

Dream Come True

The fuzzy caterpillar who lived near the peach tree was plain and slow compared to many other insects. He was also sad sometimes because he couldn't move fast like bees, grasshoppers, and flies. But he still got around a good bit, even with being slow. His favorite travels included crossing big leaves and climbing over fallen branches. And he especially enjoyed the days when he came across the earthworm and the cricket, who were his friends. The caterpillar also liked to visit with a roly-poly bug who lived nearby.

On a dusky summer evening, the caterpillar and roly-poly bug sat together by the trunk of the peach tree. As they watched fireflies flit about, the caterpillar said to his friend, "I wish I could fly."

"That would be like a Dream Come True," the roly-poly bug replied.

The two uttered no more words after this, but silently watched the flitting lights, while listening to the breeze rustling tree leaves.

The next morning, the fuzzy caterpillar felt very tired. So he wrapped himself up in a cozy leaf, and fastened the leaf around him with a bit of goo from his mouth.

Then, he took a long nap.

During his nap, he dreamed that he grew wings and flew over fields and forests, and even a mountain. He played in the clouds and visited with the swallows. In the bright sunshine, he dodged sparkling raindrops bigger than bumblebees, and he laughed when one of the cold raindrops landed on his back.

Eventually, the caterpillar became tired in his dream, so he set down upon a rosemary bush to rest.

When he awoke, he found himself in a real rosemary bush, gazing sleepily at a tiny, pale blue blossom in front of him. He breathed deeply of the minty fresh rosemary. Then he sighed and rubbed his eyes, knowing he must soon truly wake, because surely this was still part of his dream.

However, as the world around him became clearer, the caterpillar realized that he was no longer wrapped in his cozy leaf, fastened with the bit of goo from his mouth. And without the leaf wrapping, he felt as light as if he could float.

So he floated away, above the rosemary bush, because he thought he could, and he called goodbye to the pale blue blossom.

As he drifted up, he discovered that the wings he thought he might use to help him float were magically upon his shoulders. And he thought how fortunate he was to have such airy thoughts that could come true and carry him away.

Rising higher into the sky, he thanked the sun and the bumblebee raindrops. Then he thanked the swallows and the clouds, and anything else he could find in the air.

The sun smiled upon him, and the bumblebee raindrops winked at him. Then the clouds hugged him, and the swallows chirped to him.

The world was full of smiles, winks, hugs, and chirps as the caterpillar found his way back to the peach tree.

When he made it home, the first thing he did was take his roly-poly friend on a ride on his back, high up into the sky, so his friend could fly too.

And they were both very thankful for this Dream Come True.