



Chrystabella and the Butterflies

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I'm Chrystabella, and I want so badly to be a butterfly with beautiful wings.

Butterflies know how much I love them so they can't wait to be around me. When I go outside, they flutter down to talk and whisper to me. They know I'm their sister.

Fiona, my favorite butterfly, says that if I really, really want something, I should wish three times on the wishing star.



Tonight, by my window, I wait for the stars to come out. When a star much brighter than the rest appears in the sky, I kneel on my bed and say three times:

Wishing Star, Wishing Star, please give me beautiful butterfly wings.

Each time I wish, the star twinkles brighter than before.



I feel something growing on my back! Yes! I can't believe it! It's really happened! Wishing Star has given me the loveliest wings I've ever seen! Thank you, thank you, Wishing Star! Oh, I can't wait to fly with the butterflies, but I must wait for night to turn into day.

Everything is asleep now.



Tlie down in bed but I'm afraid to squash my beautiful wings. If I turn on my side they stay upright, but I can't sleep. All I can think about is not crushing my wings or perhaps they won't fly. Also, I'm too excited to sleep. Tomorrow will be my first flying day!



Tn the morning, as soon as the sun comes up, I run outside to the butterflies.

Chrystabella, Chrystabella, the butterflies sing. Wow! Now you have beautiful wings just like us! Come up, come up! Fly with us! We'll take you to magic places!

I'm jumping into the air and jumping again. I keep on leaping as high as I can, but it's no good, my wings just won't fly.

Chrystabella! Flap your wings! Just flap! Come on up! Why are you still on the ground?

My wings won't do anything! I'm trying and trying but they won't flutter. What shall I do?



Come over here to the bluebell patch, Fiona whispers. Chrystabella, what did you wish from the Wishing Star?

I wished for wings. I wished three times like you told me.

But Chrystabella! The wishing star is very pointed and particular! Didn't you wish you could fly?

No, I didn't think of that, I just wished for wings. And you know what, Fiona? Perhaps I've changed my mind about having wings. I can't lie down with them. For one thing, it's uncomfortable and also, I'll crush them if I lie on them. How will I ever sleep again?

In the trees? Inside flowers? With us?

I'm a girl, Fiona! I can't sleep in trees and flowers. I have to sleep in a bed! Perhaps I can't be a butterfly after all!

Huh! Fiona flutters. I've never thought about sleeping in a bed inside a house. Butterflies need the sky over them, not a roof!



Know how to help you, Chrystabella, Fiona says. Come over here into the woods. See? Here's where the magic moonflower grows. She's closed now, but when the moon shines tonight, she'll open up her heart. Yes, you can touch her gently, she won't wake up in the day. But tonight, in the moonlight, come and tell her what you need.



That night I creep into the woods where Moonflower is opening,
wider and brighter than the full moon.

Beautiful Moonflower! Can I talk to you about my problem? I made the
wrong wish. I wished for butterfly wings instead of wishing to fly.
My wings are so beautiful, but they won't fly, and they feel strange on
my back. Can you make them disappear? And, magic Moonflower, if it's
not too much to ask, can you make me fly without these wings?

*Chrystabella, Chrystabella, Moonflower whispers, You don't need wings
to fly. You already have Imagination that flies you higher than wings.
You can soar above butterflies and birds whenever you wish.
Tomorrow, go to the daisy field, close your eyes and believe in the wings
of your mind. And Chrystabella, sweet child, next time, be careful what
you wish for! Don't ever forget your please's and thank you's either!
Before I leave Moonflower, I say please and thank you three times.
Then I kiss one of her petals.*



During the night, my wings get smaller and smaller. By morning they've disappeared! Thank you, thank you, Moonflower! I run out to the daisy field, open up my arms, and close my eyes. Up and up I fly, where birds are singing and butterflies all around are fluttering and whispering. Lighter than air, we climb above treetops, above the clouds. I am full of wonder at the magic of my very own wings.



