

## The happy H.o.s[y]. place and the Magical mystery train

{Hos = Health Open Space (and also Healthy-Hospitality Open Space)}

Eli Shai Shibi

Hallo, how do you did with yourself today? –My name is Ingrid, but they call me Inny, cause I am mostly in, if you know what I mean, and my mummy's name is Christine, but they tend to call her Crispy, I mean to say that's her nick or really Cris+pe, like vitamin P, like Skype and the like, cause she likes to eat crispy things, that's why, and she claims its very healthy; specially those pills of apples she is mad about. So anyway where do I start now? Help-help, where is the beginning of that story I wanted to tell; I always forget the starts, I get confused, stories seem to flu out of my head. But for some weeks now, I had a terrible headache, couldn't fall into my sleep, just stared at the moon counting ships and then have strange dreams, even frightening, full of nightmares. And in addition to that, a strange cold caught me, lots of achoo & atchoo. So my mum Crisp, she got, u know and can imagine, how she became worried more – even than her usual self, poor she. (I call her a worry factory, she is good at that, and anyway she decided to take me quick right away to c a doctor, who was so very busy, cause of a long line of people with awful colds, periodical flues and "seasonal viruses", that he couldn't even look at me, not to talk about getting inside my head and seeing there what's happening with me.

I am rather sure, if I have been an hippopotamus – entering his room and sneezing loudly, holding a handkerchief the size of a double bed blanket, he would have acted the same exactly; take twice 'Acamole', that is paracetamol, said mum. He would say, before being eaten swallowed alive by that fat creature, his strange visitor, those could have been his very last words, his will if you will... Twice Acamole daily, and then he was forever gone.

"Say thank you politely to the Mr. Doc", behave behave, put your best conduct". my mother commanded, but even she couldn't believe those pills could ever save me from what she diagnosed as 'infantile migraine', or something like that. Therefore she typically left me sitting with all that terribly sneezing line of patients and went back alone to the Doc's room, insisting he should send 'the poor girl' – me to a proper recheck in a fully qualified university, totally scientific hospital, or so she explained me in her highly responsible-reasonable tone. However, ever since she got that note – she insisted calling – the 'most very terribly important prescription', (twice Acamole, mind u, nothing so much), her worrying situation got much worse lately, as if she was forced to work over hours; she would stare at the note, hang it with a magnet on the fridge's door, so as not to lose the highly important date of the appointment she fixed for me with that hospital. She even took pic of it (note) in her smart, mind u, her conduct, so that I started to worry for her general well being recently. I mean her wellness didn't seem so right, nor at all very bright those days.

I started to get real worried about her, thinking to myself; God in heaven, please have pity on that woman, she better be careful, cause if she keeps on worrying like that for every nothing, they might put her in one of those frightening institutions, where the nurses walk endless corridors holding long needles and the Doctors are so busy – counting those pills that are the total opposites of candies (bitter and not tasty at all) that they find it hard to distinguish between people and hippopotamus and so they might operate them according to the # they keep on holding in those lines.

But where do I start? How do I continue, I tend to forget the proper order of things, the way they happened from the first to the last, or so my mum tells me, especially after this last attack of what she still calls, oh my and ohy vey, the "infantile migraine" of my poor highly disturbed sensitive daughter". Indeed next day, just after taking the tablets the Doc wrote, I woke up in the morn and answer Crisp's Q (how do u feel?) with those poetic words I once read in some book, without knowing I had memorized them;

*Sneezles*

*Christopher Robin  
Had wheezles  
And sneezles,  
They bundled him  
Into  
His bed.  
They gave him what goes  
With a cold in the nose,  
And some more for a cold  
In the head.  
They wondered  
If wheezles  
Could turn  
Into measles,  
If sneezles  
Would turn  
Into mumps;  
They examined his chest  
For a rash,  
And the rest  
Of his body for swellings and lumps.  
They sent for some doctors  
In sneezles  
And wheezles  
To tell them what ought  
To be done.  
All sorts and conditions  
Of famous physicians  
Came hurrying round  
At a run.  
They all made a note  
Of the state of his throat,  
They asked if he suffered from thirst,  
They asked if the sneezles  
Came after the wheezles,  
Or if the first sneeze  
Came first.  
They said, "If you teazle*

*A sneeze  
 Or wheeze,  
 A measles  
 May easily grow.  
 But humour or please  
 The wheeze  
 Or sneeze,  
 The measles  
 Will certainly go."*  
*They expounded the measles  
 For sneezes  
 And wheezes,  
 The manner of measles  
 When new.  
 They said "If he sneezes  
 In draughts and in breezes,  
 Then DUTCH EZZLES  
 May even ensue."*

*Christopher Robin  
 Got up in the morning,  
 The sneezes had vanished away.  
 And the look in his eye  
 Seemed to say to the sky,  
 "Now, how to amuse them to-day?"*



When mum heard it, she got even more worried and became very pale in the face, it got much worse, she said. Anyway (now I am going to tell something else that might connect later) in our building there lives that guy, his short name is just L; he is kind of nice, but my Cris-Pe tells me not to talk to unidentified strangers (besides the necessary politeness). I had asked him in the elevator what he does (for work, I meant, my mum said she has no clue what he ever does, for living, she meant) and he said, he tries to catch the rare birds and the strange butterflies, in his mind, he meant. (I wasn't sure if it was not the other way around – like the strange birds and the rare butterflies, but anyway). I thought its cute, but mum tells me; u see, I told u! cut him short, he is not your age, but instead I told him (most politely) well, if I could be of any help, just sms me anytime or enter my Face, or even drop bye, we be friends. So he did, I mean the next day, I met him again on the elevator, (alone, thank god, for a change) he goes

on saying; Hi, Inny Anny? anyway did u have any interesting experience lately with any children hospital?

Oh no, can't be, I say to myself, this guy really strange, maybe he can read thoughts. – Maybe he can bend spoons like Ori Geller, my mother might be right, something not right here, but he goes on;

I try to invent a new fantasy hospital for some competition in Denmark, they asked for some bright ideas from all over the world, so I said let's give it a try what the heck. And suddenly I (me Inny), I feel this little of jumpy dwarf inside my head and I go saying; well, don't work too hard with your fantastic imagination, cause surprise surprise, I just return from one and it's not what I imagined in my nightmares, actually it was kind of nice. So he seems to get really excited about that story; he takes his smart, that is his i-phone, mumbling; what a coincidence, what an amazing synchronistic episode, what a miracle u r Inny, I knew I could count on u and there he goes to makes a movie out of me talking with no end and that's what I told him during our 1001 elevator rides to the roof and back.

