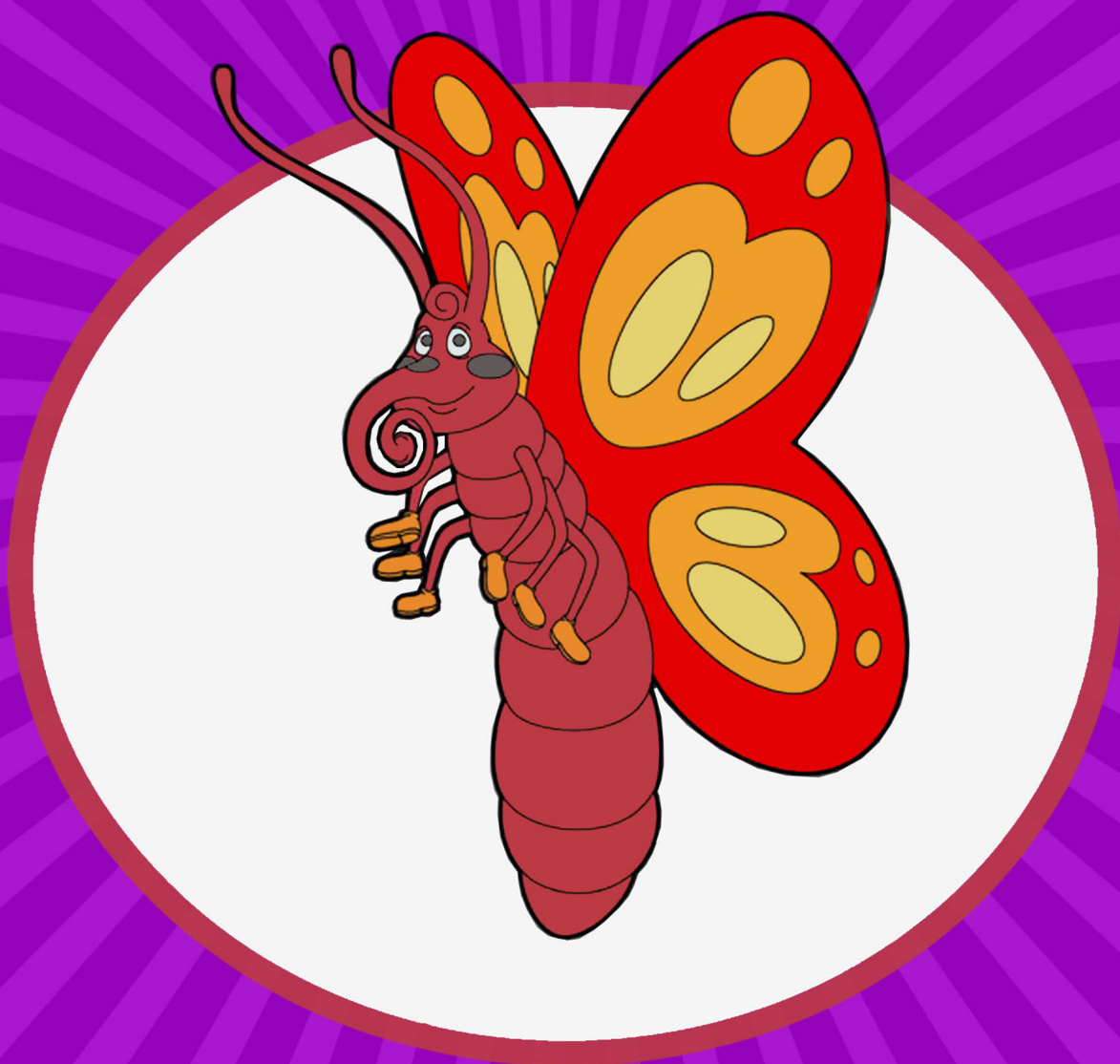




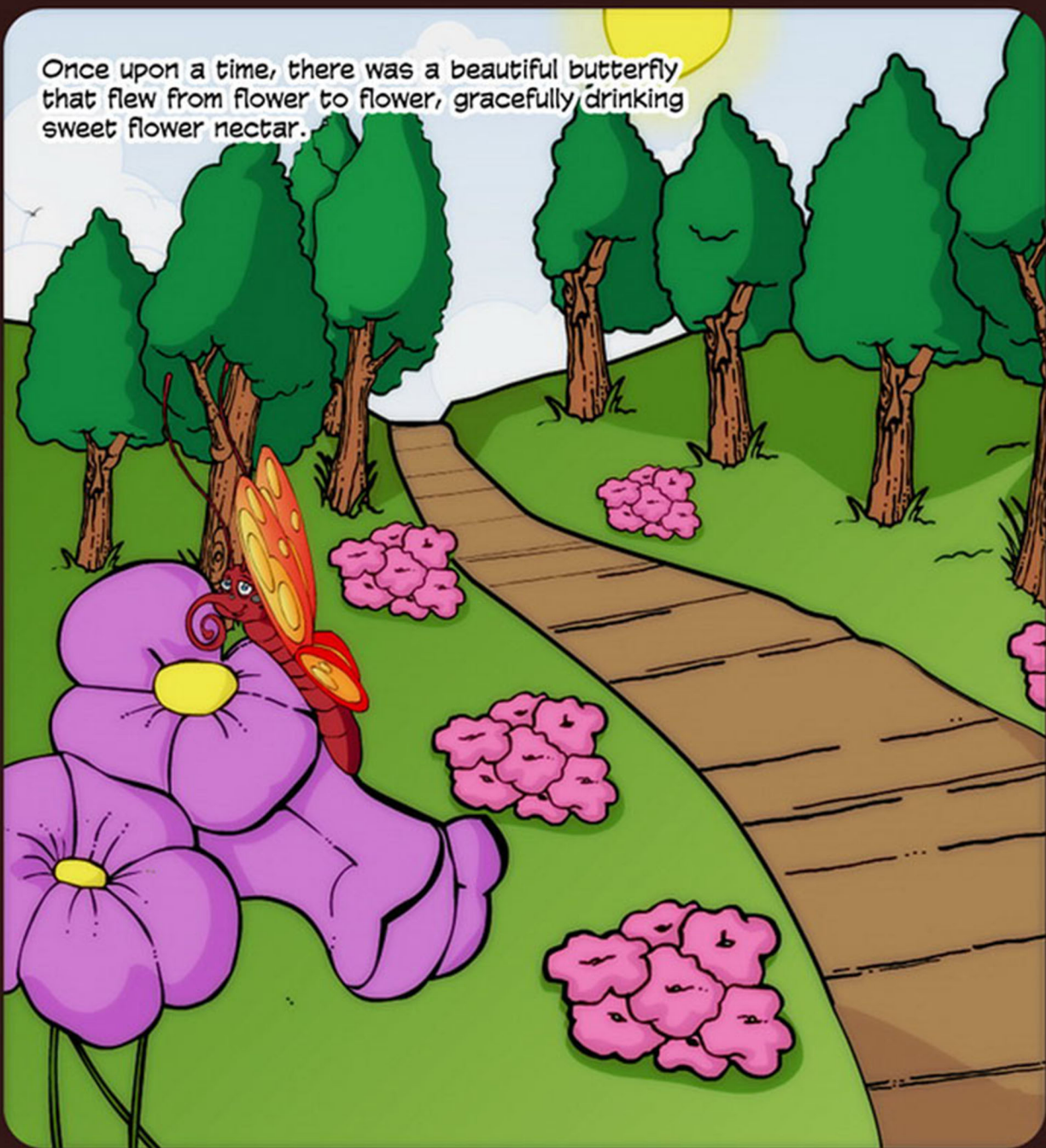
Starting reactions  
that last a lifetime®

# An Introduction to the **Life Cycle of the Butterfly**



## Storybook

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful butterfly that flew from flower to flower, gracefully drinking sweet flower nectar.



