

## Re- Wonderment project v 2.0

1. What Is Your Favourite Girls Name
2. What Is Your Favourite Animal
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5. How Do You Feel About Nature
6. What Is The Emotion That Makes You Turn Red
7. Lie Down In A Quiet Private Place Close Your Eyes What Is Hte First Object That Comes To Mind
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11. What Is Your Favourite Male Name

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There once was a young, brave and intrepid girl name \_\_\_\_\_. She dreamt every night of flying with \_\_\_\_\_. And during the day she spent hours watching the creatures around her: Her family, friends, strangers and most of all... all of the other FASCINATING animals. Her favourites were impossible to chose. But possibly the \_\_\_\_\_ that landed on her knee forty times yesterday and then one final time on her forehead. It tickled and she felt truly kissed by him.

He was busy impressing another \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_ *Verb Present ends in ING* and pattern making at \_\_\_\_\_ and used \_\_\_\_\_ knee as a resting point. But the last "Kiss" was a \_\_\_\_\_ thank you.

She realised that the world out of her back window, or even just on her window sill was far more How  
do you feel about nature and mysterious than the screens in front of most people at this very moment.... like NOW.

She got very \_\_\_\_\_, on a regular basis, at the zombie making monster that forced everybody to watch adventures had by others. Instead of making their own.

So she decided to create a place where anyone can make their own. She made a place, with a pencil and \_\_\_\_\_.

Lie down in a quiet private place close your eyes what is hte first object that comes to mind \_\_\_\_\_.

With a bunch of holes. And blanks. And

those empty spaces would get filled by wild ideas from \_\_\_\_\_

Now think of the last \_\_\_\_\_

person who gave you a really great hug what is their name \_\_\_\_\_.

Her

What type of story style makes you happiest

What is your favourite male name

ce saw his two dogs Lyra and Khaleesi do just that. They ran so fast, they poofed out of existence in our

What is your favourite

male name

to run at the exact same speed as them, mouth open, panting, tongue hung precisely out, goofy doggy grin

most importantly the gait had to be rhythmically identical. So he practiced. A lot. At first the neighbours

ight he was having an " episode" and ran out screaming to Roy's parents. But no one answered.

tually the neighbours couldn't tell the difference between the girls, (dogs), and Roy. Mission accomplished.

they were pretty deeply engulfed in their idiot factory assembly line - their goggle boxes, anyway to really

er what was happening around them. He had to get it just right other wise he would not go through their

a hole and slam quite hard into the low but discouragingly sturdy old stone wall. It started to dawn on him

he more he feared this, or doubted himself, flinched or hesitated - the more likely he was to miss a beat and

going fast enough for the optimum assemblage of factors to align. He needed to trust this non verbal non

ing mind, cos it knows a whole lot more. And could tune into so many more elements and calculate

ations at the last second and get it right. he needed instincts and senses he wasn't aware he had. But he had.

E TO RUN.

w. He felt fierce, roared as he ran and foamed at the mouth, just enough apparently as a flash of light

fed

his being and he seemed to have come to a grinding trudge..... but really a slow motion gallop in golden glowing goop. He knew he had to be in between, what he wasn't sure. But sure wasn't where he was before and he knew he had not landed yet. He felt a tingling rush start at his coxyx and burst out the front of his hips , hi s belly button, build winding up his spine at timeless speeds and the golden goodness was in him.... what was this this? I don't care! He just felt it.... it blew him mind out of the ....who what where when how whyyyyyyy.....huh.....oh .....haaaa.....eeeeeeeeehhhhhh.....

..... NOW.

And like that it was gone. He was back in his garden. Feeling exhausted and so disappointed he could not stay in that state. That space, that being. That place.

He needed the adventure to return.

He wanted to not know again. And be chasing the discovery.

He wanted so much to relive the journey and then the, that ....the....

The golden presence - in him. It was him. The surprise and the unexpected aspect of then... he wanted it back, but now.

Now?

Ok, How about now?

NOw?

Ugh.

Rrrrrrr . Blurg.

Still nothing.

In the name of the Hedgehog King and all his disciples. I swear. I will never be so happy then I was then. When I was in the now.

He exclaimed out loud.

Wait what?

Did I know that before? that there is a Henry is the King and he is spikey, lonely and misunderstood. I am pretty sure I don't know this before, just now...?

I realised that a whole bunch of folks and their stories had appeared in my head. All acting normal, like they had been there all along. All being like: We ain't no dream we are memory see?

Well, I am not convinced. Like at all.

Did you grope the planet plump, knowing that your punishment would be drowning in stars Isis?

I remember thinking that?

Why on this blue earth would anyone ever make a mask of sun?

Good Lords. How am I remembering things I have never remembered before, while knowing deep within me I have

known this forever? Now.

Someone bring me a licking platter.