I just returned from such a place, mind u L and it's not what I've imagined, rather the opposite. U c, my mum was so pressured as we approached it; she could hardly breathe, she was dead serious looking for some silly paper docs she tends to 4get, getting ready to stand in long lines like a dummy; telling me to behave proper, to clean my nose, to conduct myself and all that. I'll just tell u very shortly the first 10 min experience, stop me if I am too long; if I go with no stop, anyway as we came towards the gate, we saw the yard was kind of neat, full of water lilies and singing birds, fountains, waterfalls and incense.

There were no lines to stand in, no maze of corridors and elevators, no boring waiting rooms with endless ### to take and hold as if they were the Holy Bible and no yawning people, absolutely nothing of the sort. We just set our step on the door and a pleasant smiley couple came to greet us; she was like a fairy doll, he was like a funny clown. one moment he seemed like a puppet that ran away from some children theatre, the next like a giant Goliath, rather unpredictable sort of guy. I thought she had blue silvery wings and a magic stick, she held an umbrella with the head of a parrot, although it was spring and no clouds in the sky, and I kind of fell for her from the first sight moment.



To my mum this medical clown in his virtual form seemed like some combination of Mickey Mouse and Popeye the sailor man, but to me it seemed like a funny jumpy Pokemon that kept on popping up like a ping pong ball or a pop corn and appearing suddenly all over the place; like with one girl, he popped from a needle of an injection; saying; first, I'll color the needle for u and then I will make it shpritz and splash in a real funny way. And for another child he had suddenly popped from an anesthesia bag, that's what I heard, he was kind of swimming there like a golden fish, and for a third girl (and I kind of saw it with my own eyes) he jumped from under a plaster – when they took it out and cried; "look, look! your plaster had turned into a temporary tattoo of a healing fairy that looks like Hillary. I could swear there were lots of miracles like that happening there all the time and those little mischief deeds of the Popy clown were so funny that they made the kids and their parents smile and feel so much better, right from the very start.



This lady Healy ("a bit tipsy sort", commented my mum), but definitely most sympathetic sort of creature. Anyhow, she was standing next to a decorated box, funny tinny suitcase, from which she offered most generously lots of present; I heard

people called her 'the healing fairy', or 'the cure steward', or rather shortly 'the good head nurse of reception', or just the hospital general 'handy bell girl'. And the funny guy next to her, he was called 'The major hospital clown', hitting his head with cream cakes, but insisted they are made from purely organic, most healthy, soya cream with organic strawberries. So right at the first minute, I clicked with the entrance couple, she said her name is Heal-ra-y, gave me a welcome bag of tinny presents, said that's their way to greet newcomers, make them relaxed feel at home, like to say hi + how do u did, or whatever. It contained lots of stuff; balloons and flying candies, paper butterflies that jump on your shoulders, and a kit of practical doll makeup.

This healing fairy had a syrup bottle from which she poured a mysterious remedy into silver spoons given as a cheer-up-hi-welcome happy hour drink to the children. as they were about to take their sits in train. The amazing thing about her health portions, or how she called them - 'pure cure elixir' was that they all came from the very same bottle and yet had different colors and different tastes, that is to say; 3 different flavors from the same 1 bottle! Lime Cordial, Strawberry, and Rum Punch. They said the first is good for a tummy ache, the second for the head, and the third for cold, so I got the second as u can imagine and I asked for more, like Oliver did, but lucky me

Inny - I got lots of spoons cause Healy liked me.



I said; wow me, its seems like lots of fun, this hospital is neat (even my mum had to admit; "they seem to have good manners of hospitality"), but I couldn't believe my eyes, I had to constantly rub them hard, when they gave us a toy tablet for free (pink for the girls) but I asked for the turquoise one, liked it better and they told us we could

take it home as it has lots of questions about me and how do I do and things.

At that moment my mother (she can drive me crazy sometimes) goes on saying like; "thanks so much, I appreciate it, but no need really, I have taken her full medical file with me (urine results, blood tests, and the other toilet things, excuse me u know)". I had wanted to punch her, fearing they will take back the tablet, how could she say such a thing, (how could she reveal private things about me in public) but they said thanks so much, dear lady, no need for u to bother, mam, we got all the formal stuff already, just cut the red tape of bureaucracy, we don't like lines, with endless ### and all that, actually we got sick and tired of that cause we found out it made our patient more ill than when they first came. (I started to like their approach). So they go on saying; now we want to have the real story about Inny straight forward directly from her. They got very interested in me u c, they found me really fascinating, they said they would like to study my personality so as to be able to treat me better. They meant they want to really get to know me, personally, so they wanted to get the A-Z to lots and lots of Q; like if I prefer unicorns or dragons (the first, for sure, mind u) what's my favorite color, if I like winter or summer, cinnamon or ginger in my mouth wash, silver or gold, dogs or cats. It felt as if we are all set on a FaceBook date, but they said no worry, take your times both of u ladies, u could catch up with our curiosity at home, just take the tablet with you and keep on chatting with us upon your return (I grabbed the gadget real strong fast – before they change their mind) and also please write us, if you can, the story of your not feeling so good, diary style, like try to describe it. That is your homework (my mum kept on saying, but I have her highly documented papers printed medical full file with me, searching hysterically in her bag, trying to memorize some identity #, but they said skip the formalities mum, we just would like to get to know Inny to be friends with, so that we could help Inny the best we can, as we believe that her inner story could instantly heal her. Let her tell her tale, at her own rhythm, and space too, and she will surely feel better, which I already did, honestly.

Then they say us; we made u already a virtual card (like a CC with a hologram of butterfly flying) through that special tablet we gave u, so now everywhere u go around our palace of hospitality (cause that's how they called the place Hos or Hosity) u will see your name shinning towards u with lots of greetings, and not only that; your room if u fancy stay with us a bit longer, will have your unique colors (turquoise and bourdeaux) and we will try to fix for u the flowers and the smells and even the pajama u like, that is if u ever feel like staying over for longer stay than just a quick check with us. In that case you will get slight flexible personally-suited interior and fashion design and everything fit-tailored just for u, cause we like your personal style and try to please u so u feel good whenever u might feel like jumping over to stay here as to feel better.

I first thought, they will give me the dull ugly pale green outfits, I heard about, but they showed me a catalogue of their pajamas and said that according to my replies in

the questioner with many details, they could already guess the one I just chosen, which was right, cause I wanted the one with flowers, lilies and kittens.

