



The Harlequin and the White Chest

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Once upon a time, there was a young Harlequin who loved to dance and make everyone laugh in the royal square. His costume was always the brightest of all, shining with a thousand colors under the sun. Every night he would fall asleep smiling, dreaming of music and joy. But one morning, he woke up and saw his costume as white as snow.





He looks in the mirror, but all his colors have flown away. He finds a note that says: "The colors are locked inside the white chest". The chest is locked with a heavy silver padlock, which shines in the light. The harlequin looks at it curiously, as if the lock could whisper a secret to him. He pulls it gently, but the lock does not open, because it is strong and holds the chest tightly closed. He realizes that





Harlequin looks around and searches for the key. He hears birds singing and sees a big tree. Something is sparkling under the tree. Hooray, he thinks to himself, I have the key to the chest. He carefully approached the tree. The little birds fell silent for a moment out of curiosity. But it wasn't the key; it was Harlequin's magical wand. Holding his magic wand tightly, he took a deep breath and whispered: 'I





Harlequin listened to Sadness carefully. For the first time, he did not run away. As the rain fell softly, he placed his hand on his heart. He noticed that her grey color was calm and gentle, like a quiet rainy day. Maybe sadness was not something to fear. Maybe it was a special color that helped the heart grow. And at that moment, a small warm light began to shine inside his heart. Her eyes were soft and





As the sadness fades away, our hero understands the power of love. Harlequin gives her a hug, and the first red diamond appears on his costume, shining like a living flame. It is the first sign that his suit will soon be filled with light once again.



Harlequin gently approaches him and smiles, showing him that he is not alone. With a kind word and the gentle reach of his hand, Fear slowly begins to step out of his hiding place. The children gather around him, and one by one they hold Fear's other hand, turning it into a circle of courage and laughter. As they all walk together, Fear grows smaller and softer, until it becomes a red balloon that





It sparkles like a tiny sun, warm and steady. Harlequin feels its light spreading gently through his heart. He looks at Fear and smiles. “I was afraid too,” he says softly. “But when we hold hands, fear becomes courage.” Fear slowly straightens up. He is not trembling anymore. A soft golden glow surrounds them for a moment, like morning light after a long night. Harlequin realizes that fear is





Harlequin walked into a dark place and saw a big volcano. The volcano was called Anger, and it was loud and full of smoke. It shouted and made the ground shake. Harlequin felt scared, but he took a deep breath. He said, "I know you are strong, but I can stay calm." Slowly, the volcano became quiet. The smoke disappeared, and Anger was not so scary anymore.

Harlequin offers him a glass of





A blue diamond returns to its white suit and begins to shine beautifully, like the clear sky on a summer day. The suit is no longer quite white, because in the middle of it appears a bright and cheerful blue spot. Harlequin smiles and feels that a little color has returned to him.





After a lot of effort, our hero reaches his goal. He stands in front of the White Chest, but the key is missing. Now he must search everywhere to find a way to open it.

Suddenly, a warm pink light appears in the sky. It is Love, shining like a bright heart.

She softly says, "Your friends have the magic key."

Harlequin listens carefully and hears children from Greece calling his name. His heart fills





The confetti swirls in the air and magically joins together upon his poor clothes. Each colorful rhombus becomes a piece of the children's laughter and love. Harlequin now shines in the brightest outfit, spreading the message of the feast everywhere. The sadness fades away and the city is flooded with music, colors, and true happiness. The Good Fairy - Dobrica - collected all the confetti from the sky and