

BUZ-BUZ

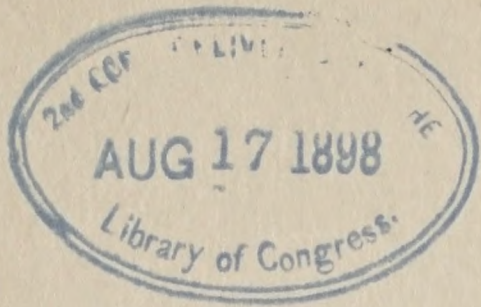
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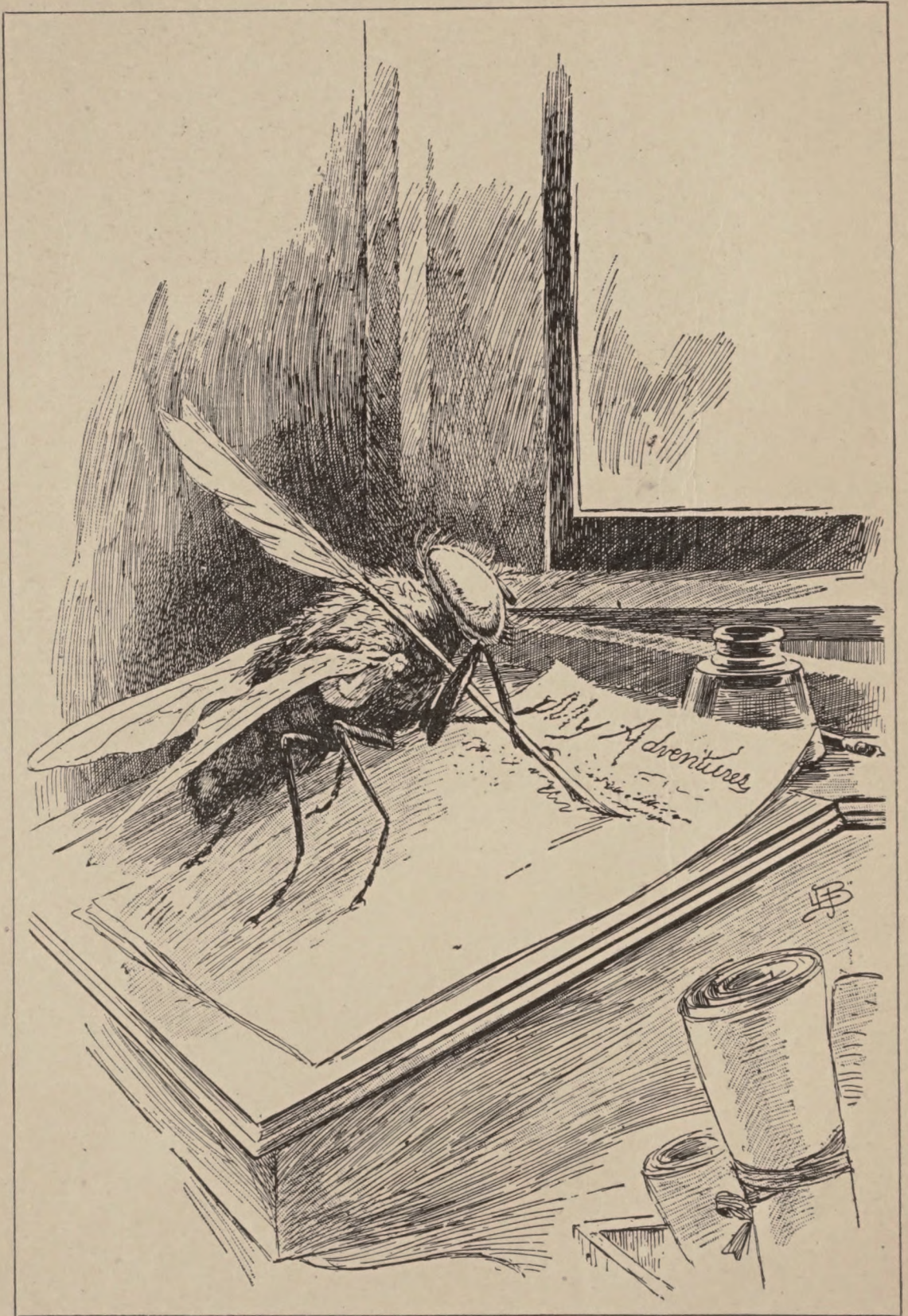


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BUZ-BUZ, WRITING HIS ADVENTURES.

B U Z - B U Z

HIS TWELVE ADVENTURES

BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT

AUTHOR OF

"STICK-AND-PEA PLAYS," "LITTLE PETERKIN
VANDIKE," "BYE-O-BABY BALLADS,"
"BABY'S LULLABY BOOK," ETC.

Fifty Illustrations

BY

L. J. BRIDGMAN



BOSTON
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY
1898

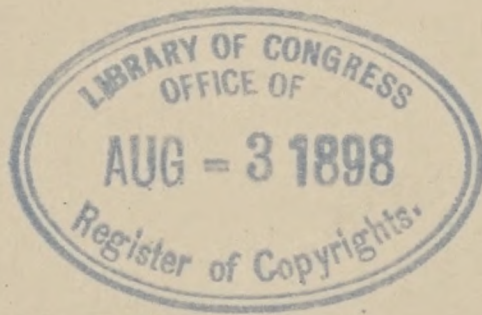
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1896.

To
the little child friends
of birds and butterflies and tiny helpless things,
I dedicate
this account of the adventures of Buz-Buz,
which has been written to help them enter into
the life of one familiar insect,
and so see how all such little creatures
live a varied life of their own,
with doings and happenings, with pleasures and pains,
like larger folk.

C. S. P.

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BUZ-BUZ

B U Z - B U Z .