This Healy, She had lots and lots of Q like;

Do I prefer a high steep mountain, or a soft valley? Which birdy u like? which animal? Which pet? Which-which and which, but she was kind of nice, seemed really interested in me, so I called her in my mind 'whichy' or the good witch. ("I can see, they had created a unique environment and positive respite in a most challenging hospital experience", my mum said knowingly).

As she talked and asked all thos Q she was playing on a toy xylophone and she gave me a kaleidoscope saying take it, its yours, it will make the sights you r going to see from the windows of their magical mystery train much more lively. The funny thing that on the hat of the clown next to her was a mobile which kept on swinging above his head.

I thought they both just cameout of some puppet theatre, or that funny projector grandpa used to call Laterna magica.

And the clown was doing hookous focus shprizing water from his nose and waving his tale as if trying to castaway some hidden flies.

She was holding lots of things, I mean Healy fairy (My mum also held millions of med. Docs which they told her were completely passé and unnecessary here at this Hosity place, but somehow she found it hard to depart from them, so they gave her a special bag to keep).

It was as if she, I mean Healy now, had ten hands like a magician and even more things in her little suitcase that seemed as if it is bottomless and she pulled out the

things like a magician pulling out rabbits from hidden sleeves.



I was afraid the clown next to her (Popy, remember him) might try to lock her any moment inside a box and attempt to behead her (like they do in the circus, or like the cruel queen in Alice's story). Indeed this Hosity hospital place seemed more like a wonderland, but somehow she managed, the Healy fairy; in one of her thousand and one hands she held a green smoky bottle from where a genie started to show up, but in the second hand she already attempted to immediately cool that creature down with the help of a bubble machine that was producing rain of whistling candies right as they noisily fly through the air – straight to your open mouth. She said, Healy, they're pure health candies – made from lemon and ginger freshly produced at their healthy-us workshop. In her third hand, she had, Healy fairy, a basket with coloring booklets, offering me the legends of the Grimm brothers, while in her fourth hand, she was juggling apples covered with some reddish honey. "It's all organic", she claimed, offering me one golden spoon, no additives at all, no artificial colors, no trans fat, no gluten, no cholesterol, no sugar, we don't want you to get lost with Glycemic key or, whatever. Don't you know, little girl, that an apple a day – keeps the doctor away. I had no idea, I said grabbing one for myself and another one for my brother, Hans.

Oh it seemed a real crispy fruit, said mum, and asked for a bite: "I had such a hard day yesterday preparing for today", but today went fine, I told her, till now at least, she said. Goody 4u! cried Healy, not only that you got now 8 points for taking good care for your own health, you seem to take care of others. I therefore give u right away the Aladdin lamp; whenever you might feel not so very well, God forbids, just rub it gently and a nice well educated genie will jump at your commend – to make your wishful thinking come true, as long as you continue with taking perfect care of your health and others. Remember, she Healy said, to keep the lamp always shinny clean, exactly like your own body, so as to keep bright and happy.

Then they said, she and the Popy clown; listen Inny, we do hi hi and how do u do to u with u, as we want u to feel well at home with us at our palace of healthy hospitality, so why don't u just jump over on our magical mystery train and have a quick ride for slight orientation trip just to look around and get first impression.

The train was full of bells, wooden horses, funny horns, music machines little organs, trumpets and synthesizers, and each new guest was given a private cabin, although we could see – Crisp and me, and talk to all the new arrivals kids (do your best to socialize properly, Cris told me, but don't talk long to strangers like that new strange friend of yours, that guy whats his name, El) and each cabin could become instantly (in emergency cases, which I was not) into a separate bed or a wheelchair, or an electric car if you fancy, like in an amusement park kind of Tivoli u c. My mum. she tells it reminds her of an animation movie, she once saw in her "ancient childhood" of a magical mystery trip, or a yellow submarine, or something with lots of songs, she got her memories all confused by now, but I thought the little inner cabin made as well like a tinny car, is like City City bang-bang and the toy train is like Hans's collection of electric trains with which he likes to play on the carpet in our living room. I could see him getting yellow with envy, as I tell him my adventures at the place we've been to, no need to take pity on little sis. me.



Now, as the inner train was moving on, making those lovely sounds of bells and horns, we were told we could either go all the way with all the other new arrivals kids, or depart as we so may please on our separate cabin, on our own as we wish, or just walk around the open parts, as we like and then jump over again on the train in the next station, like in some kind of a tourist tour in a big new city. My mother, she goes saying (to the lady next to her); the magical tablet we got at the entrance "enabled us to make the right type of double-mutual acquaintance", to feel free to tell about ourselves to this palace of hospitality, to get to know this totally amazing Hosity and at the same time to find the opportunity to talk, get to know and exchange messages with other children and families that were over the very same train. Thus we moved most quickly and pleasantly through all the stations of the open space; like the coffee place of great delights (lots of greenies and shakes), and the restaurant of goody healthy fruity foods, the hotel called sweet sleepy-me where children could sleep with their parents if they come for a longer stay, and the library (the read-me). the perfumed garden of pleasant smells and healing herbs and the play game rooms, the hall of hobbies. the hall of inner growth, the shrine of yoga and meditation and the palace of eternal health and well being. What I liked best was the fact that the amazing trip, which felt like taking us to another world, it all took no more than exactly ten min. and through the windows we could see what my mother described as "constantly changing interiors", as if we had passed through several different worlds or 'dimensions', as she said. It was like a trip through landscapes with lots of views and even when we got from time 2 time into a longer corridor or a tunnel, we could see some projected pictures and all kinds of posters and animation movies through the windows.



I liked the most the read-me library and my mother, she was very impressed by "the rich artistic and cultural program they offered for visitors"; u c they don't call us 'patients'. but recovering guests, as it seems that every week they try to have a different classical children book which they choose according to their likes and once they really choose such a book, they all get real deep into the fantasy world of the book; like all the posters and the clowns like Popy, the healing fairies like Healy and the stewards of receptions, that is all the rest of the bell fairy girls and even the nurses and imagine now – the doctors and great professors as well – they all equally share the book and also try to learn what my mother called "deep insights" – regarding life and health that they could learn and understand from tales and stories; like how to feel well with yourself. My mum, she said they have a special system of healing called 'bibliotherapy' or something like that in which they specialized.

