

The Story: The Adventures of "Cataly the Caterpillar"

'If you have arrived here to me, it means you are walking on a special and important path' said the great weaver of life. The little girl did not properly understand what that huge spider was saying to her, but could not find the right words to ask anything. 'If you have arrived here, it means that you are fighting an important fight, and are now ready to listen to an important story that will accompany your path'.

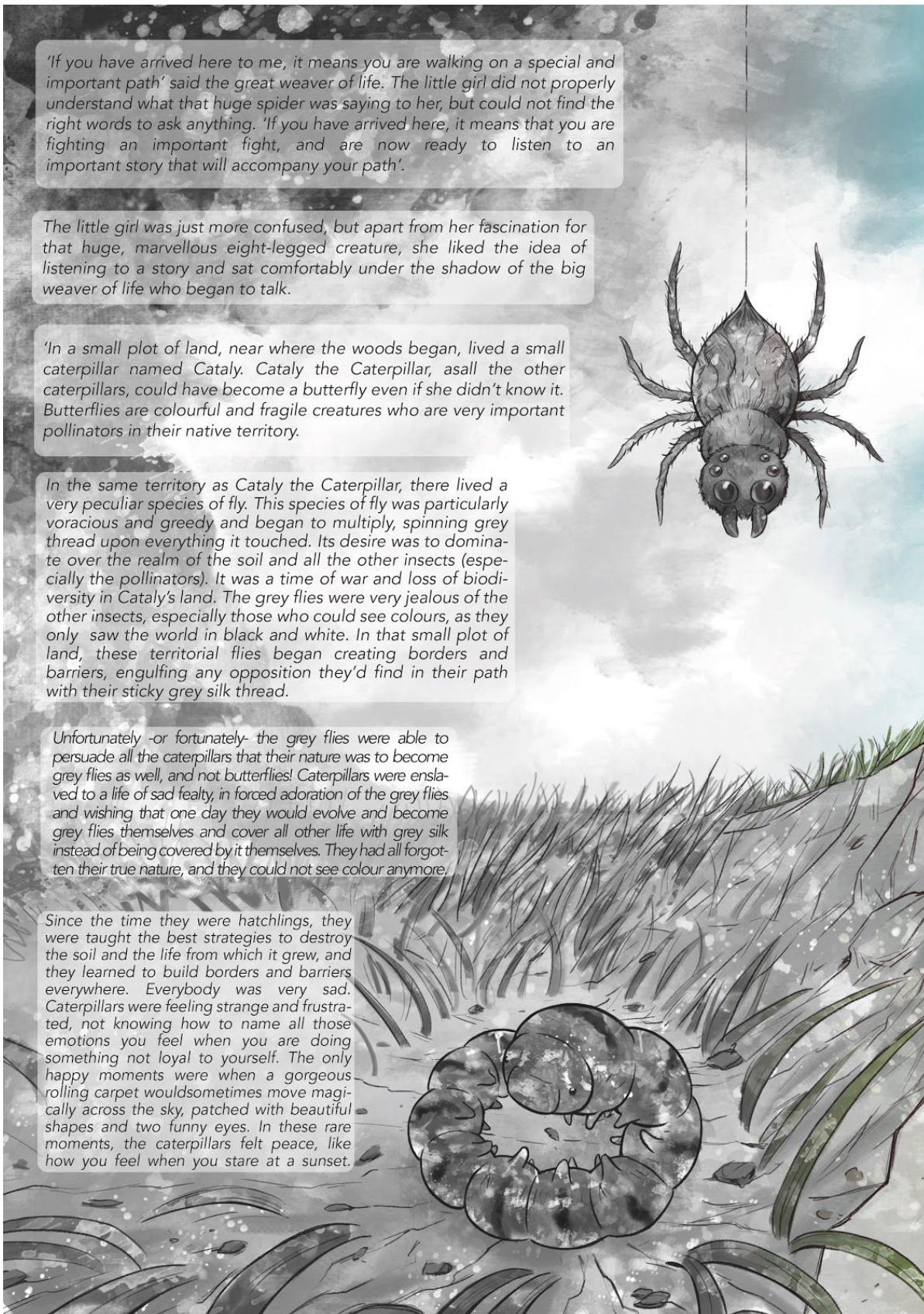
The little girl was just more confused, but apart from her fascination for that huge, marvellous eight-legged creature, she liked the idea of listening to a story and sat comfortably under the shadow of the big weaver of life who began to talk.

