

The Thankful Caterpillar



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Cleo the Caterpillar woke up on a rosy morning leaf, stretching all twelve tickly feet. She gave a happy sigh and munched a nibble of breakfast.

“Mmm... I’m so thankful for this warm sunshine,” she said with a smile, soaking in the golden glow.

Each day, Cleo tried to notice something new to be grateful for.
And today, it started with the sun.



Cleo wriggled along the edge of her leaf, enjoying the breeze. Just ahead, she spotted her friend Benny Beetle polishing a shiny pebble.

“Want to play?” Benny asked, rolling the pebble her way.

Cleo clutched it gently and grinned. “Thank you, Benny!” she squeaked, giving him a big, buggy hug.

Sharing always made her heart wiggle with happiness.



That afternoon, the clouds gathered, and plip-plop!—raindrops pattered down from the sky.

Cleo quickly scooted under a leafy umbrella. She watched puddles form and listened to the drippy music around her.

“Thank you, rain,” she whispered, “for making everything fresh and green.”

Even the muddy splashes seemed special when Cleo said thanks.



The next day, Cleo felt a little lonely. Benny was napping, and the ants were marching in serious lines.

Just when her smile began to droop, a bright blue butterfly swooped overhead.

It circled through the air, wings sparkling like water in the sun.

“Thank you, Butterfly,” Cleo called, “for your beautiful colors!”

The flutter and swirl of wings lifted her heart right up.



That evening, the sky turned purple-blue and cool breezes rustled
the garden leaves.

Cleo's tummy gave a big growl.

“Oh no,” she worried. “What if there's no dinner left?”

She peeked around a petal and gasped with joy—plenty of leaf was
left for her and every critter nearby.

She munched a big bite and looked up at the stars.

“Thank you for leafy dinners,” she sang, full and cozy.



The next morning, Cleo felt different—slower, sleepier, heavier.

She wobbled to a quiet corner of the garden and began spinning a silken cocoon around herself.

“Thank you, world,” she whispered as the threads wrapped gently around her, “for keeping me safe and cozy while I rest.”

Inside the cocoon, Cleo curled up tight and fell into the deepest, sweetest dreams she’d ever had.



Many days passed in quiet hush.
Sun rose, rain fell, stars twinkled, and Cleo rested.

Then one morning, the cocoon shivered.
Cleo yawned, stretched, and felt something new.
She peeked out, and her eyes widened—she had wings!

Big, beautiful, fluttery wings painted in garden colors.

“Thank you, wings!” she cried, lifting into the air.
She twirled once, then twice, then zipped through a beam of light.



Now Cleo the Butterfly flapped and swooped over blossoms,
humming with joy.

She waved to Benny, who buzzed with excitement, and dipped
past the leaf where she used to nap.

“Thank you,” she whispered to the sun.

“Thank you,” she giggled to the breeze.

Every flower seemed brighter when she remembered to say
thanks.

Even the puddles sparkled with something special.



As stars sprinkled across the sky, Cleo nestled beneath a petal
pillow.

Her wings folded softly, and her heart glowed with every memory.

“Thank you, world,” she whispered. “And thank you, me, for
remembering to be grateful.”

She closed her eyes, and sweet dreams fluttered all around
her—of sunlit mornings, butterfly wings, and the magic of a
thankful heart.

Before You Drift Off...

What's something small that made you feel happy or thankful today?

How does it feel when you take time to appreciate the little things around you?