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Transformation
by Emma Holt Upton

Not every witch can be seen from the eye. Some come as beautiful goddesses, some aren't even witches at all. Even the most pleasant people can be seen as a witch by someone. When the stars were closer, the sun carried ancient tales.

Somewhere up in the clouds was Aurora, getting ready to do her duties of painting the morning sky. As she looked in the mirror, she put on her best smile which to her was just a mask to cover the boredom she felt every morning. She turned around and stepped into the chariot awaiting her arrival. The chariot started beaming with light without even a grumble as it flew off, gaining speed gradually.

She let the breeze wisp through her hair before she started her duties. The breeze was the one thing that gave her peace in life, like your dad giving you a big warm hug on a bad day. The animals were all asleep in their little homes up in the trees. She turned her head left and right to see them, as a smile crept onto her face. She reached for the sky, her hand moving in such a graceful way. The stars started changing into clouds and the dark blue sky turned bright again.

She closed her eyes to take in the breeze. While her eyes were closed, a moth started fluttering by without a care in the world. This moth had awoken earlier that morning in search of her family. This moth's family had started migrating up north, but she forgot it was migration day. So, she had set off on a mission. That mission was to find her family! So, the moth gathered all her pride and journeyed off into the sky.

The little moth had never migrated alone before, she had never even been anywhere on her own. Her sense of direction was blurry so when she saw a glowing figure up ahead, she went towards it. The glowing figure was Aurora who was painting the morning sky. The moth was getting closer and closer, and the light was getting brighter and brighter. Then she could see it was some type of human.

She was overcome with her beauty until she felt a weird sensation throughout her. She jolted her head to the right and saw her boring old wings turning into color. Her antennae became longer and skinner and her wings rose.

"What, what is this?" she said in a scared tone.

Aurora abruptly stopped. "Oh hello there, little moth. You look awfully different," she softly stated while holding out her hand for it to land on.

"Oh, I love this! Thank you!" The moth exclaimed excitedly.

The little moth was overcome with joy as she proceeded on her journey. *I'm so excited to show my family my new wings*, she thought. As she kept fluttering on, she could finally see her family in the distance, but something was not right. She heard distinct chatters and little cackles coming from everyone. As she emerged from the clouds and saw everyone's faces, her smile plummeted into a dreadful frown. *Why is everyone laughing and staring at me?* She jolted her head to the left and someone screamed, "FREAK!"

She started to retreat, her stomach twisting and turning. Was something she found so beautiful a curse? No, no it couldn't be, could it? That witch, she did this to her.

Suddenly a big burst of light and speed rushes through and abruptly stops. "Hello there, little moths," the figure said softly.

This was the figure she saw before. The witch!

"I heard your little friends here. I think she looks beautiful," Aurora stated, looking towards all the moths.

The moth looked up, confused. *Wasn't she a witch. Why would she be helping?* She thought to herself.

"I have thought a lot about this, I have decided to make a new type of animal, the butterfly!" Aurora stated for everyone to hear.

Everyone looked stunned. A new type of species? Whatever could that be?

"Butter like the color of the flowers and fly for your ability and wings. You can come live up in my castle with me. You are beautiful!"

The butterfly quickly boarded her chariot amid everyone's stares. A grin peered across her face. Soon everyone was asking to be transformed, but Aurora did not want to give away the beauty to people she found heartless, as they drove away the butterfly finally felt acceptance from someone in her heart. She looked up at Aurora and smiled and Aurora smiled back.

"Thank you." The butterfly whispered and they whisked away in a dash of light to the castle together as friends.