



The Wonderful Adventures
of **BLUEFOOT**
and **BUZZ**

Written by MARIA ANGELOVA
Illustrated by ELENA VLADINOVA



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THE ADVENTURE

*Which Started from the Wooden Bridge
and Nearly Ended Because
of a Surprised Trout*

Bluefoot was sitting on the old wooden bridge and was dangling his blue legs above the clear water of the stream that was crossing the forest. As he was whistling and moving his toes in time with the tune, a trout's head popped out of the stream all of a sudden – the fish seemed to be in a hurry.

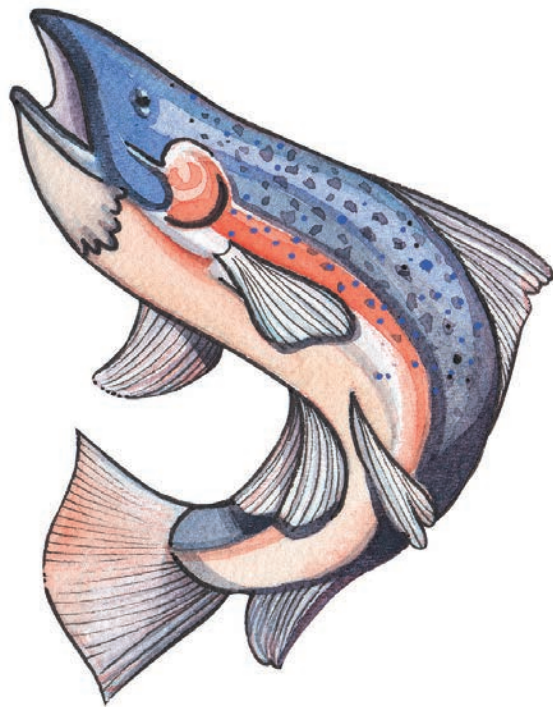
“Good day, good day!” She greeted him hurriedly and looked around anxiously. “Excuse me, which way is the sea?”

The bluefooted bird was just about to open his mouth to say that there was no sea there, but the trout snapped impatiently: “Why aren't you saying anything? Here I am, in a hurry, having some urgent business, some important work to

do! I'm not sitting around like you, hands in my pockets, not doing a thing!"

"I was just about to inform you that I haven't heard of a sea near here." Bluefoot answered stolidly.

"Yeah, right! So you want to convince me there's no sea here? I'm in a hurry, I'm even late, and everyone is talking nonsense." The trout was droning angrily. "So what? You're telling me I'm heading in the wrong direction? Oh, I'll have to go back then..."



Bluefoot was just about to object because he hadn't said anything of the kind, but the trout jumped before he could say a word, splashed her tail and went back in the opposite direction. Occupied with the trout, Bluefoot hadn't noticed that someone else had come to the bridge. That someone was dangling their feet too and was sighing noisily.

"Oh, oh..Oh..."

A thoughtful bee was sitting just a span away from the bluefooted bird. That was not an ordinary bee, but one with a headlamp on her head. Unlike the other bees in the hive, Buzz the bee didn't really like to collect nectar and make honey, but she dreamed of adventure from dusk till dawn. One day while she was flying in the big crocus glade in the forest, something glimmered amongst the flowers, as if it winked at her. She descended with great determination and found a wonderful glossy headlamp. This is the lamp that people wear on their forehead when they go to a cave or go camping and hiking. From this day on Buzz never separated from her headlamp. She lit the way with it so that she wouldn't be afraid when going home late in the dark. It was on the very first day that she brought confusion among the fireflies who took her for one of them and were filled with indignation. They started shouting that it was outrageous and the whole world had gone mad if bees had started lighting their way with a headlamp.

Once the bee decided to climb the mountain that was visible from the beehive and though she was constantly

HIVE

of wild bees



asking about directions, she got lost twenty times or more. After three days of exhausting roaming, she came back to the hive where they had sounded the alarm about her disappearance. The bees were furious that she had been wandering about and getting lost instead of making honey, which was her actual job, and they didn't speak to her for a long time.