So when I tried to explain my experience at that Hosity place of health hospitality to that neighbor L who got so very interested in my story, I told him that the amazing thing there – was that they were so very interested in my story and at the same time showed us around and told us so many stories of their own from their treasure of tales and also gave us presents and what they called 'life treasures'. Like they ask u; what do u think is better for a child that want to grow healthy; white sugar or fruits and if we answer right (like I did, which is the second ("She is a well educated girl, told Crisp proudly) then u get an invitation for a free fruit salad at their garden café. Or they may ask; what do u think would make u feel more good; Coca Cola or a fresh handmade homemade apple juice, and again if u answer lots of questions right, like I almost did mostimes) u might win a juicer or a free life voucher for their juice bar, as one child next to us got.

At the same time, they get to know u so well like what's your story, that as u go on along the way of the train – u get from the magic tablet what they call the virtual

visiting card, which makes it so that in every station u see a blinking welcome sign; saying hi-hi 2u dear Inny, really lovely to see u here, how do u did today, as if they had known u for ages before u were born even, and then when u get into the kingdom of healing stories, u kind of see yourself playing inside the movies of say Harry Potter, as if u r a friend of the Little Prince or Dr. Dolitel, or Oliver Twist, or David Coperfield (the boy and the magician too) or as if u r studying at the magic college of Potter, that was so neat cause they kind of teach u magic tricks to feel well again and to be happy with yourself. They say its good for body and also soul and vice versa and versa wise if u c what I mean.



Excuse me if I might repeat myself, but My mum, she told me, they have a special system called I think bibliotherapy, which they developed and that they think if u kind of feel cool, and If u get candies that are made from natural stuff like real fruits and nuts, dates and figs, then u kind of feel well naturally and also feel that u r about to feel well, u develop the inside intention to be healthy intuitively and the moment your brain inside your head and heart inside your soul – they tell u that (to be in good health, I mean), then u kind of can really feel well, as if u could hypnotized yourself.

When we sat in the train and took the ride, I felt that all possibilities are open. I mean to say before we arrived I imagined the hospital as a very grey dull place in which u have to just sit dead silent and wait for things that are between unpleasant and horrible and in the meantime u get endless series of ## just to keep on sitting forever in all those annoying waiting lines for all those I cky examinations that might sometimes leads u nowhere – besides feeling more sick and tired and all the other kids u see seem pale and frightened, even more sick than u, having perhaps some contagious diseases and deadly microbes. so that all of them r afraid of each other – less they might die just from a sudden sneeze, so that they are afraid even to exchange halos, not to speak about real play. And now I felt all is really open in the open space, like we could do what we want; say hi to the rest of the kids or stay us together sit on our own in the cabin, or mix, or transform our cabin into an electric car that could fly and

sail                    or                    walk                    wherever                    we                    like.

Hilary, the fairy told us that in a long stay, the children like to play in a game of hidden angels, that is to say that each child picks secretly one other child s/he happens to like and they kind of adopt them, so they do all sorts of good things for them, like even pray for them, wish them very well, put nice presents in hidden places for them, like under the pillow, and they don't share this secret – only with one nurse fairy who knows about it, and then the child who receives what they call this 'angelic presence' around – tries to guess who is his/her angel and if they guess right – then both of them get great presents from the nurse and become real friends. When I heard that, I started to think about that guy (I won't tell his name now) at my parallel class at school, (class A/5), I fell<sup>4</sup>, stupid me, and how we could have played that game together without each knows. And how I would rather prefer now – I could have met such a kid and even nicer<sup>1</sup> here at the happy Hosity place and how here in this setting we could have become real good friends, but then I might have not get sick that is if he would fall<sup>4</sup> me<sup>2</sup>, and then it would have not been possible for me to have such a great experience ("rather positive and transformative", as mum said) and then I started to dream how I tell all that in secret to Healy and how she keeps it a secret for ever&ever, but at the same time helps me find<sup>1</sup>.

Like that all the children could be friends with each other and no<sup>1</sup> is left on their own alone. Now this game of secret angels, that was played between the kids, had another variation that was called 'stranger of the day'. This game is kind of very similar and yet opposite of the angel game, cause in that game u would share the secret with the healing fairy nurse and hide it from the other kids, but in this second game, u would share the secret with the kids and hide it from the personal of the hospital and each day u would try to pick your stranger of the day from the workers and nurses, and after sometime that u kind of notice them and follow them, u start talking to them directly and reveal yourself.

There were lots of stories to be experienced at the Hosity place – not just to be read – and each story could be entered into through the train, or the read-me room, so that once u picked the story, u could either experience it as a movie – if u picked visual. or a reading what they called 'audio', but what I liked the best was what they called the 'interactive unfolding story' in which u get to see the movie of the story in three dimensions, and once u push something on your tablet then u get your virtual being alive on the screen. (They take it from the virtual visiting card they make for u – right upon your arrival at the entrance, remember) and then u become a character inside the movie. Like I could become a character in the Harry Potter movie and both help him and also learn magic tricks. And there is an additional track for the story experience and that is that from almost every tale u read or hear, or see there, or participate – you could somehow learn some lesson for how to get more healthy from it yourself inside

your

own

life.

Regarding the read-me Lib., My mum, she said its called 'Biblio' or something like that, now I forgot the exact word, whatever therapy she herself wasn't 100% sure (couldn't remember exactly, as sometimes might happens to her). Anyway Crispe explained that it has to do with reading a special story that could heal u both "spirit and mind" & even body, cause it's all so much connected, but not complicated at all, rather naturally simple u know, and according to her and the cute fairy nurse Healy – they think that this type of treatment could be super fit for me, also in future. They said its "handmade tailored for the lovely girl", meaning lucky me, naturally, cause of my headaches, u see, so as to treat them – so they stop and if I read and write and later tell about it, as I do right now in this notebook, I will surely, slowly-slowly, can get better and maybe feel well again so I sure hope, and be able to relax, as I do, already do just now, as we talk with L.

I mean just talking about all those stories that I had experienced at the happy-Hosy-place with the magical mystery train – makes me happy, even if they read us, during the visit, some stories that started a bit sad or lets say not so cheerful, but got happy as they continued towards the happyend.