ADVENTURE I.

IN THE MUSLIN CASTLE.



I AM Buz-Buz ; and, if you please, I am to tell you the story of my adventures.

I am a house fly — a buzzy fly — a lively fly, too, in spite of my great age.

You will hardly believe me, but I have lived for three hundred and sixty-five days, and as many nights ! I came the very day before that thing in the Lady's lap did — that thing they call Baby.

Poor Baby ! I'm afraid he'll never be

much. All this time he has had only two legs. I have six. He has two arms — oh, yes — and sometimes, when he is on the floor, he tries to use them for legs. But he never could climb up the wall, with legs and arms both; much less could he go along the ceiling.



BABY.

Sometimes the Man tries to put him up on the ceiling, but Baby never stays there. The Man never lets go, indeed; if he should, I am sure Baby would fall, and that would be very bad, for Baby hasn't even the sign of a wing yet.

I have two wings. See them — strong, light, clear as the glass in the window,

and the beautiful color of rainbows. They saved my life the first time I was in danger. That was long, long ago.

They had put Baby in the muslin castle. The Lady calls the castle a crib. He had a round white



THE MAN AND BABY.

thing that smelled of sugar. He put it in his mouth. He made the noise babies make when they like things. Then he shut both of his eyes, and went to sleep.

I like sugar, too. I thought I might have what Baby had left. I flew over to the muslin castle. I went in just as the Lady closed the white doors.

She saw me. She put in her arm and grabbed for me. I tried to dodge her hand, and flew — right into Baby's ear. That, or the grabbing, made Baby wake up. He cried. He cried very loud.

The Lady tried harder to catch me. It was a dreadful time. The castle doors were closed, and there was no way of escape.

Once the Lady caught me in her hand. She was not sure she had. She opened her fingers, slowly, one at a time, to see. I was by the ring on the third finger. When she lifted that third finger, I was let loose, and I flew swiftly up to the roof of the muslin castle. Then the chase began again.

At last I flew up the Lady's sleeve. That made her draw back her arm; and



BUZ-BUZ IN THE MUSLIN CASTLE.

the minute it was outside the castle I flew out of her sleeve, and across the nursery, and out through the hall, and never stopped until I reached the top of the big picture of the Man in the library. There I was safe.

That's the good of wings.

ADVENTURE II.

IN BABY'S SILVER CUP.



I STAYED a long time on the top of the Man's picture. At last I began to be hungry, for I did not get the least bit of sugar when I was in the muslin castle.

Just then I heard crying in the nursery. I knew by that sound that Baby had waked up, and would soon come out of the castle and have some milk. Baby eats milk. I like milk, too. And that is how I happened to have my second adventure.

I flew back to the nursery. The Grandma was just coming in with the milk. It was in Baby's silver cup.

The Grandma likes to feed Baby. Grandmas like babies anyway; but they don't like flies. Baby's Grandma always scats me, as if I were a great greedy cat.



BABY'S SILVER CUP.

Just as Baby began to drink, I lighted on his lip, close to the milk. But before I took the first sip—oh, such a splutter as he made! The milk splashed up over his face, and over me. Somehow I was knocked off Baby's lip right into the milk.

I was frightened. No wonder, for it was the first time I had ever been in milk.

The bad thing about milk is, you can't walk on it — no, not even with six legs. You can't fly in it, either; and you can't fly out of it.

I did not sink. I floated on the surface. And I found that by paddling with my legs I could move myself along.

The Grandma had set the cup down. She was wiping Baby's face. So I tried to swim to the side of the cup. At last I reached it. I tried to climb up the steep shining wall, but I was heavy with the milk that clung to me. By great effort I did pull myself out of the milk and up a little way twice, but each time I slipped back into the milk. I did not know what to do.

But Baby was very hungry. He cried



THE GRANDMA FEEDING BABY.

for milk. He cried louder when he saw me in it.

The Grandma took me out with Baby's silver spoon. Baby was in such a hurry she dropped the spoon on the table, with me in it.

I crawled out of the silver spoon as quickly as I could. I hurried off across the table as fast as I could go, but that



THE WHITE TRACK.

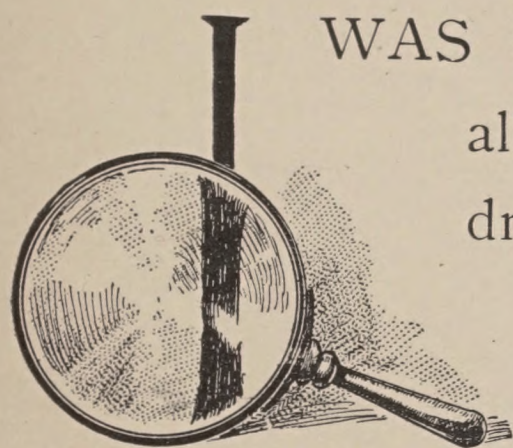
was not very fast. I left a white track of milk behind me as I went.

Once I stopped to wipe off the milk. I rubbed my legs together. I rubbed my hind legs over my wings. Then I could crawl faster.

I was glad when I reached the end of the table. The sun shone there. I began to dry off. I thought I was safe at last.

ADVENTURE III.

UNDER THE ROUND GLASS.



I WAS there in the sunshine all the time Baby was drinking milk. I was nearly dry enough to fly. I had tried my wings a little, and was sure I could get away soon.

Just then the Boy came in.

The Boy was bigger than Baby, but not as big as the Man, or the Lady, or the Grandma. The Boy could make more noise, though, than all three. I had heard him do it often.

Boys have no more legs than babies,

but they walk on those they have; they don't crawl; they don't use their hands for feet.

The Boy had a round clear glass in one hand. He kept looking through it at things. He said it made them very big. The Grandma called the glass a magnifying-glass.

