

Bill — Poop and Boogies

Wind rushed past Iggy's face, as his Wiggy Bed climbed higher and higher into the sky. Iggy felt he was getting too high and leveled off. Having a flying bed was so much fun. Tears formed in the corners of Iggy's eyes from the chilling air in the higher atmosphere.

"I never realized how cold it could be, so high up." Iggy thought to himself. "Feels like my boogers could freeze, it's so cold."

Iggy reached into one of the drawers on the side of the bed and pulled out a small mirror which he sometimes used to look around corners when he was playing "secret agent." He never saw a frozen booger before; he wanted to check to see if icicles were hanging from his nose.

"Drats, no snot-cicles," Iggy said to himself. He noticed his reflection, his unruly hair that was blown in every direction due to the speed of the bed against the wind. This gave a new meaning to the term "bed head."

Iggy felt his belly rumble. He was hungry. He steered his bed into a pear orchard to gather some fruit for lunch. He hopped off his Wiggy Bed to stretch his legs. He walked under a ladder leaning against a tree.

"Don't you know that is bad luck?" came a voice from the top. A boy, Iggy's age, descended the ladder. The boy wore thick glasses covering his crossed eyes. The boy's face was twisted and contorted with a permanent scrunch to his nose and lips.

"My name is Rabbit." said the boy. "What are you doing here?"

"I am a bit hungry and I was hoping for a pear or two," said Iggy staring at the boy's face. "What happened to your face?"

"Oh this?" said Rabbit pointing at his own expression. "I wear the glasses because I sat too close to the TV. My eyes are crossed and my face is pursed because I was making funny faces at my sister and now it is stuck like this."

Rabbit tossed a pair of pears to Iggy.

Casey — Moosh in indy

Iggy took a big bite out of one of the pears. Juice ran down Iggy's cheeks and pooled together in drops under his chin, he used his sleeve to wipe away the mess.

"Thanks!" said Iggy, his speech muffled seeing as how he still had a mouthful of juicy pear. "What were you doing up in the tree?" Iggy asked.

“I was waiting for you.” replied Rabbit.

Rabbit’s reply took Iggy off guard. He began to look around, he had seen a television show where a group of people play some dastardly joke on unassuming little boys, maybe cameras and men with microphones would come running through the pear orchard screaming his name demanding interviews at any moment.

In the middle of Iggy’s daydream, which ended with him hoisted up on the shoulders of his favorite baseball team with the entire crowd cheering his name for being such a good sport in the joke, which is what this must be, Iggy was brought back to reality by Rabbit’s next question.

“So you’ve got a Wiggy Bed?” asked Rabbit.

“This surely must be a joke,” thought Iggy. “How could he possibly know about my bed?”

Rabbit, picking up on Iggy’s confuzzled expression continued, “Folks around these parts haven’t seen a Wiggy Bed in over a dozen and three quarters years. I tried to tell them you’d be coming but no one believed me. And here you are! Just wait until I tell my sister, she’s going to go bananas!”

Rabbit began walking away from Iggy, realizing that Iggy wasn’t following. Rabbit yelled back, “Hey! Kid! You coming? You’ve got a lot of people that are going to want to meet you! On second thought, how about we take your bed? It will be much quicker.”

Iggy blinked once, shook his head around and wondered if maybe he was asleep, he had been on his bed after all. He looked down, pinched his forearm with a good tight pinch and realized quite quickly that yes, he was awake – and OUCH!

Iggy began to wonder if he could have more than one person on his bed; he had never really thought about it. But if Rabbit knew about Wiggy Beds he must know that they can accommodate more than one person.

Iggy shrugged, “Sure, where to?”

Chris – Notes From the Trenches

“Don’t worry,” Rabbit replied, “I know exactly how to get where we are going.” Rabbit had jumped up on the bed and patted the spot next to him. His face seemed to relax a bit and Iggy thought he could almost detect a smile.

Even so, Iggy was worried. He was very worried. Boys just don’t pop out of trees. It was all so strange. He shuffled his feet on a patch of dirt where the grass had worn thin.

“C’mon, get on the bed! Hurry!” Rabbit called. The bed had begun vibrating. Iggy was worried

it would take off without him. Then what would happen! He would be stuck here forever. And he didn't even know where here was!

Iggy ran for the bed and made a diving leap, barely landing on the bed as it lifted off. Quickly the bed rose up into the air, higher and higher, the air freezing his nose again. He grasped wildly at the blankets on his bed, his legs hanging off the side, dangling into the nothingness below. Iggy was afraid to look down. He could not get onto the bed. It seemed as if every grasp he made toward the blankets caused him to slip off the edge of the bed. He was scared.

Rabbit seemed oblivious to his plight. He was on his knees holding onto the footboard of the bed. The wind blowing back his hair.

