

Oscar and the Fairies of Poopworld









Oscar sits on the bathroom floor, hugging his knees. The big white potty is right there in front of him, and he stares at it as if it might roar at any moment.

Mommy peeks around the door and smiles at him, soft and gentle. 'Oscarito,' she says, 'do you want to try the potty today?'

Oscar shakes his head and scoots behind the door. 'I am scared, Mommy,' he whispers. Mommy nods and does not rush him. From somewhere very quiet, like a thought that turns into words, comes a little chant: 'Brave little Oscar, one step at a time!'





Mommy kneels down so she is eye to eye with Oscar. She takes both his hands in hers. 'Everyone learns, Oscarito,' she says. 'Even me. I had to learn too.'

Oscar looks up at her. Then something catches his eye near the potty. A shimmer of light spins in the air, like a soap bubble catching the sun. Nobody else seems to notice it but him.

The shimmer blinks. A voice, no bigger than a bell, calls out from inside the glow: 'Oscar! Come find us!' Oscar does not like going to the potty alone, not one bit. But that voice makes him lean just a little closer instead of pulling away.





The shimmer bursts open and out zooms a fairy wearing a purple cape and a crown shaped like a swirl. She is about as tall as Oscar's shoe. 'Welcome to Poopworld, Oscar!' she says, spinning in the air.

'My name is Fizz, and we have been waiting for you!'

Before Oscar can say a word, the bathroom floor falls away. He is standing on a path made of giant, colorful bubbles floating above a candy-colored sky. Each bubble bounces gently under his feet.

His stomach flutters. He looks down at the first bubble, then back at Fizz. She gives him an encouraging nod. Oscar takes one breath and steps forward, whispering to himself: 'Brave little Oscar, one step at a time!'





Fizz leads Oscar along the bubble path until it ends at a bright meadow. The flowers here look like little golden bells, and they sway and dip as if waving hello. Oscar blinks at them, then almost laughs.

A second fairy pops up from behind the nearest flower. She wears overalls and carries a watering can that is just the right size for her hands. 'I am Plop,' she says cheerfully. 'These flowers only bloom when brave helpers come to visit. They have been drooping without you, Oscar.'

Oscar stands a little straighter when he hears that. He reaches out and touches one flower with the tip of his finger. It blooms right away, opening up with a golden pop of light. Oscar pulls his hand back, surprised, and then grins.





With the meadow behind them, Fizz and Plop bring Oscar to a sparkling stream called the Flush River. Friendly fish leap in and out, singing a bubbly song that sounds like running water and laughter mixed together.

Oscar stops at the riverbank. The stepping stones cross the water, but they look wobbly, and the gaps between them look wide. His feet stay put.

'I will step first,' Plop says, holding out her hand. 'Then you follow, okay?' Oscar watches Plop hop from stone to stone, easy as anything. He takes a deep breath, puts one foot out, and goes. Stone by stone, careful and steady, he crosses all the way to the other side. He looks back at the river and grins with surprise at himself.