The Boy saw me. He came up on tip-toe and held the glass over me. I did not like to have the Boy very near, but I didn't fly away, for I wanted to see how things looked through the queer glass.

When the Boy looked at me he laughed softly. He whispered to the Grandma that I looked as large as a miller. He said I was hairy, and had lots of eyes in each eye. He said he could see the bones in my wings.



THE BOY WITH THE ROUND GLASS.

The Grandma came and looked. Then she brought Baby, but Baby didn't seem to care about me.

He wanted the round glass. I think he wanted to bite it.

All this time I was looking up at them. They did look very large, many times larger than people, and very strange, too.

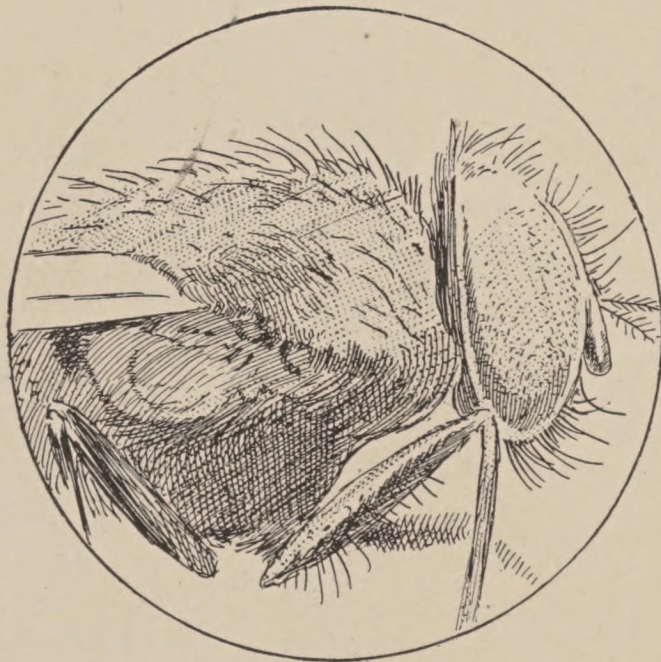


“AS LARGE AS A MILLER.”

Baby's soft pink skin was coarse and wrinkled and full of holes. It was covered with long hairs like grass. When he opened his mouth I was scared, it was

so very, very big. But when a noise came out of the big mouth, the noise was no bigger than ever! That was queer.

But I didn't think it was best to stay so near the Boy any longer. I buzzed my wings a little, to try them. The Boy



“HE SAID I WAS HAIRY.”

thought I was going to fly away. He said something about sticking a pin through me to keep me there, and he went over to

the pin-cushion to get one.

I had never had a pin stuck through me, but I was sure I should not like it; I

feared it would be very bad. I had never been so scared. What if I couldn't fly!

But I buzzed my wings as fast as I could, and I did fly! I got across the room to the top of the muslin castle.

Then the Boy came after me, and I flew to the top of the window. I was quite sure he could not get me there.

ADVENTURE IV.

WITH THE NORTH-WIND.



DID not know as much about boys then as I do now. I was not safe at the top of the window.

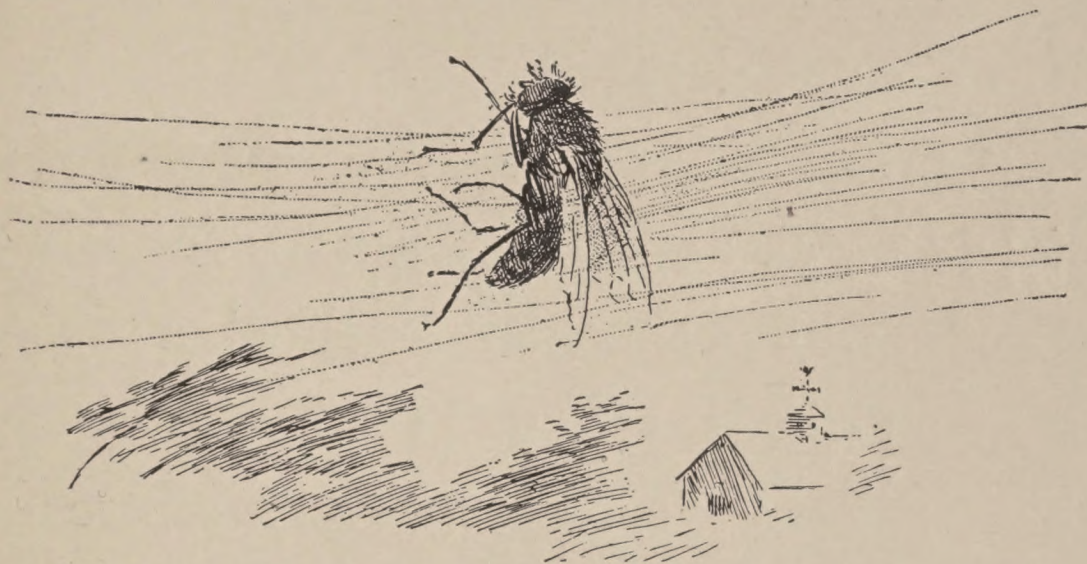
Boys have no more wings than babies, but they can climb like cats.

The Boy followed me. He pulled a chair to the window; he jumped into the soft cushioned seat; he climbed up the pretty carved back. As I buzzed over the upper pane, a little brown hand reached up, slowly, slowly, then like a flash it grabbed for me.



THE BOY AFTER BUZ-BUZ.

It chanced that the window was open a crack at the top, and just as the Boy cried,



SWEPT AWAY BY THE NORTH-WIND.

“I’ve got him!” I slipped between his fingers and out through the crack.

Outside it was no better. The great North-Wind was blowing by. It swept me away. I tried to fly back, but my little wings were as nothing against the great unseen wings of the North-Wind.

