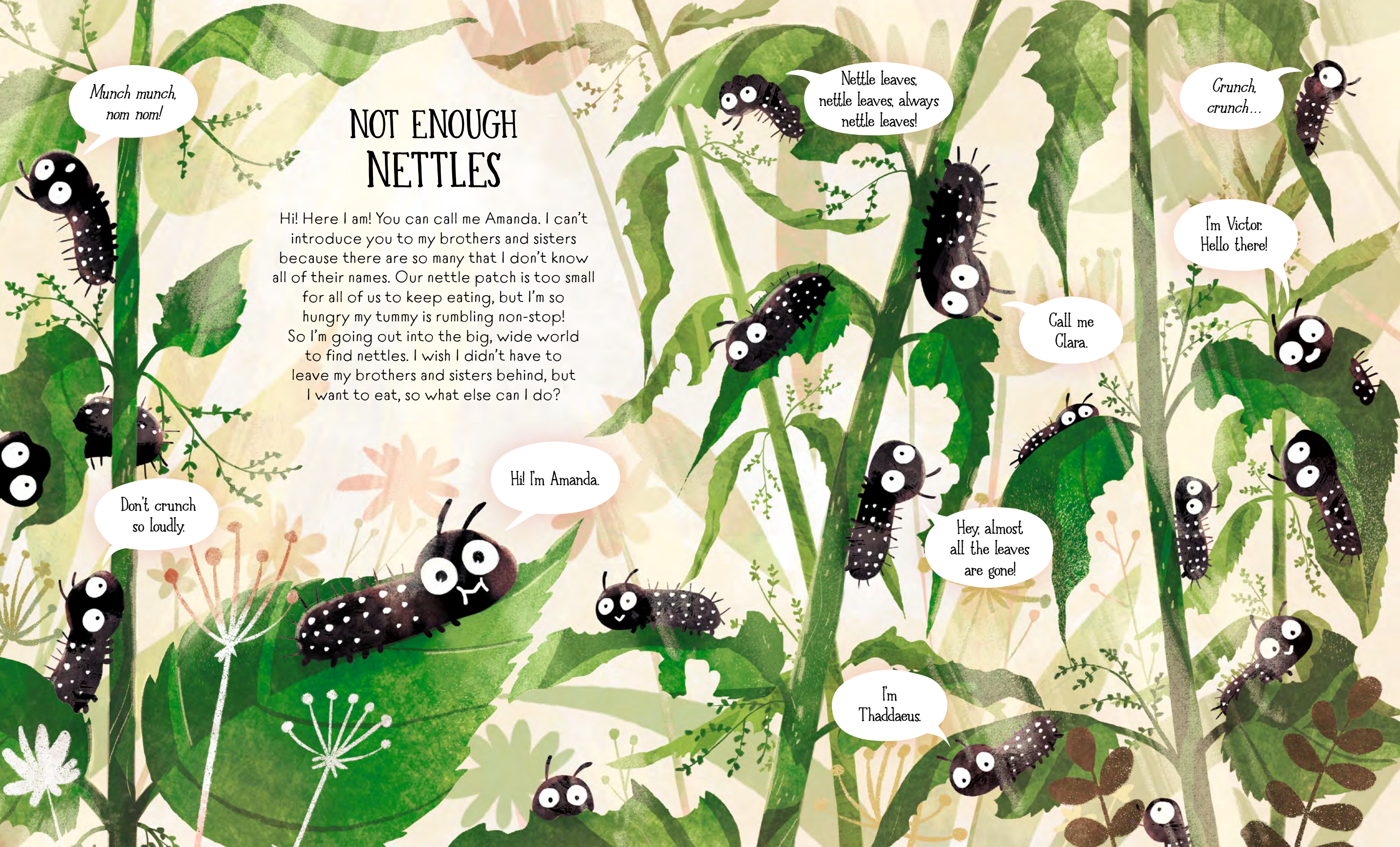


HOW TO BECOME A BUTTERFLY

Štěpánka Sekaninová
Linh Dao





*Munch munch,
nom nom!*

NOT ENOUGH NETTLES

Hi! Here I am! You can call me Amanda. I can't introduce you to my brothers and sisters because there are so many that I don't know all of their names. Our nettle patch is too small for all of us to keep eating, but I'm so hungry my tummy is rumbling non-stop! So I'm going out into the big, wide world to find nettles. I wish I didn't have to leave my brothers and sisters behind, but I want to eat, so what else can I do?

Hi! I'm Amanda.

Don't crunch
so loudly.