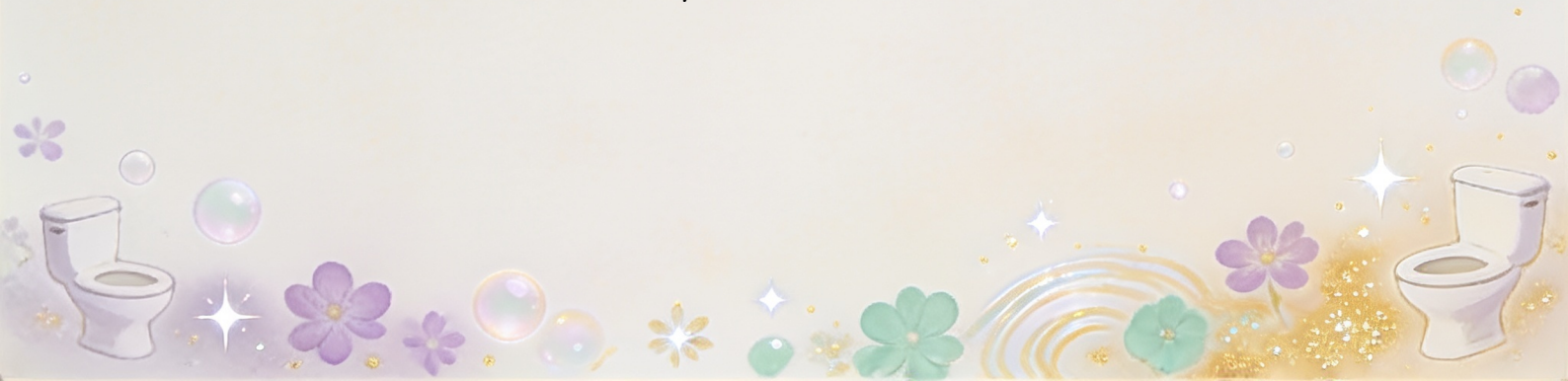




On the far side of the Flush River stands a tall slide shaped like a swirly tube, gleaming in rainbow colors from top to bottom. Fizz spreads her arms wide. 'Every fairy in Poopworld goes down the Swirly Slide,' she announces. 'One swoosh at a time.'

Oscar walks to the bottom of the steps and looks up. He climbs the first step, then the second, then the third. Then he sits down and wraps his arms around his knees, just like he did on the bathroom floor at home. 'I do not know if I can,' he says.

Plop climbs up and sits right beside him. 'I will go with you,' she says simply. Oscar looks at her. She nods. Together, they push off, and the slide swoops them down in a long, laughing rush all the way to the bottom.





At the bottom of the Swirly Slide, Oscar and the fairies land in a cave lit by glowing mushrooms in shades of pink and orange. The air smells like warm bread. A third fairy sits at a low table in the middle of the cave, and she looks up when they arrive.

'This is Gloop,' says Fizz. 'She is a very important teacher in Poopworld.' Gloop waves Oscar over to a wall covered in drawings. Each picture shows a small creature learning something new, stumbling, and then getting it right.

Oscar studies the drawings one by one. He stops at a picture of a round little figure sitting on a throne, looking proud. 'Is that what I am learning?' he asks. Gloop nods with a big smile and does not say anything else. She does not need to.





Gloop reaches into her pocket and brings out a badge shaped like a star. She pins it to Oscar's shirt. 'Every brave visitor earns one star for each new thing they try,' she says. 'This one is for crossing the river on your own.'

Fizz leans close and whispers, 'There are two more stars waiting if you keep going.' Oscar looks down at the badge on his shirt and feels something settle in his chest, steady and sure.

He stands up straighter. The three fairies form a circle around him, clapping their wings together, and chant: 'Brave little Oscar, one step at a time!' Oscar mouths the words along with them.





The group moves deeper into Poopworld through a tunnel made of soft, puffy clouds that bounce and tickle as Oscar walks through them. He laughs and bats at them with both hands.

At the end of the tunnel, they step out in front of a cheerful building shaped like a friendly potty, complete with a door, windows, and flower boxes along the sills. 'This is the Potty Palace,' Gloop says. 'Inside, every visitor practices sitting still, taking a breath, and feeling proud.'

Oscar looks at the door. His tummy flutters, the same fluttery feeling he had on the bathroom floor back home. Fizz reaches over and squeezes his hand. 'We will be right outside,' she says.





Oscar pushes the door open and steps inside the Potty Palace by himself. The fairies stay out. The door closes behind him with a soft click.

Inside, quiet music plays. The walls are painted with pictures of happy animals, a bear, a duck, a rabbit, all sitting on their own little thrones with calm, pleased looks on their faces. Oscar looks at each one. Then he walks to the throne in the middle of the room and sits down.

He breathes in slowly, just the way Gloop showed him. The fluttery feeling gets smaller. A second star appears on his badge with a bright chime, and Oscar looks down at it, surprised and pleased all at once.





