



Štěpánka Sekaninová

Filip Pošivač

King of the Bogeymen



Štěpánka  
Sekaninová

King of

Filip  
Pošivač

the Bogeymen



To the forgotten land, a land that gently emerges from the mist each morning, reigns a king of bogeymen. He rules from a stone castle, where ghosts and monsters swarm. And sometimes he hides from everyone. From the long boredom of endless days. Then the iron gate quietly creaks and beckons you further ... They say you must find him ...





**P**hew, and you're out of the starvation chamber, right on the stone corridor. Whoo, a wind-ghost swirls between the pillars sending a chill down your back. Cursed servants balance trays all around. A naughty wind spirit would so love to knock them off. Whoo ... it leans on the plates ... Just let it howl, moan and roar throughout the entire castle. Hide from it, don't hesitate, or that gust will carry you away. For ever and ever ... And what about the king of bogeymen?! How would he get here ...?

So, in the castle hall, the tables are sagging under the food. Ladies and gentlemen, the monster ball has begun. Dance, enjoy yourselves, let loose. The music plays and the monsters, vampires, bogeymen, vampiresses and wild-women frolic. They twist and turn in dances, they feast, and then they whirl around to all corners again. But where is our king? The mysterious ladies whisper to each other and discreetly glance around. Could he not be here? Well, he isn't ...

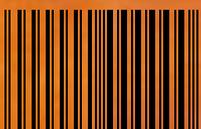


Creak and squeak ... the brass handle quietly clicks, the little door opens and entices all the curious ... Just step over the doorway. Go on! Have courage! The guards aren't watching just now ...  
Where are you going?

**O**n the castle stairs the music fades. It twirls, whirls and falls into darkness. Spiders weave their webs to its rhythm and guards chase away boredom. Step-slide, step, hop and jump. Who are they guarding? Who do they keep behind the locked door?



Come with me to a world where an ancient castle stands and a mighty ruler dwells. He who rules ghosts and ghouls. He who loves to hide from everyone when boredom comes over him. Where might he be hiding this time? Will you find him? It will not be easy, but I will help and gladly do so. I am just a small ordinary bumblebee, but I know every corner of that castle... So, shall we go? One mustn't stand in front of the piccolo nor behind the piccolo ... bzzzz ... the hide and seek begins ... bzzzzz.



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