

# Bia the Ladybug

**FELICIA RUSU**





**“Well, my dear grandchildren, I’ll tell you a story from the time when butterflies had no wings and flowers could change where they grew whenever they wanted. They took their roots out of the ground, and off they went just like how some people move to a new house.”**









**In those days, there was a meadow on a sunny hill. Here a smart mantis opened a special school that soon became famous. To study there was an honor, but the Head Council selected only the very best.**



**"Did you study at Insectaria, too, Grandpa?"  
asked a small rosy-cheeked ladybug.**

**"Yes, my dear, but not  
during those days."**





**A ladybug family, the Coccinelas, also had made its home there. They were not rich in pollen, but they had a different kind of wealth — three daughters named Bia, Mia, and Lia.**

**The eldest, Bia, had already reached school age, and she really wanted to study at Insectaria. Her intelligence made her unique, and she had the shiniest velvet elytra, without dots and pure red like poppies in the plains.**

**“But Grandpa, she didn’t have black dots like us?” one of the grandchildren asked in astonishment.”**

**“Not a single one. Back then all the ladybugs’ elytra were simply red. But let’s get back to our story...”**



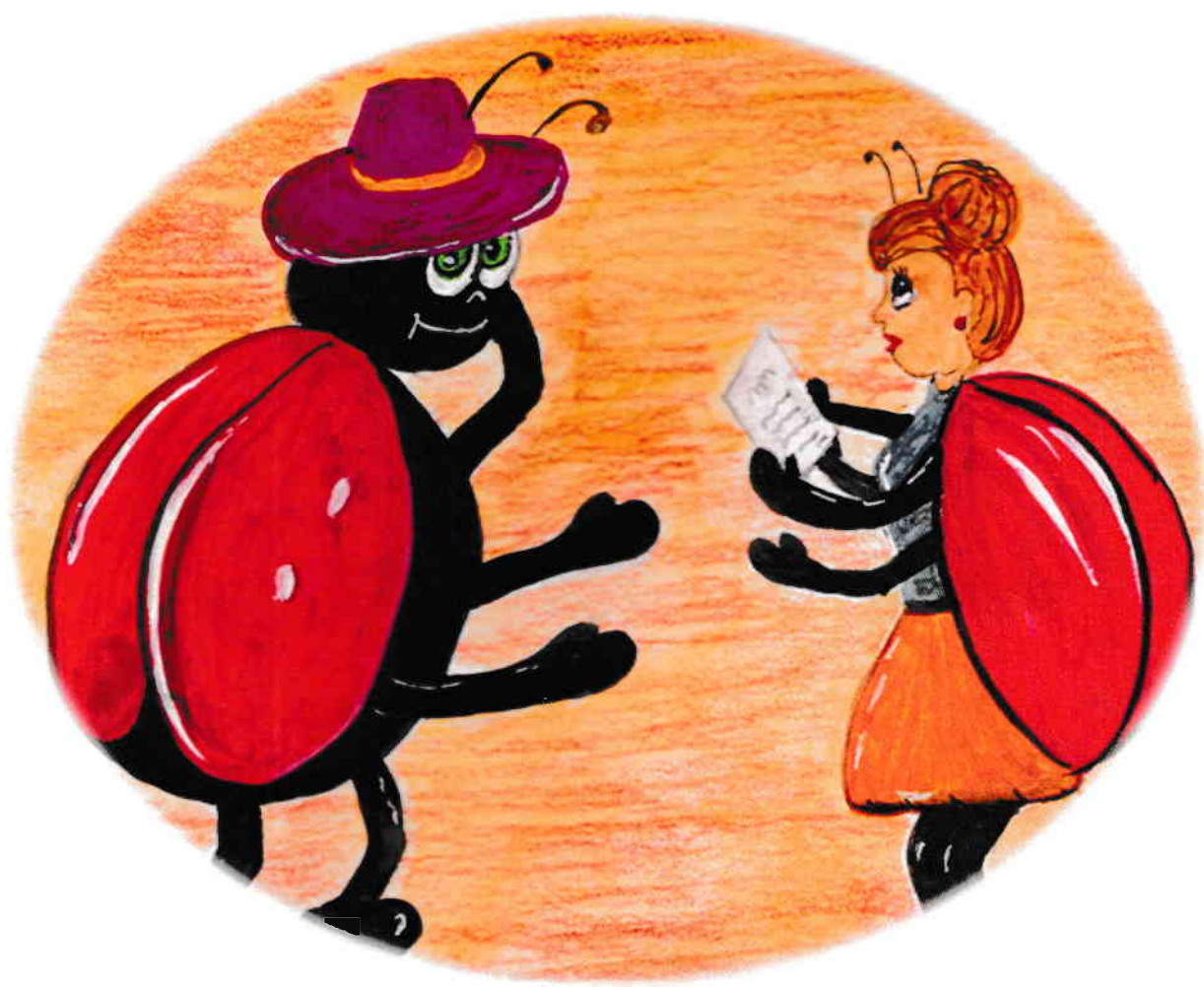


**One spring day, the Coccinela family received a letter with the Seal of the Seven-Petal-Daisy.**

**“Oh, dear God, a letter from Insectaria! I’m so happy I could fly in circles!”  
said Mr. Coccinela, making a series of pirouettes.**

**With shaking hands, Mrs. Arina opened the envelope, took a deep breath  
and read out loud as her voice trembled with emotion:**

*For Mr. and Mrs. Coccinela,  
The Head Council of Insectaria decided to award Miss Bia  
Coccinela the honor of studying among the most intelligent insects  
under the guidance of our most prestigious teachers.  
Please send your confirmation via a flying wing within 48 hours!  
Insectaria School Board*



**“A flying wing? Why do good things always have to be so complicated?”  
said Mr. Coccinela in a flutter.**



**That night, the restless mother kept turning and tossing, trying to come up with a solution. Early in the morning, she got out of bed, believing that she had a way to help her child. "I've got it! I'll go to Mr. Letterwing. He can help us."**

