

## Trapped (corrected by Gailash)

The little ghost Buuh contentedly lived in his woods, but one night something terrible happened:



A robber known as Good-for-Nothing broke out from prison and took refuge in the forest of Buuh. He took off his chains, and by accident placed them on top of the little ghost.

“Help! Help!”, Buuh screamed.

But the robber did not hear the ghost. Yawning, he ran to a nearby cottage and fell asleep.

Buuh was left all alone. “What shall I do?”, he asked himself. “The chains are too heavy. I just can’t take them off.”



Fortunately Buuh heard a “hoo-hoo” above his head. It was an owl.

“Here I am, Mrs. Owl”, Buuh cried with relief.

Startled, Mrs. Owl almost fell off the tree.

“Houch!”, gasped the owl, as she excitedly fluttered her wings.

“I am trapped!”, Buuh shouted. “The robber has put me in chains.”

Mrs. Owl viciously laughed. “This serves you right, you nasty ghost”, she angrily said.

“Soon you`ll no longer be able to terrify me.”

Then she flew away without helping Buuh.

The voice of the owl woke up three mice. They peered anxiously out of their holes.

“Has the evil owl gone away?”, they whispered excitedly.

“Yes”, sniffed Buuh. “And she refused to help me.”

“No problem”, the mice claimed. “We are able to help you.”



They pulled and pulled. They pushed and pushed. But the heavy chains would not move.

“Sorry”, said the disappointed mice. “We are just too small and the chains are too big and heavy.”

“Oh my goodness”, Buuh cried. “Midnight is gone. The witching hour is over. I urgently need to escape into my dark hut. At dawn, I may in no case be here. Otherwise I will fade away.”

Buuh was wishing and hoping for a saviour. But no one happened to pass, who was tall and brave enough to help him get the chains off. Buuh felt weaker and weaker as the sun rose in the horizon.

Exactly at this time a group of ants appeared. “Oh”, the ants wondered, when they noticed Buuh. “What is that? This was not here yesterday.” They approached cautiously.

“I am a ghost”, Buuh whispered weakly. “But soon it is the end of me. At daylight I will fade away.”

“Why don` t you hide in the dark cottage”, the ants asked.

“The problem is that the chains are too heavy to remove and I cannot move with them on me”, Buuh told them.

“Well, we can help you”, the ants offered. But Buuh shook his head.

“That’s kind of you. But you are just too tiny to remove the chains”, he sighed.

The ants laughed. “Just wait and see”, they replied. “We are tiny, indeed. But we are able to do anything.” Then they disappeared.

A short time later Good-for-Nothing, the robber, appeared.

“Ugh, ugh”, he screamed. “There are ants all over me!”

Good-for-Nothing was wildly lashing out. He, by accident, scratched and hit himself.

“What a terrible forest. Things were much better in prison”, he shouted.

Then he grabbed his chains and ran back to the village.

Buuh was set free! It was about time because he was almost transparent!

“Hooray”, he exulted. “Thanks a lot, tiny ants, for your enormous help.”

Buuh scrambled to his feet. And he escaped into the dark hut. Just in time, before it was broad daylight.

