



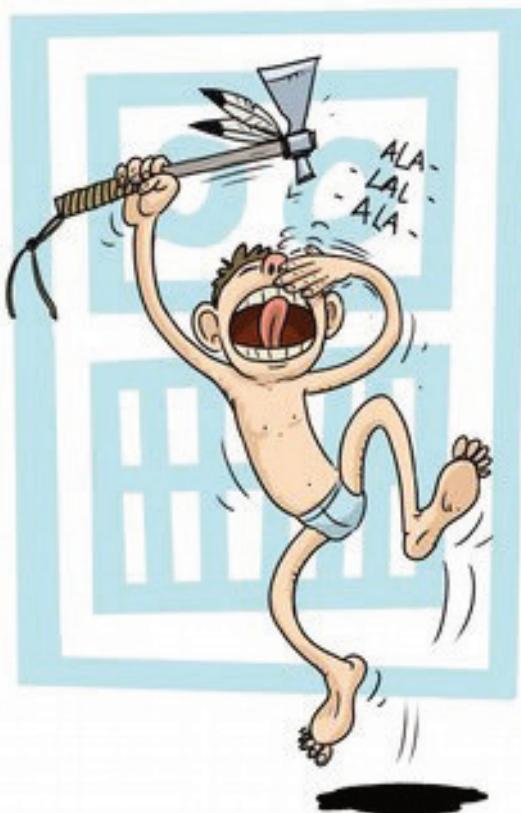
HEIKI VILEP
WILLIAM



Pajamas

One evening, when it was time to go to bed, William was bouncing around the room and shouting.

“I’m a brave Indian!” He had a toy axe in one hand and a bow in the other, and there were two red lines painted on both of his cheeks with red watercolor, which was supposed to look like an Indian war painting.



“Put your pajamas on,” Mum told him.

“Indians don’t wear any pajamas,” William replied and hooted an Indian battle cry while patting on his mouth.

“Why don’t you go to bed all naked then,” Mum got tired of commanding him. And William ended up going to bed naked.

At night, William woke up to a howl of the Indian war cry. He opened his eyes and saw a real jungle surrounding him. There were snakes crawling up tree trunks and colorful birds outshouting each other.

All of a sudden, two actual Indians came out from the bush and tied William’s hands to his back. The two heavy men held him from both sides and William was taken to a nearby village.

There was an important Chief sitting in front of a big fire and smoking a long pipe. He tilted his head from one side to another, so that the feathers in his headdress were swishing.

“And who are you then?” the Chief asked William.

“Me? I’m a warrior!” William replied proudly.

“Oh, so you’re a warrior, aren’t you? Then we’ll have to put you to a test,” the Chief figured.

William was untied and made to throw an axe into a tree. There was a white cross drawn on the tree trunk and William managed to hit the cross ten times in a row.

“Wow!” said the Indians and bowed to William. The Chief nodded with content and kept on puffing his long pipe.

William’s second challenge was to shoot a bow and an arrow. The target was a figure made of chaff that looked

like a scarecrow. All the arrows shot by William hit the figure right in the head.

“Wow!” said the Indians and kneeled to the ground before William. They stooped down and patted the ground with their hands. “You are the greatest warrior that has ever lived!” they said and elected William as their Warlord.



All of a sudden they heard loud wailing from the other side of the village and they could see a wounded Indian riding a tired and limping horse approaching them by the road.

“The hair monsters are coming!” he managed to shout, mustering up his final strength. “There are many of them!” he gasped, and fell off the saddle onto the dusty road.

The Indians hopped on their horses and rode to the battle. William was leading them, of course, as he was the warlord now.

The enemy hair monsters wore huge horned helmets and were a lot bigger than humans.

William raised the battle axe above his head and howled the Indian battle cry once again. The Indians followed him and soon enough, they were all caught in a heated battle. William fought bravely, striking left and right with his battle axe.

