



# A Ladybug Life

By Rebecca Louise Kurle

Sunlight began to sift through the thin leaves. Maybe in a day it'd happen; I may become a full ladybug. I'm pushing the thought aside for now. We're in the present; not the future, I'm telling myself. I can feel hunger ghosting into my body. Maybe I could even find my favorite type of leaf to nibble on! That would be fun.

But for now, two hour breakfast mission anticipating! My record for longest breakfast is four hours.

The downpour last night had caused the leaves to be soft and thin-just how she liked them! Ok. Let's face the facts. Maybe tonight she'd be a **pupa**, but not a FULL ladybug. Or in ten days. The food began to taste dry, like her mouth with those thoughts.

Birds didn't often attack ladybugs. Ladybugs leave a sickening taste in the bird's mouth and make the birds nauseous.

The sun is above the leaves. How long of a breakfast was that? One? Two hours? Oh well.

She thought of life as a full ladybug. How long would she live? One year? Or was it one day? I don't know. I love my spots. She was a seven spotted ladybug. Three on either side and one big one in the middle.

She always dreaded kids "wiggle time". She'd almost get stomped about a million times! Or even more!

Some kids call me "Lucky" while others call me "Aphid". I have no idea what any of them mean. Ladybugs communicate to each other mainly through chemical signals (pheromones). So she had NO idea what they would mean.

How did people connect ladybugs and luck? If someone saw me they'd flip and attack. She was lucky that some people knew what ladybug larvae looked like.

The rest of the day was boring. Her thoughts had gone out of her head and she just ate. A larva going through its final molt attaches itself to a leaf surface to pupate. That's what she did before she slept.

Three days. Two weeks? Whatever time passed. Pupa stage was what she was at then. She had been sleeping all that time while attached to the leaf waiting Now the adult stage. I can feel my wings!



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She had so much fun. As the sun went down her heart sank. She remembered her thought from earlier. "One year? Or was it **one day**?" Am I going to die!? J-just enjoy the moment.

One day. Two days. Three days. Guess it was one year after all! I'm so happy right now!

Well, now you know the typical one hour and eleven days of a ladybug life. I'm gonna live my life for a year now.