

# THE GOLDEN BEAUTY

KEYWORD: Mysticism.

Once upon a time by the roadside grew a plant which nobody noticed, and hidden under one of its leaves were

a dozen of the tiniest eggs, so small that if you had not known they were there you never would have seen them. After awhile out of one of these eggs crawled — now guess! well — a little green caterpillar. It was so glad to get out, and it stretched and stretched. It looked about, and then it began to crawl. It crawled and crawled ever so far. Each day it ate so heartily that very soon it had to have a new coat. It had a very happy time on the plant by the roadside. It was a clever little caterpillar too: if the wind blew too hard and swayed the leaves too much, it just dropped down on the ground; then when all was quiet again, it crawled up the stem and out on some nice green leaf.

Well, this little caterpillar crawled so far and ate so much that soon it was wearing its fourth new green coat. One day, being quite proud, it forgot to keep out of sight. Instead it crawled along quite boldly right in plain sight, and a man spied it and said: "A really handsome caterpillar, the finest of the kind that I have ever seen." Now the Nature Spirits who work with the caterpillars heard this, and they told the Group Spirit. After that the green caterpillar was watched over and protected very carefully.

One day after crawling farther and farther and becoming very tired, it crept under the biggest leaf it could find. Then, so as to be very comfortable, it spun a mat or cradle for itself from the soft silky hairs on the under side of the leaf. After settling down contented and happy it fell asleep, and what do you think — it slept nearly two weeks before it woke up! While in this deep sleep the Nature Spirits helped it to grow some more, until finally it got too big for its cradle. Chrysalis was the cradle's name. Then one bright, warm day it broke its cradle and out came the most beautiful *golden butterfly!* The caterpillar had been *liberated* from its shell.

Pleased with the pretty wild flowers that grew near the

leaf which had been her home, and enjoying the sweet odors brought to her by the soft breeze, the butterfly rested awhile. Suddenly she found that she had wings almost like pure gold, and with a cry of joy she flew straight into the beautiful sunshine. After flying through the air for awhile, she floated down into a lovely garden and rested on a clover blossom. Then, being thirsty, she unrolled her long tongue, which was coiled under her chin, and took a sip of honey. How happy she was! She made the flowers happy too, for she was like sunshine flitting from one to another.

“What a wonderful golden beauty! Let’s catch her!” cried a young man who had spied her as she flew among the flowers. He was a lover of butterflies, but he did not succeed in catching her. Oh, no! the Nature Spirits guided her to a large green leaf, where she hid. Then she laid some tiny eggs. After that she spread her beautiful golden wings and flew far, far away, and was never seen again.

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