Nettle leaves,
nettle leaves, always
nettle leaves!

*Crunch,
crunch...*

I'm Victor.
Hello there!

Call me
Clara.

Hey, almost
all the leaves
are gone!

I'm
Thaddaeus

IT'S NOT ALL ABOUT BUTTERFLIES...

The more I eat, the more I grow—and the hungrier I get. My tummy is rumbling again. *Munch, munch...* and on I go. As I move through the country, I meet lots of different creatures. Some have super-long legs, others stiff elytra to protect their wings. What if I turn not into a butterfly but a little round bug? Look how many of those there are, of all different types!

CRICKET

We crickets are musical virtuosi. No one can perform a more thrilling serenade. Do you know where our hearing organs are? You don't? In our knees!

BEE

I'm aching all over! All day I've been gathering nectar so that my hive will have lots of honey.

BUMBLEBEE

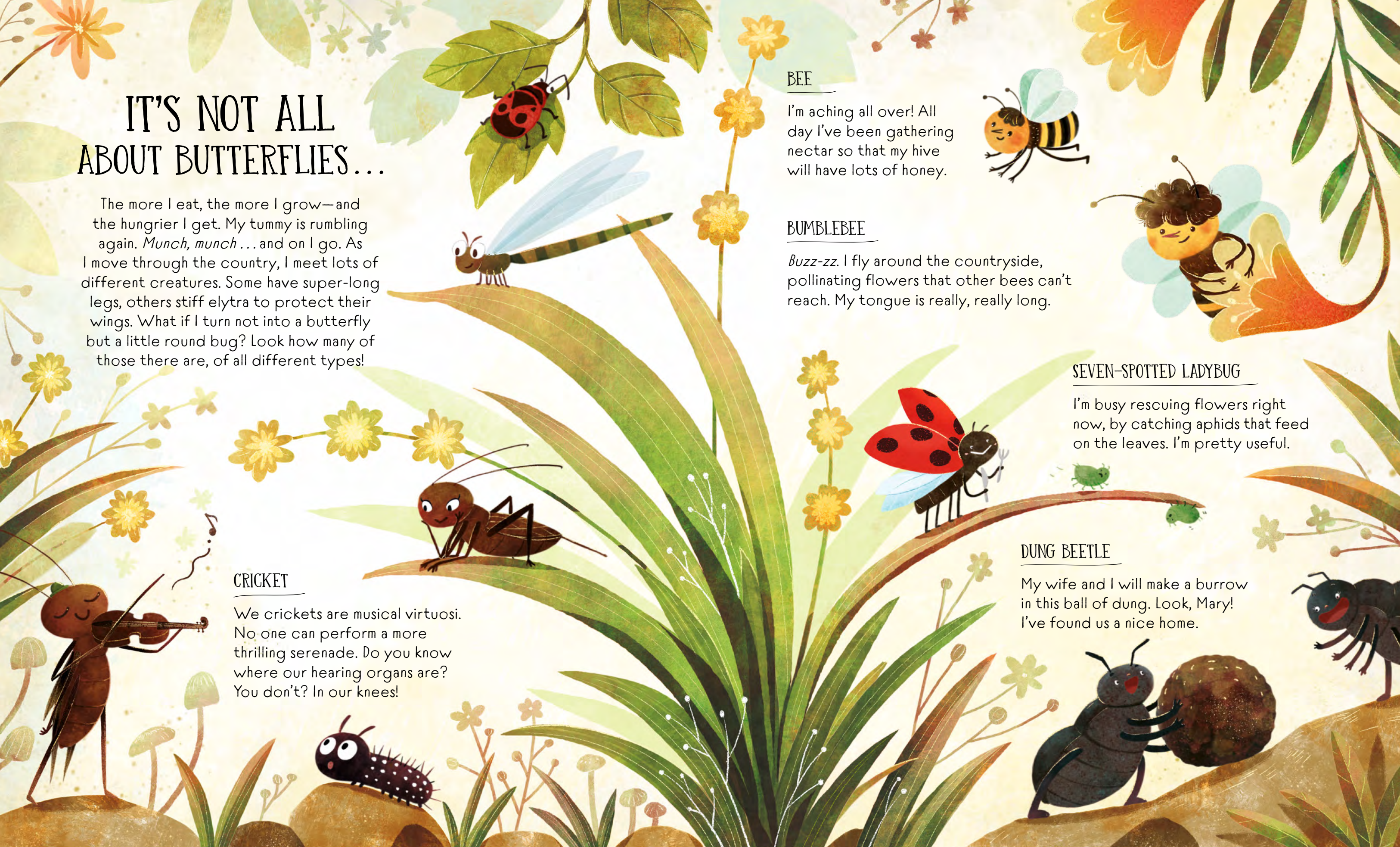
Buzz-zz. I fly around the countryside, pollinating flowers that other bees can't reach. My tongue is really, really long.