“Raaaaaa-bbiiiiiiiiiiiit!” Iggy yelled, “help me!”

Rabbit looked over at Iggy, his face an equal measure of concern and disgust. Rabbit stretched out his arm. Iggy hesitated. He didn't want to let go of the blankets. He grasped them more tightly. He could feel tears welling up in his eyes. He didn't think he had ever been so frightened before in his entire life.

Rabbit's face softened. “Grab my hand,” he said as he stretched his arm out even farther. “Trust me.”

The bed tipped sharply to the left. Iggy screamed. Using every ounce of courage that he could muster, Iggy let go of the blankets and grabbed Rabbit's hand. Rabbit tugged with all his might. Iggy flew up on top of the bed, knocking Rabbit onto his back. They looked at each for a second and then they burst out laughing. Iggy was still laughing as he sat up at the foot of the bed.

“There, see!” Rabbit was pointing to something in the horizon. As they got closer Iggy realized it was a village.

“I told them all you would be coming. They didn't believe me. But now, they will see I was right.” Rabbit had a smug look on his face, “everyone will be so happy to see you and the Wiggy Bed.”

Iggy sure hoped so. He swallowed hard.

Kristen — We are THAT Family

Rabbit brought the bed down in the center of town, gracefully, like he'd done so before.

People of different heights and shapes, their skin a rainbow of colors, emerged from their houses.

Iggy looked to Rabbit to explain, but the proud look on his face said it all. As the tall clock tower struck four, a low rumbling chant started from the back of the growing crowd, “Wiggy Bed, Wiggy Bed.”

Iggy looked around, dumbfounded at the noisy mass.

A tall thin man with a green hat and orange complexion stepped into the center of the crowd, towards Iggy. He tugged at his long felt coat and said in a loud, clear voice, “what is your name boy?”

Iggy noting the man’s authority and the way the crowd parted, chewed his nail and stuttered, “my n-n-name is Iggy.”

The crowd erupted in cheers and wild applause.

Iggy looked around in astonishment and couldn’t help but grin at his name being heralded.

The man with the green hat hushed the people with his hands and proclaimed: “Welcome, Iggy and the return of Wiggy Bed. Well done, Rabbit. This is but the fourth visit in the past 100 years and we are honored. We have been waiting and planning for this day for more than a dozen years. Let the celebration begin!”

Music and a marching band appeared from around a corner, as if they’d been waiting. Tables heavy with Iggy’s favorite foods, hot dogs with ketchup only, sour cream chips and every cookie imaginable, were carried out. But what really caught Iggy’s attention were the racks that rolled right past him. The racks were full of coffee mugs, post cards and t-shirts. Iggy rubbed his eyes and blinked hard; the front of the shirts were printed with “I rode the Wiggy” and had a picture of his bed! Souvenirs?

Iggy leaned over and whispered to Rabbit who was busy filling his plate. “Why exactly is the Wiggy Bed so important to your village?”

Rabbit stopped mid-chew. “We are not allowed to speak of it, but I will tell you.” He lowered his voice. “This time Wiggy Bed is here to stay. My people will not let it slip through their fingers again.”

Iggy gulped.

Liz — This Full House

”What do you mean, Rabbit?” Rabbit shrugged his scrawny shoulders and took another bite of something dripping with sticky syrup. “You can go home, if you want to,” Rabbit replied, in a sugary voice. “Wiggy has to stay.”

NO! Iggy jumped up from the dessert table, knocking a bowl of rainbow sherbet all over Rabbit and replied, “not without Wiggy!”

Iggy pushed through the noisy crowd. “Wait for meeeeeee,” shouted Rabbit. Iggy jumped back onto Wiggy and covered his head with his favorite blanket. Iggy was afraid that this was turning

into a bad dream, or perhaps his new friend Rabbit was just a little bit confuzzled, just like the rest of the strange little village. Iggy traced the bright yellow polka dots on the sheets of his bed with his finger, as his belly began to hurt, just like most mornings right before math in school.

Gulp! He felt the juicy pears he'd eaten earlier bubbling into his throat.

The bed began to vibrate, again. Iggy popped up from underneath his blanket and yelled at Rabbit, "Wiggy's mine!" Rabbit dropped his plate. Crash! Luckily, the marching band was in the middle of playing "for he's a jolly good Wiggy."

Rabbit coughed ketchup and chocolate chips into one of his hands and then covered Iggy's mouth with it. "Quiet, you're gonna get us in real big trouble!" Iggy swallowed hard and tried not to look directly into Rabbit's crossed eyes, which made him feel even dizzier.

"Buh, buh, buh," Iggy pushed Rabbit's sticky hand away, "but Wiggy is my bed!" Rabbit lowered his sherbet-covered head and looked around nervously.

