

About the Author

Johann Joubert is a husband, father, business owner, author, technologist and philosopher.

He aspires to leave the world a little better and tries, through his various books, to immortalise people who have inspired him and who he cherishes.

Wendy's blanket tells of a little girl who is holding on to too much and the result is that she cannot sleep at night. She learns that the only way to grow, is to let certain things go. The story is as much for the children hearing it as it is for the parents reading it.

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Wendy's Blanket

In a speck of a village on top of a hill,
Lived a dad and a mom and their beautiful girl,
She had lively blue eyes and blossom-pink cheeks,
And a bushel of hair, always ready to twirl.
In the summer she laughed,
In the autumn she danced,
In the spring she would sing at the top of her voice,
but the Winter months went on too long;
It silenced her laughter,
It dampened her dance, and
Embezzled the joy from her song.





In the cold winter nights, as she
Slipped into bed,
With the snow-capped mountains outside,
Her blanket seemed suddenly small;
If she pulled it up,
Her feet would freeze,
If she yanked it down,
She'd feel the breeze come
Make itself home in her bed.
“Daaaad!” she called,
Quite appalled,
Tugging and wresting and
Moaning and groaning.

“Yes?” said Dad, as he opened her door,
Peering into the gloom.
“My blanket,” she sneered,
“It’s way too small,
Either that or I’ve grown very tall!”
Dad walked in and studied her room,
Rubbing his chin as he contemplated,
He paused and sighed and raised his brow, and
Then he sat and calmly stated:
“Truth be told, it’s neither of those that
Has the Winter at odds with your toes.”





“Just look at all these Wurries you’ve gathered,
You really need to let them go,
They’re the reason you’re cold, you know?
No blanket can be quite big enough,
For you and a mountain of all of this stuff.”

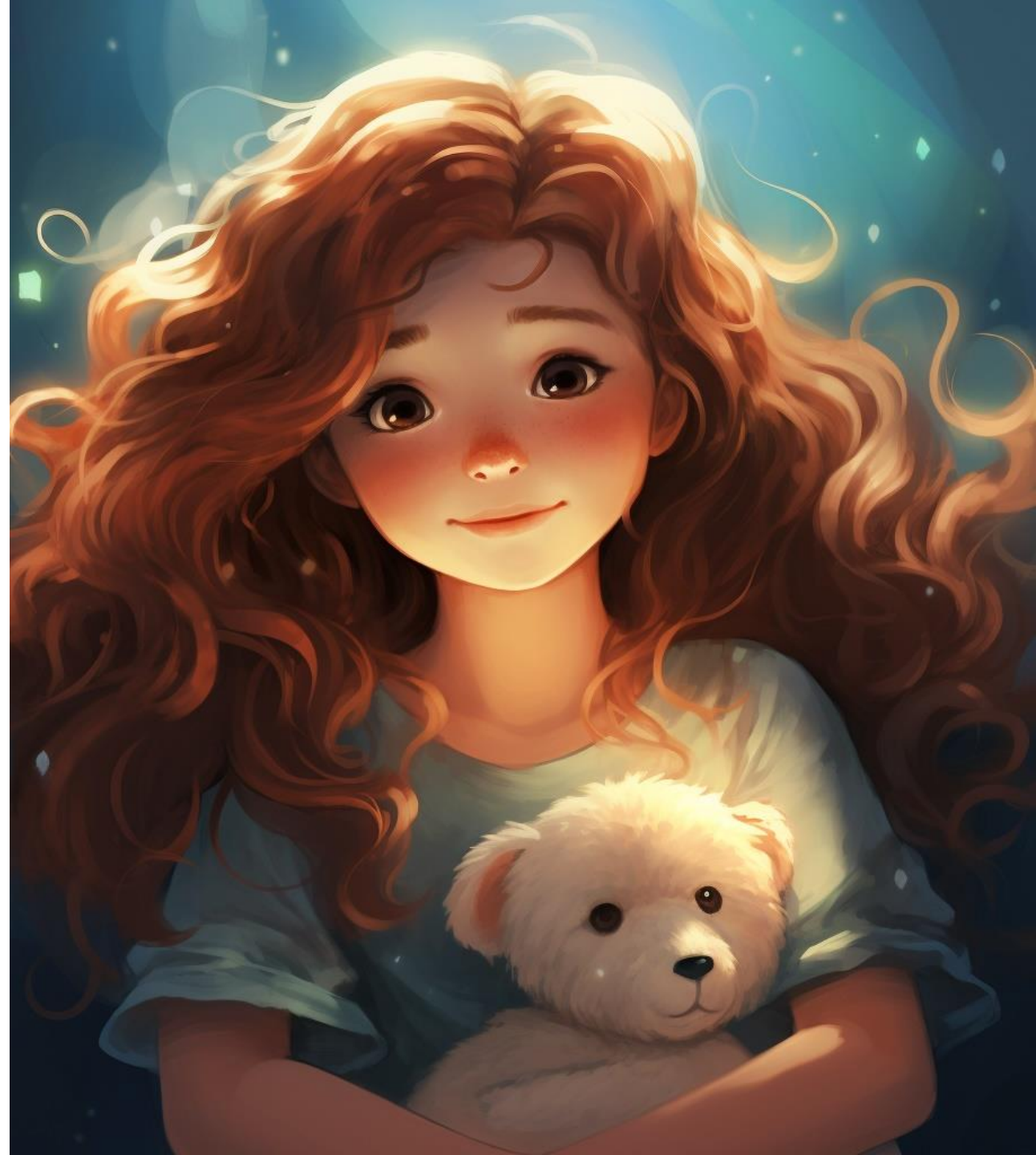
Now, here, we need to go back a bit, to when
Wendy (our girl) was a tiny baby,
Rocked to sleep by her mother at night.
For Wendy the world was a wonderful place, with
So much to do, and so much to see, that
Sleep was the last thing that she would embrace:
Not without Dummy,
Not without singing, and certainly
Not without tickling her tummy and
Wurry, her teddy so dear.





An odd name, I know, but these things do happen.
The teddy was actually “Murry”, you see,
But the “M” had come undone, and then,
In a flurry of chaos, the “M” was attached upside down,
Turning Murry the sloth, into
Wurry the brown little bear.
In years to follow, more Wurries were added, and
Now they lay in a heap,
Close to Wendy, and
Dear to her heart, so the
Thought of letting them go, wasn’t
Something she wanted to hear or to know.

“But they’re mine!” she protested,
“My precious Wurries!
They’ve been with me forever,
I cannot just let them go?”
She was close on panic and
Close to tears,
Her Wurries had helped her through
Difficult years.
“So give them to me,” said her dad,
“I have dealt with Wurries before,
The very same Wurries you
Now so adore.”
“But what if I’m lonely when I let them go?
They each have a story,
They each have a name.”





“If you want your blanket to keep you warm,
To keep you safe from the cold outside,
There’s no room for Wurries to
Linger and hide.
You *must* let go,
And if you’re afraid?
Then I can climb in next to you,
And hold your hand,
And squeeze it tight,
And then you’ll have some peace tonight.”

Your blanket will reach from head to toe,
And you will be lighter and brighter and better,
All for letting your Wurries go,
And you will be warm and safe and calm,
No matter the wind, the cold and the snow.”

