

The Garbage Monster



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Bishu lived happily in Bubbly Bill Village near Lemonade River. He loved collecting tin cans, bottles and paper and wouldn't throw them away, but why?



Well, Bishu reused them to make lots of new things. He would make a car for his toy elephant, a three-eyed monster or an aeroplane. Yet, he was the only one in his village doing this. The rest of the village people threw their garbage in a nearby rocky prickly valley.



The valley was already full of garbage and this made young Bishu sad and gloomy.

Unfortunately, one day Bishu woke up to bad news.

The garbage in the valley reached the sky. It had become a huge garbage mountain.

Bishu had to do something about it quickly. He thought and thought, then he got an idea!



He invented a machine that turned garbage into beautiful things. He started cutting and shredding, hammering and taping things together. After a few days, his machine was ready so he carried it to the valley.



On one side of the machine, Bishu would place any garbage. Straws, some strands and rubber bands

and the machine would turn it into nice usable things: a chocolate bar, a mop to clean and a pogo stick.

So Bishu went on stuffing the machine all through the day and his machine did its job creating wonderful things.

But, did the trash mountain shrink?



No, unfortunately not. It didn't even stay the same. It grew and grew, even more than before!

This was because the rest of the people in the city threw lots of garbage there every day. Bishu could not clean this mess on his own. So, he decided to ask his people for help and off he went to the village.



On his way, he met some people going to throw their garbage in the valley.

He stopped, frowned at them and said: “Don’t throw your garbage in the valley. It’s full over there.”

Mr. Caker the baker sarcastically replied; “Then where shall I throw them, under my bed?”

“And I’ll throw them in my drawers instead,” added Mr. Redwood the carpenter.



“I’ll tell you what” interrupted Mrs. Noura: “I’ll throw some in my drawers and some under the bed.”

Bishu quietly laughed and said: “Well you can throw them in my machine and you’ll see the wonders you’ll get.”

They all replied: “Get out of our way, and take this thing with you. Your machine is of no use to us.”



Outraged, Bishu squeezed his knuckles until they turned white and left back to the valley determined to do it, even if he had to do it on his own. To his surprise...



The pieces of garbage united and turned into a horrible monster. The monster headed towards the village singing:

“I’m the garbage monster, A big scary monster, with files and mosquitoes, and black rats, you know. That follow & destroy wherever I go”



Bishu said: "I won't allow this garbage monster to spread pollution all over the place. I'll use my machine on him before he invades the village." He quickly pulled off the garbage from the sides of the garbage monster and stuffed it into his machine. He pulled and stuffed, pulled and stuffed but the monster was huge and fast. After a while, Bishu was so tired, he fell to his knees.



He knew he could not get rid of the garbage monster alone. Suddenly Bishu heard voices nearby. He raised his head and found that the people of the village came to his rescue. They told him they won't allow the monster to pollute their lovely village.



Bishu quickly jumped to his feet and said: “Follow the garbage monster and pull the garbage off his sides without letting him notice. Then put the garbage in my machine. Then he ordered the children: “Gather the cats to chase the monster’s ugly rats.” Bishu, the village people and children worked together on the plan.



The more they pulled the garbage off the garbage monster the more he shrank and shrank and shrank.



Finally, he cried: “I’m the garbage monster, the tiny scared monster. My flies and mosquitoes and black rats you know. Where did they go?
Oh no!”





Mr. Caker the baker, Mr. Redwood the carpenter and Mrs. Noura and everyone else worked very hard. After a few hours, there were only traces of the monster. Bishu placed its remaining parts in his machine and tick click clack, the garbage monster was finally gone!



Not only that, now instead of junk there were tons of wonderful things that the machine produced.

The village people thanked Bishu saying: “We couldn’t have done this without you.”

Bishu replied with pride: “I couldn’t have done this without your help, too.”



Now, if you pass by Bubbly Hill Village near the Lemonade River and head east towards the public square, you'll find Bishu's machine right in the middle.

The people of the city put it there and stuffed it with garbage and waited for wonderful surprises.



THE END