

Two Little Miracles

By Holly Lisle

The kid checked out the disastrous Painted Lady experiment just a few minutes ago, and discovered that, in spite of everything, (including fire ants, handling, bumping, dropping, and his dad and me looking at those pathetic little chrysalids every night once the kid was asleep and being sure they were dead), he had two very alive butterflies. One chrysalid is still in pending form, but I'm not sure he's dead anymore, either. We might come out of this thing with three live butterflies, but right at the moment, two is twice as many as I thought we'd have.



They're supping on a sliced orange and water from a balled-up paper towel, and in a couple days, we'll let them out to join the wild painted ladies fluttering around our neighborhood.

So here's the picture, taken with my cell phone, which was what was handy, of one of two very blurry, miraculously alive, Painted Ladies.

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