Oscar pushes the door open and steps back outside. The three fairies jump and clap their wings together the moment they see him.

'Now you know what brave feels like, Oscarito!' Fizz says, using Mommy's special name for him. Oscar giggles when he hears it. Then Plop points back toward the bubble path, and Gloop nods gently. 'Your real potty is waiting at home,' Plop says. 'And you already know all the steps.'

Oscar thinks about the wobbly stepping stones and the swirly slide and the Potty Palace door. He nods firmly and says the chant out loud this time, not in a whisper: 'Brave little Oscar, one step at a time!'





The bubble path reappears ahead of them, glowing gold, stretching back toward the shimmer that leads home. Oscar steps onto the first bubble without hesitating. He crosses the second, the third, steady all the way through.

The fairies cheer from behind him, but Oscar is already looking ahead. Halfway along the path, he pauses. He turns back and picks up Plop's watering can, which is sitting right where she left it. He carries it to her drooping flowers and waters each one carefully.

The flowers open up in a burst of color, purple and orange and gold. A third star appears on his badge. Oscar sets the watering can down, gives the flowers one last look, and turns toward home.





Oscar steps through the shimmer and finds himself standing in his own bathroom. The white potty is right in front of him, same as before.

He looks at it for a moment. It does not look like it might roar. It looks almost friendly now, like something he has seen in a picture and then found in real life.

He walks to it. He pulls down his pants all by himself and climbs up carefully, the same way he sat on the throne in the Potty Palace. His heart beats fast, but he breathes slowly and whispers the chant very quietly to himself: 'Brave little Oscar, one step at a time.'





Oscar uses the potty by himself. He sits still and breathes, and the same settled feeling from the cave comes back to his chest, steady and sure.

He reaches for the handle and gives it one firm push. The water rushes and whooshes, and Oscar listens to it with both eyes wide open. Then he pulls up his pants, steps down from the stool, and walks to the sink.

He turns on the water and washes his hands, each step sure and careful. In the mirror above the sink, a shimmer blinks near the glass, quick as a wink. Oscar raises one hand and gives it a small wave.





Oscar walks out of the bathroom. Mommy is in the hallway, and she looks at him with a curious face, the same gentle look she had when she knelt down and held his hands.

Oscar spreads his arms wide. 'Mommy! I did it all by myself!' Mommy gasps and scoops him up in a hug, squeezing him close. 'Oscarito,' she says, 'I am the proudest Mommy in the whole wide world.'

Oscar holds up his badge so she can see the three stars shining on it. 'Brave little Oscar, one step at a time, Mommy,' he says. 'That is what I did.' Mommy looks at the badge and then at his face, and she does not say anything more. She just holds him tighter.





Later, Oscar and Mommy sit together on the couch with a cozy blanket pulled over their laps. The room is quiet and soft. Near the window, a shimmer glows, easy and calm.

Three points of light appear on the windowsill, dancing in small circles. Fizz, Plop, and Gloop wave their wings at Oscar, and Oscar waves back. Mommy watches the lights with her head tilted. 'Are those your friends, Oscarito?' she whispers. Oscar nods, smiling a knowing smile.

The lights pulse once, like a heartbeat. Then Oscar, Mommy, Fizz, Plop, and Gloop all say it together, some out loud and some in the quietest way a fairy can speak: 'Brave little Oscar, one step at a time.'



The end



Stories make your heart grow bigger



Oscar is a shy three-year-old who is too scared to use the potty by himself. When a shimmer of light near the potty whisks him away to Poopworld, he meets three cheerful fairies named Fizz, Plop, and Gloop, who guide him through bouncy bubbles, a wobbly river, and a swirly slide. With each brave step, Oscar learns that courage is not about being unafraid, it is about going forward anyway, one step at a time. When he returns home and uses the potty all by himself, Mommy scoops him up and calls him the proudest thing in her whole wide world.

