

The Onderful W

By Gwen Gordon

Once upon a time in a kingdom very close to home lived a beautiful Princess. This princess had everything: good looks, intelligence, talent, kindness, and close friends who adored her. But there was a hole in her life and an ache in her belly. Wherever she looked, there was something missing. It was the letter W. There were no Ws in the entire kingdom and it caused terrible pain and suffering not just for the Princess, but for everybody.

There were constant problems with the weather, which became eather and so never changed. And since they had only eeks instead of weeks, people were scared to keep time. Whenever someone had a question, they asked ho, hen, hy and hat and never got answers. Instead of being well, people were ell, which is very close to ill and that doesn't feel very good.

Nothing went as anybody wanted or wished because they could only ant it and ish it. There were no wheels only heels so nobody drove. And because nobody could walk only alk, they all just stayed home. And why bother visiting anybody anyway, since they never felt welcomed only elcomed, which just wasn't the same.

It was terrible. Even staying at home, the people were miserable because there was no wonder, nor awe, only onder and ae. So, instead of saying Wow, they just said o, which you couldn't even tell from ow. And when they tried to meditate to get present they couldn't be here now, they could only be here no, which wasn't present at all.

But worst of all, where there had once been an undivided wholeness, without Ws the land was covered with nothing but holes - holes that echoed and ached, holes in

people's hearts and minds, holes that people fell into never to be seen again. The holes left people feeling empty and lonely and that life was passing them by.

The Princess wondered whether she would ever find W's to save the kingdom from meanglessness, and despair (which, if you notice, have no 'W's in them whatsoever). She desperately wanted wholeness to return to the kingdom, not to mention some wonderful, meaningful work, and eventually even a wedding with a handsome Prince, but it was hopeless without W's. Her work only orked her and any eligible prince she met simply fell into the hole in her heart whenever he got too close. The only hope was the W.

The Princess became obsessed with the missing W. She looked far (though she couldn't look wide) and up (thought she couldn't look down). She offered prizes (because she couldn't offer rewards) and held contests for any information leading to its whereabouts. But nobody had any wherewithal because hereithal didn't mean anything and nobody could say it, anyway. All anybody could think to do was bring the Princess upside down Ms, hich only ade atters orse.

The harder the Princess searched for the missing W, the bigger the holes became. Eventually there were more holes than not and the kingdom had to close its doors to visitors and put up big yellow caution tape at its borders.

Until one beautiful day, which happened to be the Princess' birthday, after a long loud cry, which might have been wailing, if it weren't ailing, the Princess decided to stop thinking about Ws. Just like that. She'd had enough aiting and ishing and anting and orrying. No more searching and yearning no more blame and shame. If the kingdom and everything in it was made of nothing but holes, then so be it. That's just ho it as!

So, she brought her dearest women friends (which, without W's were good omens, after all) to the top of a great mountain overlooking her vast and beautiful kingdom. On that most splendid spot, the women played and prayed their love for the beautiful princess, celebrating her splendor and grace and wishing her a happy birthday.

The Princess could feel herself connected to the earth and held in her loving community. For a moment, she knew that nothing was missing. She looked at one of the biggest holes and felt only love. Then she got curious, so she took out a flashlight and peered deep inside. The emptiness was so vast and still that it felt somehow Holy.

At the very bottom of the hole the Princess saw the tiniest little spider. With all the holes in the kingdom, she'd never even noticed a spider before. As she gazed closely at it, marveling at its intricate beauty, she saw that all around it, little threads criss-crossed in ways that made the finest little W's. When she looked up it seemed the kingdom was covered with webs everywhere, a wide weave of W's stretching all across the land. The silky filaments of meaning that connect all things glistened for a moment in the afternoon sun.

Then the Princess felt something wiggling within her. First one line appeared, then another and another and another... four lines in all. It was unmistakable. A wonderful newborn sparkling white W came waltzing right out of her center and with perfect poise and majesty simply glittered its existence.

The Princess' heart burst with joy. Where there seemed to have been none, now W's appeared everywhere, far and wide (yes, wide). There was welcome in the air, wonder and awe. There were whispers of wisdom and wallops of wellness. Hawks soared, owls hooted, and woodchucks chucked wood. The Princess waved her own brand

new W high in the sky and wept with awakening while her friends wandered wistfully into the wilderness with warm W's in their hearts.

From then on, the Princess never looked at holes in the same way again. Inside every one of them, instead of emptiness she saw a hidden W, and with that the hole became whole. And she carried a spare W with her at all times, just in case she fell into a hole without looking. And it made a big difference.

From then on, the people in the kingdom walked to each other's houses where they were most welcome and wisdom and questions and weather and wheels all returned to the land along with a great awe at the wonder at it all. The people spent the rest of their days declaring WOW and all was well!

The end.