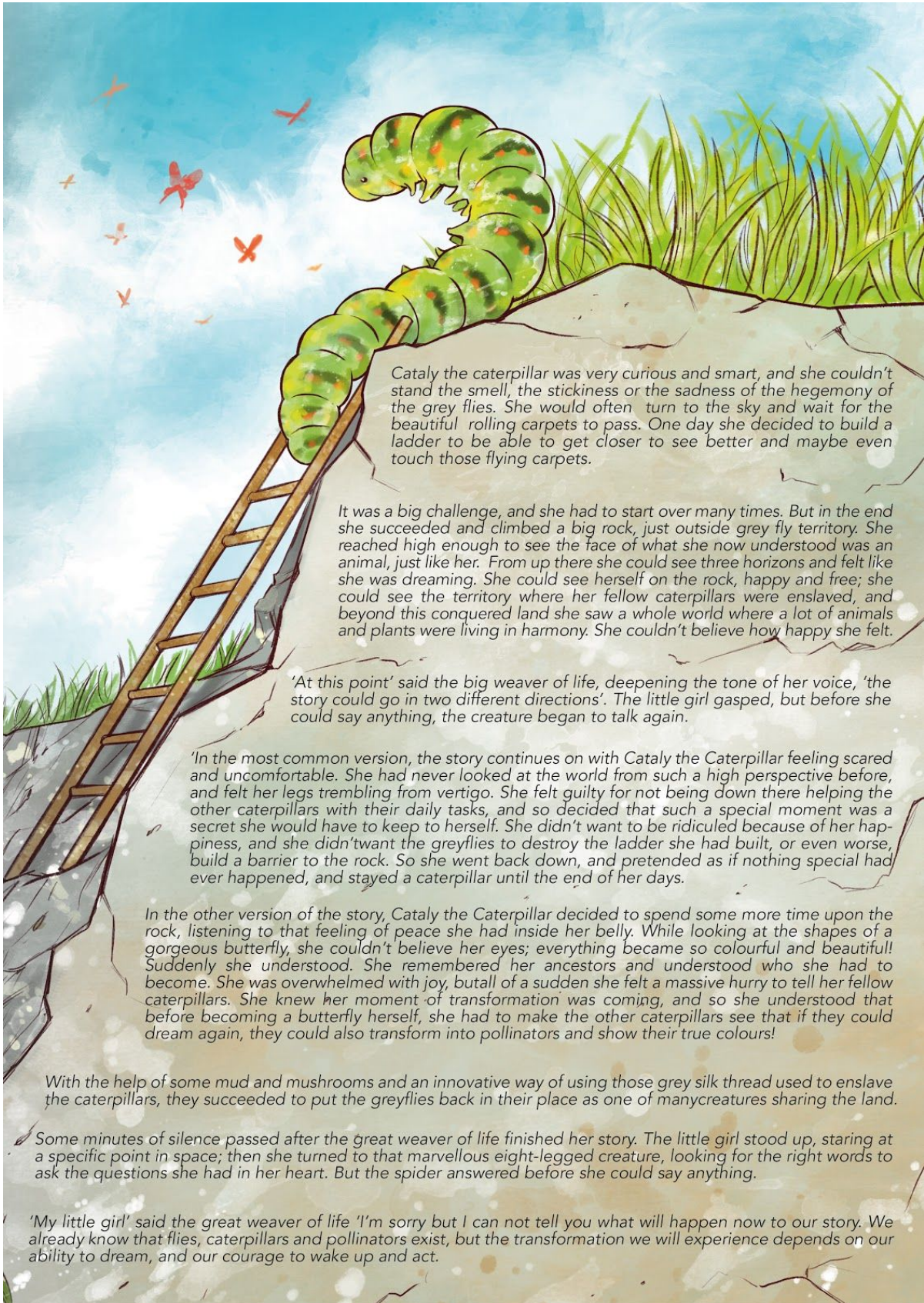
'In a small plot of land, near where the woods began, lived a small caterpillar named Cataly. Cataly the Caterpillar, as all the other caterpillars, could have become a butterfly even if she didn't know it. Butterflies are colourful and fragile creatures who are very important pollinators in their native territory.

