I was hunger. And became light.

A story of transformation – from the caterpillar's perspective

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"There are phases when you give everything – and still can't shake the feeling that it's never enough."

I · THE FEEDING

I knew only leaf. And leaf. And leaf.

The world was green, and it was big enough – until it wasn't.

I didn't devour out of greed. I devoured because something in me was louder than I was. A hunger that asked no questions, only demanded answers. Day after day, more of what surrounded me, until it became part of me.

And then: the skin. Tight. Tighter. Too tight.

I shed my skin – once, twice, four times. Each time I thought: now it's enough. Each time, I was afterward too big again for what had just held me.

No one had told me where this leads. I knew only one thing, deep and wordless: the way I was, I could not stay. As if something outside me had long known what wanted to become in me – long before I sensed it myself.

Was that failure? It felt like failure. But it was growth, which knew no other way than to become uncomfortable.

Maybe you know this too-tight feeling.

Those days when your own life suddenly no longer fits – not because something broke, but because you grew, and no one told you that's allowed to be hard.

II · THE DISSOLUTION

What came after escapes language.

I hung myself up. Head down. From a thread I had spun myself, without knowing I would ever need it.

That was the last step I still understood. Everything after that has no name I know.

Something in me began to dissolve me. Not from outside. From within.

Muscles that had carried me turned to liquid. There was no moment in which I could say no. There was only: happening.

But the thread held. Something carried me while I could no longer carry myself. An order I did not plan, but followed – as if a wisdom greater than my own knew how wings would come from this chaos.

From outside it looked like standstill. No one could see what was happening within. I myself could barely feel it – only let it happen.

I accomplished nothing during this time. I only waited. And that was enough.

I remember the fear. This in-between, which can last so long that you forget it's an in-between and not a home. But it wasn't a mistake I had made. Not a punishment. It was simply: due.

That was the hardest part. Not the dissolving, but the not-knowing what would come of it. But every shell has a way out – even when you can't see it from inside.

Maybe you know this darkness.
The phase where nothing carries you anymore and nothing new is visible yet.

What if this isn't a standstill?
What if something is growing right there that you've never needed before – until now?

III · THE FLIGHT

When the shell broke open, the first thing I felt wasn't joy. It was heaviness.

My wings: wet, crumpled, pressed against my body like a promise not yet kept.

I hung from the empty cocoon and pumped, slowly, hour after hour, fluid into veins I had never possessed. No one could do it for me.

And then, at some point – I can't name the moment – there was no weight left. Only air. And vastness, wherever I looked.

What had once been my entire universe – a stem, a shadow, a patch of green – was now a tiny point, far below me.

I didn't just fly off. I was guided – into a vastness I could never have imagined as a caterpillar. As if something, long before I had wings, had known where they would carry me.

I landed on a blossom. Not because I had to. Because I could. And while I sat there, I carried something yellow from one flower to the next. Pollen. Life that wasn't mine, moving on through me.

I was no longer the one who only devoured. I was no longer the one who had dissolved. I was light. And it was exactly this lightness that made me something that touched more than just itself.

But now, in the sun, with nectar on my tongue, I look back once more. I see the hunger that was never enough, the skin that grew too tight, the dissolving that felt like an end.

And I am grateful – not idealizing it, truly. Something in all of it knew more than I could know.

This here, this flying, this taste of sweetness – it was worth it.

It was enough to fly. And the open received me.

And you? Do you already know what´s opening up for you?

First the caterpillar. Then the wings.

Behind this story: Annette – your guide through what comes next.

For leaders carrying more than they can say.
For teams caught between strategy and reality.
For individuals at a crossroads, searching for what comes next.

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