SEVEN-SPOTTED LADYBUG

I'm busy rescuing flowers right now, by catching aphids that feed on the leaves. I'm pretty useful.

DUNG BEETLE

My wife and I will make a burrow in this ball of dung. Look, Mary! I've found us a nice home.



WE CAN DEFEND OURSELVES

Don't worry! We caterpillars aren't completely helpless. We defend ourselves bravely and effectively, each in our own way, by making life poisonous or otherwise unpleasant for those who hunt us.



BRITTLE HAIRS

A red admiral caterpillar is covered with dense, prickly hair connected to the venom glands. The points of the hair prick attackers, before breaking off and releasing poison into the wound—so saving the caterpillar.



GO AWAY! YUCK!

When a lone caterpillar of the cabbage butterfly encounters an enemy, guess what it does? It dumps all its stomach juices and undigested food on the foe! Yuck! This makes that caterpillar less than appetizing.



Being poisonous helps me sleep.

WATCH OUT! POISON!

Caterpillars of the magnificent American monarch butterfly are poisonous because parents lay eggs on poisonous plant leaves, which their caterpillars will feast on. Not only is this food all theirs, but no predator will want to eat their poisonous bodies.



CATERPILLAR OR SNAKE?

Hiss-ss-ss... there's a dangerous, venomous snake crawling around. Run for your lives! Looking like a snake is a highly effective method of defense.

BLENDING IN

Some of us who are neither poisonous nor hairy can make ourselves invisible. We blend in with our surroundings so that not even the keenest-eyed observer will spot us.



HOW DO I LOOK?

Take a good look at me, because I'm about to pupate. How long does the caterpillar period last? I can't give you a precise answer: it depends on its food. The change comes more quickly for a caterpillar that eats well than for one that doesn't.

I'M A HEAD AND 13 SEGMENTS

Look at my thorax and you will see three pairs of prolegs with little claws on the end. These help me hold my food without dropping it, allowing me to eat in peace.

LEGS AND PROLEGS

I have legs and prolegs, each with a hook on the end. These allow me to cling to any surface that isn't as smooth as glass.

THE EYES HAVE IT

My head has six pairs of eyes! It also has mouthparts with powerful mandibles that allow me to eat my fill. I even have short antennae and dangerous spines on my body!



Don't you think that I've grown enormous?

Ugh! Crawling is a struggle. I'm ready for my great change.

METAMORPHOSIS

Amanda the caterpillar—sorry, chrysalis—is entering the last stage. She is about to emerge from her cocoon and come into the world as

a butterfly! I wonder what she will look like. If you would like to know, take a look at this miracle with me.

STEP 4

And now I'm a butterfly. But my wings are still crumpled. Before I can raise and stretch them I must hang with my wings down and wait for hemolymph—similar to your blood—to flow into them. It won't be long now, I can tell!

I wonder how much longer this is going to take.

STEP 1

The head end of the pupa splits open.

STEP 2

Peek-a-boo! I'm here ... and I'm a butterfly!

