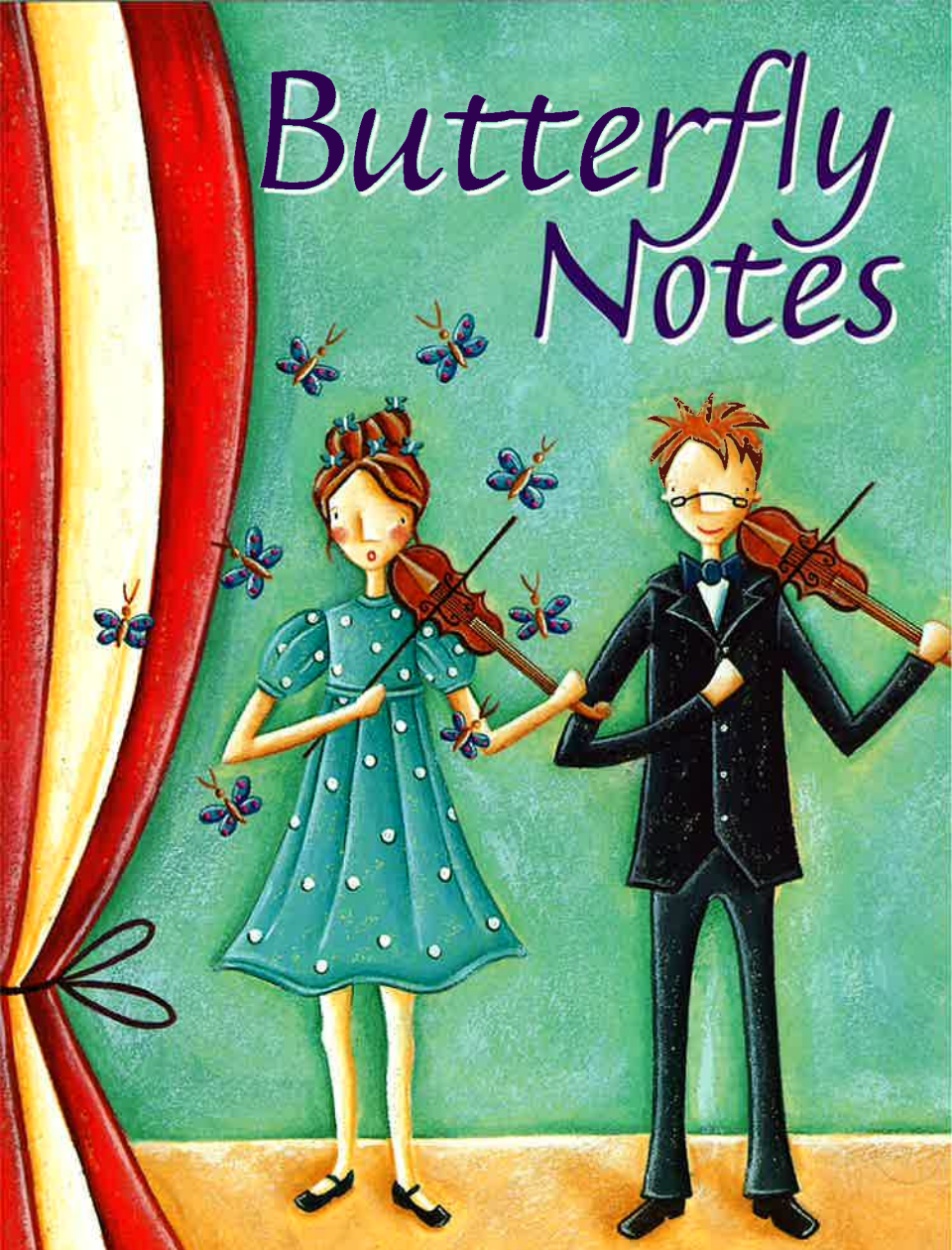
Butterfly Notes



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Contents

Chapter 1	Five Days to Go	4
Chapter 2	Four Days to Go	9
Chapter 3	Three Days to Go	16
Chapter 4	Two Days to Go	19
Chapter 5	One Day to Go	24
Chapter 6	Today!	27



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Chapter One

Five Days to Go



Only five days until I play my violin in the school concert. Help!

I'll have to walk onto the school hall stage. Just me – Sarah Wood and my violin. It gives me butterflies thinking about it. Last year I performed with the other kids in Mrs Rondo's violin group. That was pretty scary, even though there were twelve of us. This year I'm doing a solo and I'm terrified!

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After the solo, I'm in a duet with my friend, Stefan. He's really good, so I'm not too nervous about that. Then we'll also play four songs with the rest of our violin group. That should be okay because if you make a mistake, the others drown you out. It's the solo I'm worried about!

Mum says to ignore the butterflies and they'll go away, but I prefer Gran's idea for dealing with them.



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Gran says that when the butterflies begin fluttering around my tummy, I should welcome them! Getting butterflies means that a chemical called adrenalin is charging through my blood and will make me play better. This sounds very weird to me, but Gran was a doctor before she retired, so I guess she knows.

And there's more...

After welcoming the butterflies, Gran suggests focusing on them.

"Let them fly from your tummy into your chest," she says. "Let them collect passion from your heart to take along your arm into your bow. Then imagine the butterflies changing into musical notes. Let them soar from your violin, off the stage and into the audience."

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Yeah, sure! Gran tends to be a bit dramatic. She was also an actor in our town pantomime. I like her butterfly idea – really! It's just that when I get nervous, I can't think straight, so how can I imagine a butterfly migration?

Maybe Mum's advice is best after all. I cross another day off the calendar. Tomorrow it will be only...

