

## When Harry met Harley

Today we have a story to share with you. We'll be doing lots of thinking in question time, and we'll be hearing from other children, too. Are you comfortable?

This story is about Harry and Harley. Harry and Harley are friends. They hatched from their eggs at exactly the same time, on exactly the same day, on exactly the same leaf, on the very same cotton bush.



*Can you guess what sort of creatures Harry and Harley are?*

Right now they're doing what they always do - munching cotton-bush leaves in the sun.



*How can you guess what sort of creatures they are?*

*Have you ever seen a caterpillar?*

*Where did you see it? And what did it look like?*

Harry and Harley are both very big and very fat. They weren't always like this. When Harry was born, he was so small that Harley couldn't even see him. And Harry couldn't see Harley either. But they were both so good at eating that they grew very quickly. They grew so quickly that their skins got too tight - and burst! And then they grew new ones. That was when they got to know each other. Now Harry is so full of leaves that he thinks his skin might burst. Again! Harley thinks his skin is too tight as well.

**Harry:** I can't eat any more.

**Harley:** Nor can I, and I'm so tired. I'm going to find a safe place to sleep.

**Harry:** Me too.

And so the two caterpillars crawl off together and as they crawl, they hear a crackling, popping noise.

**Harley:** Listen, that's my skin. It's bursting - it's falling off!

**Harry:** Mine is too. I'm losing my skin! And it doesn't even hurt.

And then they do something they've never done before - they begin to make... What do you think they're going to make? ... their cocoons.



*What do you think will happen next?*

Then they hook onto a branch and hang upside down - and they fall asleep. Harry sleeps for a long time, and when at last he wakes up, he doesn't know where he is. And everything is dark. 'It must be night time,' he thinks. He can feel something sticky wrapping around him and he wriggles and struggles until he bursts free, into the sunlight.



*Do you think Harry looks the same now as he did before he went to sleep in his cocoon?*

Harry looks around him - and then he remembers. 'Where's Harley?' he asks himself. But he can't see Harley anywhere. 'I must go and find him,' he thinks.



*Do you think Harry will find Harley? Why do you think that?*

But something is wrong. Harry can't seem to move. So he stretches himself out in the warm sun and at last he is able to pull himself up to sit on the branch. Everything looks so bright. For the first time in his life, Harry can see colours. And there, on the very same branch, is a very strange creature.



*What do you think the creature looks like? What makes you think that?*

**Harry:** Hello. I'm looking for my friend. We went to sleep and now he's gone. Have you seen him?

The creature looks puzzled.

**Harry:** He looks just like me.

**Strange creature:** (shakes its head) I'm looking for my friend too. His name is Harry.

**Harry:** But...but, who are you?

**Strange creature:** My name is Harley.

**Harry:** But you can't be Harley. You've got wings like a bird, and you're not stripey like Harley.



*Is Harry right?*

*Do you think the strange creature looks completely different from Harley?*

*What makes you think that?*

**Harley:** Well, who are you?

**Harry:** I'm Harry - and if you really were Harley, you'd know that.

**Harley:** How can you be Harry? You've got wings too, and you're not stripey like Harry.

Harry says that the strange creature looks completely different from Harley.



*Does that mean it's not Harley? ...*

Let's see what happens next.

**Harley:** And there's something else. You're not eating. And Harry is always eating.

**Harry:** So is Harley.

Harry doesn't know what to think.

**Harry:** 'Maybe I've turned into someone else, and maybe Harley has too.'



*Harry isn't eating - and he used to eat all the time. Does that mean he's changed into someone else? ...*

Well, let's see what the story says.

While Harry is thinking, Harley stretches out his wings - and suddenly he's flying away, up into the sky! And then, without realizing it, Harry flexes his own wings and feels himself (whoever he is) rising higher and higher into the air. Far ahead, on the ground, he can see a bright patch of pink. He flies towards it and lands softly on a small bush that is covered with little pink flowers. But he doesn't eat the leaves. Instead, he drinks the sugary nectar from the middle of the flowers. And he no longer feels sad.



*Do you think Harry has turned into someone else? What makes you think that?*



**Mary:** Yes, he has turned into a butterfly.



*Okay, so does turning into a butterfly make him someone else?*



**Mary:** ummm.... I'm not sure

**Lola:** He's still the same creature. He just looks different.

**Shaun:** But he's completely different – it's not just the way he looks. He eats different things ... and he can fly.



*So does that mean he is someone else? ...  
What about you? Have you seen photos of yourself when you were little? Do you look different now? Do you do different things? Do you eat different things?  
Do you think you're still the same person you were then?*



**Shaun:** Yes, I'm still the same person. Okay, I look different, but I still have the same family... the same house... I still like the same stuff .... like going to the beach... I'm still called Shaun.

Okay, let's think about that. Imagine you live in a world where, every five years, people change their names. When you are born, your parents give you a name. And then on your fifth birthday, it's time for a new name. And you must choose it yourself and it has to be different from the one you have now. Imagine that today is your fifth birthday.



*What name will you choose?  
Imagine that from now on, everyone calls you by your new name. No one ever calls you by your old name again.  
Are you still the same person you used to be? Or are you a different person now?*



**Mary:** I changed my name when I moved to Australia. In Japan, I was Marii, but in Australia, we changed it to Mary. But, I'm the same person.

**Lola:** Yes, because your name is just what people call you.

**Mary:** You still have the same story about your life. Like ... I still remember what I did before I changed my name.

Let's think about that. The things that you remember are called your 'memories'.



*Does everyone have their own memories? ...*

*What are your memories? ...*

*What are your memories of the last school holidays? Would other members of your family have exactly the same memories?*

*What are your memories of when you were very little? Would your parents remember it the same way?*

*What are your memories of a time when you were really excited? Would other people remember that time exactly the same way?*

*Could it be your memories that make you the same person you used to be?*

Remember what happened to Harley and Harry? When they came out of their cocoons, they looked very different, but they still had their own memories. They still remembered each other ... and what they liked to do and to eat. They remembered that they were friends.

But what if you woke up tomorrow, and those memories weren't there – and you couldn't remember your last school holidays, or when you were little, or the thing that made you feel very excited?



*Do you think you would still be the same person?*

*Would you still be 'you'?*

### **We heard some really interesting ideas today!**

Thank you for joining us. You might like to keep thinking about what makes you, you, and have a talk to your family and friends about what they think, too. And you might like to draw a picture of Harley and Harry too.

*Photo credit: [Nymphalidae - Danaus plexippus Chrysalis](#) by [Hectonichus](#) licensed under [CC BY-SA 3.0](#).*

*Thank you to our wonderful actors Arabella (who played the role of Mary), Lola and Shaun who helped us to hear different points of view. While sometimes these points of view might have reflected their own opinions, at other times they were asked to express an opposing view in order to help us think more deeply about the topic.*