I was carried swiftly across the lawn,

over the drive, far away over the garden. Suddenly the North-Wind stopped, and dropped me right into the yellow heart of a great red rose.

At first I was too dizzy to know much of what was about me; but when I had rested awhile I began to smell a spicy odor, and soon I found there was something sugary-sweet at the very centre of the flower. I began to think the North-Wind was a friend, after all.

While I was sipping the honey-dew, a great winged creature sailed down out of the sky and lighted near me.

I thought at first it must be one of the angels the Grandma had told Baby about. I know now it was a Butterfly.

I hid between the red petals and

watched the beautiful being, and wished I had such great shining wings.

But the next minute I was glad I was only a tiny fly, and could hide away from the huge black-and-yellow monster that suddenly came with a very great buzzing



BUZ-BUZ HIDING AWAY.

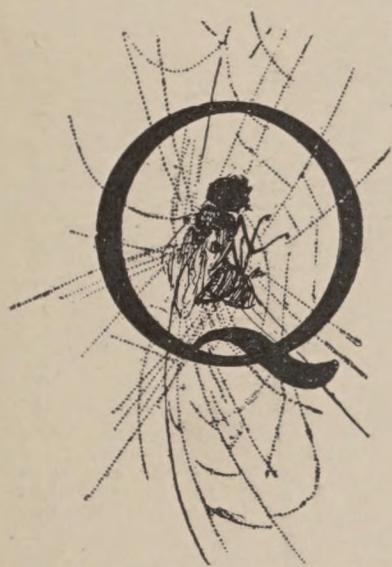
and roaring of its wings. It knocked the Butterfly off the rose, and with a quick greedy scrambling began to gather the golden food in the heart of the flower.

I was very much scared, lest the great robber — which I afterwards heard the Boy call a Bumblebee — should find me. I kept as close as I could in between the broad petals of the rose. At last, the rumbling came very near, until there was only one thin red leaf between me and the monster. I could see his great shadow over me.

But while I was all a-tremble, the North-Wind began to blow, and shook the rose-tree rudely, and swept me away again, towards the orchard.

ADVENTURE V.

IN THE SILVER WEB.



QUICK as the buzz of a wing the North-Wind and I were among the trees. Just ahead, where the low branches of an apple-tree touched the grass, there was something misty-white and shining.

I did not quite like the looks of it, and I tried to fly to one side, but I was not strong enough. I was hurled headlong into it—into the silver web of our great enemy, the Spider.

I had heard of spiders. I had heard of

the traps they set for us, but never before had I been caught in one.

At first I was not afraid; the lines were



THE APPLE-TREE.

so slender I did not think they could hold me. But they did hold me; and the more I buzzed my wings and tried to break away, the more the silver threads clung about me and tangled my legs.

Just then I saw, up above me, where the web was thicker, close to a little green apple, the wicked Spider himself.

He was quite still. I was not sure he



THE SILVER WEB.

had seen me. Yet I buzzed and struggled to get free.

It was of no use, though. I only wound the shining white cords about my wings, closer and closer, until I could not flutter them at all.

Then the Spider reached out his claws and began to pull the lines that held me, began to draw me up toward his den.

I was in great danger.

I thought of the North-Wind, and I wished it

would blow hard again. I wished it would blow me away, somewhere, anywhere, out of that terrible silver web, away from that wicked Spider.



THE CHIPPIE-BIRD.

Yet the North-Wind did not blow; the North-Wind did not save me.

But while I was longing for its great unseen wings, I heard a flutter, and saw the bright eyes of a Chippie-bird as he came flying toward me.

And just as the Spider reached out his ugly claws to clasp me, the Chippie-bird caught me in his bill, and I was borne away, up, up, over the tree-tops.

ADVENTURE VI.

IN THE CHIPPIE'S NEST.



HE brown Chippie flew swiftly over the orchard with me in his bill. I was not hurt at all, for he held me lightly. I wondered what would happen next.

This is what did happen.

Close by the great barn door was a tree. In the tree was a nest. In the nest were five Chippie-bird babies.

The papa bird, with me in his bill, flew down into the tree and lighted on the edge of the nest.

All at once the five little half-dressed baby birds stretched up their long thin necks. Their eyes were still closed; they could not see; but they opened their mouths very, very wide, and chirped out all together:



BY THE BARN DOOR.

“I’m hungry!” “Give it to me!”
 “Me!” “Me!” “Me!” “I’m the hun-
 griest!” “Give it to me!” “Me!”
 “Me!” “Me!”

They were all so hungry, and chirped so fast, the poor papa bird did not know which to feed first.

Finally he tried to drop me into all their mouths at once — and so, queerly

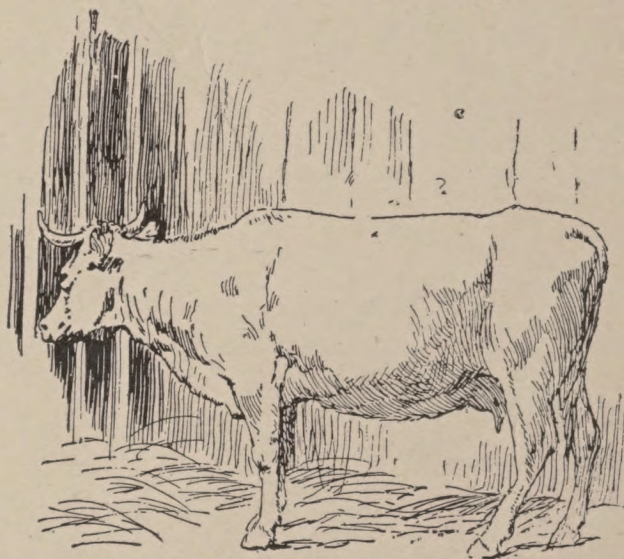


“ WITH ME IN HIS BILL. ”

enough, I did not fall into any one of them.

