

STORIES OF CHILDREN FEARS

The little red shoes

Once, there was a little girl. She was afraid of pretty much everything you could imagine. She feared the shadows under the bed. She feared her mother wouldn't come back home. She even feared the toaster.

One day she went out with her mother to buy new shoes. As they were out on the street, she grabbed her mother's hand because of a dog was passing a bit too close. Hopefully, the shop wasn't far and when they reached it, she had to look at all the beautiful new shoes. Colourful, glossy, bright. She looked at them carefully and pointed out a neat red pair of shoes. They were not special at all, but somehow they caught her attention. She tried them. "Oh, sweet! These fit perfectly!" said her mother. They bought the pair, and, of course, the girl wanted to wear them on their way home.

When they left the shop, there was a big dog who started barking at the girl. She stepped back against the wall and could not move. Her mother said: "Come on, let's go, the dog cannot reach you!". But the girl just could not move. She closed her eyes and tried to focus. All that came to her mind was the image of the giant dog, getting bigger and bigger. But suddenly, her shoes started to feel warm and they were a bit like tickling hands. The girl was surprised, but it wasn't a bad feeling. She even started to laugh, and the image of the dog disappeared from her mind. The girl grabbed her mother's hand, her eyes still closed. She started to walk, the dog stopped barking. She opened the eyes again, reached out with her hand and stroke the dog's fur. The dog felt warm and cosy, not scary at all. The mother and the girl wearing her red shoes went down the street. The girl was smiling up to the ears.

Ain't even scared

Once upon a time there was a girl who was not afraid of any thing. She could sleep in the dark. She could anger dogs. She even had her own wooden sword to go hunting dragons. Only in her dreams she sometimes felt a bit afraid. There she was afraid of loosing her father, of loosing her mother or of having her heart eaten by the monster who lived in the vegetable basket. But she knew that these were only dreams.

She was spending the whole day without her parents who were always leaving early in the morning and only returning for the dinner.

From morning till lunch, she was scaring her teachers. Afterwards she was free to meet her adventurous friends in the forest. There was Mighty Duck, an old oak tree, there was Whistling Fox, a small birch and many more small friends that didn't deserve to be given names because they were always eaten during the fights. Poor apples. During those afternoons, her gang rescued the forest, the town and the world. But her parents couldn't be saved. It was no dragon who killed them but a car accident. The monster in the vegetable basket ate her heart.

Step by step

Once there was a little girl who loved to go everywhere with her mother: to the shower, to the shops, to her friends. She even got to the front seat of the car once. As much as she could, she was following every single one of her mother's step.

One day they went to a fair. The whole city was decorated, there were thousands of games and things to look at. The girl was holding her mother's hand, and pants, just to be sure to be sure. After a while, the mother asked the girl if she could keep her bag for a minute, the time to go to the toilets. The girl was so proud, what a great responsibility this was. By curiosity, She looked in the bag, and saw a plane ticket. She observed it more thoroughly and saw that it was only a one way trip, with the date of the day after.

The girl could only hear a long buzz in her head. Her mother was leaving her. She was holding on the bag and she saw the future. She was going alone in the shower. She was sitting on the front sit but there was no driver and the car was just stuck in the garage. She was shopping on her own, buying cans of pea soup for her desperate father.

The mother came out. The girl kept silent and was tightly holding onto the bag. They walked for a while. Head down, the girl raised her little hand to catch her mother's maybe for the last time. The hand didn't quite feel as usual. The girl thought it was because of the shock. She looked at her mother's pants, but they were not any pants she knew. The girl raised her head slowly to the hand which was old and wrinkled. Then she saw: this hand belonged to an ugly, grey-headed, old woman who had a very weird smile on her face.

Screams.