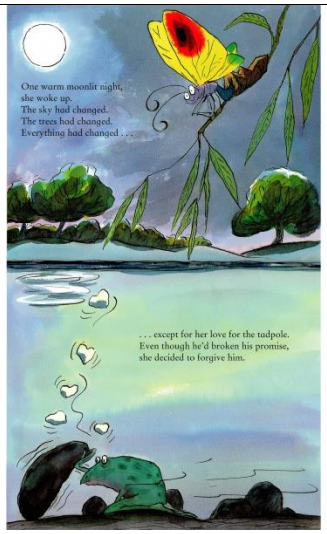
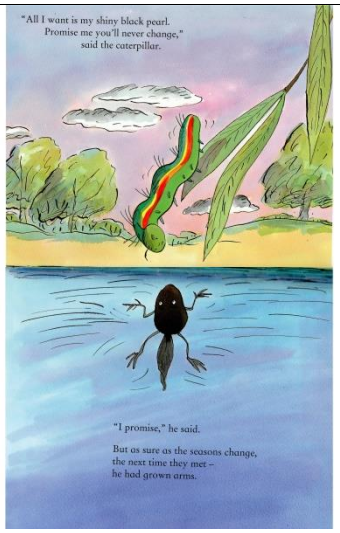
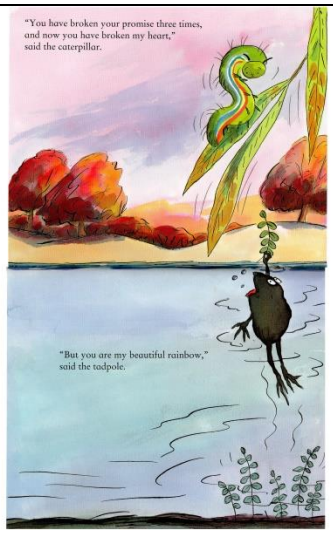
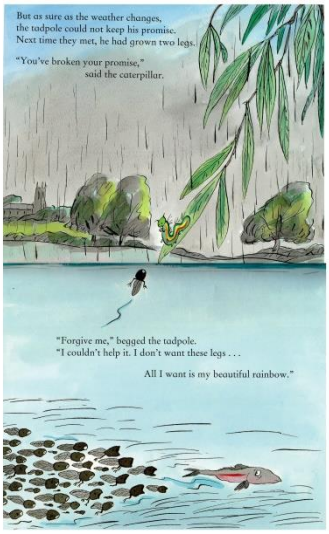
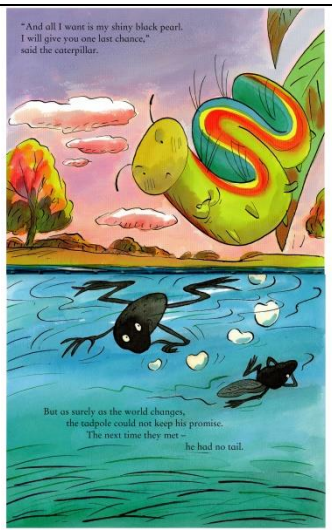

One warm moonlit night,
she woke up.
The sky had changed.
The trees had changed.
Everything had changed . . .
. . . except for her love for the tadpole.
Even though he'd broken his promise,
she decided to forgive him.

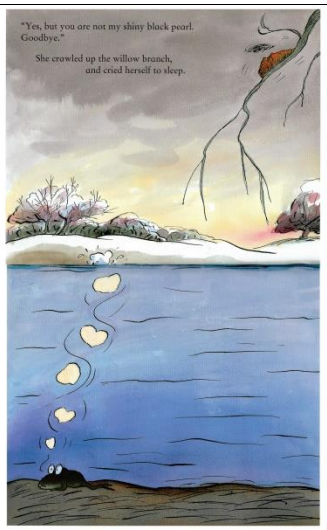
"I love everything about you," said the caterpillar.
"Promise you'll never change."
"I promise," he said.

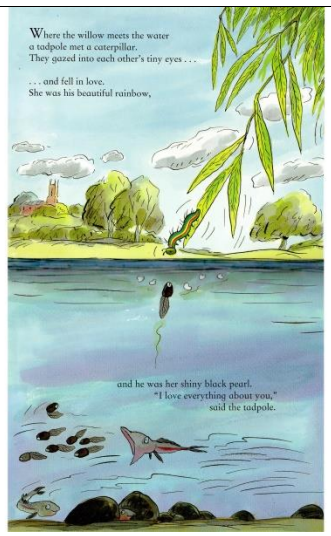

"All I want is my shiny black pearl.
Promise me you'll never change,"
said the caterpillar.
"I promise," he said.
But as sure as the seasons change,
the next time they met –
he had grown arms.

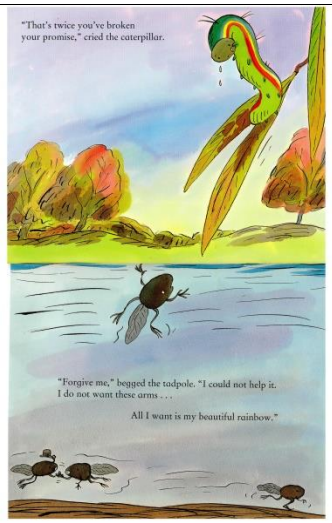

"You have broken your promise three times,
and now you have broken my heart,"
said the caterpillar.
"But you are my beautiful rainbow,"
said the tadpole.


But as sure as the weather changes,
the tadpole could not keep his promise.
Next time they met, he had grown two legs.
"You've broken your promise,"
said the caterpillar.
"Forgive me," begged the tadpole.
"I couldn't help it. I don't want these legs . . .
All I want is my beautiful rainbow."


"And all I want is my shiny black pearl.
I will give you one last chance,"
said the caterpillar.
But as surely as the world changes,
the tadpole could not keep his promise.
The next time they met –
he had no tail.


"Yes, but you are not my shiny black pearl.
Goodbye."
She crawled up the willow branch,
and cried herself to sleep.


Where the willow meets the water
a tadpole met a caterpillar.
They gazed into each other's tiny eyes . . .
. . . and fell in love.
She was his beautiful rainbow,
and he was her shiny black pearl.
"I love everything about you,"
said the tadpole.


"That's twice you've broken
your promise," cried the caterpillar.
"Forgive me," begged the tadpole. "I could not help it.
I do not want these arms . . .
All I want is my beautiful rainbow."