

## The Crape Paper Butterfly

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This story was made with love, memory, and a touch of a butterfly

## The Crape Paper Butterfly

A story about transformation, identity, and hope

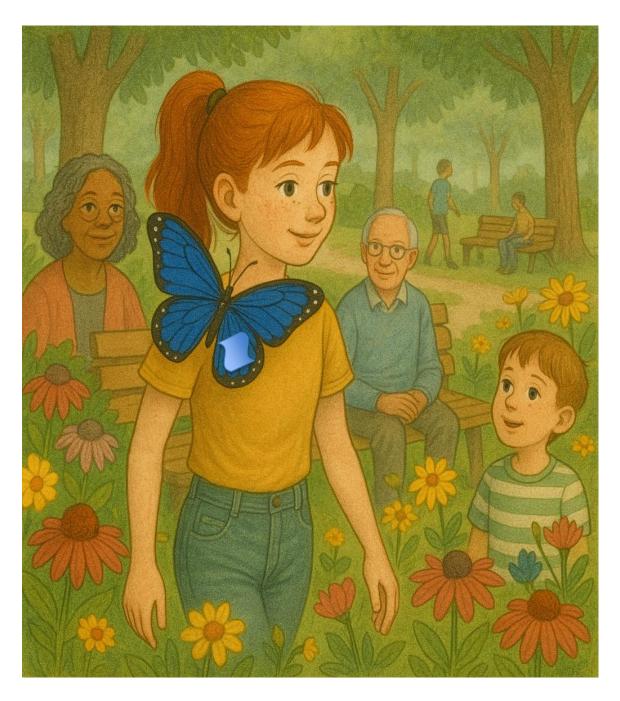


Once upon a time, there was a girl who lovingly cared for her garden. Among flowers, rue, and mint leaves, she watched over each chrysalis as if they were tiny miracles. But one day, a strong storm swept through the garden, and one of the chrysalises fell to the ground. It opened too early, and the butterfly emerged with broken wings.

The girl, full of tenderness, picked her up and placed her on the rue plant. The butterfly, injured and unable to fly, resigned herself to her fate. 'Maybe I'll never fly,' she thought. But even so, she never stopped showing her wings with pride.



Moved by her bravery, the girl decided to help. With egg white and crepe paper the color of dawn, she gently patched her wings. Then she placed the butterfly on her shoulder and whispered: 'I will show you how beautiful the world is.'



So, the butterfly got used to living on her shoulder. They walked together along flowered paths and astonished streets.

People looked at them with surprise, but no one laughed. On the contrary, something sacred could be sensed in that unusual companionship.



One day, back at the rue plant, the butterfly met another of her kind. They became friends right away.

'Let's go explore the neighboring gardens,' said her new friend excitedly.

'Thank you, but I can't fly,' replied the crepe paper butterfly. 'My wings are broken.'

'Broken? I only see them a little different,' whispered the other. 'If you try, we could go together. There are delicious flowers over there.'



The insistence was so sweet and persistent that something lit up inside the butterfly. She closed her eyes, prayed in silence, and repeated to herself: 'Being different is not being useless.'

Then, without thinking twice, she took a big breath... and jumped into the air.

Oh, what a surprise! Her wings did work. They weren't perfect, but they were real.

The whole garden turned before her eyes into a glowing airport, where the most unlikely dreams took flight.



Since then, the butterfly no longer travels on the girl's shoulder, but she visits often.

She leaves her little eggs on the rue plant, and in that sacred corner, generations of caterpillars have learned to fly... straight toward their own dreams.

If you ever find a butterfly with crepe paper wings, remember: she didn't come to make you feel sorry.

She came to remind you that fragile things can fly too, that what's been repaired can still shine, and that sometimes, the most beautiful things... are mended with love.



The End



With gratitude to my beloved dogs Paloma and Pickles for they curiosity and inspiration,

## **About the Author**



Luz Nelly Crane is a Colombian-American educator, instinctive artist, and writer by passion. With many years of experience in bilingual education and a lifelong love of storytelling, she brings heart, creativity, and cultural richness to everything she creates. Now retired, her purpose is to support bilingual and multicultural education through creative materials that honor heritage, inspire imagination, and nurture connection. Guided by intuition and a

deep curiosity for learning, her work invites both children and adults to celebrate culture, the joy of reading, the power of imagination, and the encouragement to keep learning new things.

## **Acknowledgements**

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