The papa Chippie was in such a hurry to get them something more that he flew away, and didn't see that I fell down between two baby Chippies in the bottom of the nest.

But there I was among the birds; and I suppose each of the five baby Chippies thought one of the others had swallowed



THE YELLOW COW.

me, for none of them tried to find me.

The funny baby Chippies kept nestling about, and their prickly little pin-feathers kept scratching the spider-web off my

back, and off my wings, and away from my legs.

Before the papa Chippie came back I could buzz my gauze wings as well as ever, and I flew out of the nest.

I did not know where to go; but right before me was the open barn door, and I flew in there, and lighted on the back of a great yellow Cow.

ADVENTURE VII.

IN BABY'S BATH-TUB.



ILIVED in the yellow Cow's barn a long time. But one day I wanted to see Baby again. I wondered if his other legs had started, and if his wings had begun to grow.

So at night, when a man had milked the yellow Cow, and was going back to the house, I flew and lighted on his hat, and rode up to the kitchen and into the pantry.

I found several flies in the pantry that

I knew; and there were so many nice things to eat that I stayed about the kitchen until the next day.



THE MAN THAT MILKED.

Toward noon the Grandma came and filled the silver cup with warm milk. I knew the warm milk was for Baby. So

I went with the Grandma.

Baby was not quite ready for milk. He was still in his bath. The tub stood in the sunshine. It was a blue tub. Baby was pink, like a rose. I thought it would be nice to go and crawl on him; but I didn't then.

Baby was splashing the water with both his fists; and after he had splashed

there were ever so many bubbles all over the water. The bubbles the sun shone on were full of rainbow colors, like my wings. Baby was pleased with the pretty bubbles, and clapped his hands and shouted.



“SNAP!”

“Goo-goo!” said Baby.

I thought the bubbles pretty, too. I wanted to know what they were made of.

So I flew down and lighted on the very brightest one of all.

Snap! It burst into a thousand bits, and I fell into the water. Oh, that soapy water! It was worse than the milk in Baby's cup — and the blue wall of the tub was such a long way off!

But Baby saw me, and picked me up with his thumb and finger, just as the Chippie-bird did with his bill. He put me on his little bare wet arm, and I started and crawled as fast as I could up toward his shoulder.

Baby laughed, and said, "Goo-goo!" and pointed his finger at me. Then he said, "Buz-Buz!"

At that the Lady said, "O-o-o!" and the Grandma held up both hands, and said, "Did you ever!"



ON BABY'S BARE WET ARM.

I was almost up to his shoulder when Baby shook his arm and said, "Buz-Buz tickle!" Then he cried, "Mama, Ga'ma!"

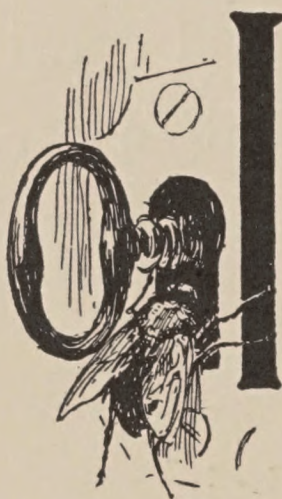
The Lady and the Grandma both came quickly, and both grabbed for me.

I was too wet to fly, but I could crawl quite fast with my six legs. Baby's ear was not far away, and I hurried to crawl into that. But Baby screamed and struck at me with his two fists, and somehow I was knocked off under the chair.

Baby wasn't as nice as I thought, after all. I decided to go straight back to the kitchen as soon as I was dry enough to fly.

ADVENTURE VIII.

ON THE STICKY PLACE.



I WENT back to the kitchen. The door was closed, but I could hear a great buzzing inside. I wondered what it was about. I thought it might be the Cook had spilled the sugar—sometimes cooks do spill the sugar, and flies are always glad then, and come buzzing about to get some. So I found the key-hole as quickly as I could and crawled through.

The buzzing was over by the cooking table, and I flew straight there. The Cook was laughing, and clapping her hands, and

looking all the time at a queer box on one corner of the table.

The buzzing was in the queer box.



“WHEN THE COOK CLAPPED HER HANDS.”

The box was of wire, all holes, so you could see inside. And inside were hun-

dreds of flies. When the Cook clapped her hands they buzzed as hard as they could, and tried to get out, but they couldn't.

There was sugar by the little door to the box. If the Cook hadn't been there I should have had some. I am glad I didn't, for I know now that the box was a fly-trap, with an easy sugary way in, and no way out.

As I flew away from the fly-trap, I heard a wild buzzing over by the window, like that a fly makes when he is caught in a spider's web. I went that way, keeping a sharp lookout.

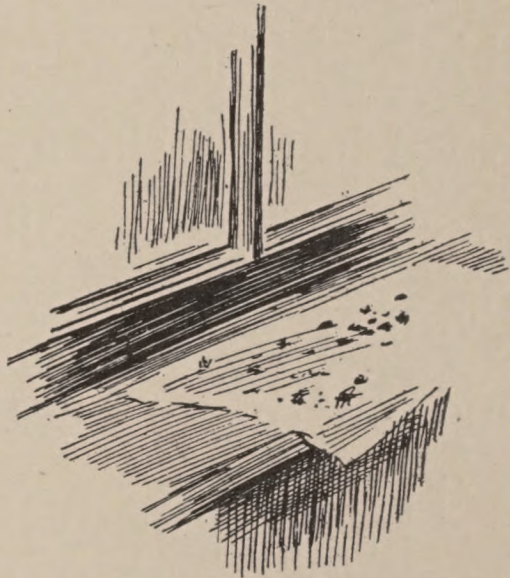
There was no spider; but on the ledge was a sheet of paper, and on the paper something yellow that looked sweet and good to eat. And on the edge of

the yellow something was a fly that I knew.