The butterfly used its long, lovely nose to drink from the beautiful garden blooms.



Proboscis



When the time was right, the butterfly was ready to lay eggs.

This is where I will leave the eggs from which my children will hatch.



A few weeks later, one of the eggs began to quiver, and then open up.

I'm hungry.



Out came a tiny caterpillar, weak and afraid.

Silky ate the egg that she had just hatched from just like all newborn caterpillars are supposed to.



The egg would give her strength to move out into the large, green, world around her.



As she munched away on the egg, the sound of colorful wings WHOOSHED.

Silky looked up and saw a big butterfly fluttering by in the breeze.

She licked the last of her egg from her chewing organs.

Chewing Organs

My! I wish I had pretty wings and could fly like that butterfly!

In the weeks that followed, Silky made her way just fine through her life. She ate and ate...and ate!

Silky ate tremendous amounts of food and soon grew to more than two THOUSAND times her weight at birth!

But still Silky was sad that she did not have pretty wings and could not fly.



Day after day, Silky sighed over her long segmented body that crawled **EVER** so slowly over the trees.



She had **EIGHT** pairs of legs. Three were at her front section and looked a little like a butterfly's, only shorter.



**True Legs**

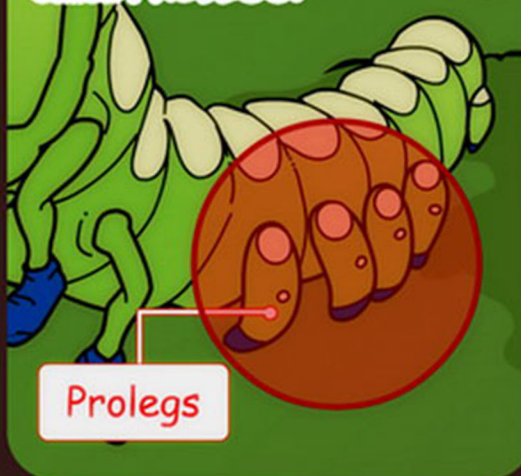


She knew that these were called her **TRUE LEGS**.

She also had **FIVE** pairs of stumpy legs further down her body, with tiny claws for gripping.



Silky's best friend, a wise moth caterpillar named Flossy, had told her that these were called **PROLEGS**.