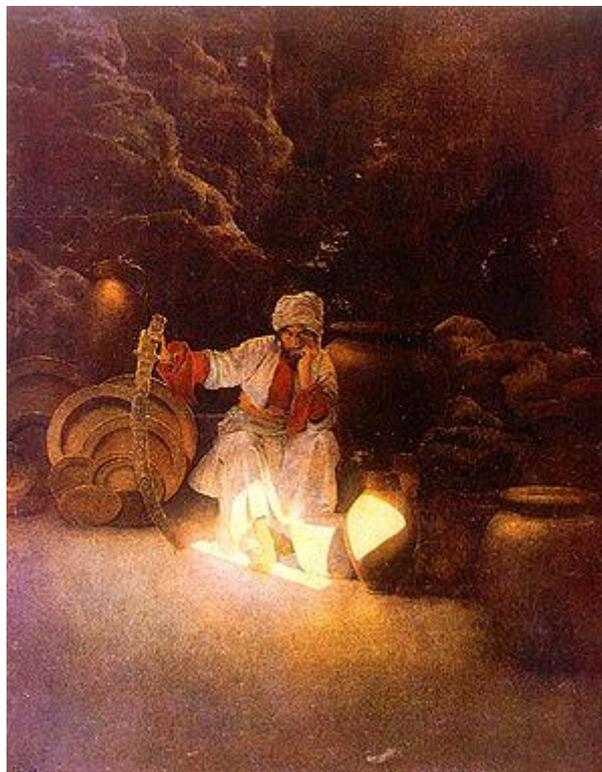
Just remembered now above the door of the library temple (that was made of wood and stained glass with rainbow colors, it was writing in some shinning hologram light that went over the ceiling and said: "Hi hi 2 u welcome, also here, dear Anni, good u came, nice to say hi again to u, enjoy your stay-read!...!!" Right there, it was written also this sentence, which my mum said it was their motto, that said; "Greetings and good wishes to you, lots of blessings to all visitors and specially to Anni who just came. Now please know and keep at heart, as they say, that this is indeed really honestly the house of healing for the soul". This I remember very well, it was written in big letters in Eng. and also in another language, that mum said might look like Greek to her...

Anyway, they told the pool of stories, they have there, they gathered them – collecting tales for millions of years, or really it was the sea of tales that is for the "amusement and instruction of patients". The Doc told my mum it was part of their idea of "curative medicine" and that's why they collect lots & lots of graphic novels and comic books and even children who come from faraway countries (like Syria or China or Africa) could enjoy from the books they have also on tablets and kindles and stuff. So it can be pleasure for them too; I mean like that having enjoyment over the stories.

I don't know about other kids. but for me it really worked, cause I always feel the same like the children in the books, as if they r somehow like me and I kind of like

them and we talk right away in inner voices of secret angels plays (even if other people can't hear us) so we identify with us as we feel and think the same often so many times, and get excited about new friendships, also with other kids that we met in real life at the lib. temple who came also for treatment and from this we understood new things about how to keep real good health even, if u got sick and started already to feel ill lately, as it can pass with the right kind of story, if u only know how to play and experience it with your imagination, I guess.

People afterwards, after the visit to the happy-Hosy-place, they didn't believe me, think I make those things up. specially grown ups (only that guy L did believe. but he too also had few doubts, I think) people are a little bit not so clever when u tell them such a Wow experiences, they think u dreamt it, but I tell them; listen people, I had difficulties even to fall sleep before the visit to Hosy, so they say; but what's the connection between hospitals and stories, as if I am just a silly tinny girl, they just can not dig those things, they are a bit dummies themselves. So I tell them; I give u an example from what I hear and saw at that temple of tales. Oh. Ok. they say, listen to her, to the poor lovely girl, but they don't, so I say; take, for example, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, surely u know it – even grandma knows, it's a story that was along time told, its from i million nights or something, so u remember the 40 thieves and all that; the treasure in the cave, the den full with gold and shinning stones and coins right? U remember the door or gate, whatever, sealed by magic spell?

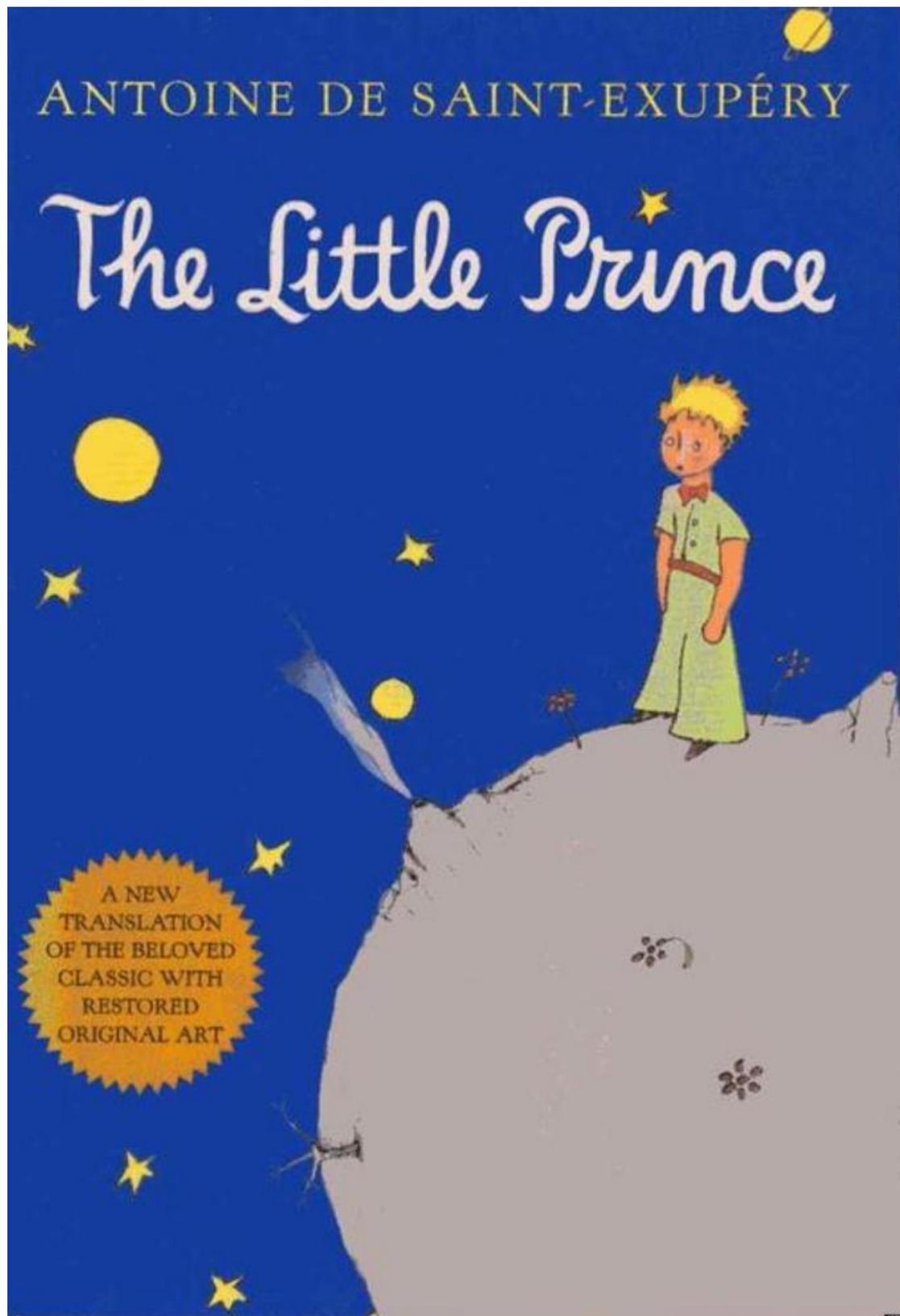


They nod, they utter ha-ums and make noises of some. perhaps limited understandings, they say they do or so they claim. Start to Remember now...? I mean, so I ask them, so what was the code 4it to open?!

