

THE FLYING BOMBYX

WRITTEN BY KATHY MANSFIELD
ILLUSTRATED BY LYN MANSFIELD





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More information: thekindnesspandemic/fairytales



Once upon a time there was a little grub called Sylvie
She was a Bombyx Mori; a silkworm, who lived in a big old Mulberry tree
Her job was to eat the leaves that grew on the tree
No one told her this was her job; it was just what happened on the tree
She would have preferred to be flying than eating
But they told her in disapproving tones that Bombyx Mori don't fly
So, she just kept eating.



Then, one day she noticed her reflection in the dew on a mulberry leaf
She saw tiny black hairs popping up all over her body
She wasn't worried about them at first
But then days later two little horns appeared on her head and one popped up on her tail
She didn't understand what was happening and she was scared
This change wasn't welcome - eating mulberry leaves was all she knew
Her world was shattered.



And even though she was frightened
She felt compelled to embrace these changes - wherever they took her
She began to trust that she would be okay
And then, something rather wonderful happened
Quite by accident she discovered that she could spin beautiful silk thread
The thread was delicate - yet very, very strong
Excited she kept spinning and spinning and spinning and spinning.



Over time the thread began to envelope around her
It formed a magical cocoon
As she snuggled into the protective space
She marvelled at how dark and comforting and warm and safe it felt
She found she could let go
She told herself to trust that this was where she needed to be
And then she fell into a deep, deep sleep.



A few moments later

Or perhaps it was a million years

She began to wake from her sleep

Feeling constrained she began to chew her way out of the cocoon

As she emerged, she saw how much her body had changed

A strange protrusion now appeared on either side of her body

It was then she realised she had grown wings.



As her wings unfolded, they began to flutter in the breeze
Excited by this she began to move them herself, cautiously at first
A deep breath, more movement and then she was flying
Exhilaration!!!
She plunged and soared and dived
She had no fear. She knew she wasn't falling; this was something else entirely
She checked the wings were hers - yes indeed, she was flying.



As she flew, she heard gasps of disapproval coming from the inhabitants of the tree
This time she decided to ignore their ignorance
She became aware of her own unique beauty - her wing patterns, shapes and colours
For the first time she saw that indeed she was beautiful
She had found her destiny in the world
This life was a gift
She had followed her own path; she was Sylvie and she was flying.



For the first time she saw her life was a gift
and that indeed she was beautiful.

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