

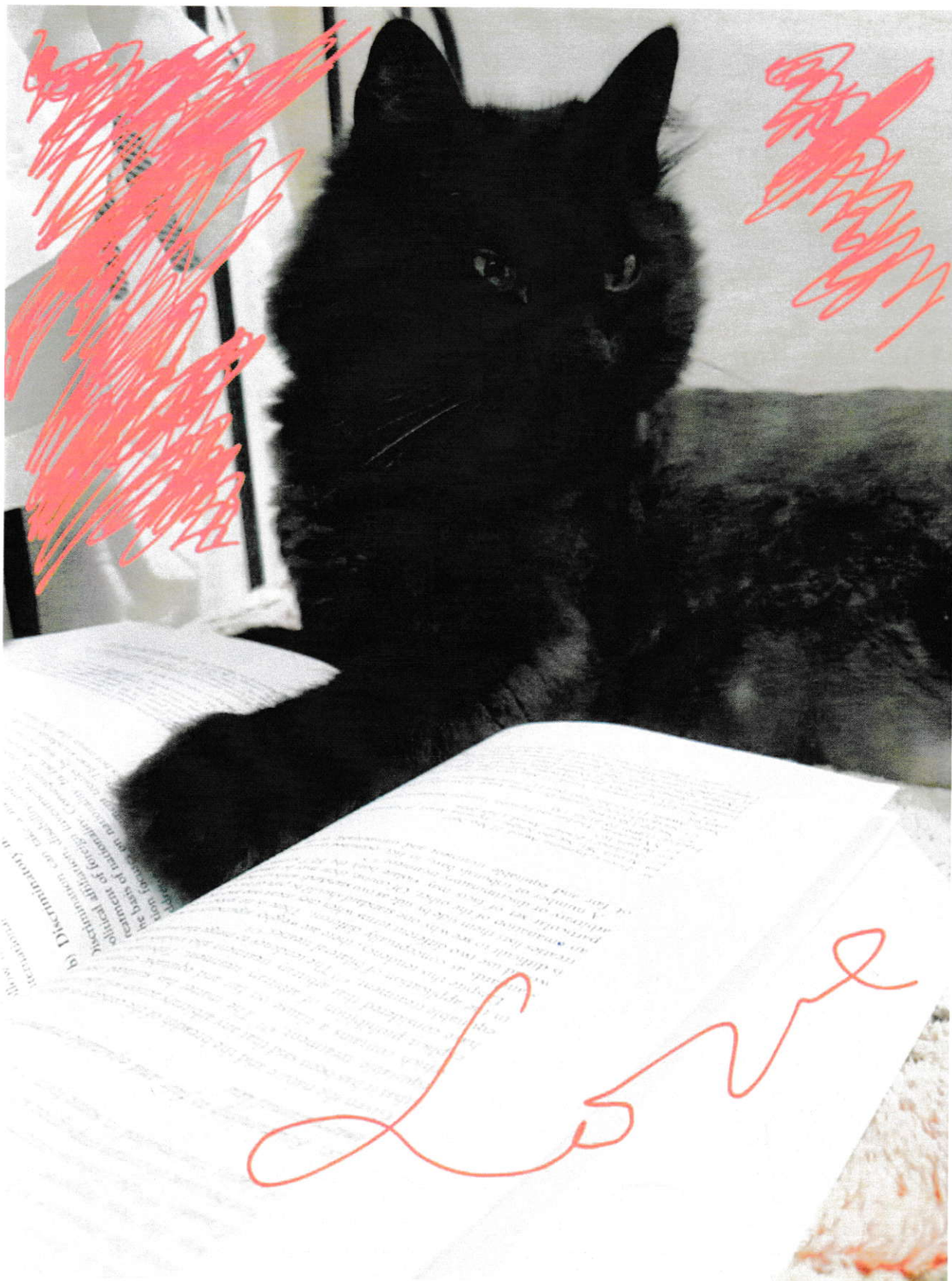
**WILMA**

# **BUBU**

**A FAIRYTALE TOMCAT**

**CORESI**

Publishing House  
**WWW.CORESI.NET**



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## Argumentum

Bubu is real. He was born on May 21st, 2011 in Bucharest, capital of Romania and ever since, he had many adventures; it was for this reason that he decided to accept all the stories—that he was actually the author—to be given to Wilma in order to become the first of the many books to come, for the joy of thousands of children and adults. He talks to Wilma on a daily basis as she is the one who loves him the most.

These stories can be read as bedtime stories, from beginning to end, and as short stories, from asterisk to asterisk, as, everything he does and says brings delight, serenity and a good mood.

Bubu's every single episode is real. The places, friends and neighbors, as presented in these three short stories, are real. They keep meeting and working as we speak to create a new short stories volume.

Bubu wishes you enjoyable reading!



## Where did Bubu Go?

Just like birds and flowers, animals can also talk, but only to those they love and who care of them.

Bubu is a black, fluffy, long haired tomcat, always wearing a white, furry pair of trunks, as he really enjoys going to the seaside, taking baths and going to the pool. It's just the way he is. Although he lived in the centre of the town for a few years, he didn't really have anyone to talk to, so he joyfully embraced the idea of moving from an apartment into a house, together with the two humans he believed to be his parents. He didn't enjoy the ride too much and he felt a bit sorry for Toto, the white little dog, who lived on the first floor of the building he was leaving behind. He was still hoping to see him once in a while, though. Toto had never visited Bubu's home, they were just staring at each other, through the doorframe, whispering something to one another for a few minutes, not to disturb the neighbors. What they were saying to each other was a complete secret, as only they understand.

As he woke up the next morning, he saw the front door open.

"Who's there?" he asked. "Who are you?"

"We're birds. We're bee-eaters. And this is our home! And who might you be?"

"I'm Bubulica. What are ... bee-eaters?"



“What, can’t you see? We are the prettiest, most colorful birds around here. When did you arrive? Are you a mean one? Do you want to eat us?”

“What do you mean by ‘Are you a mean one?’ I only eat my biscuits. You’re dressed up pretty nice ...”

“What are you staring at? Haven’t you seen anyone like us before?”

“Well ... no, I’ve only seen grey ones in the city.”

“Come outside! Come on, closer, we want to check you out, too.”

Bubu was sitting at the doorframe, looking first behind him then towards the garden. There was nobody home and he had never been out on his own, having a conversation with unknown creatures, so he was cautious. He had seen before pigeons dropping by to see him, landing on the window sill, but so many, so colorful and noisy birds, was a first.

“Oh, how nice it is to be outside! And look how crowded it is! And by saying this, his paws were moving forward as they had a mind of their own. Still, a few steps further something made him stop, a bit too late, though, as the birds had already flown, cautiously, away from him. Blades of grass were tickling his paws.”

“Hey, I’m not aggressive. I just want to talk to you, have a conversation.”

“Well, you do look aggressive.”

“How come? Is it because of my black fur? Fear is only in your head, you know.”

“And what’s with the white pair of trunks?” The birds started giggling all at once.

