

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 times everyone was given a small soft, Fuzzy Bag at birth. Any time people reached into their bags, they were able to pull out a Warm Fuzzy. Warm Fuzzies were very much in demand because whenever people were given Warm Fuzzies, it made them 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 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 person'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 the Fuzzy on your shoulder or head or lap and it would snuggle up and melt against your skin and make you feel good all over. You could give yourself a Warm Fuzzy, but it always seemed nicer if someone else gave you one. So, 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 good most of the time.

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 (because they all felt so good) she became very angry and cast an evil magic spell on the people of Fuzzyland. The spell made people believe that Warm Fuzzies were getting scarce, that eventually they would run out, and there wouldn't be any left. So people reached in less and less into their Fuzzybags 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 keep anyone's back from shriveling up.

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 a bag that was very similar to a Fuzzy Bag, except this one was cold instead of warm. Inside the bags from the witch were Cold Pricklies. These Cold Pricklies made people feel cold and prickly and crabby. From then on, people who would not share Warm Fuzzies would give away Cold Pricklies.

So although there were not too many people shrinking and hiding yet, a lot of people were feeling unhappy, cold, prickly and crabby. The situation in Fuzzyland had become very, very sad. It 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, one sunny day a good witch arrived in Fuzzyland. She had not heard about the bad witch and was not affected by the evil magic spell. She wasn't worried about running out of Warm Fuzzies at all, but gave them away freely even when not asked. She was a kind witch and knew 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 should never worry about running out of Warm Fuzzies. And then a new 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, in turn, 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 salves elsewhere.

Will we ever start giving away as many warm fuzzies as everyone needs? Reach into your bag and give someone a warm fuzzy soon.