The poor fly was buzzing, and pulling his legs, and trying to lift his feet, but he could not get away. I went close to the edge, to try and help him, but, before I knew, one of my own feet touched the yellow something on the paper, and I could not lift it off.

I pulled and pulled, but the yellow stuff held on. Then I tried to fly, but buzz as hard as I could the dreadful Sticky Place held me.

It was as bad as a spider's web, only there was no spider. And I could not



THE STICKY PLACE.

help the other fly after all. I was a prisoner, too.

Just then the door opened with a bang, and the Boy rushed in.

“I want a fly — Cook, catch me a fly this minute!” he shouted.

But the Cook didn't do it. I don't think she liked the Boy very much, for when he saw the fly-trap, and all the many flies inside, and yelled, “Oh, I've got 'em, I've got 'em!” she took the buzzing box and put it up on the top shelf.

The Boy was mad. He made his hands into fists. He tried to hit the Cook.

That minute, though, he saw me on the Sticky Place. He hushed himself. He crept on tiptoe to the window.

I kept very still.

The Boy didn't know I was caught fast,

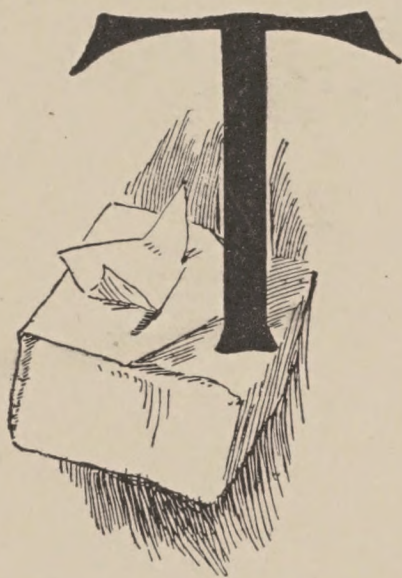


“HE MADE HIS HANDS INTO FISTS.”

I suppose, for he reached out slowly and carefully, and then grabbed me between his thumb and finger, and rushed out of the kitchen with me, banging the door as hard as he could behind him.

ADVENTURE IX.

IN THE PAPER PRISON.

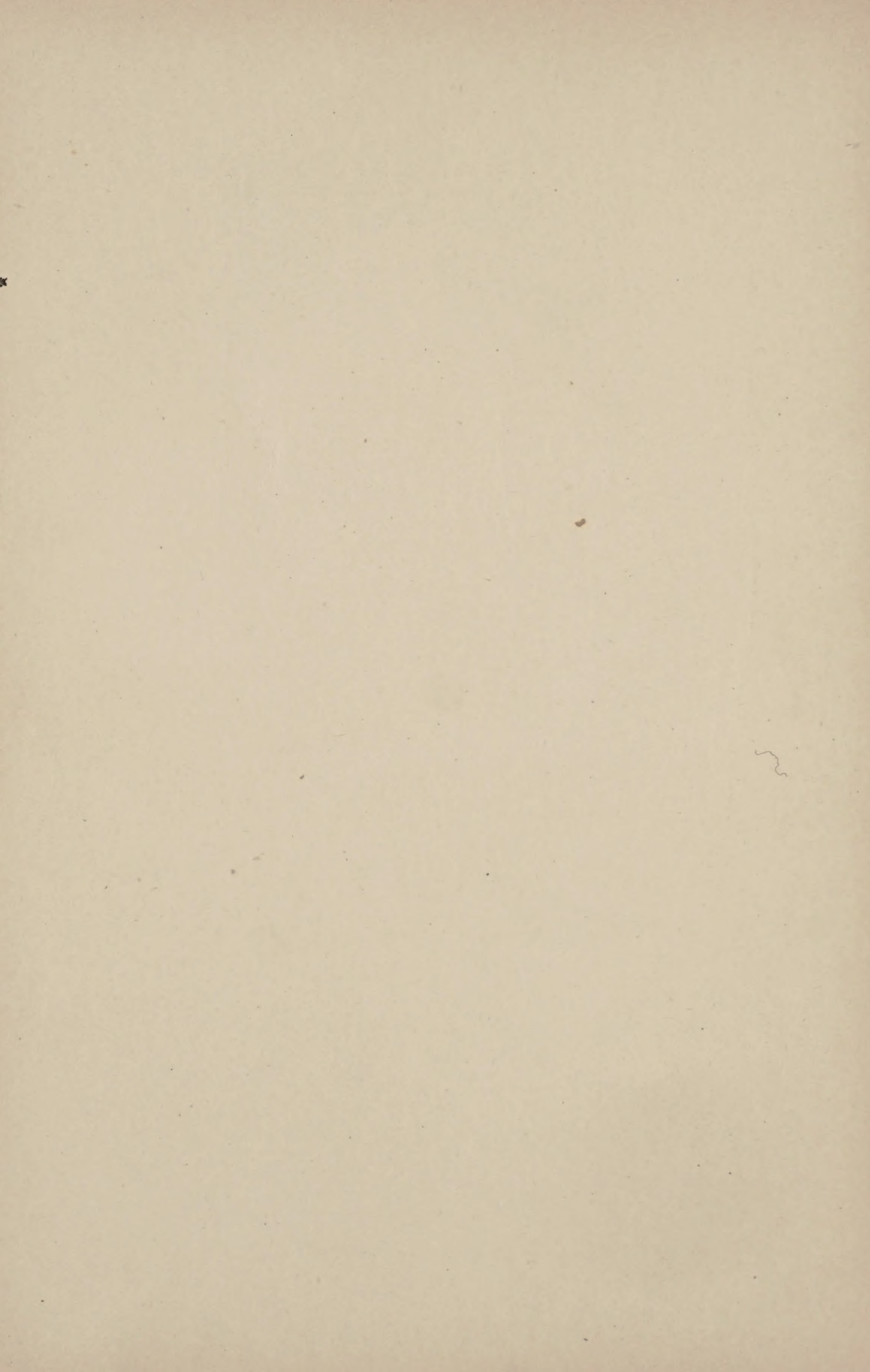


THE Boy had saved me from the Sticky Place, but I did not know whether to be glad or not. He held me very tight. I could not see. I could not stir my head. I could not buzz a wing. I could not move a leg. It hurt.