They say; wait-wait, let us think, give us the opportunity to refresh memory, they eat nuts and pretend they are elephants. I suspect they don't remember the story well at all, so I give them hints; the tehina, the halva, all that, so they say something like; wait please oh... oh ahha baa zigalama, nu nu, Ali was his name and Baba too... they try to make sounds in the meantime to gain time, to awake their lost memory, they ask please let us think for a moment, and then bang bang brightness comes; oh yea, it was "Open Sesame"!!! Genius them, Nobel Prize medal they finally made it, 10 points.

And then the treasure store gets open and as they go they say again; "close sesame". From the time it takes them to say the code, I really start to wonder; are they total morons, like r they also so slow with their cards at the money machines, are they so clumsy with the passwords at their home pc, but anyway they say so what... about it? How is it connected at all? and I start to explain that at the happy-Hosy-place, as already on the magical mystery train they taught us that first – it is very much connected, cause sesame is very healthy for u, and second cause there were lots of treasures in the caves and each thief had his own corner, like private safe. So they say, the grown ups, so what? ("They always need to have things explained, the grown-tiresome for us children to be ups, never understand anything by themselves, and it is always and forever explaining things to them. I have lived a great deal among grown-ups... And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them... Children should always show great forbearance toward grown-up people.

The grown ups are certainly very odd"). (I for once read it in a book at the Hosy and immediately copied it to my notebook). So I tell them that at the lib.bibi thing they told us in the Hosy-place, the secret they told us, is that there are at least 40 ways to keep well with your health and your healthy lot is like the real treasure u should guard in life, which I didn't have the clue before that short visit, but now I think its real cool idea.



Remember that healing fairy, the one like Mary Poppins, I liked her the best, cause she was like the magical English nanny that au-pair what's her name – Mary Poppins, and really she told me when I told her that, that she was originally first blown by the

East wind to Number 17 Cherry Tree Lane, London, and there into the Banks's household to care for their children, that is Jane & Michael, and baby twins John + Barbara. So she promised me that if I come visit her in the lib. temple, she will invite me to a T party on the ceiling and if that's not enough for an adventures trip around the world, through stories that are not only fun, but also let u know the natural tricks, so she told, for how to keep healthy almost for eternity. How could u do all that? I asked; like tea party upside down and trips to moon & stars? And to that she answered, Healy, she can do whatever she likes by a special powers of an umbrella with which she kept on playing and once she opened it, she could fly over the West Wind that carries her away, wherever she so wishes and to where she pleases.

She had also promised to put me on my next visits to a special workshops, she conducts, that teach herbs with their full botanical local and Latin names, cause she so told, those herbs, if u know how to use them – u could grow at your own home garden and then eat or even just smell or use at your bathtub and then they make u feel goody healthy. She had also, as well, invited me to lots of adventures; like a T-party with creatures who live under the dandelions, and a Halloween dance celebration with shadows, and as we departed, I remember now, she had opened her umbrella and lots of lights came from it, like falling fireworks.



One of the DocY DOCS, I met there at the Hosy place, he put his hand over my head and said it already feels much more alot better. What was your story? I asked him, I meant; which story he liked from the ocean of tales they have there? He said he likes the best Oliver Twist, because he very much identifies inside himself with one character there, called Mr. doctor Brownlow, cause this good person took good care of Oliver when he had a fever and also he too, this Professor guy we met in real life, also is rather 'bookish', my mum told me he meant he likes books, so I thought to myself my God me too am little bit bookishy in a way u can say, but I like it.



It was funny because lots of the Docs and nurses there were kind of bookishies like that so I could felt at home. I mat another such creature Doc, who first thing he did was to get me a set of colorful little bottles that looked like perfumes, asking me which one I fancy most? He told according to that what I say (he called it data or something) he can understand my head better. So I told him the torques with the color of wine suites my taste more. Anyway this Doc, I also asked him hey, whats your story as well? And he told, he likes the best David Copperfield, because he identifies with one person there, called hum... Doctor Mr. Chillip, because this guy, who knew David from since he was born, Copperfield, I mean, was also rather shy like him, that

was very funny, cause the colleague of this Dr I mat, who showed me a set of beautiful stones and gems, asking which ones I fancy, cause that helps him read my mind and find the place of inner pain, said he also likes the very same book, but he identifies with Dr. Strong, because he is so very generous and he tries to imitate him in his work at Hosy. And that's why he gave me certain candy that was very similar to the stone I liked (amber) and said; Inny, you should know; not every candy is good for your health, actually some are not so good at all and even damaging to your tooth

cause they contain lots of sugar and unnatural things, but this one I just gave u, is good because it is made from royal honey. This Strong Doc. who didn't seem so strong at all, ("he is rather delicate", said mum) had a funny stethoscope that could look at the inside of my head, like a kaleidoscope. He had showed it to me and my head looked like an underwater aquarium, real fantasy.

So u see now, the happy Hosy was really like an ocean of stories and the library was their temple, it was not like the usual old lib. we have at school where the librarian is just making a shaa-shaa faces all the time to silence us and the rest of the time she

checks how late we were to bring back the books and c.ds and give little punishments to whomever was just a day late. Here they had a library that was not a regular lib. at all, as it was more like a theatre, a cinema, a disco and a playroom, and it stood right at the center of the open fun area of the hospital, I mean say, the Happy Hosity place. And although it was very big (my mum called it a 'multimedia' cultural center) its story balagan was spreading all over the place (like some kind of a cake with too much yeasts or a pudding), also outside the lib. Itself; in the corridors and in the clowns stage, in the healing rooms and at what they called the 'cure residence', there were stories hanging around in the forms of posters and screens and mainly the tale declared 'great fun healing story of the month'.

