

Wand It Be Gone!
By Mary Catherine
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Illustrated by

One Wednesday, Willow woke up winking, stretching, and blinking.
She was wide-eyed watching wrens wobble outside, thinking.

“Little winter wren, little winter wren,
Your whimsy melody fills my heart with promise and hope.
Yikes, will I see Wally, and will I be able to cope?”

A cloud of worry began to fog Willow’s mind.
Her tummy felt quivery, and her focus was going blind.
Wallowing in a wistful, woeful and wobbly haze,
She found herself lost in a mental trapping maze.

Her mother called, "Willow, come for some waffles and eggs."
Wriggling from woven wool blankets that wound around her legs,
gathering her wits, she whispered, "I better hurry or I'll be late for
school."
She washed, fluffed her wild wheat coloured curls, dressed and raced
to the kitchen counter stool.

She ate while hypnotically watching the wrens bouncing around a
woodpecker's hole,
Willow jumped when she heard "Willow, let's go, let's rock and roll!"
Her friend Whitney giggled, then repeatedly rang the doorbell, ding-
dong, ding-dong.
As the two walked to school, Whitney sang her usual song,

"Welcome new day, I hope you're a whopper filled with wonder!
Let's sing and dance with joy even in rain or thunder!
We won't whine, whimper, waste time, wince, withhold, withdraw, worry
or wallow!
No, we will spread our wings wide, whiz and whirl with will like a
swallow.
We will choose to see weeds as flowers and worms as worthy food.
We will bend and sway like a willow, keeping a happy mood.
Like wizards we will whip out our wands when problems hang on.
With willpower we will chant, "We wand it be gone!"

Whitney wrapped her arm around Willow, made a face and gave her a tickling poke.

Willow winced, wrinkled her brow, sighed then surrendered with a grin, "Okay I promise not to mope."

Whitney presented Willow with a small wand made from driftwood, covered with ribbons, jewels and flowers.

They proudly marched to school looking like two queens waving their wands with great powers.

As they reached the schoolyard, Wally stared and snickered, hovering at the gate.

Willow gulped, didn't make eye contact. She could feel her pulse escalate.

"Weeping Willow, with wispy wacky weedy hair,
Weeping Willow, you look like Goldilocks scared by a big bear.
Weeping Willow, don't cry boo-hoo.
Weeping Willow, better get out a tissue!"

Whitney glared at Wally, "Geez, you must really like Willow to serenade her with a tune."

Wally turned red. Lost for words, he stuttered, awkwardly shuffling like a buffoon.

Whitney nodded at Willow, "Queen Willow, let's wish Wally wisdom so he will be a kind guy."

Willow nodded, shaking her 'wheaty' windswept waves, "You're right, his words can't shake me or leave me petrified."

"We wand your woes and wrath be gone!" Willow and Whitney paraded off, chanting their battle cry.

During gym, students were asked to run in a race around the school ground.

Whitney chuckled, wiggling in her seat, for she had been told she was fast like a greyhound.

Willow's tummy turned, she wanted to wretch. She whimpered, "I can't, I'm as slow as a snail."

"Yes, you can, Willow. I've watched you run fast. Close your eyes, breathe slowly, count to ten and inhale."

Willow shook her head and put it in her sweaty palms.

"Willow, this is not time for worry, no time for qualms."

Whitney whispered louder, "I've got my wand in my pocket. Let's will and wand your anxiety be gone!"

With that, Whitney whisked the wand and Willow ran like the wind on the playground lawn.

Later in art, the teacher asked each student to sketch some flowers in a vase.

Willow grabbed her paper and quickly sketched with colour, balance and in an artsy whirlwind haze.

Meanwhile Whitney sat with arms crossed on her paper; her mouth looked like it was wired shut.

Willow glanced sideways, seeing Whitney slowly drawing one circle the size of a walnut.

"Whitney, what's up? Why do you look sad? You're not the happy quick-witted Whitney I know?"

"I can't draw, Willow. I've tried but your work looks like it could be in an art show."

"Whitney, all art comes from basic shapes and lines. You just have to practice and go slow.

"First I've got something in my pocket, a gift from you." Willow showed the wand with a wink and a "Whoa!"

"Let's will your worry be gone! Today no more withdrawing. Pick up your pencil there's no wrong or right.

I know you will create a picture that is creative, energetic and out of sight."

At the end of the day, the girls wandered home, waving their wands along the woodland trail.

They heard a curious sound from a bird that wouldn't stop. It was loud. It sounded like whippoorwill wail.

They laughed and tried to whistle like this persistent wee bird.

Suddenly fear rose and they ran, hearing wheels rolling and Wally following them with a wagon, undeterred.

"Hey wait. I want to say I'm sorry, I was wrong this morning when I mouthed off at you like a nasty torpedo.

You've got great hair. Those wands are cool. I thought I was being funny. I've got my wagon. Would you two like a tow, Willow?"

The girls shrugged and smiled, then wrestled to see who would get the first wagon ride.

They got out their wands and Whitney chanted,

“We had a good day filled with wonder.

We sang and danced with joy even in rain or thunder.

When faced with a problem that was hanging on,
we willed and said, ‘Wand it be gone!’”