The Boy ran through the hall, and up the stairs to his room. There he put me in a little pink paper box, and went away. He made a lot of noise with his feet before he went. He made a dreadful noise



“ I BUZZED.”



with his mouth, too. It frightened me as much as being shut in the box.

After that it was still for a long time. Then it grew dark, and I knew it was night. By and by the Boy came and went to bed. The Lady came, too, and tucked him in, and then went away. In two minutes after the Lady had said good-night, the Boy jumped out again, and came and took up the box. He shook it. I buzzed. Then he laughed, and put the box down and went to bed again, and all was still, and we both fell asleep.

In the morning he shook the box again before he went to breakfast.

After breakfast, I knew by the noises that he was getting ready for school. I had seen him many times, and I knew, though I was shut up in the pink box.

Then the Boy started off; but in half a minute he came back and got me, and put



THE TEACHER.

me in his satchel with the books and the lunch.

The Boy sometimes forgot the books, but he

never forgot the lunch.

I think there was cake that day — the smell

made me very hungry.

So it was that I went to school; and I did wonder what would happen to me.

When we got there, I heard the Teacher say the Boy was late.

I guess the Boy did not like that, for he scuffed his feet every step across the room. The Teacher said he might stay in at recess.

Then a bell tinkled, and it grew very

still, and the Teacher began to read. While she was reading, the Boy took the box and turned it over and over very fast, so that I kept standing on my head, and I had to buzz my wings. The buzz sounded very strange and loud.



“THE CHILDREN ALL GIGGLED.”

The children all giggled. The Boy, though, kept very still, and put me in his desk.

I think the Teacher knew, for she

spoke to the Boy. She said, "Bring it to me."

So he took the box to the Teacher, with me in it. He scuffed his feet all the way. The Teacher said he might stay after school.

I was not moved again till noon. I wondered all the time what would be done to the Boy and to me. I was hungry, too — I wished I had some of the Boy's lunch.

After school the Teacher talked with the Boy. He didn't say much. Then she told him she would go home with him. She took me, too.

The minute the door at our house opened, the Boy ran in and up the stairs, and I heard his door bang and the lock snap.

The Teacher told the Grandma all about it. She opened the box to show me to her. I did not wait, though, for the Grandma to see me. As soon as the crack was wide enough I flew through, and off into the dining-room, as swiftly as I could.

I was never in a paper prison after that.

ADVENTURE X.

IN THE SUGAR BOWL.



I WAS in the dining-room for many days. It seemed to be a safe place. I always crawled behind the great oak sideboard when folks were there, morning, noon, and night, and waited until the table was cleared — so no one ever saw me.

But one day something strange happened. It was after lunch. The folks had gone driving, Baby and all — all but the Boy. I had just found the very sweetest bit of cake-frosting, and was having

my lunch, when the door opened and the Maid came in.

She walked so very softly, and the frosting was so very nice, that I did not go behind the sideboard as I should. She came to the table and lifted the lid of the silver sugar bowl. She held it a minute and looked in. She laughed softly. She looked about the room. Then, quick as a flash, she grabbed — grabbed me! and the next minute I was put in the sugar bowl, and the lid shut over me with a clash.

I had had many adventures, but this was the strangest. All my life I had been driven away from sugar. Many a time the Maid had driven me away herself. Yet now she had caught me and shut me in the most sugary place of all — the sugar bowl itself!

I wondered what it could mean. I harked. I heard the Maid go out softly and close the door. I waited. All was still.

I did not like being shut in the sugar bowl, but I had not been hurt — and there was the sugar all about me! I took just one taste. Then



SUGAR "SQUARES."

I harked again, and waited a minute. All was still as before.

Somehow I stopped being frightened. I suppose it was the sugar — oh, such great squares of sweet, sweet sugar! I had never had such a chance before. I ate, and ate, and ate. I wished I were as big as Baby — I wished I were as big as the Boy.



“IT WAS THE BOY!”

Hark! I heard the door open softly. I thought of the Maid. I began to be scared again. Some one came on tiptoe to the table. The lid of the sugar bowl was lifted. I looked up.

It was not the Maid—it was the Boy! You can guess how quickly I flew out and away behind the sideboard.

I kept very still and listened. I heard the rattle of sugar squares, then tiptoe steps, and after that the door shut softly.

I had never heard the Boy shut a door so softly before. I never have since.

Then—I had eaten so much sugar, a dinner instead of a lunch—I went to sleep, and slept a long time.

When I woke, the Lady and the Maid were in the room. They were talking. I heard the Maid say to the Lady:

“ Sure, m’am, an’ I can’t keep the square sugar in the bowl at all. Every day it goes between the lunch and the dinner. So to-day I set a trap. I shut a fly



“ THE FLY IS GONE, AN’ THE SUGAR TOO ! ”

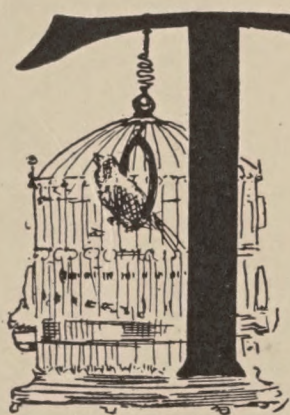
in the sugar bowl—to see if any one opened it. Sure, m’am, you’ve all been away but that Boy, an’ now, m’am, you can see yourself, m’am, the fly is gone, an’

the sugar too! So I know, m'am, it's that Boy."

