



THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE QUEEN OF FRIVOLITY

A FAIRY TALE FOR GROWN-UPS

BY  
LEIGH MELANDER, PH.D.

A TASTE OF  
THE POINTLESS REVOLUTION  
HANDBOOK



The Adventures of the Queen of Frivolity is a portion of

THE POINTLESS REVOLUTION HANDBOOK:  
FRIVOLITY AND THE SERIOUS BUSINESS  
OF SUBVERSIVE CREATIVITY,

A Frivolous Miscellany  
Offering  
Assistance in Breaking the Yoke  
Of the Tyranny  
Of Responsibility, Organization, and  
Taking One's Self Too Seriously,  
All to  
Aid The Soul's Revolution

A pointedly pointless step-by-step guide for frivolous revolutionaries.  
Down with the forces of responsibility, practicality, and organization!



We hope that you will enjoy meeting the Queen of Frivolity.  
Feel free to pass her story along to friends.

And, if you are interested in the full kit and kaboodle, email us at  
[thecrew@meanderingpress.com](mailto:thecrew@meanderingpress.com)  
and we'll put you on the mailing list to let you know when  
the handbook comes out!

**The Revolution Has Begun!**



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# ONCE UPON A TIME,

as long ago as yesterday  
and as far away as here,  
there lived a young woman.



Well, maybe she wasn't so completely young,  
but she chose to ignore words like varicose  
and didn't look too carefully into the mirror.



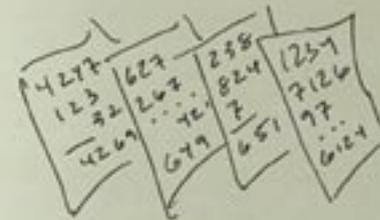
She lived in a little house on a little street that looked pretty  
much like every other little house on any other little street...



...and worked in a little cubicle  
that was gray  
and lined up perfectly  
with a thousand  
other cubicles.

She worked for the  
**Blandings Lumph and Hayz  
Manufacturing Company**  
but she wasn't entirely sure what they manufactured.

She was responsible for looking at  
**large quantities of paper,  
covered in what management insisted was  
exceedingly important data.**



She wasn't exactly unhappy.

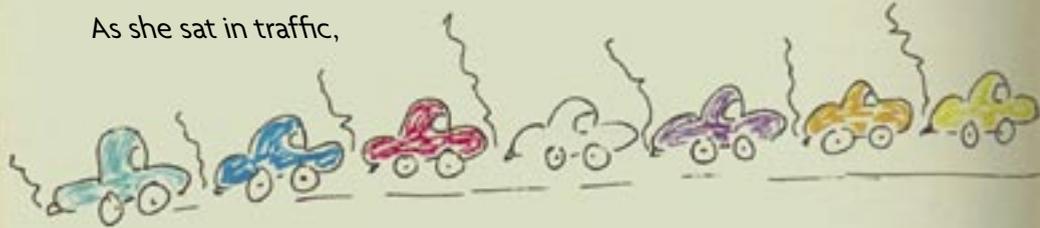


The day that everything changed began much like every other.

*She had brushed her teeth  
and burned her mouth  
on an insta-micro-breakfast-pocket  
as she ran out of the door,  
late for work.*



As she sat in traffic,



worrying about all of the data she needed to move around,  
she was conscious of a heaviness around her shoulders.  
By noon, she could hardly sit at her desk,  
and slumped with her hands in her lap, staring at the computer.  
**Even her eyelashes felt heavy.**

She ignored the whispering behind her at first,  
but then it rose to a rumble.