During my visit it was just about time when they were reaching almost to end the Winnie-the-Pooh month, and getting ready to entering the Andersen session period, so as the *Mary Poppins* nurse told, lucky me, that is Inny me, could enjoy both worlds same time which is kind of rare neat or not so often happened. The fun thing is that as they told me, they get straight right into the inner head of the story and try to feel it in their inner– deeper heart inside them, so they decorate the place and put customs on themselves (specially the nurses and the clowns, but not only) and encourage all visitors too 2 join them in the play, like "share the joy of the story and have fun from the tale", so such funny they speak and they try to live their lives like a story, as if they r inside it all the time, so that they can use the stories for healing and cure.

What I understood is that the story for them is a healing source in itself and also something that has lots of wise clues for how to live life well best they can. They call it work-play. For example they start reading Winee the Poe paying attention to the fact that poor him had lost its eye and ear during the seven and half years that had passed on the creature till the story really start, so it needed badly some good fix, checkup and makeup, but once it got it, it started to give great ideas such as to try to enjoy each moment no matter what, not to rush anyplace, to feel happy from tinny things, not to be angry for nothing, and to try always to help what u can and to encourage others and both yourself. (Wow what good insights, said my mum and I thought its goody).

("A pity no1 had told me that when I was about your age", told Crispy, saying the doctors she mat had never read that book). At that part of the visit, I started to sing and dance all on my own out of my own self; just like that;

*"Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear*

*Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear*

*I don't much mind if it rains or snows*

*For I've got a lot of honey on my nice new nose!*

*I don't much care if it snows or thaws*

*For I've got a lot of honey on my nice clean paws!"*

Suddenly I felt very happy like a little bear me Poe Anni.



The amazing thing is that they give u books 4free – for present, or u could read them on the tablet u get at the entrance and also they encourage the visitors to get more healthy from tales, both from health stories for children or from usual children books, and they also encourage children and their parents to write the "book of getting so much better and feeling healthy", that is their healing book or get well diary, that starts as a "book report" over the stories they read and played together at the bibi-lib temple, but then it develops into their own uniquely story of how they got sick at first and how they came to the Happy Hosity place and how they felt good again, and what I liked the best is that it was not at all like regular boring homework, because u c right from the start it was full of colorful booklets with illustrations that u could try to color yourself and take home.

Seeing all those hobby possibilities, I remembered a sentence I once read in a book and the sentence goes like that; "Once when I was six years old, I saw a magnificent picture in a book, called True Stories from Nature, about the primeval forest". (Somehow the Happy Hosity place – looked to me extremely green, like a forest, that's why it had reminded me).

I know some of my friends found it difficult for them to believe, they said mockingly; sure thing, u went into a dreamland, didn't u?! they gave you drugs that's why, u had a side effect, its your imagination from your fantasy, cause how can u make your own book – just from a short visit there, surely u dreamt it. But I explained them that it's not like that, I mean it's not a usual hospital (even my mum tells; "You should know it's not a conventional medical institution") and as u maybe can remember, as I told before, right as we had entered, they gave us to take that tablet, that is also a toy and a gadget, a Smartphone and a fun toy, and this had all that lots of Q like what flower u like and what animal

could be your pet, and which fruit and which herb and all that, so from this what we wrote with mum, was already half a book. And now if u really like my story. please know it was real and make both L and me Anni win the first prize and also visit u at your new Hosy as we would like to read together lots of stories such as Den lille havfrue.

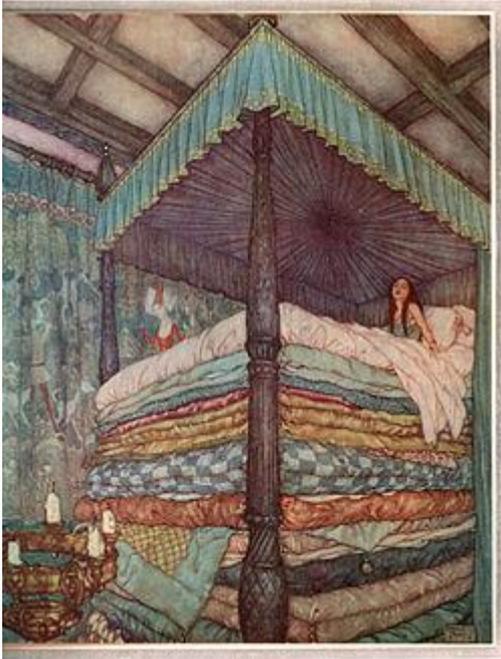
The cute Healy nurse had explained to me, that a little bit like (and at the same time. in a way, u can say, also unlike) the Little Mermaid (remember from that story of what's his name, oh yea, Andersen Hans Christian) who had suffered from deep sadness (due to her lost case lovestory with the handsome prince, I forgot his name in the story) we can not have an almost eternal life (without any sickness – not even a

cold ever) and also live forever in love happily ever after, and therefore as in the legends, we humans in this world – we have a much shorter "lifespan" (as my mother use to say) than a mermaid's original 300 years, but our great "+" is that unlike the mermaids who finally totally die around the year three hundred and 1, and turn to sea foam, and completely cease and stop to exist, we can enjoy the advantage of an eternal soul that lives on in heaven up the tall sky. And in addition to that, we can enjoy natural love without having to visit the Sea Witch in a dangerous part of the ocean, without having to swallow the complicated potion that gave the Mermaid legs (in exchange, remember for her tongue, poor girl, and beautiful voice she had to lose), without losing the possibility of returning to the sea and without that annoying feel of sharp pain as we walk (as if on sharp knives), that is after drinking the potion. I suddenly felt deep identification with that maid (as my headache started due to my secret love towards Hans, the cool guy in my parallel classroom, who didn't even notice me, shame on him!!! but keep it shaa-shaa don't dare tell please any1). I kept it a secret (also from mum) as I knew I was myself a merry maid, that is Den lille havfrue is really me, but please-please I ask u now, keep it a secret don't tell any person, swear now.



The cute nurse didn't know all that gossip, but just through sheer intuition and her wish to be so nice to me, she told me; listen, little Annila, I had just discovered u r

really r also the "Prinsessen paa" as well ... I got red in the face from that compliment and couldn't say a thing, besides "oh, really, u mean it seriously?!" and she said; sure thing dear, all we need to discover now is just the secret hidden pea deep at your bed, under mattress, so that you'll be able to sleep well and wake up fresh like new again.