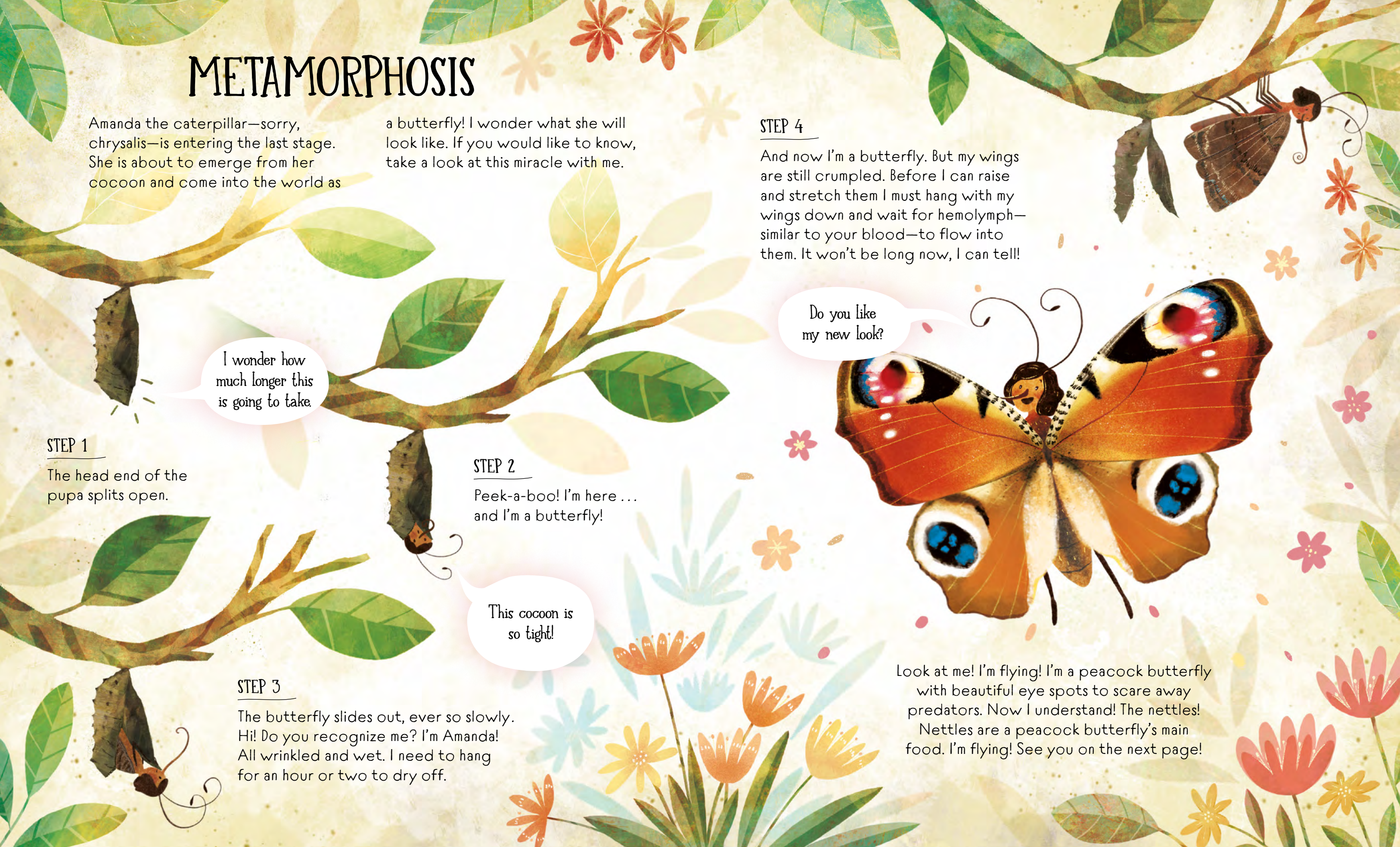
This cocoon is so tight!

STEP 3

The butterfly slides out, ever so slowly. Hi! Do you recognize me? I'm Amanda! All wrinkled and wet. I need to hang for an hour or two to dry off.

Do you like my new look?

Look at me! I'm flying! I'm a peacock butterfly with beautiful eye spots to scare away predators. Now I understand! The nettles! Nettles are a peacock butterfly's main food. I'm flying! See you on the next page!



An illustration of three butterflies in an abandoned cellar. The scene is dimly lit with light rays streaming through a window, creating a golden glow. The floor is made of large, light-colored tiles. In the foreground, there are pine branches and some dried leaves. In the background, there are dark, curved shapes that look like pipes or stairs. The butterflies are of different species: one with brown and white wings, one with dark wings and a white spot, and one with dark wings and a white spot. They are all looking towards the left. The overall mood is peaceful and quiet.

TIME TO SLEEP

Being a butterfly is amazing, and well worth the trouble of metamorphosis and dodging the dangers of sharp bird beaks. Now the sun's heat is getting ever weaker. The leaves are turning golden; winter is approaching. I'm preparing to sleep. And I'm not alone: there are other peacock butterflies with me. We've found a place to sleep in an abandoned cellar. So, good night to you! See you again in spring.

My long winter
sleep awaits.

Zzz, zzz,
zzzz...

Imagine a wiggly, black caterpillar with scary-looking spiky hairs. As it crawls across your path, you feel squeamish and a little afraid. Does it occur to you that this strange creature may be far more afraid of you than you are of it? Perhaps you don't know that this wiggly, black caterpillar with scary-looking spiky hairs will one day turn into a beautiful butterfly—if it manages to survive in a world filled with danger. How does a caterpillar live? Meet Amanda the caterpillar who will answer these questions and more. She's usually hungry, sometimes afraid, but more than anything she longs to fly! Look inside this book and find out about her amazing life!

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