

LITTLE MARSHA AND THE BBW



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai) [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)

Daddy buttoned his grey suit jacket and smiled at Marsha. "Be brave, sweetie. I'll be back soon!" Marsha waved from the window, her red hair bouncing. The house grew quiet. Too quiet. She sat on the couch, hugging her knees, wondering what might be lurking behind the curtains while Daddy was away at work.



Marsha heard a strange huffing noise by the door. "A wolf!" she gasped, eyes wide behind her glasses. "The Big Bad Wolf wants to blow my house down!" She grabbed the phone and dialed Daddy's number, her fingers shaking. "Daddy, come quick! There's a wolf outside!" she cried into the phone.

Daddy, come quick!
There's a wolf outside!



Daddy rushed home, tie flapping behind him. He checked every window and door. "No wolf here, Marsha," he said gently, kneeling beside her. "Just the wind blowing through the mail slot." Marsha peeked outside. No wolf in sight. "Are you sure?" she whispered, still clutching her stuffed bunny tightly.



Daddy kissed her forehead. "I have to go back to work now. You'll be just fine." He walked out the door again, waving goodbye. Marsha sat alone once more, listening carefully. The house creaked. She imagined a giant bear stomping through the hallway, growling loudly, looking for someone small to scare.



"A bear!" Marsha squealed, diving behind the couch cushions. She dialed Daddy again, voice trembling. "Daddy, there's a huge bear in the house! Please hurry home!" Daddy sighed but hopped in his car anyway. He drove fast, worried about his brave little Marsha facing such a scary, growling creature all alone.



Daddy searched the kitchen, the closet, and under her bed. "No bear, sweetheart. Just the old pipes rumbling." Marsha peeked out from her hiding spot. Everything looked normal again. "Maybe I imagined it," she said softly. Daddy nodded, ruffling her red hair. "Your imagination is very powerful, Marsha Mouth."



Daddy left for work a third time. Marsha tried to be brave, humming a little song. Then she heard a roar from the backyard. "A lion!" she yelled, jumping onto the couch cushions. She grabbed the phone quickly. "Daddy, a lion is roaring in our backyard! Come home right now!"



Daddy hurried home again, checking the backyard carefully. He found nothing but leaves rustling in the wind. "No lion, Marsha. Just the neighbor's lawnmower far away." Marsha looked embarrassed, adjusting her glasses. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I keep imagining scary animals when you're gone," she admitted, hanging her head low.



Daddy sat down beside her, thinking carefully. "Let's make a brave plan together," he said with a warm smile. "Next time you feel scared, look closely before calling me." Marsha nodded, feeling a little braver already. "I can be a detective," she said, grinning. "Marsha Mouth, animal detective!"



Daddy left again, and Marsha remembered her plan. Soon she heard trumpeting sounds from the hallway. "An elephant!" she thought, heart racing. But instead of calling immediately, she peeked around the corner carefully, glasses sliding down her nose, ready to investigate like a real detective would.



Marsha found her toy trumpet had fallen and rolled across the floor, honking softly by itself. She giggled with relief. "It's not an elephant, it's just my trumpet toy!" She still called Daddy, but this time to share her discovery. "Daddy, I solved the mystery all by myself!"



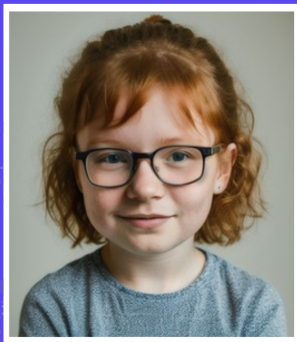
Daddy came home that evening, proud smile on his face. "You did it, Marsha! You used your brain instead of just imagination." Marsha hugged her bunny tightly, feeling proud too. "Being home alone isn't so scary," she said, "when I remember to look before I worry. I'm a real detective now!"

An illustration of a man and a young girl in a living room. The man, with red hair and a serious expression, stands on the right in a dark suit. The girl, with red hair and glasses, stands on the left holding a large white stuffed rabbit. A speech bubble from the girl contains the text. The background includes a lamp, a couch, and a window with curtains.

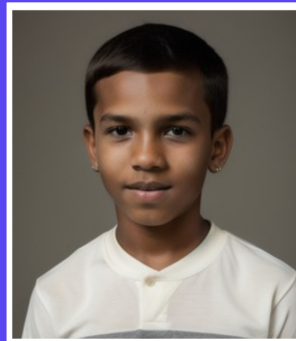
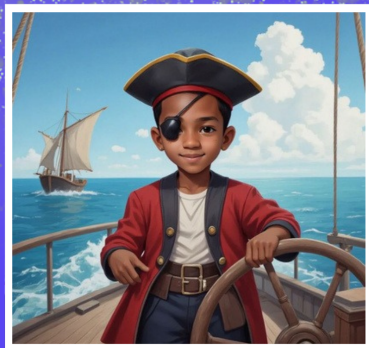
You used your
brain instead of
just imagination,

Spark Your Child's Imagination

and create a personalized book in which you are the main character



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HERO



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