She said don't worry if u ever get to sleep here, as our beds are super comfortable and totally peiless, but just in case if you ever get sick again (and as she spoke she had given me a little flowerpot with a beautiful flower in it, saying take this present and let it grow on your window at home, it has the golden heart flower and all u have to do is just smell it to get healed. Its 4u, she said and then she went on as if talking to herself which went like this; If you love a flower that lives on a star, it is sweet to look at the sky at night. All the stars are a-bloom with flowers . . . "here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye". "What? – Crispy asked "what did you just said to my daughter girl", but she just went on speaking, as if she is not sure she had heard the Q. U c she added, I don't want her to be like that person I know, the guy from a planet where there is a certain red-faced gentleman. "He has never smelled a flower. He has never looked at a star. He had never loved any one. He had never done anything in his life, but add up figures, he tends to think he is busy with matters of consequence!. And that makes him feel so very important and swell up with pride, but he is not a man--he is a mushroom!"

So finally finnaly if u still don't believe L and me Inny – please know u dear reader that all the time stories were popping over me from all over the place; I saw them at the windows of the train in the form of colorful posters, I read them on the hologram screen in front of me, as I entered there, it was a wide board with my name,

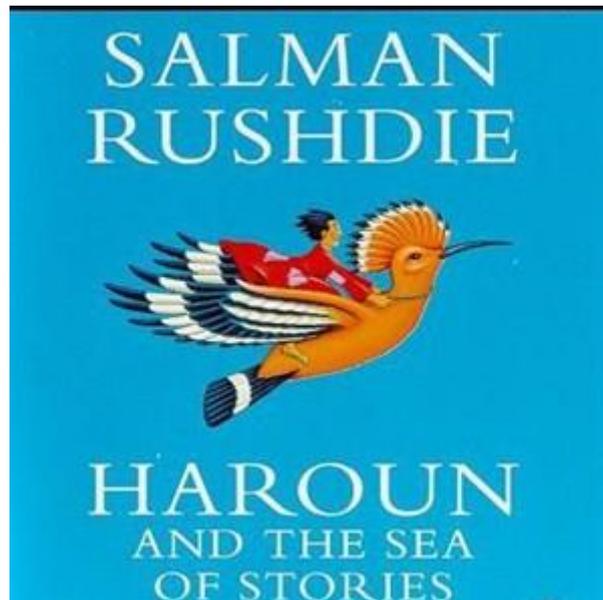
nick and everything and it says; "hi hi Anni welcome to the Happy Hosy, whats your story today?" It actually meant which story would u like 2day? It really meant, as I discovered later, in which story would u like to participate? "Oh my, look Inny", my mama said, "its all interactive you can choose a tale and be a character inside as u please".

But first I have to explain more about that ocean of stories; it was spilt all over the place; in the windows and over the board, but also the nurses and the doctors, and all the stuff ("the personal", as my Crispe said) all took part as they please and choose. I had asked both that Marry Popins lady and the Popy clown; say what's going on here and they told me that each month or so they pick a story of their fancy and once they vote for it and it's democratically chosen, they all play that story and inside the story. They said you see its our crazy hobby and it really helps us to enjoy our work and to give u a nice hospitality.

But what the connection to hospital?" – I had heard one visitor lady ask, and they " explained right on the spot that the word 'hospital' is like 'hospitality' and so it has to be a little bit like a fun hotel or hostel or hospice or a youth hostel, or whatever, so according to their mind if so, it should be enjoyable experience and they believe that certain stories could be both lots of fun and also cure u, cause they have healing energy, like once u listen to them and kind of get into the story yourself and identify with the characters of the tale and all that. Hummm... what an interesting idea, told my mum, you hear that Inny, says my Crispy. I do I said and she told at this place it seems as if they had found a way to combine work and pleasure and you know why? I thought I know, but pretended not so and she went to explain that they had discovered an amazing discovery according to which fun heals so that they have to make it fun to themselves and to their guests. That's why they are very attracted to comic books and funny tales, cause they found that if u have fun and enjoy life – u can also be more happy most time and since their work was not easy to treat all those patients – they discovered that the best way to go about it is to have double fun as much they can – both for themselves and their patients, that is their gusts and that's why they had turned their Hospital into such fun place and that's why they have a room that is called the laughter factory in which they make you laugh with crazy distorted mirrors, with jokes and funny clowns and just giggling you till u smile and start to laugh almost hysterically cause it could cure u. What an interesting philosophy, cried mum in her .pleasantly astonished polite voice

"U mean u have medical doctors that are really story professors!?! " – asked that other lady, sitting next on the train, she was in a state of giggling mockingly saying "ohye vey what a combination of mambo jumbo and hocus focus is going on here?" but they had taken her seriously and answered with great patience saying in a way yea, mum but the main story libratory is in our library there we have the center of the story activity, there we read them, listen to them and then play then – improvise over them and participate in the plots that we change as we please always for the better, cause we like happy ends. It sounded familiar to me, as I suddenly thought it starts to

remind me of that story of Haroun Khalifa who had lived with his father Rashid, a famous storyteller, and his mother Soraya, in an ancient city that was so old – it had forgotten its name, and me too mind you, but anyway in that story the bad guys are as I remember against the Sea of Stories and they want to end and dry it right at the Story Source at the bottom of the Sea, but Haroun doesn't let them and at the end the good ones win and the ocean of stories is saved and renewed from the mouth of Rashid and all are pleased – besides the evil entities who lose.



Yea, I have heard all that nonsense", said that lady, she was a bit unpleasant to my " mind and not so polite, "but what's the connection?!" and the two receptionists that is the Healy and the Popy clown, said most pertinently in one voice; the connection is that we had found in our laboratories that stories really heal u and not only that we had discovered a way in which we make a new reading in each story and make it a super healer – even sometimes better than a regular medicine, so whenever we can, we just use stories as we prefer them if possible to tablets and injections and all that.

"Oh, I see", the lady hummed a bit embarrassed "it doesn't sound very scientific, but if u say so...." I don't believe she saw anything at all, she couldn't make sense of it, but I could, cause I just love stories and I had noticed even without paying attention to that, that they could make me feel good and also when I tell them myself, I saw people start to feel better, as I hope u do now, even if I talk and talk so long, just to describe that amazing happy Hosy place, but I do that and even repeat myself awfully, cause people don't believe me until I take them there and show it for their own eyes to see, so just invite me again and I'll happily come with that L guy to visit and read u more very goody ending Hosy stories like that.