

Kymerlina and the Box People **by Dean Hoover**

Once upon a time there was a beautiful woman named Kymerlina, or Kym as her friends liked to call her. She had hair of gold and an smile that was famous throughout the land. It was not the type of smile people see every day. It was so bright that the light of it went all the way to her eyes and made her whole face seem to shine.

Kym liked to travel all over the world. Some people thought she'd gone to collect treasures. Some thought she had gone to laugh and taste wine. She was a happy woman after all. Others didn't care why she traveled, because they were thinking about other things.

Kym traveled, but she also liked to go home. And no wonder, because she lived in a land where magic was so common that everyone possessed it. It was everywhere. But the weird thing was, they didn't always seem to notice.

The people in this land went to strange buildings that were shaped like gigantic boxes. Sometimes they went into them to work. Other box buildings were where they would gather food to bring home. They would put the food into their elaborate box shaped vehicles. Some of them looked exactly like boxes, other's looked like they'd been smashed down a little into a fancy shape.

Those boxes had strange names like Buick, Toyota, and Volkswagen, but they all did the same thing. They would take the people anywhere they wanted to go. They lived in big box houses that were filled with more magic than one might imagine. Inside of their box houses they had smaller boxes. One box had an amazing magic that contained winter all year long. There people could store food and keep it fresh. They had other boxes that showed them bright colors and gave them stories and music whenever they wanted, entertaining them all hours of the day and night.

The people had so many magical boxes it would be very hard to count them all. They had boxes to wash themselves with warm summer rain, even in the coldest winter. There were other boxes that cooked food, fast or slow, however the people wanted it. They even had boxes called computers that they used to talk to each other, entertain themselves, and learn about all sorts of things.

The people should have been happy. But most of them were not. They used, lived in, and traveled around in their magic boxes, but they were bored, sad, and very, very unhappy. They grew sleepy and lazy in their hearts and in their minds. They felt sorer and sorer for themselves while they forgot about the gifts they had. They didn't notice that they were surrounded by box magic, even while they spent all their time and efforts collecting more, as if it alone could make them happy. Yes, they forgot that what they had was amazing, and they didn't even suspect that they were filled with an

even better magic.

But Kym did know. She remembered magic was everywhere, both the box magic and the better magic. She knew the better kind was a heart magic. Box magic didn't make her happy. Heart magic did

Kym didn't keep any of this a secret. No. She told people. Some listened, and opened their hearts to more. Some listened a little, when it was comfortable. Some didn't listen at all. There were even those who scoffed at Kym. They thought she was stupid for even believing in anything other than the box magic. Because they had come to love the box magic so exclusively, so deeply, that their lives had become box shaped too.

One day Kym met one of the people of the land. Her name was Deanacoria, but she went by the name Deana. She was an artist, and she was happy. Deana and Kym liked each other. Sometimes they drank wine together. Sometimes they played in the mud together, because grown women are allowed

to do that, even though most won't. Sometimes they just laughed together.

But Deana had a problem. She knew the box magic was nice, and she too knew the heart magic was better. But a long time before she had lived a box shaped life, where heart magic was hard to find. She found her way out of the box, and that was good. And she worked and worked to open her heart and mind so the heart magic could find its way in. But wherever she looked she saw other people were closed. They were blocked in like the boxes they coveted so much.

Deana found the heart magic wherever she could. She read books, she sat in the garden and listened, and she thought and thought about everything she learned. But sometimes it was hard, because she didn't always know what to do next. What should she learn? What should she try? How would she open her heart to the magic?

And she began to learn that Kym had many keys to heart magic. They were keys

she'd collected, sometimes when she was far away at distant lands, sometimes when she was on a walk in her own neighborhood. Kym had many keys from many times and places and she'd always worked hard to keep them polished and ready for unlocking. Kym's keys could help a person open up and let the heart magic in.

She began to share the keys with Deana, who was very happy indeed. It was fun as each lock opened and allowed in the light of the magic. Sometimes it was less fun, because some of the keys were complicated and challenging. But Deana used those keys too. She knew Kym would never give her a key that wasn't good.

And if Deana didn't understand a key, Kym helped her. She listened when Deana thought things were too long and complicated, and then she'd show her how it was much simpler and clearer than Deana ever suspected. Kym always, always knew exactly the right keys to use and just how to use them.

So that's how the beautiful part happened. Kym didn't give Deana the magic. She taught her how to find it herself, and to keep finding it herself. She gave Deana her own keys to use and to share with others. Deana would never again have to fear living in the confines of a box shaped life. She would always have the light of her own heart magic.

Deana's magic glowed brightly, and she used it in everything she did. She used it when she planted flowers, when she made art, and when she told stories. And Deana knew, she wasn't alone, because Kym's magic continued to shine. She took it with her when she traveled. She used her magic and her keys when she talked to people. She used everything she had to help one person at a time so that anyone who wanted to could remember all the magics in the world, box magic, heart magic, and even other sorts of other magics from the earth and the sky. She used her keys again and again, to help the whole world begin to open itself to its

heart magic.

And little by little it happened. Heart magic flowed from one person to the next. It flowed over the mountains and found heart magics in the valleys and grasslands. It blew through the trees and over the oceans and intertwined with magic wherever it went. It reached out and connected with all the magics everywhere. And even the boxes themselves began opening to heart magic too. The boxes opened and let magic in and out. The magic whirled and danced.

Magic swished and swirled like a warm light, and soon it found its way to every distant land, every island, and the bottom of every ocean. It flowed into the streams, over the clouds, into each tiny crack in each ravine on the whole earth; through the skin of every person, into every flower and every bird. Nothing was left untouched.

And one amazing moment happened.

Together, all of the people, along with all of the animals, as one earth breathed in. Every face turned to the sky. Arms, wings,

leaves, and petals spread wide as every heart was open. With one collective gasp they all understood.

The Beginning.