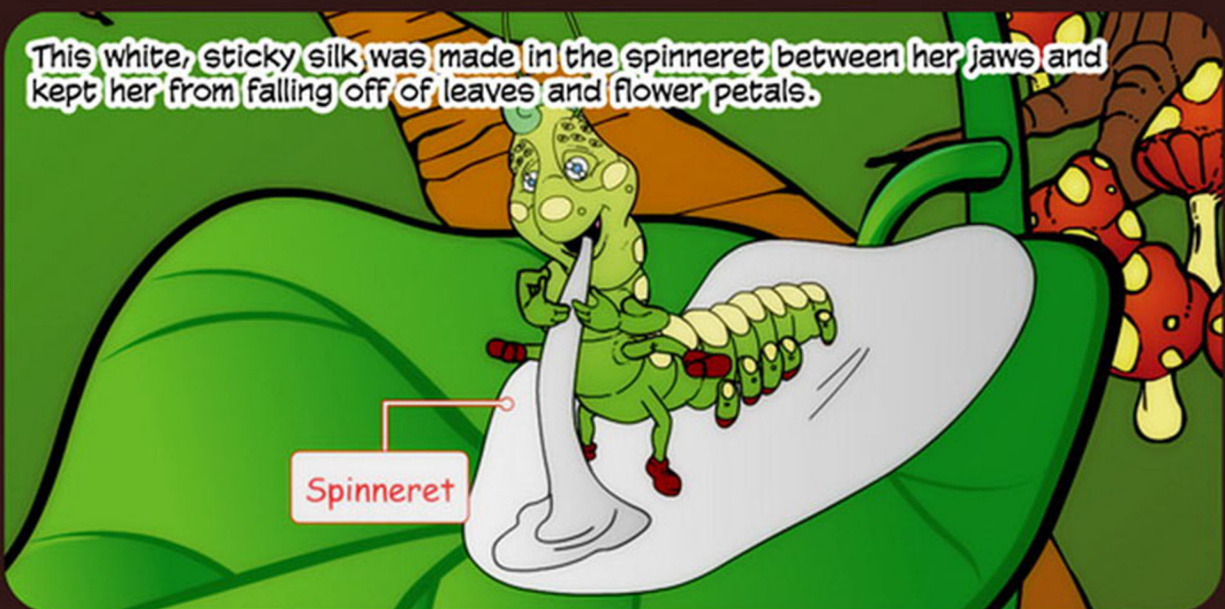
**Prolegs**

You see, Silky would spin herself a carpet of white silk when she walked.

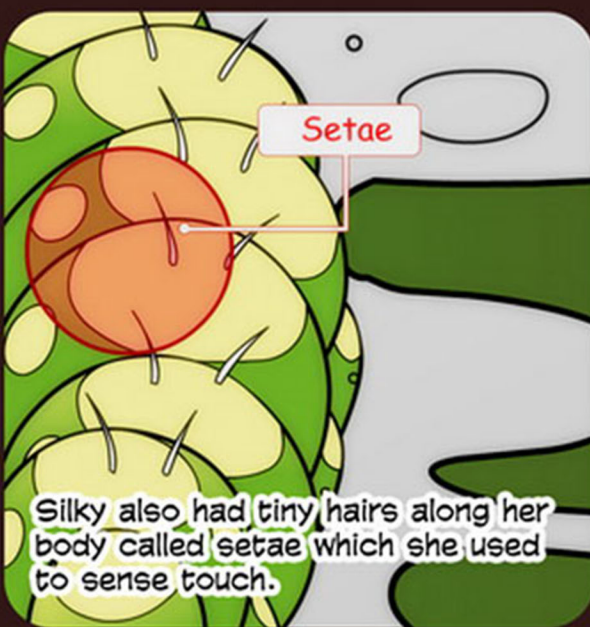




This white, sticky silk was made in the spinneret between her jaws and kept her from falling off of leaves and flower petals.