Once the sun started setting, it was obvious that the Indians had won the battle. The monsters finally surrendered and they were taken as prisoners to the Indian village.

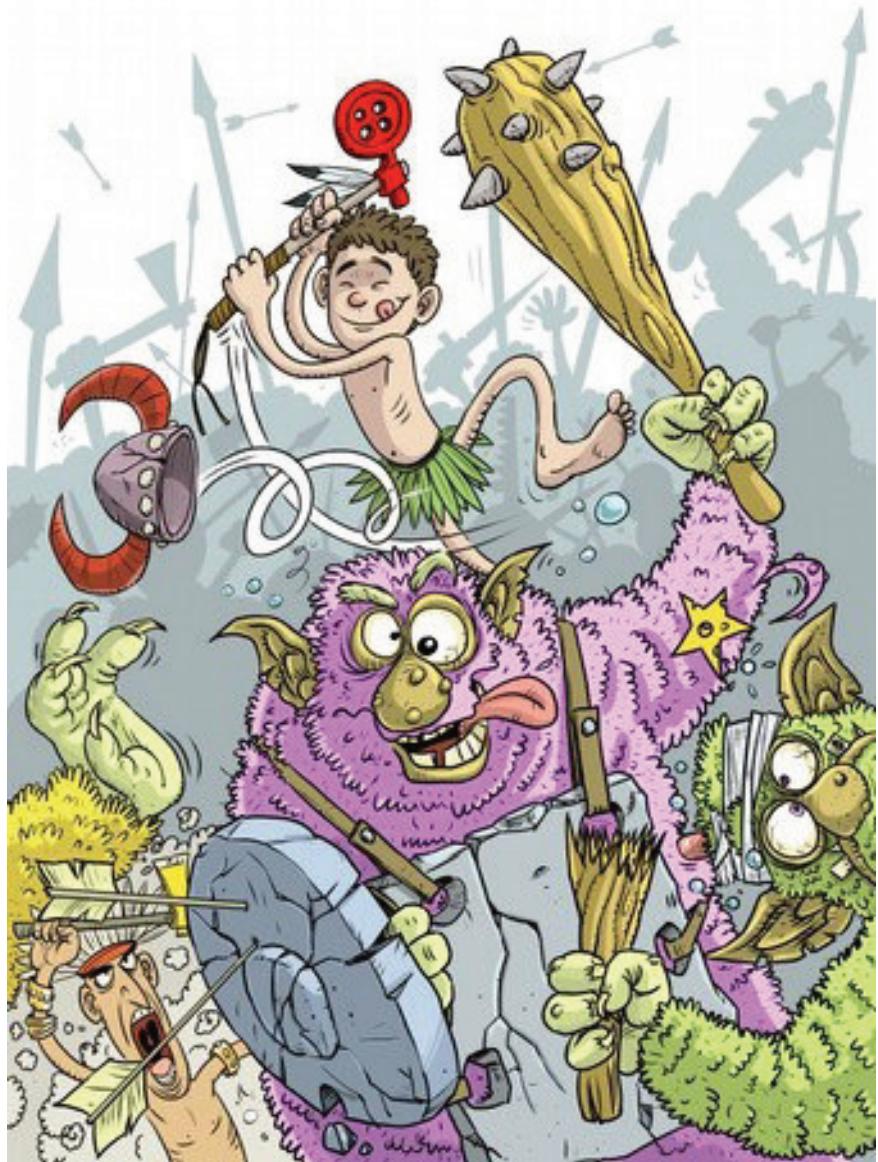
The great victory was celebrated with a proper party.

“You were very brave,” the Chief praised William, placing his hand on William’s shoulder.

“And a proper warrior can also do with a proper rest!”

He stood up, went to his wigwam and came back wearing striped pajamas and warm slippers with tassels.

“But Indians don’t wear...” William wanted to say, but seeing the Chief rubbing his belly through the pajamas and obviously enjoying himself, he fell silent in the middle of the sentence.



