



The Fear-Munching Buby and Sheila

Mojca Rudolf

Kids

THE FEAR-MUNCHING BUBY AND SHEILA

Hi! My name is Buby. I am a tiny creature, not unlike a hedgehog. Instead of spines I'm covered with little sticky green needles. They are harmless and taste of strawberry candy. I'm orange with blue flowers growing all over my body. I have a head like a snail with only one antenna, and I use it the way you use a spoon. I eat with it, and I eat the blue flowers that grow all over me. They keep growing back when I eat them, so I'm never ever hungry. But I also eat something else. I eat – children's fear!

Yes, you've read it correctly! You call yourselves humans, and we call ourselves »the fearmunchers«. Wings carry us about so that they can help us catch children's fear, which there is plenty of, and it is everywhere.

There are many of us all over the world. If you happen to feel frightened, do not hesitate, just call for me! Shout out loud: Buby! I shall come and devour all your fear; none of it will be spared.

Have I told you how I caught my very first slice of fear? I haven't! Are you sure?

I had only just learned how to fly properly when I decided to chase down my first real snack. I knew it was delicious, although I'd never tasted it before.

The thing is, you have to chase your own fear no one else can do that for you. Why is that? Fear is very much

like a fluffy cloud it is rarely seen and can only be caught with our sticky little green needles. No other creature has them. Fear gets stuck on them and we nibble on it like children do to candyfloss at the circus.

I was all nerves that day, anxious to catch my first fear ever while flying over a small village. But fear is also very elusive, it likes to play hard to get. Spring was in the air, children were playing in their yards and fear was hiding and lurking in the shadows. Laughter was all I saw and heard, and we don't eat laughter. No one eats laughter, as far as I know, for it cannot be caught at all.

I was very sad. It seemed like my first fearmunching venture was doomed. But then, all of a sudden, a tiny voice captured my attention: "No, I'm not going anywhere! No way! Do you hear me?"

I was all ears. Who is this little screamer and what is her problem?

"But Sheila, please! You know you must go to the dentist's. He won't harm you. He just wants to take a look at your teeth and see how healthy they really are. We don't want any bad bugs to get into them, do we? That's all darling, I swear."

"But I know it's going to hurt! And I hate all those beeping sounds and all the strange smells in there. I hate the dentist. I'm afraid he's going to drill into my teeth."

Sheila started to cry. Aha, now this is the treat I've been waiting for! She mentioned – fear! I flew nearer.

"There's no reason to be frightened, really. I promise you it won't hurt one tiny little bit. And when it's over, you'll get a reward, okay!"

That's where Sheila paused for a few seconds. A reward?

"No, no, I still don't want to go there. I'm too scaaaared!"

"Aha, it's mine!" I was determined to get it as I flew over Sheila. And then I saw it – my first fear! Oh, goodness. How truly glad I was!

I grabbed it quickly and flew away, before Sheila could change her mind.

She noticed something however, and said:

“What was that?” Sheila stopped crying and put her hand to her ear.

“Something just flew past me,” she said.

“But you know what, Mum? The fear is all gone now, somehow. I guess I’ll go to the dentist’s after all. I think I’d love to have a set of healthy white teeth. And the bugs can jolly well run away and hide somewhere else, ha ha.”

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