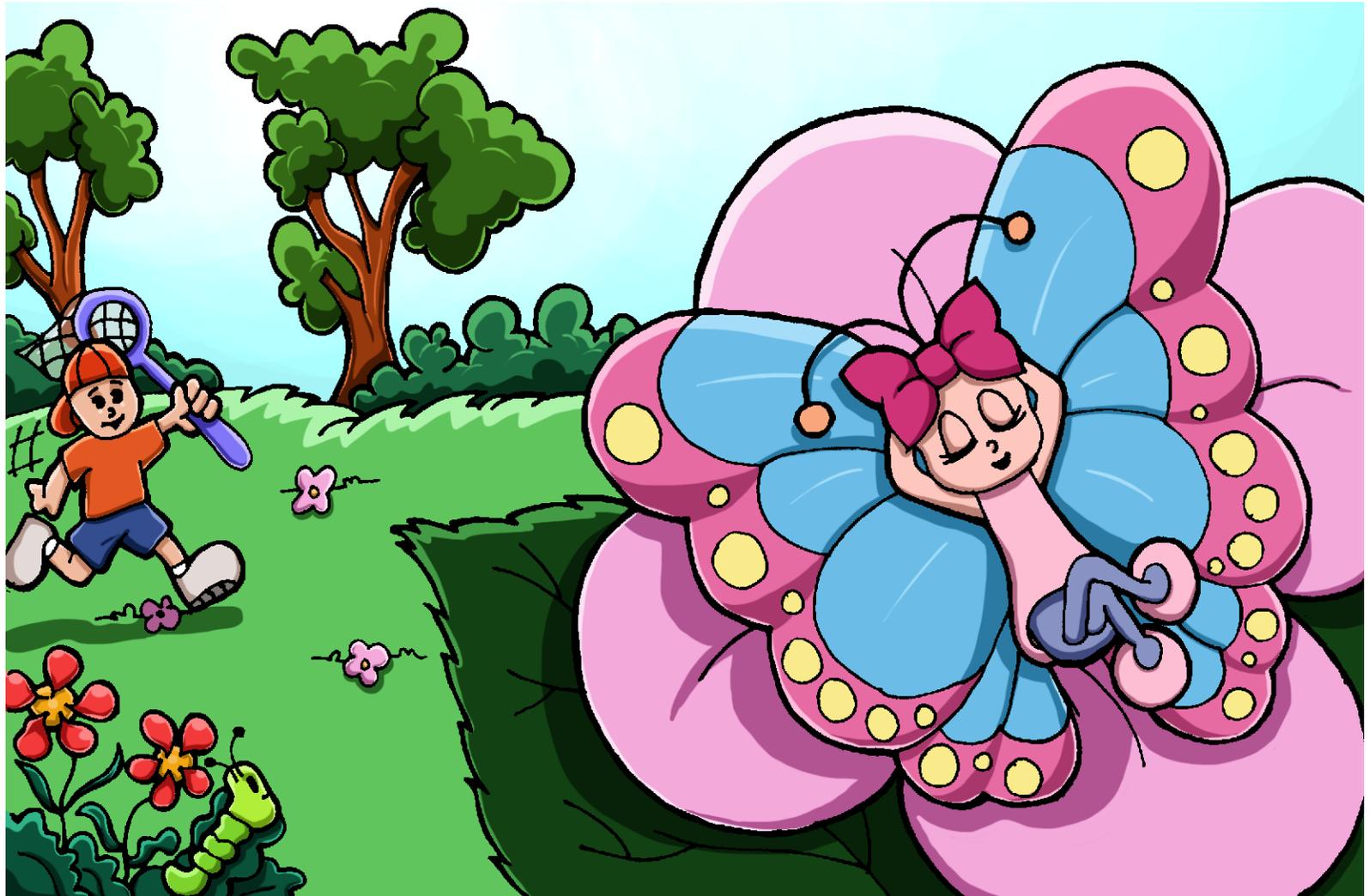
The boy ran toward her, swinging his butterfly net to catch her. Delphy called out, “Look out, Estee! Quick! Hide!”

Estee quickly took off flying as fast as she could. Delphy flew directly at the boy, trying to cause a distraction.

In the commotion, Estee hid behind a bush where the boy couldn’t see her. After searching for a moment, he gave up looking and ran off in another direction.

Again Estee expressed her gratefulness to Delphy: “Thank you. My colors attract too much attention! You saved me again!”

The Creator looked down and smiled. The plan was working. “Just one more example,” He said.



The following evening, when Estee and Delphy met again, they both were perched on a low-hanging branch enjoying the sunset. A lizard scampered along looking for a juicy meal. Spotting both a moth and butterfly, he decided that the moth would be more of a meal than the butterfly. The lizard jumped on Delphy, catching her in his mouth! But just as quickly he spat her out. "Oh! I do not care for this one," the lizard exclaimed. "Where's that other one?" He looked around for Estee, but she was gone. And so, once again, they both escaped!

The two friends heaved a sigh of relief.

From then on, Delphy was cured from wishing she had been born a butterfly. She was happy for the way the Creator had made her, and for the other special qualities He had given her, for which she was very thankful.

Estee and Delphy remained the best of friends for the rest of their days.



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