

Pocapor

In a quiet little village, full of houses with red roofs and cobblestone streets, lived Lluc, a five-year-old boy with eyes as bright as stars and a smile as warm as a ray of sunshine. At his house, at the end of the street by the fountain, Lluc played, sang, and dreamed of adventures every day.

But, like all children, sometimes he felt things he didn’t quite understand: a rapid heartbeat, a strange feeling in his stomach, an urge to hide under the covers… It was fear. And every time it appeared, so did *Pocapor*.

But… who was Pocapor?

He wasn’t a monster. Or a ghost. Not even a dark shadow. Pocapor was a soft little ball, as soft a blue as the summer sky, with small, round eyes that shone like two drops of light. He had a sweet, warm little voice, like a hug, and he could grow as big as a wardrobe or as small as a finger. It all depended on how Lluc felt.

The first time Lluc saw him was one night when he couldn’t sleep. The trees danced in the wind, and the branches cast strange shadows on the bedroom walls. Lluc hid under the covers, his heart pounding. And

suddenly, there, near the pillow, appeared a little blue ball that trembled just like him.

“Hello…” he said softly. “My name is Pocapor. I come when you feel afraid, but not to scare you. I come to help you understand what’s happening to you.”

Lluc’s eyes widened. He wasn’t sure whether he was going to shout or ask something. But the little ball was smiling. He wasn’t scary. He was keeping him company.

“Are you… real?” he murmured.

“I’m as real as your emotions. You can’t always see me, but you feel me whenever everything seems too big or unfamiliar. I appear to be with you.”

From that day on, Pocapor became an invisible yet ever-present companion. When Lluc watched a movie about overly ferocious dinosaurs, Pocapor would grow as big as an elephant and sit beside him, covering his eyes with his ears. If there was a storm, Pocapor would tremble like a leaf and curl up on his pillow. When he heard unfamiliar noises at night, he would go under the bed, whispering, *“It’s just the wind. It’s just the neighbor.”*

And when Lluc wasn’t afraid, Pocapor would shrink so small that he would hide in an imaginary pocket, sleeping like a little bird.

But one stormy night, something special happened. The lightning illuminated the walls, and the shadows danced like giants. Lluc woke with a start and saw that Pocapor had grown so large he barely fit in the room. It was as if all the fear in the world had suddenly appeared.

“No!” Lluc cried, frightened. “I don’t want you to come back!”

Pocapor immediately shrank back into smallness and, in a gentle voice, said:

“I didn’t come to scare you. I came because something is bothering you. I am not fear itself. I am a reminder that you can understand it. And that you, Lluc… are very brave.”

Those words resonated deep within him. And from that night on, Lluc and Pocapor made a pact: they would explore all fears together.

They discovered that the darkness hid toys that looked like monsters, but were only dolls and stuffed animals. That loud noises were Mr. Martí fixing the old car. That the old dog in the street barked loudly, but only wanted to play ball.

And Lluc learned a little trick that almost always worked. When he felt Pocapor starting to grow, he would stop, take a deep breath, count to three… and ask himself: *“Is this really dangerous?”* And almost always the answer was no.

Over time, Pocapor was no longer a giant filling the room. He was a small ball, about the size of an orange, who would sit on Lluc’s shoulder and, every now and then, say to him:

“Remember: you don’t have to be afraid of me. I’m here to help you understand yourself.”

Now, when Lluc feels afraid, he doesn’t hide. He hugs Pocapor, closes his eyes, takes a breath… and walks forward. Because he has discovered that courage isn’t about not being afraid. It’s about knowing how to listen to it and keep going.

And so this story ends, but not what he learned.

Fear, if you listen to it with love, can be a compass that helps you grow. Because even in the deepest darkness, there is always a light.