Soon enough, sleep got the best of William and he could no longer keep his eyes open. The monster prisoners were still growling in their cages and some of them were trying to chew through the cage bars. Soon enough, they also fell asleep.

At night, William got cold. He woke up and saw that he was back in his room again. He got up, took his pajamas from the chair and put them on, feeling proud.

Back in bed, he drew his blanket up to his chin and in a short while, he was feeling warm and cozy.



Fear Has Big Eyes

“Mum, will you please leave the light on!” William asked. He drew the soft blanket, which had teddy bears on it, up to his eyes and stared into the ceiling.

“You’re such a big boy by now that you shouldn’t be afraid of anything,” Mum said.

“I’m not afraid,” William said. “But you could still leave the light on!”

“Do you know the old saying that fear has big eyes?” Mum asked, and explained him what it meant.

“See, once you’re afraid of something, you start imagining all sorts of things. This is why they say that fear has big eyes. Actually, my boy, there’s nothing for you to be scared of in this room.”

Mum smiled and was about to shut the door of the children’s room.

“Will you please also leave the door open?” William asked.

“Alright then,” Mum agreed and left, leaving the door slightly open.

All of a sudden, everything got really quiet. William turned around, onto his belly, and looked at the lantern hanging from a post outside. It kept swaying back and forth and becoming more and more faded. Suddenly, William had a feeling that he saw two eyes on the window glass. The eyes kept growing larger and larger. In the end, they didn’t fit the window anymore and extended to the walls.

Soon enough, the two eyes had covered the entire wall. The room got darker and the eyes on the wall lit up.



"Who are you?" William asked in a trembling voice.

"Fear," the eyes answered. "I'm your fear."

"Why do you have such big eyes?" William asked.

"So that I could see the grey man creeping in the hall, the monster with a long trunk hiding under the stairs and little green men bustling about in Dad's study all at the same time."

“But can you also see the toothless and half-bald woman lurking in the toilet?”

“Do you mean the one who sticks her head out of the toilet bowl and suck you in?”



“The same one.”

“I see her alright. I can even see the invisible boogie man under your bed.”

William got his bow that was lying beside his bed and shot the arrow right in the middle of the Fear’s eye.

“Ouch!” the Fear squealed.

“Now tell me what you can see?” William asked.

“The grey man in the hall turned into Dad’s coat,” the Fear replied, “and the monster under the stairs is just the vacuum cleaner,”

William got up from bed, went to the hall and looked at the grey man – indeed, it was nothing but a coat. Then he stooped under the stairs and instead of a monster with a long trunk, there was just the vacuum cleaner. When he looked towards Dad’s study, he could see strange green light coming under the door and it seemed to him that there were some shadows moving in there. He could hear suspicious gurgling coming from the toilet.

William quickly went back to his room and shot an arrow into the other eye of the Fear.

“Ouch!” the Fear screeched. “Have mercy on me!” The eyes on the wall faded away until they were really tiny.

William now went back to the toilet, turned on the light and sat on the toilet seat. He sat and waited. At some point he thought there was quiet gurgling coming somewhere from the depths but once he had finished his business, this stopped as well. The boy flushed and stuck his tongue out towards the toilet seat.

The door to Dad’s study was open and William quietly sneaked closer. He could hear the clicking of the keyboard and when William put his head into the room, he saw Dad working at the computer.

“What’s the matter, my boy? Can’t you sleep?”

“I went for a pee,” William said.

Dad gave him a hug and kissed him on the forehead. William got back to his room, went to bed, pulled the soft blanket with teddy bears up to his eyes again and looked at the wall opposite him.



The Fear was gone. The lantern behind the window was burning, emerging soft yellow light and William got fast asleep, dreaming sweet dreams. In his sleep, he could feel how Dad came to tuck his blanket and stroke his head.

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