The boring and well-organized life in the beehive was not at all suitable for a bee who loves adventures, so Buzz wanted to ask Bluefoot to take her along with him on his next tour round the world. The bee had heard that Bluefoot

was a great traveler, that he had sailed a boat in every ocean, crossed the Sahara Desert on camelback, and he knew at least twenty-one penguins in person. But Buzz couldn't bring herself to speak to this great traveler, so she was sitting on the bridge sighing heavily.

"Oh... Ah.."

"I've been everywhere in the whole world, but this is the first time I've seen a bee wearing a lamp on her forehead. Do you by any chance come from Ballabio island? Everyone wears torches there, day and night, but nobody knows why."

Bluefoot was looking at the bee and was splashing water with his toes.

"I've never heard of Ballabio island. Have you been there?"

"You bet I have! I've travelled through all the eight continents far and wide." Bluefoot answered with an air of importance. "A professor once tried to convince me that the continents were seven, not eight. However, when I was in Papua New Guinea, I met three chieftains who had bands of lianas on and savory branches tucked behind their ears. They told me the continents were eight because ancient chameleon Cha Me Le On's legend has it. You can trust ancient chameleons more than student's books. That's what I told the professor.

"How about that! I didn't know that chieftains wore savory behind their ears!" The bee gasped and remembered that she hadn't introduced herself. "I am Buzz the bee."

"I am Bluefoot, a rare bird of the Bluefoot Fisheating



species. I was born on the Galapagos Islands, but I now live in this forest. It's a nice forest, but it's full of disoriented fish..."

Buzz stood up so as to shake hands with Bluefoot but she tripped over a loose board on the bridge, lost balance, and splashed into the river.

Splash!

The poor bee waved her hands and legs in panic because she couldn't swim at all – not in the least. At that moment the same trout who was in such a great hurry, shot through the water under the bridge and nearly swallowed her by mistake.

"Oh, please, do be careful where you're falling! This isn't an Olympic swimming pool for water jumps, is it? This is a river, you can't just toss like that and turn upon unsuspecting trouts. It's not enough that I have gone the wrong way, but now this!" The trout frowned, slapped her tail, and off she swam to get on with her urgent business. Bluefoot caught Buzz with two fingers, shook her the way you do with a sheet taken out of the laundry, and put her down on the bridge to dry out. Buzz sniveled: "It's always like that... I seek adventures, I want to travel around the world, but someone always makes fun of me or I get lost, or I fall into the river..."

"Ha! What a coincidence! I'm looking for a true friend and companion for my next adventure. It's going to be a grand expedition, an unprecedented event, quite an adventure!" Bluefoot announced proudly.

“Wow!” Buzz was excited. “I will be your true friend and companion! When are we leaving?”

“Tomorrow morning at 7:07! Come in front of my house with your backpack ready for the expedition.”

Buzz the bee jumped with joy and fell off the bridge again, so Bluefoot had to pull her out of the water one more time. The trout didn’t show up this time. She was at the other end of the river asking a squirrel which way the sea was.



THE CANNIBAL ADVENTURE;

Saving a Kite

Next morning at 7:07 sharp Buzz the bee stood impatiently in front of Bluefoot’s house. She wasn’t sure what she had to put in an expedition backpack, so apart from water, sandwiches and a furcoat (in case they went to the North Pole), she took a crocodile spray (in case they went to the Nile). She was hoping that they would go to a place where nobody had been before and they would find an unknown aboriginal tribe wearing palm leaf skirts and shark tooth necklaces. Or at least one aborigine, be it a tiny one with only half a shark tooth (because Buzz the bee suspected that sharks didn’t give their teeth away just like that). The sun had just risen. Tiny dew drops were glistening on the grass and while the bee was knocking on Bluefoot’s door impatiently, her socks got all wet.



“It’s not a good idea to start an expedition with your feet soaking wet,” She murmured and busied herself wringing her socks out. At that very moment Bluefoot’s door opened with a bang and the bee nearly fell over with surprise. Bluefoot always opened the door like that and the poor door was barely holding on to the hinges. He once decided it was time to fix it, but he saw a heavy apple branch and sat comfortably on the wooden fence to find out how many apples he could eat from the tree without moving from that spot. So the door was left unfixed.

