

Fuzzyland

Once upon a time, a long time ago and far from here, there was a place called Fuzzyland. People were very happy in Fuzzyland because in those happy times everyone at birth was given a small, soft, fuzzy bag. Any time a person reached into this bag he was able to pull out a warm fuzzy. Warm fuzzies were very much in demand because whenever somebody was given a warm fuzzy, it made him feel warm and good all over. People who didn't get warm fuzzies regularly were in danger of developing a sickness called "Fuzzy Deficiency Anemia." Their backs would shrivel up, and they would shrink up so much in size that they would hide from people.

In those days it was very easy to get warm fuzzies. Anytime you wanted a warm fuzzy, all you had to do was walk up to someone and say, "I'd like a warm fuzzy, please." The person would then reach into his bag and pull out a fuzzy the size of a little girl's hand. As soon as the fuzzy saw the light of day, it would smile and blossom into a large, shaggy warm fuzzy. The person would then lay it on your shoulder or head or lap and it would snuggle up and make you feel good all over. Fuzzies were always given freely, and getting enough of them was never a problem. Fuzzyland was a happy place because everyone felt so friendly and kind to each other.

One day, a bad witch came to Fuzzyland and tried to sell people her strange potions and salves. When no one wanted to buy them, she became very angry and cast an evil magic spell on the people of Fuzzyland. The spell made the people believe that warm fuzzies were getting scarce and that eventually the supply would run out. So people reached less and less into their fuzzy bags and became very stingy. Everyone began to notice the lack of warm fuzzies, and newspapers carried stories about the "great fuzzy shortage." People started to feel that they were shrinking, so they went to the witch to buy her potions and salves, even though they didn't seem to work at all.

The bad witch didn't really want people to shrink and hide. Who then would buy things from her? So she devised a new scheme. She gave everyone bags that were very similar to fuzzy bags, except these were cold instead of warm. Inside the bags were cold pricklies. These cold pricklies did not make people feel warm and fuzzy but made them feel cold, prickly, and crabby. From then on, people who would not share warm fuzzies would give away cold pricklies.

A lot of people were unhappy, feeling very cold, prickly, and crabby. Remember, it really all began with the coming of the bad witch, who made people believe that there was beginning to be a shortage of warm fuzzies in their land.

Finally, on one sunny day, a good witch arrived in Fuzzyland. She had not heard about the bad witch and wasn't worried about running out of warm fuzzies at all. She gave them freely to everyone. The kind witch knew that cold pricklies were bad for people. She never ever would give anyone a

cold prickly. Many people disapproved of her because she was giving children the idea that they really should never worry about running out of warm fuzzies. And then a new wonderful magic began to happen! Each time the good witch gave a child one of her warm fuzzies, the bad witch's evil spell was broken, and that child could break the evil spell again by giving someone else a warm fuzzy. Many people, children and grown-ups alike, were so used to exchanging cold pricklies that at first they refused to accept warm fuzzies. But the children whom the good witch had befriended kept giving warm fuzzies freely until everyone in Fuzzyland was once again feeling good and warm and fuzzy all over—everyone, that is, except the bad witch. They say that she just sneaked out of Fuzzyland one dark night, hoping to peddle her potions and crabbiness elsewhere.



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