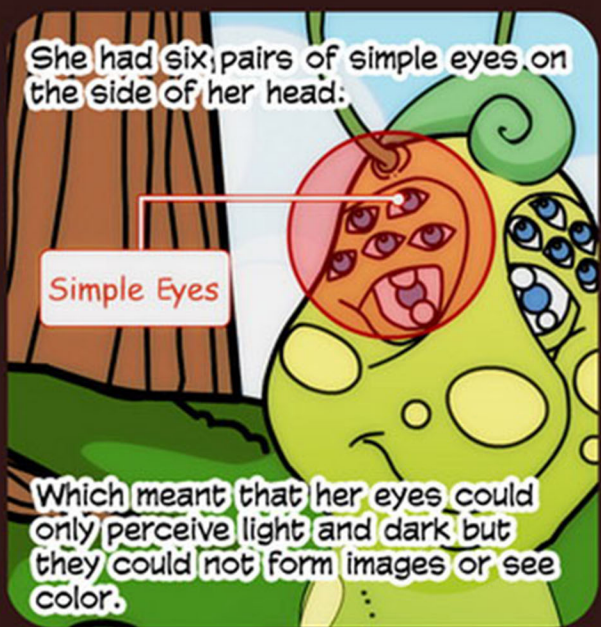


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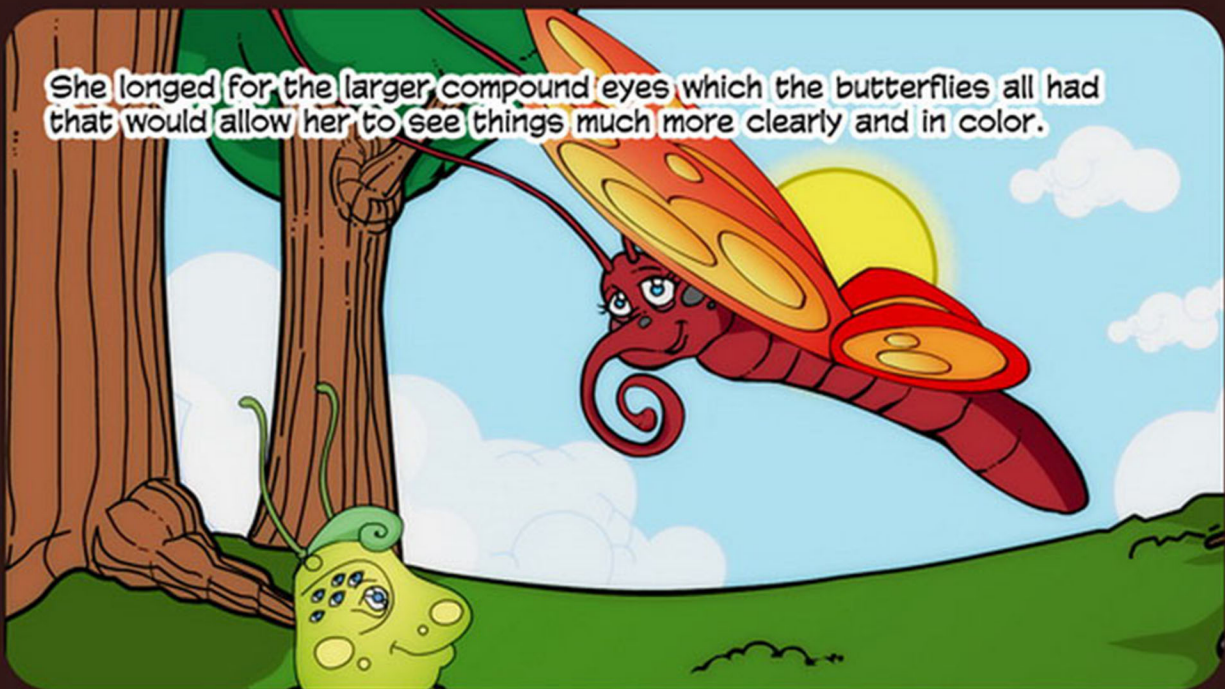


She had six pairs of simple eyes on the side of her head:

