

12-B Hat·ch·ing a But·ter·fly

What wa^s eat·ing the pars·ley? There it wa^s - a hand·some, fat green cat·er·pil·lar with black bands spot·ted with yel·low. Mai won·dered what kind of but·ter·fly it would be·come. She found an old fish tank. In it she put the cat·er·pil·lar, a branched stick, and a hand·ful of pars·ley. She covered the tank with a screen. The cat·er·pil·lar quick·ly be·gan mun·ch·ing the pars·ley.

A few day^s la·ter the cat·er·pil·lar climbed the stick. cling·ing with it^s low·er feet, it spun a fine silk·en thread that it loo·ped a·round it^s up·per body like a sling. Lea·ning back, the cat·er·pil·lar be·gan to wri·gle. It^s skin split and fell a·way. The new skin un·der·neath har·dened in·to a col·or·ful, hard·shelled chry·s·a·lis.

One day Mai no·ti·ced that the chry·s·a·lis wa^s be·com·ing tran·s·par·ent. AS she watch·ed, the chry·s·a·lis be·gan to move. Sud·den·ly it split, and a but·ter·fly pulled it·self out. It grasped the stick with long, slen·der leg^s. It^s ti·ny, wet wing^s were black, edged with orange and blue spot^s. The but·ter·fly be·gan to pulse rhy·th·mi·ca·lly, and it^s wing^s ex·pan·ded. Mai i·den·ti·fied it a^s an ea·stern black swall·ow·tail. She car·ried the but·ter·fly out·side on the stick. It con·tin·ued to cling to the stick, wa·ving it^s wing^s gent·ly in the air. While Mai watch·ed, the swall·ow·tail flut·ter·ed up and a·way.