

# LADYBIRD CLARE



**Biedroneczka  
Klara**

**Justyna Piecyk**

# **Ladybird Clare**

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# **Ladybird Clare**

A ladybird called Clare has had little black dots on her back for as long as she can remember.

“Clare, each year, there will be a new dot coming out on your wings until you get all eighteen of them and you become a grown-up ladybird: you will start your own family and have children...” mother ladybird explained it to her little daughter.

The ladybird Clare nodded with joy and she watched proudly as new dots appeared on her wings thanks to which she was getting stronger and closer to the longed-for adulthood.

It was until one day came... when she noticed that one of her dots vanished somewhere, and then another one, and another. White blotches appeared on her wings instead, devouring the beautiful red colour on her back. “What will happen now?” – scared Clare wondered – “I didn’t even manage to get all eighteen dots and soon they all will be gone and I become white and transparent.” She started to drink a lot of juice her mom made from beetroots, raspberries and strawberries. However, the juice coloured Clare’s wings only for a very short time and washed off during a bath.

Clare’s parents went to seek advice from an old and wise beetle, who had seen a thing or two in his life. The beetle listened to them carefully and said:

“You have to find another, identical ladybird, a spitting image of your little daughter. Only she can give some of her dots to Clare and save her from disappearing.”

The parents started a strenuous search. Meanwhile, Clare was growing faint but she did not give up. She strongly believed that some day she would get better, grow up, start her own family and have a bunch of baby ladybirds. All friends helped her as much as they could. They asked around and looked for an identical ladybird. Many ladybirds were coming to Clare’s house eager to help but none of them was identical to Clare.

One night, during a storm, someone knocked on the ladybird family’s door.

“Please, let me in,” a silent voice asked from behind the door.

The parents let her in as they could not refuse help to anyone; they took in the poor, freezing cold and soaking wet little creature. They gave her warm and dry towels and showed her a place where she could sleep. Then, they all fell asleep, very tired of their cares.

*Dalsza część książki dostępna w wersji  
pełnej.*