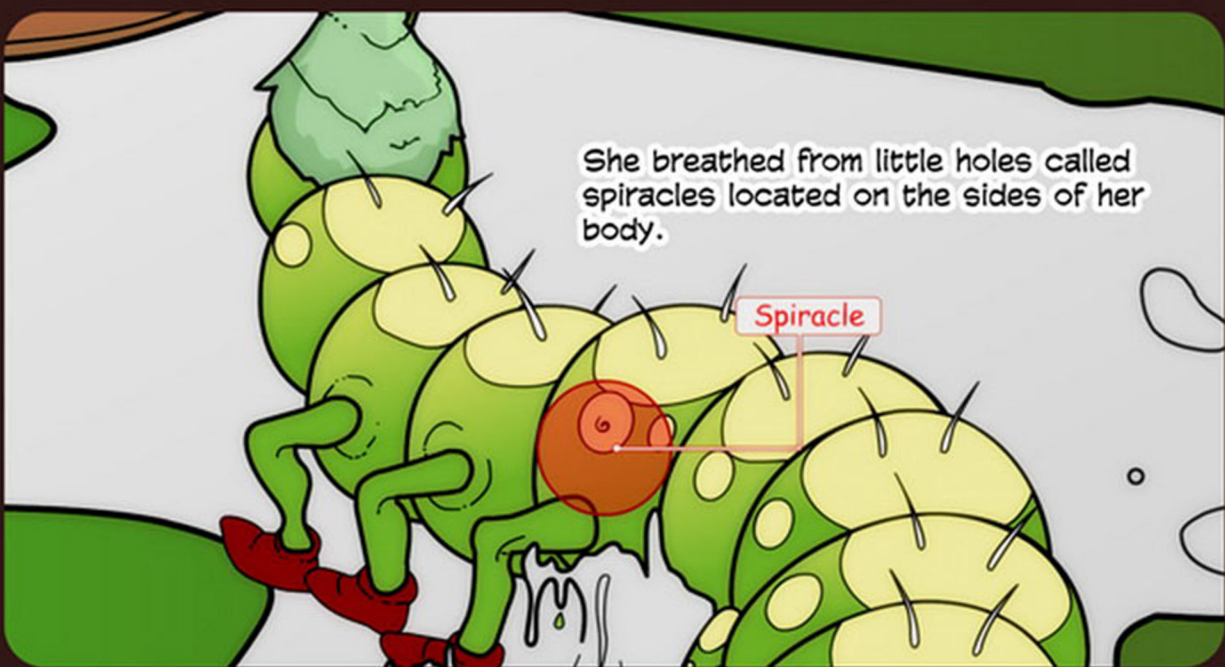
Simple Eyes



She longed for the larger, compound eyes which the butterflies all had that would allow her to see things much more clearly and in color.









Then, one day, Silky felt **QUITE** strange! She simply did not want to eat any more. She felt restless.



Without knowing why, she climbed onto a high plant and suddenly hung herself, upside-down, by an unusually thick strand of white silk.



Her skin molted one last time, but her new skin was tougher than any she had before.

Suddenly she became frightened, because she realized what was happening.



It had happened to her friend Flossy a couple of days earlier. Flossy had started spinning a silk cocoon case around her and had not been seen since.



This could only mean one thing; Flossy had died and now Silky would die as well!

She felt very strange hanging there upside down on the plant.





Just as she was about to cry, a large monarch butterfly fluttered by her.

Oh, bless you, young pupa. For a pupa is what you have become.

You will live in your chrysalis for now and a remarkable change will...come...over...you...!

Silky was very happy. For, even though she did not understand exactly what was happening to her, she KNEW now that she would live!

Zzzzzz

Suddenly, she realized she was tired, and soon Silky slipped contentedly into a deep, long sleep.

And, while the cold nights sent flakes of icy brilliance down to the awaiting earth, Silky's body changed.

She grew wings. Her true legs were becoming long and slender and her stumpy prolegs legs and anchor all disappeared.

She grew a proboscis like her mother's, as well as long, slender antennae with which to smell the wonderful scents of flowers on the coming spring winds.

Her eyes changed until they became compound eyes, able to see objects in color and from many angles.

And through all of this, Silky slept.



When spring came, and the sun gently warmed the garden, Silky suddenly awoke!



For a moment she panicked, not knowing where she was.

Then she remembered, but all she wanted was to get out of this skin that had crusted over and become a hard, protective coat!



Slowly, wings first, she broke out of her chrysalis.

Yes, Silky had finally grown big, beautiful wings! Gingerly, she ventured out onto the morning breeze.



**SHE COULD FLY!** Oh the happiness she felt at that moment! She could soar over the flowers and drink of their sweet nectar!





On a colorful lily, Silky saw a dormant, dull-colored moth. The moth giggled, and instantly Silky recognized the voice of her oldest and dearest friend Flossy, who also had undergone metamorphosis!



I will now sleep during the days and fly about at night.

This made her different from Silky but, she explained, the two friends could still see each other and play in the evenings before Silky rested for the night.



But dear friend, we can see each other and play in the evening before you rest for the night.

The two flew together often after that, happy that they had become beautiful insects during their long, winter naps.



And they lived happily ever after as the BEST of friends!

THE END