In the same territory as Cataly the Caterpillar, there lived a very peculiar species of fly. This species of fly was particularly voracious and greedy and began to multiply, spinning grey thread upon everything it touched. Its desire was to dominate over the realm of the soil and all the other insects (especially the pollinators). It was a time of war and loss of biodiversity in Cataly's land. The grey flies were very jealous of the other insects, especially those who could see colours, as they only saw the world in black and white. In that small plot of land, these territorial flies began creating borders and barriers, engulfing any opposition they'd find in their path with their sticky grey silk thread.

Unfortunately -or fortunately- the grey flies were able to persuade all the caterpillars that their nature was to become grey flies as well, and not butterflies! Caterpillars were enslaved to a life of sad fealty, in forced adoration of the grey flies and wishing that one day they would evolve and become grey flies themselves and cover all other life with grey silk instead of being covered by it themselves. They had all forgotten their true nature, and they could not see colour anymore.

Since the time they were hatchlings, they were taught the best strategies to destroy the soil and the life from which it grew, and they learned to build borders and barriers everywhere. Everybody was very sad. Caterpillars were feeling strange and frustrated, not knowing how to name all those emotions you feel when you are doing something not loyal to yourself. The only happy moments were when a gorgeous rolling carpet would sometimes move magically across the sky, patched with beautiful shapes and two funny eyes. In these rare moments, the caterpillars felt peace, like how you feel when you stare at a sunset.





Cataly the caterpillar was very curious and smart, and she couldn't stand the smell, the stickiness or the sadness of the hegemony of the grey flies. She would often turn to the sky and wait for the beautiful rolling carpets to pass. One day she decided to build a ladder to be able to get closer to see better and maybe even touch those flying carpets.

It was a big challenge, and she had to start over many times. But in the end she succeeded and climbed a big rock, just outside grey fly territory. She reached high enough to see the face of what she now understood was an animal, just like her. From up there she could see three horizons and felt like she was dreaming. She could see herself on the rock, happy and free; she could see the territory where her fellow caterpillars were enslaved, and beyond this conquered land she saw a whole world where a lot of animals and plants were living in harmony. She couldn't believe how happy she felt.

'At this point' said the big weaver of life, deepening the tone of her voice, 'the story could go in two different directions'. The little girl gasped, but before she could say anything, the creature began to talk again.

'In the most common version, the story continues on with Cataly the Caterpillar feeling scared and uncomfortable. She had never looked at the world from such a high perspective before, and felt her legs trembling from vertigo. She felt guilty for not being down there helping the other caterpillars with their daily tasks, and so decided that such a special moment was a secret she would have to keep to herself. She didn't want to be ridiculed because of her happiness, and she didn't want the greyflies to destroy the ladder she had built, or even worse, build a barrier to the rock. So she went back down, and pretended as if nothing special had ever happened, and stayed a caterpillar until the end of her days.

In the other version of the story, Cataly the Caterpillar decided to spend some more time upon the rock, listening to that feeling of peace she had inside her belly. While looking at the shapes of a gorgeous butterfly, she couldn't believe her eyes; everything became so colourful and beautiful! Suddenly she understood. She remembered her ancestors and understood who she had to become. She was overwhelmed with joy, but all of a sudden she felt a massive hurry to tell her fellow caterpillars. She knew her moment of transformation was coming, and so she understood that before becoming a butterfly herself, she had to make the other caterpillars see that if they could dream again, they could also transform into pollinators and show their true colours!

With the help of some mud and mushrooms and an innovative way of using those grey silk thread used to enslave the caterpillars, they succeeded to put the greyflies back in their place as one of many creatures sharing the land.

Some minutes of silence passed after the great weaver of life finished her story. The little girl stood up, staring at a specific point in space; then she turned to that marvellous eight-legged creature, looking for the right words to ask the questions she had in her heart. But the spider answered before she could say anything.

'My little girl' said the great weaver of life 'I'm sorry but I can not tell you what will happen now to our story. We already know that flies, caterpillars and pollinators exist, but the transformation we will experience depends on our ability to dream, and our courage to wake up and act.