“Oh, what a big backpack for our expedition!” Bluefoot exclaimed. “Is that a crocodile spray?”

“Well, I forgot to ask you where we were going, so I took one bottle, just in case... It says here that you can use it against sharks, grizzly bears, and green shieldbugs.”

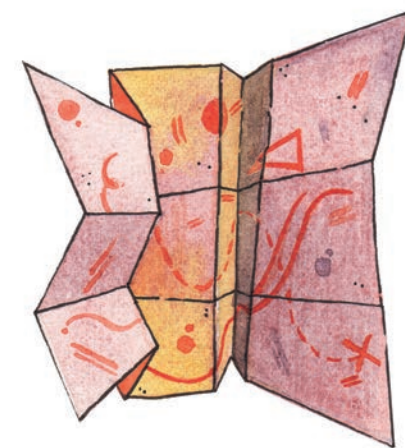
“Very, very useful! In my opinion we’ll meet at least one green shieldbug today.”

“And are we going to find some little known aboriginal tribe?” The bee asked hopefully.

“Aborigines? It’s raining aborigines!” Bluefoot waved his hand. “It’s just the kind of expedition we are embarking on today. We’re going to Spain!

“Are there any aborigines there?” The bee was doubtful.

“You bet there are! I have a map.” Bluefoot waved a crumpled piece of paper covered with red scrawl. “Now, let’s get going before someone gets ahead of us and finds all the aborigines.”



For a split second Buzz wondered whether Bluefoot knew what he was doing but then she remembered that he had been all the way to Papua New Guinea, so it was impossible he didn't know his way around some place like Spain.

Bluefoot spat on his finger and lifted it up with a serious face so as to check which way the wind was blowing. There wasn't a single branch or leaf moving. Bluefoot stood with his finger lifted and even though there was no wind, he claimed he had felt a light breeze from the west, which meant that they had to go to the left.

They went off at a brisk pace and Bluefoot suggested they should whistle in Spanish, so that time went by faster. The bee admitted with embarrassment that she didn't know how to whistle in Spanish.

"Oh, it's very easy. You simply start your whistle with "el". Like this: el whew, whew." Bluefoot demonstrated and the bee copied it diligently. "I can actually whistle in six different languages but I will teach you the rest another time."

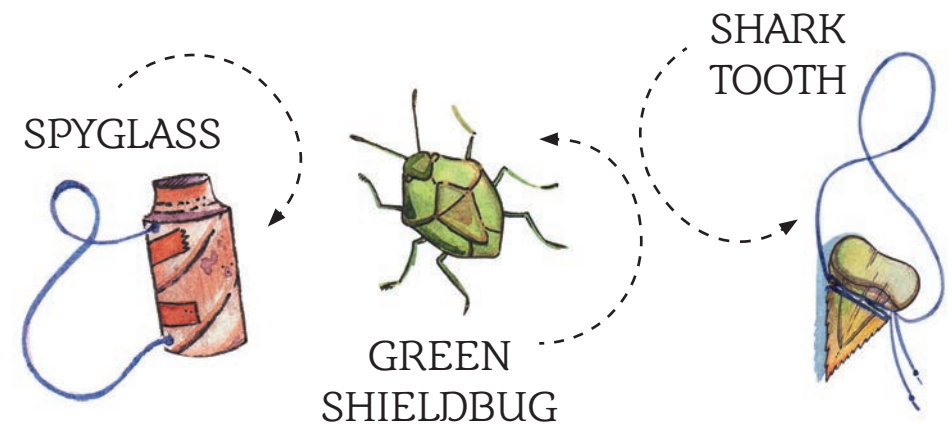
"Alright," the bee nodded, "Spanish is enough for now."

The two of them were walking on the forest path with their big backpacks on and Bluefoot was telling her how he once almost got swollen by a blue whale. He was just explaining how big the blue whale was and that his tongue was bigger than a house, when he suddenly stopped talking and walking. He squatted behind a bush and carefully

peered through the leaves.

