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## ~One-Day Wings~

Noelle Copperheart walked to the bus stop. Noelle's hair was long and strawberry blonde, and she had curious emerald green eyes. The wind was blowing, the birds were singing, the day had seemed perfect. She really likes things to do with nature, and she loved plants. The beauty in plants, just looking at the little details in the leaves. The birds that fly through the air with all their calls, she even memorized a few.

As she walked to the bus stop she watched the wind blow through the budding trees with little flowers growing inside. The sunlight danced through the shadows of the trees. The clouds in the sky were perfect and fluffy like cotton balls. Noelle loved beautiful days like this.

Noelle was known as the shy kid. She never talked to anyone, and no one talked to her. She just stayed to herself, she didn't bother making friends anyway. *What was the point?* She would ask herself.

The other two kids that were already at the bus stop were playing on their phones. Of course, they never really cared for nature. Not like Noelle, anyway. Noelle always had that special, quiet connection to nature. Like the best friend you have known your whole life, who never gave up on you.

The bus came zooming down the street. Route 231, the fullest, noisiest bus in the town. Going to the packed school, *DaisyHill Middle School*. Noelle and the other kids stepped onto the bus and Noelle sat down in her normal, first-row seat. She pulled out her art-for-nature notebook and started illustrating the view of the cloudy, perfect morning.

Noelle listened to the birds chirp, while the wind breeze filled the space when the bus driver opened the doors to let the other kids on. She wasn't paying any attention to the kids getting on and kept illustrating little birds in her notebook.

One of the groups of annoying, mean, but popular kids got on. "Hey, watcha doin'?" they taunted. Noelle ignored them. "Hey, I'm talkin' to ya."

Noelle kept her facial expression neutral. But they kept bothering her, and the temper inside her that was usually hidden came out in one of those rare times. This was one time too many that they have bothered her.

She glanced out the window, and she noticed something. A gentle, pastel blue butterfly fluttered along the streets, she looked curiously at it, then her attention went back to her little “converstation”.

She was tired of them talking to her like this, you know what! She thought. “Just go on already, alright?” Noelle snapped. The kids glanced at each other, as if they hadn’t known she could talk. (Which might be true) They finally walked to the back of the bus, now she could go back to her peaceful quietness again. Strange, she never had outbursts like that before, and it felt good.

The bus finally neared the school. As she got off, she saw the butterfly flutter again. Was it... following her? It fluttered near, nearer– until finally, it landed on her shoulder. At its gentle touch, she felt energy rush in. She felt determined. A feeling she hadn’t felt in a long time.

She talked softly, “I need to go, I’ll be back though.”

A popular girl near her glanced at her. Knowing the butterfly was there, Noelle mustered her best glare. It worked– for once! She felt different, but in a good way. Finally, she was doing something.

In her first class of the day, she asked questions about the topic, something that astounded her teacher. She was usually shy and didn’t ask questions. She tried to be friendly, and she found that it worked. Other kids were warming up to her, being more friendly as well. By the end of the period, she dared to think that perhaps one, just one of them might count as her friend.

Noelle walked to the next classes, with a little pep in her step. By the end of third period she was a new self! **BUT**... Lunch neared.

On other days, she sat alone, all in the corner, eating her home lunch. But today was different– already she could feel the school changing their ideas about her. All you have to do is be confident, she told herself. So she talked, and acted friendly and confident like she knew she had a place at the school. And before she knew it, someone was inviting her to sit with them!

The rest of the school day passed in a blur. Before she got on the bus home, she glanced around, the butterfly was there, in the trees on the other side of the road. Noelle smiled and got on the bus.

The next day, the butterfly was nowhere to be seen. But Noelle felt the effects of just one day of confident friendliness. From then on, her life was changed– she was no longer that quiet girl in the corner, drawing weird things like birds and flowers. No, she was the designer and liked making nature themed clothes. She was also the founder of the School Art Club, and praised for her artistic skills.

Twenty years have passed since that fateful day. Now, when Noelle visits schools, she sees girls like her sitting in the corner, doodling. And she tells them all you have to do is be friendly to others, and your life will change tremendously.

