

# Who is afraid of the little red beetle?

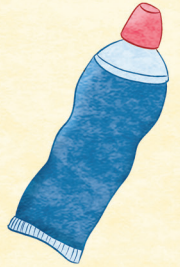


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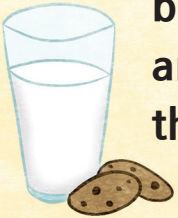




Just as the sun rose up to the sky,  
Wolfie opened both his eyes.  
He jumped out of bed and rushed happily  
to sit down for breakfast with his family.



At the end of the meal, they all got dressed,  
brushed their teeth and, together, cleaned up their mess,  
and just as they do every single day  
they all walked to school their usual way.



Wolfie walked proud, happy smile on his face,  
as he listened to birds tweeting with grace.  
Their tune was exceptionally good,  
and everything seemed as it should.













So why, when he reached his nursery school  
he was so scared and felt like a fool?  
His little heart raced, and he didn't know why  
all he wanted to do was hide somewhere and cry.



He found a corner in his favorite spot  
and sat there, upset, deep in thought.  
Then Wolfie's beloved friend, Puppy  
came and asked, "why are you unhappy?"

Wolfie was glad that Puppy had seen him,  
but didn't know how to express that feeling.  
He was also confused and a little shy,  
and then he decided to give it a try:







“Today on my walk, a beetle landed on my head,  
it was red and little; I became so sacred.  
I jumped and quickly ran away in fear,  
then tripped and injured my left ear.”



Puppy sat beside him and listened with care.  
Other friends arrived and joined the pair.  
They hugged Wolfie and asked, “how are you?”  
And then he calmed down in a moment or two.



“But tell me, Wolfie,” Kitten was curious,  
“what makes a small beetle a matter so serious?”



Wolfie did not really know what to say.  
He wasn't sure why he reacted this way.  
Was it her color or maybe her wings?  
Or did her antennae suddenly swing?















“I’m not sure I know the reason why,”  
Wolfie said quietly, still a bit shy.  
“But I feel that I am far too little  
to bravely stand up to this beetle.”



Right at that moment, their wise teacher, Bear,  
approached them, concerned, and pulled up a chair.  
She lovingly turned their way  
and asked, “is everything okay?”

Wolfie was glad that Bear came to his side.  
He just didn’t want to continue to hide.  
He felt he did not need his fears anymore,  
so, he bravely told her what happened before.







“I do understand,” Bear softly replied,  
“your fear is causing you pain inside.  
If you wish, Wolfie, we could look for a way  
to work on your worries - and shoo them away!”



We all sometimes get frightened or sad,  
your friends, your teachers, your mom and your dad.  
But there are certain tricks we can do  
to help make things better for you.”



The first suggestion that Bear made,  
and Woflie agreed, though still afraid,  
was to think of something nice that is red  
and put it in a drawing and out of his head.













Bunny remembered a notebook he got,  
where he drew pictures - he liked it a lot.  
The notebook is red and is quite exciting  
it has pictures of flowers and his name in bold writing.



Cat's favorite toy was a purple train  
but then she remembered her lovely red crane -  
which, if you were careful to set just right,  
it could lift the green truck to a marvelous height!

Puppy drew an apple so red and so sweet,  
just like the ones he liked to eat.

And Frog chose a blanket, velvety red  
that she cuddled up to at night in her bed.

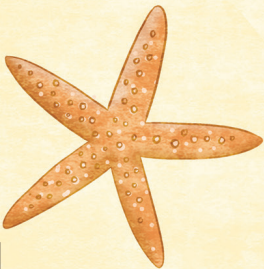






**Wolfie could not think of a single thing  
that was red and would also make his heart sing.  
But Puppy, his friend, immediately knew:  
“Your bicycle, remember? It’s red and brand-new!”**

**What a pleasant surprise - it was under his nose  
the favorite thing that Wolfie chose.  
This color he thought that he didn’t like,  
was also the color of his wonderful bike!**















Their task for the following morning  
was to put a red beetle in their drawing.  
“A tough mission,” Wolfie thought  
but he bravely gave it his best shot.



Still somewhat scared - a difficult test -  
Wolfie took a deep breath and tried his best.  
With the red pencil he found in his tray  
he drew a beetle, but quickly put it away.



“When you get home, show your parents what you drew,”  
said teacher Bear, and her happy smile grew.  
Wolfie was so filled with pride  
his heart was happily pounding inside.







On Friday, Bear had another idea:  
to help Wolfie overcome his fear.

She said “Wolfie you’ve come such a long way.  
It hasn’t been easy, but you didn’t sway,  
and now, I think you’re ready to greet  
this special friend I’d like you to meet.”

In a glass jar that stood on her desk  
Wolfie noticed a little red speck.

It was a beetle! Resting on a bed of green,  
she was tiny and quiet and didn’t seem mean.















They all got excited and moved closer to it  
while Wolfie preferred to wait just a bit.  
He watched from a distance; he wasn't ready.  
He was still scared; should he go slow and steady?



He waited and watched his friends and his teacher  
when he suddenly heard Bunny softly whisper:



"You know, Wolf, I also sometimes get afraid,  
if it's dark, for example, when I'm lying in bed,  
But then I remember our school and my family  
and that helps me relax," the bunny said calmly.



Then Bunny moved closer and gave Wolfie a hug  
and Wolfie felt very safe and snug.  
For a moment his worries - they all disappeared,  
he completely forgot all about his fears.







Feeling much braver, he began to stride  
toward his friends, his eyes open wide.  
Putting one foot in front of the other  
he was finally ready to go and discover.



His friends held out their paws to help him through,  
there were dark paws, and brown ones and white ones, too.  
Then Wolfie took a deep breath in -  
and came close to the beetle who smiled at him.



Wolfie was glad that he faced his own fear  
and he was even gladder to hold so dear -  
a teacher and friends who will always be there  
to help him and show that they love him and care.



His friends, his parents, and teacher Bear -  
they look out for him and are happy to share.  
They love and hug him, that's all that he needs -  
to be happy, believe in himself and succeed.









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Printed in Israel August 2020