"Shhhh, quit saying that, would you?" Rabbit pushed the thick glasses back up his sweaty little nose and made an awful grinding noise with his teeth. "You're embarrassing me," but, it was too late!

The man with the orange complexion moved quickly towards them and replied rather spittingly, "What's that you say?" He then took off his green hat and Iggy felt his insides go wobbly.

The crowd stopped chanting and turned all at once to face the man with the enormous purple ears, waiting eagerly for him to speak again. "Did I hear you, correctly?" Iggy bit his lower lip and anxiously looked to Rabbit for help. "I said, be quiet," Rabbit mumbled, "or he's gonna blow a real big bubble!"

The man took a deep breath, raised one of his thick, curly eyebrows, puckered his thin lips and then began to blow the biggest spit bubble Iggy ever saw. "Duck!" Rabbit jumped on top of Iggy right before the bubble burst, spraying rainbow-colored spit in every direction. "Wiggy!!!!!" Iggy was horrified. "My bed is soaking wet!"

Melanie — The Big Mama Blog

The Wiggy Bed looked as if it had been sprayed down with every color in the rainbow. It was completely soaked and so was Iggy. He felt tears spring to his eyes, but he didn't want to cry in front of these strange, colorful people who were acting so rude.

Iggy could tell Rabbit was watching him to see what he was going to do, but he wasn't even sure himself. Who were these people? Where was he? All he knew for sure was that he wanted to go home and he wasn't leaving without his Wiggy Bed.

He mustered all the courage he could find, even though he still felt a little scared inside, looked right at the man with the enormous purple ears and in a quiet voice whispered, “This is my Wiggy Bed and you can’t have it.”

The man glared at him and asked, “What did you just say to me?” Iggy repeated, slightly louder this time, “This is MY Wiggy Bed and YOU CAN’T HAVE IT.”

As the words left his mouth, he felt braver than he’d ever felt before. He wasn’t sure what was going to happen, but he knew he had to stand up for himself. Rabbit was staring at him with his mouth scrunched up more than ever as he pushed up his glasses and said, “I told you that they aren’t going to let the Wiggy Bed leave again. It’s here to stay.”

“But why?” Iggy asked, “I don’t understand why it’s so important and why they want it so much.”

Rabbit replied, “I told you that I can’t tell you. You have to figure it out for yourself.”

Iggy thought about it for a moment and realized the Wiggy Bed was the first thing he’d ever had that was worth fighting for. He was so used to letting people tell him what to do that he’d stopped trying to stand up for himself and he was ready to be different. He was ready to be brave.

The man with the purple ears was looking at him as the crowd moved closer. Iggy was afraid, but he was determined. He yelled, “THIS IS MY WIGGY BED AND YOU CAN’T HAVE IT!” And at that exact moment the Wiggy Bed took off into the air, flying so fast that Rabbit nearly got left behind.

Iggy had never felt so proud of himself. He knew something inside of him had changed, but just as he settled under the blankets, the Wiggy Bed began to fall out of the sky.

Mir — Want Not

“What’s happening?” cried Iggy. “Why are we falling? Rabbit, help!”

Iggy was sitting up, handfuls of soggy bedding clutched between his fingers.

“I think it’s the spit,” said Rabbit, from his spot at the footboard. “Well, that and... look, there’s no time! Wring out the blankets! And think about flying!”

Rabbit was gathering up the covers and holding them over the edge, squeezing the rainbow liquid out as fast as he could.

“Think about flying? But we’re falling!” Iggy followed Rabbit’s lead and began wringing out the blankets over the Wiggy Bed’s edge. Was it his imagination, or were they not falling as fast, now?

“Keep squeezing!” urged Rabbit. “But close your eyes.” Iggy stared at Rabbit in disbelief. “Just

do it!” Iggy’s lids snapped shut. “Think about the first time the bed took off,” Rabbit ordered. “Remember what it felt like. Picture it in your head!”

Iggy’s heart was pounding a mile a minute, but he tried to remember that first take-off. The surprise he’d felt, the rush of the wind and the exhilaration of seeing the ground fall away, the realization that magic things could happen. Iggy could picture it so clearly, the sensation of going up-up-up... and –

Wait. They were going up again. He could feel it! Iggy was afraid to open his eyes, but at Rabbit’s sudden burst of laughter he couldn’t help it.

“You did it, Iggy! We’re okay!” Iggy had a moment to peer over the edge and see that they’d come perilously close to the ground before beginning another climb skyward, and then Rabbit had tackled him in a huge hug. The boys giggled until Iggy untangled himself and gasped.