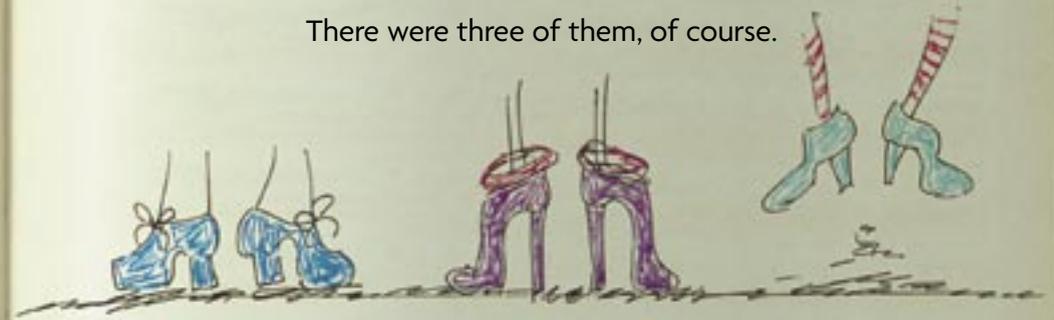
**“She’s not doing anything.  
She’s not counting anything.  
She’s not fling anything.”**



She decided that it was time to visit  
the Aunties.

She found the Aunties hard to explain,  
so she didn't talk about them much.  
They had been around as long as she could remember.

There were three of them, of course.



AUNTIE MATTER, Auntie Establishment, and **Auntie Gravity**.



**Auntie Gravity** was fond of  
single malt scotch in a teacup,  
served with a dollop of sugar.

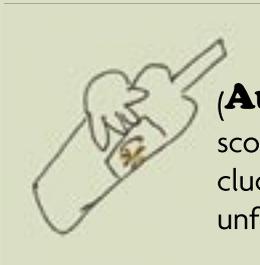
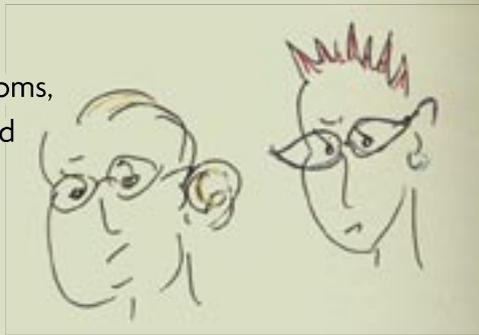
She also, oddly enough, floated several feet off the ground.

They lived in a house  
without any right angles  
and had several pet rats.

But they could be counted on  
when there was no one else to turn to.



When she described her symptoms, Auntie Establishment and AUNTIE MATTER began to cluck their tongues.



**Auntie Gravity** was slugging scotch, and had found that trying to cluck and swallow simultaneously had the unfortunate tendency to cause hic<sup>c</sup>ups.)

The Aunties looked at each other and sighed. "This is serious," they said, "and we will have to take dramatic measures."

"But what is it?" By now she was lying on the floor.

"My dear," they said, "You have an acute case of the **GOTTADOOS.**"

"The what?!?" She said.

"How many times a day do you say, 'I have to do this,' or 'I have to do that?'"

The not-so-completely young woman thought about it .....  
..... Finally, she said, "A lot."



Auntie Establishment sighed in affection exasperation. "Well each time you say or think that, you create a **GOTTADOO.**"

The Aunties shuddered in distaste.

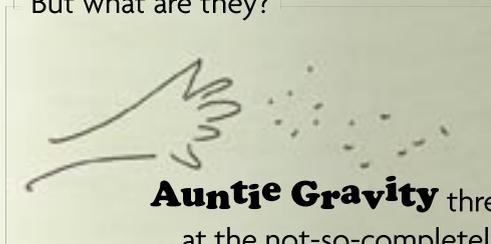


"Nasty little buggers," said AUNTIE MATTER.