"Possibly," said the Lady, as she went out, "perhaps—if the fly didn't eat it!"

ADVENTURE XI.

IN THE CANARY'S CAGE.



THE next day, and the next, I kept wishing I could get into the silver sugar bowl again. I tried to get in, but I couldn't. The cover was always on. It shut close all around.

It was a very shiny sugar bowl. When I crawled on it, I could see a Shiny-place Fly crawling, feet up, under me.

The Shiny-place Flies live in all shiny things — in silver and glass, and in all mirrors. They are always right under you, they look just like you, they always

do as you do — they crawl, they run, they buzz their wings, only their buzzing makes no noise. They are the queerest flies I know. I wonder if they got shut into the shiny things, as I did into the sugar bowl, and were never let out!

One day, I wanted some sugar so much, I flew over to the table when the Maid was there, and lighted on the cover of the bowl. I thought perhaps the Maid would put me inside, as she did before.



A SHINY-PLACE FLY.

She did not. Instead, she slatted me off with a napkin. And when I stopped

for a bit of a crumb on the edge of the table, she drove me away. And when I flew to the top of the window, she got the



THE MAID CHASES BUZ-BUZ.

long feather duster and whisked me with that.

Then she chased me into the china closet, and out again. In there, she hit a



“S-SS-T! CATCHIM!”

china dish instead of me. It fell, smash, to the floor! She only stopped to say, "Oh!" and was after me once more, across the dining-room, back again, and out into the hall.

No wonder I was scared, for there in the hall was the Boy and the Dog.

The Boy threw his cap at me. He said, "S-ss-t! catchim!" to the Dog.

The Dog ran around like mad, and barked terribly, and jumped at me if I flew low.

So I flew back into the dining-room, and kept high, close up against the ceiling.

After awhile they grew tired of chasing me. Then the Boy said:

"I know how to catch him—let out the Canary!"

The Maid said, "No."

The Boy said, "Yes!"

And he did. And the bird flew after me.

And I flew — into the Canary's cage! The door had swung to, and he couldn't get me, though I was in his own house.

The Canary fluttered around the cage, trying to peck me between the wires, but I kept out of his way.

When the Maid saw how it was, she reached up and took the cage down, but I crawled under the seed-box, and she did not find me. So she put the Canary back, and went off with the Boy and the Dog.

By and by it was evening. The Canary tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep. Then I crawled out from my hiding-place, and ate some of his sugar-

lump. After that I went over behind the sideboard for the night.

I did not invite the Maid to put me in the sugar bowl again.

ADVENTURE XII.

IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



THE summer went by. The days grew shorter and shorter, the nights longer and longer. The flies grew fewer and fewer.

I suppose they were caught in the fly-trap and on the Sticky Place. At last I was the only fly left. It was very lonesome.

Then the nights became chilly. Some mornings I was so stiff with the cold that I could not fly until long after the sun was up.

One day they filled the sunny window with house flowers. The garden flowers



THE FLOWER WINDOW.

had stopped blooming; not one could I see from the window. I lived mostly in

the flower window. Some of the blossoms had sugary centres. There were many hiding-places there, too. I was glad of that, for, if I ventured out, some one always chased me.

It is strange that folks don't like flies better. I should like folks, if they were nice. I think I could even like the Boy.

One day I saw a great wonder. It was outside. The whole sky was full of white blossoms, falling down and covering the garden and fields, until the whole world was white.

Then I remembered what the oldest fly I had ever known, the only one I ever knew that had lived through a winter, told me. He said:

“When the bright-colored flowers go away, and the white flowers fall from the

sky, then you must find a snug warm nest, and crawl in, and go to sleep, and not wake up until the white flowers go and the bright-colored flowers come again."

So I began to look about for a snug warm nest. I went into the nursery. It was just dark. Baby was fast asleep in the muslin castle. I found the door open a crack and went in. I crawled in under the blankets. Oh, how cosy and warm it was! I thought I had found a good winter nest.

But the next morning, when Baby woke up, he began to kick, to strike, to wiggle all over. I saw it was not a safe place at all, and I got out, and away, as quickly as I could.

Outside, the white flowers were still falling from heaven. The sky-sun was gone,

but over in the fireplace was a new and shining sun — a house-sun. I flew over and found a tiny hole in the carving under the mantel. It was a warm nest. I liked it. There was no wiggling baby there.



THE HOUSE-SUN.

I stayed by the house-sun all day. At night the house-sun went off. I suppose it set in the cellar. I think so be-

cause, after it went down, I found a hole in the floor where the warmth came up.



“ HE CLAPPED HIS HANDS AND SHOUTED.”

The next day the house-sun was up again, and shining as warm and bright as ever.

So it was for many days and nights.

I stayed in my snug winter nest mostly, only going out now and then for one of Baby's crumbs.

I missed the dining-room sugar and cake-frosting very much. They didn't give Baby frosted cake. They didn't give him cake at all.

But one night I had a feast.

It was Christmas Eve.

There was a Tree in the nursery. There were many beautiful things on the Tree, but the best of all were the barley-candy dogs, and the barley-candy cats, and the barley-candy birds.

The Lady and the Man tied them to the

branches all over the Tree. Then they went out.

The minute the door shut I flew to the Tree, and tasted the barley-candy dogs, and the barley-candy cats, and the barley-candy birds, and all the sweet things on the Tree.

Then the door opened, and Baby came in, and all the folks behind him.

Baby didn't crawl. He walked on his two feet. When he saw the Tree, he clapped his hands and shouted:

“Santa! Kissmas!”

At that, the Lady, and the Man, and the Grandma, and the Boy, and everybody, cried out:

“Merry Christmas, Baby!”

And I, Buz-Buz, thought it was a merry Christmas, too.

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