"Oh, we're lucky! Aborigines!" He whispered and pulled the bee behind himself before she could see anything. Besides, I think there is a green shieldbug buzzing around them. "

The bee's heart was beating fast. Her hand trembling, she took out her crocodile, bears and green shieldbug spray and held it tight. Bluefoot pulled out a toilet paper cardboard tube and squeezed it through the leaves of the bushes.



"It's a good thing that I have the spyglass on me." He said. "Now we can check if these are friendly aborigines or bloodthirsty cannibals, destroyers of bluefooted birds and bees with headlamps on.

Bluefoot looked through the spyglass for a very long time, murmured a "well, well", "ahum", "a-ha", "is that so" from time to time. Next he turned the spyglass around and looked again.

"I knew it!" He finally whispered and added even more quietly: "Dangerous cannibals!"

Two children were chasing a kite in front of the bushes in the meadow, their mother was gathering chamomile and St John's wort for tea, and their father was drowsing on a colourful picnic blanket.

"Everything's clear now!" Bluefoot said and handed the spyglass to Buzz. "The two little cannibals have caught that poor flying creature and have tied it with a rope, the adults are getting ready to cook it for dinner using a traditional Spanish recipe!"

"Oh!" Buzz could hardly utter, and she shuddered so hard that she dropped the crocodile spray.

"We must save it!" Bluefoot clenched his fists.

Then he took a slingshot out of his backpack, loaded it with a green pinecone, aimed and shot. The kite dropped down among the trees at the other end of the meadow. The bee was about to ask Bluefoot what they were going to do next, but he was already running towards the kite with all his might. The kids ran there too. The bee shivered. Who would get there first? And what was Bluefoot going to do if the dangerous cannibals caught him? There was shouting at the other end of the meadow, a great uproar; then all of a sudden everything was quiet again. The bee wanted to go and help Bluefoot, but she was rigid with fear and she could not move from her place. Had they caught her friend? Were they coming for her as well? There was a crack of dry twigs.

Someone was approaching! The bee held the crocodile spray tight and wondered whether it worked with aborigines. The cracking noise was coming nearer and nearer. The bee was breathing fast and her heart was going to explode. The steps of the approaching cannibal were going faster and faster. There they were, behind that bush over there. He'll show up any minute now. Buzz shut her eyes, she was afraid and dropped the spray.

"There now! I'm done! This is the end!" The bee thought.

"Hurry!" She heard a familiar voice. Panting, Bluefoot came from behind the bush. He was holding the kite in his armpit. It turned out that he had got there first and he had escaped just in time before the bloodthirsty cannibals came. He grabbed the bee by the hand and they both ran for a veeeeery long time until their feet ached and they were sure that no-one was following them. They stopped at the end of the forest, at the edge of a steep rock.

"You don't need to thank me." Bluefoot said to the kite. Ever since they saved it, it hadn't spoken or moved at all. "We'll let you go now, next time be careful and stay away from Spanish aborigines." He added and let the kite go from the edge of the rock.

The wind took it up and floated away with it while the two friends looked at it until it became a tiny dot in the distance.

"Were the aborigines very scary?" Buzz asked.

"Oh, they were horrible, evil, awfully scary cannibals,



more monstrous than anything I have ever seen!” Bluefoot answered; distorting his face in a scary grimace, he clenched his fist like the paw of a beast. “

“Oh, then it’s a good thing that I didn’t see them. I would have probably been scared to death.”

“On the contrary! If you had come with me, they would have been scared to death. They were lucky today, that’s all. But I warned them that if they caught another miserable creature for breakfast again, I would send a very brave bee with a headlamp on who would teach them a lesson. Anyway, we’ve had enough of adventure today. Let’s go home and cook ourselves a delicious lunch.” Bluefoot said and the two of them headed back home. On the way back Buzz was eaten up by doubts.

“Bluefoot, were we in Spain?” She asked uncertainly.

“You bet we were! There can’t be a more Spanish Spain than that!” He answered and to be even more convincing, he started whistling in Spanish again.