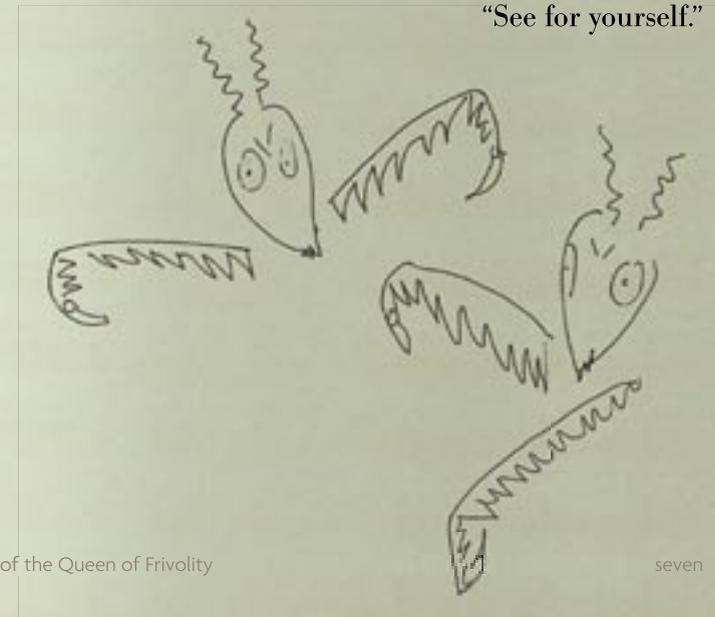
"Hate 'em," said **Auntie Gravity**.

"But what are they?"



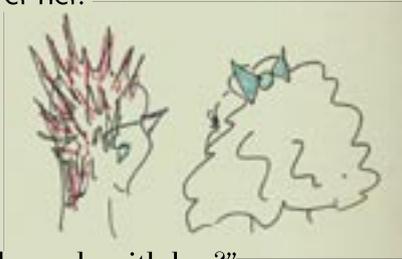
**Auntie Gravity** threw a pinch of sugar at the not-so-completely young woman.

"See for yourself."



She blinked.  
There were hundreds of them, silver eyes glowing,  
each with a pincer loving thrown over her.

**AND THEY WERE HEAVY.**



"The question is, what do we do with her?"

"I've never seen such a bad case."

"I think we should tell her."

"I don't think she's ready."



AUNTIE MATTER said quietly,

"It's time.

But first, let's get rid of those damn things.

They stink.

Essie, make me a martini."



She watched in disbelief  
as the Aunties made themselves martinis  
(**Auntie Gravity** with a splash of scotch instead of bitters)  
and began to tango over her.



One by one, the **GOTTADOOS** popped until she was able to sit up.



"And now, my dear,  
it is time for you to learn of your destiny."



The Aunties pulled out an enormous trunk  
and dug around in it. From its depths,  
they pulled a battered crown,  
covered in gold foil  
and bedecked with glass jewels.



"This," said AUNTIE MATTER tearfully,  
"is your birthright."

"It was entrusted to us when your mother was taken by the evil  
**Lord Blah**. For years we have kept it safe while **Lord Blah** has  
ruled unchecked, blanketing the world with tax bills, strip malls  
and infomercials. We have been waiting for you to be ready to  
assume your role as the **QUEEN OF FRIVOLITY**."



Humming a tune that sounded only vaguely like  
Pomp and Circumstance  
(**Auntie Gravity**

was tone deaf after a martini),  
the Aunties placed the crown  
upon the not-so-completely young  
woman's head.

"You must find how the evil **Lord Blah**  
is disguising himself.

Only you can stamp out the forces of dull responsibility  
and save the world from palmpilots!"

"Well," she thought,  
"I guess we're all loopy," and said,  
"Sure, I'll get right on it."

The next morning as she went into work, she giggled to herself. However nuts the Aunties may be, they had succeeded in cheering her up. She felt lighter than she had in months.



As she sat down at her desk, she glanced up at the top of her cubicle and her heart jumped to her throat.

There, hanging over the edge, was a **GOTTADOO**, silver eyes staring at her.

"Ahem."

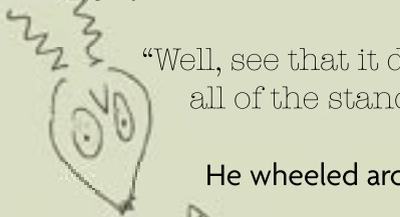
She turned around to see Mr. Merdle eyeing her, holding several sheets of data.

"I seem to be missing some very important numbers from yesterday."



"I'm so sorry, sir...you see, I wasn't feeling well, and..."

She gasped as she felt the **GOTTADOOS** sink a pincer into her.

