The Fubby Wizard

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The Fubby Wizard by Frank L. Ludwig

Patricia went to sleep one evening and heard a noise; she raised her head and nearly almost got a fright when a stranger stood beside her bed.

A fubby wizard stumbled over his untied laces with a grin; Patricia smiled, and then she asked him: 'How in God's name did you get in?'

He looked around like he was wondering if it was him she meant: 'I say, of course I entered through the keyhole, or do you know a better way?'

`That is impossible', she told him.`It's not', the wizard looked askance;`next thing you're trying to convince me that flowers cannot sing and dance!'

'Of course they can't', the girl asserted, 'they're only plants; I think you're mad!' -The wizard snapped his crooked fingers, and every flower turned its head.

And while the wizard was conducting, they linked their leaves or danced alone; the little daisies sang soprano, the crimson rose sang baritone.

Encouraged by the other flowers, the shy magnolia sang along, and if the wizard hadn't joined them, it would have been a lovely song.

He smugly smiled and told Patricia: 'This is a night you won't forget! I wonder, are there any other things that you don't believe in yet?' She took a while to think about it, and as she thought, she slowly curled her locks: 'I don't believe in horses that fly with me around the world!'

A horse was peeping through the window; Patricia climbed its back, and then it spread its mighty wings and carried her through the air - their flight began!

She grasped its mane, and in the moonlight she saw the forests and the hills, the plains and fields, the brooks and rivers, the meadows and the watermills.

And soon they reached the big blue ocean with many islands on their way, she saw the whales that swam around them and dolphins playing in the bay.

When suddenly the sun was rising, Patricia got a little fright: 'It's day already, and my parents will wonder where I spent the night!'

But then she smiled, for she remembered, as she enjoyed her magic ride, that when it's night, the sun is shining upon the planet's other side.

And over jungles, over deserts they flew and over many a hill. Then it got dark again; she shivered, for at the pole the air grew chill.

When they came home, she told the wizard a lot about her wondrous flight, but then she pondered, and she asked him: `Why did you visit me tonight?'

The wizard scratched his matted sideboard and pointed at his worn-out shoe: 'I heard you're able to tie laces, and that is something I can't do.'

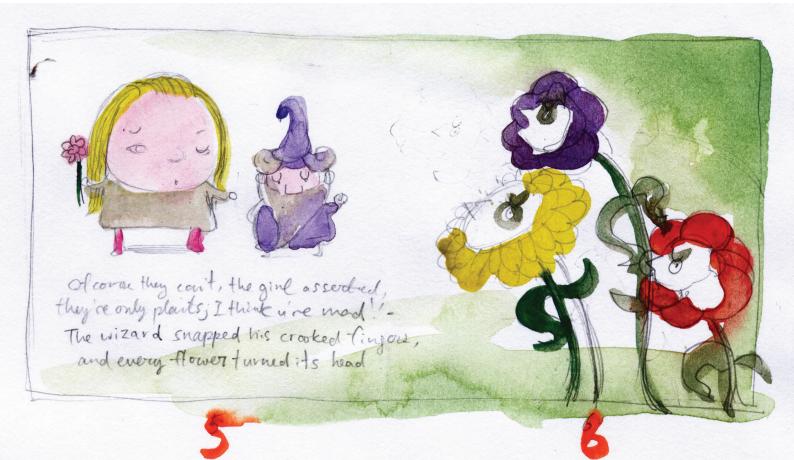


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