Robin Dance – Pensieve

All of a sudden, something seemed dreadfully wrong. Glasses knocked off in the tumble, sweaty, sticky (and rather stinky) from all the blanket wringing and spit bubble spraying from the purple-eared man, Rabbit’s face seemed to be melting!

Eyes wider than saucers, Iggy tried to make sense of it all in a world where nothing made sense. He looked at Rabbit.

“W-w-w-w-what’s wrong with your f-f-face?”

Rabbit’s eyes widened. He reached into his pocket and took out a hand mirror. He looked at himself. “Oh, no!” he shouted. “This wasn’t supposed to happen!” He clutched his face, which peeled off in his hands like the skin of a melted marshmallow. Beneath, his real skin reminded Iggy of his baby cousin Felix’s dirty diapers after eating peas and carrots.

“Who are you?” shouted Iggy, but Rabbit just stared ahead, horrified at his own transformation.

“Igggggyyyyyyy!” came a voice. Rabbit looked around. Iggy looked around. They didn’t see another soul. “Igggggyyyyyyy!” It was coming from the bedside drawer.

But it wasn’t Iggy’s drawer calling – it was his faithful friend Guppy inside the drawer, whom he had forgotten like last year’s Christmas underwear from Aunt Ethel once he’d met Rabbit.

Iggy lunged to open the drawer. Guppy, agitated and swirling in circles, squealed, “IT’S ABOUT TIME!” And with an accusing fin pointing at Rabbit, he commanded, “GET RID OF HIM! NOW! BEFORE IT’S TOO LATE!”

It was the most important decision of his life. He had to determine who was his true friend...and who was not. After all, what had Rabbit done to deserve his friendship? Friends are true. Rabbit was, well, false. He had tricked Iggy. He had almost trapped Iggy. He had taken advantage of Iggy's nice guyness.

Iggy had to act – and fast! He grabbed his blanket, tickled his nose with the fuzzy corners, then shoved them into Rabbit's hand. A sneeze erupted and his blanket turned into a parachute. He scratched his head and bubbles exploded out of the bedposts. He burped and licked his elbow and his Wiggy Bed popped a wheelie before swooshing a hard left.

Dazed and confuzzled, Rabbit rolled off the bed, parachute blanket in hand and floated back to his colorful village. That'll teach him, Iggy thought.

Iggy and Guppy high-fived-and-finned, delirious with laughter. Iggy tried to apologize to Guppy for his short-term memory loss, but Guppy waved him off, saying, “awww, that's the past, Iggy. Let's talk about your future.”

Then, Guppy uttered the three most beautiful words Iggy had heard since discovering his Wiggy Bed –

“Wanna go home?”

Susan Wagner – Friday Playdate

Iggy sighed and leaned back against his pillows. “Yes,” he said, “I do want to go home.”

He gazed up at the stars as they rushed past his Wiggy Bed and thought about how he had felt in those moments when he thought he was famous; he had felt like he'd found a whole new family who would appreciate him for how special he was. But they only wanted his Wiggy Bed. They weren't interested in Iggy.

But then he thought about how, when the bed was falling, Rabbit had told him to close his eyes and think about the first time he flew. And just like that the bed had soared up and up, away from the ground and into the sky. Was it possible that the Wiggy Bed's magic came from Iggy and not from the bed?

“Guppy,” Iggy said, “Do you think people have magic powers?”

Guppy thought for a moment, as the Wiggy Bed whooshed smoothly through space. “I think people can make magical things happen,” he said. “Is that the same thing?”

Iggy frowned. “Like what kind of magical things?” he asked.

Guppy looked up at the night sky. “Like flying through space in a bed with a fish.” Iggy thought

about this and smiled. Maybe Guppy was right – maybe the magic came from inside him, and not from the bed.

Maybe this is what it meant to grow up, thought Iggy – that he could believe in himself and, best yet, rely on himself. Maybe that’s what it meant to have magic inside him.

Iggy could be the same Iggy he always was, only Iggier. His Iggyocity could shine through more. He would be Iggylicious no matter what and things would be okay. Wiggy could help, of course, but Wiggy wasn’t Iggy. And Iggy wasn’t Wiggy. Iggy didn’t need to be scared that he’d make a mistake – mistakes happen. People are people. Sometimes they mess up. It’s what I learn from those mistakes that matters, Iggy thought.

Iggy sighed. So much thinking! It can tire a guy out. But still, it was a good kind of tired.

Iggy’s blankets were dry now and, despite the cold night air, he was warm and cozy in his Wiggy Bed. He settled his head against the pillow and curled his arm around his favorite blanket. His eyes were getting heavy. The Wiggy Bed flew on, bobbing gently on the night air, and Iggy drifted off to sleep, wondering what his next adventure would be, and what kind of magic he would make with his Wiggy Bed tomorrow.

The End