



Fearless Peter

Haven't you all felt afraid at some time in your lives? We all have, right? Well, not Peter. He didn't know what fear was. And yet he seemed like such a normal kid: with two eyes, a nose and a mouth, just like everyone else. But, you know, he had never ever been afraid. All of his brothers and sisters, cousins and friends knew what that strange feeling was that wells up inside you and that you can't control. But not Peter. Not at all. Peter was never, ever afraid.

Since he was good and fed up with not knowing what fear was all about, one fine day he decided to go out in search of it. He said goodbye to his family and relatives, packed up his toothbrush and set out to discover this thing called fear.

Driven by curiosity, Peter decided to take the highway that leads everywhere. He traveled through towns and cities and crossed valleys and rivers. But he still didn't know what fear was all about.

Here begins the amazing story of: Fearless Peter

Peter crossed the biggest desert there is, sweating by day and shivering at night, hungry and thirsty the whole time...but no matter what, he still couldn't find this thing called fear.

After walking miles and miles, Peter reached the land of the three kings. It was a very dangerous country, ruled by three kings who were always in bad moods.

But Peter just breezed in fearlessly. No problem. It was as though he had done that every day of his life.

The three kings were very surprised when they set eyes on that self-confident young boy. But they asked that he leave the country because at the moment they were very busy fighting a big battle against three invincible giants who were continually posing a threat to their kingdom.

But Peter paid them no mind. He hid behind a big palm tree and watched as the three ferocious giants approached the battle field...and how the three kings did their very best to defend themselves.

Peter came out from his hiding place and confronted the three exhausted kings.

"Your Majesties!" said Pere, "Trust me. I can defeat the three giants singlehandedly. I can guarantee you that!"

"And just why should we believe what you're saying?" the three kings responded in unison.

"Because I'm fearless Peter."

The three kings didn't dare say a word. And so Peter went straight to the spot where the three giants were resting. He looked them straight, and fearlessly, in the eyes.

And without thinking twice, he attacked them. It was amazing. Within seconds the three giants had

been knocked to the ground and their heads split wide open, like a melon.

Peter had won the battle. But, nonetheless, he didn't seem pleased with his victory. You might even say he was sad. Sad because he still didn't know what it felt like to be afraid.

"It's not fair! I want to know what fear is all about! I want to be afraid!" he cried out in frustration.

And in order to try, once and for all, to find out what being afraid meant, he decided to sleep next to the three dead giants that night.

Night fell and stars filled the sky. There was not a sound to be heard in the darkness, not even the chirping of a cricket. Suddenly, he saw a witch appearing from out of the darkness. As soon as he caught sight of her, he closed his eyes really tight to see if that vision had caused any funny feeling inside him, any tiny little twinge. But no, Peter still didn't feel any fear.

The witch slowly approached the three giants' dead bodies. She was carrying a jar with a special ointment in it and with that ointment she put the giants' heads back in place and made them come to life again. It was absolutely incredible, they had gone from being dead giants to sleeping giants.

Peter didn't hesitate for a second: he knew he had to have that miraculous ointment. Obviously, it didn't occur to him to be afraid! So, how did he do it? Well, he sneaked up on the witch and trapped her between the two halves of the third giant's head. Then he grabbed the jar of ointment and headed off to the three kings' palace.

Peter deposited the jar of ointment right in the middle of the throne room.

"Look what I stole from the witch," he said, pointing to the unguent. "I'm sure you want to know what this is, right? Well, it's a magic salve which the witch uses to revive the giants who die in battle."

Obviously, the kings didn't believe a word of what Peter was telling them.

"You don't believe me, do you? Well then, I invite you to see for yourselves how it works."

"First, you must cut off my head," he said, without flinching. "Then you have to re-attach it using this ointment. You'll see that it works like a charm!"

But the kings were so clumsy that when Peter woke up he realized that his head was attached to... his feet!

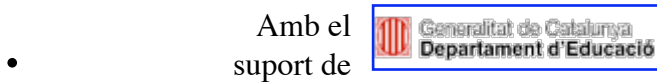
"What have you idiots done!" cried out Peter in terror. "Please cut my head off again, I beg you. Get it off of here and put it back in its place!"

The three kings were quick to respond and they did as Peter had asked. They cut his head off of his feet and, with the help of the magic ointment, were able to put it back where it belonged: on his shoulders and resting on his neck.

The day after that very unpleasant experience, Peter decided to make his way back home. But, in spite of the considerable fright he had suffered, he was happy because he had finally found out


what fear was...the fear of losing one's head.

Script: J.M Hernández Ripoll



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