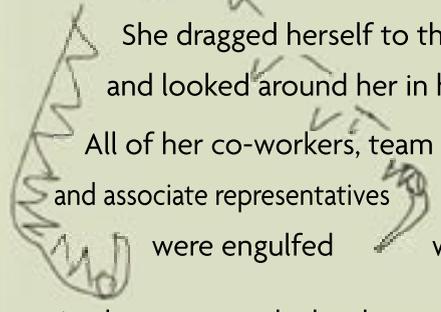


"Well, see that it doesn't happen again. Upsets all of the standards and we get off course."

He wheeled around and was gone.

She dragged herself to the edge of her cubicle and looked around her in horror.

All of her co-workers, team members, representative associates and associate representatives were engulfed with **GOTTADOOS**.



As she ran towards the door, she felt the **GOTTADOO** slip off her back.



"You see, we were right," said **AUNTIE MATTER**.

"Only you can battle the forces of efficiency."

"But with what?" she cried.



"Oh, that's easy," said the Aunties,

"With Swim fins, chocolate bars, music..."

"Oh he hates music,"

said **Auntie Establishment**, "except for Kenny G."

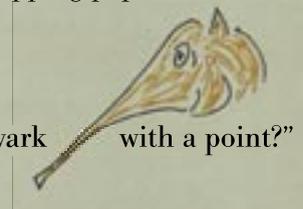
"Flowers, snow, bubble baths..."

"Anything pointless, anything fun."

"Poetry, peppermints, wrapping paper, aardvarks—"

"Aardvarks?"

"Well, have you ever known an aardvark with a point?"



"Got me there..."

"Hopscotch—"

"Hell, just plain scotch!" yelled **Auntie Gravity**.



"Hula hoops, swizzle sticks, full moons..."

"Balloons, lampoons, saloons..."

"Ticker tape parades, limericks, plain old sticks"

Ostriches, demitasse cups, oranges..."

"Cartoons!"

"And baboons!"



"Rats!"

RUNTIE MATTER held up her hand to stem the flood.

“But there is a secret.”



“What is it?”

“If we told you, it wouldn’t be a secret.”

**Auntie Gravity** shook her head.

“It’s what got your mother, I’m afraid.”

“Enough, **Gravie**,”

said *Auntie Establishment*.

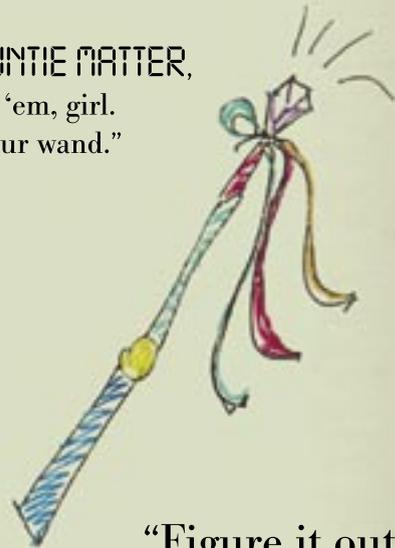
“It won’t help her.”

“You’re right, I’m sorry.”

“Well,” said RUNTIE MATTER,

“Have at ‘em, girl.

Here’s your wand.”



“Figure it out.”

Back at work again,  
the not-so-completely young woman  
was having a glorious time.



She had,  
indeed,  
figured out how to use the wand  
and **GOTTADOOS** were popping like firecrackers.

She had  
replaced computer networks with toy trains,  
telephones with bubble blowers,  
and she was just putting the finishing touches  
on a water fountain  
when Mr. Merdle arrived.

And then she realized it. Mr. Merdle had no **GOTTADOOS**.  
Could he be the evil **Lord Blah**?



“No, I have to finish my fountain.”

Instantly, she was covered in **GOTTADOOS**.  
She struggled beneath them, as Mr. Merdle leared menacingly.

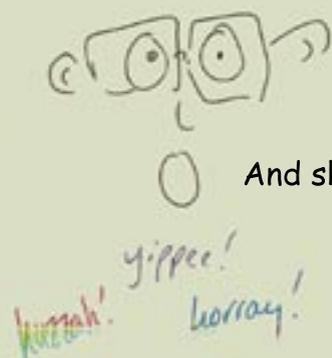
“I think you’d best get back to work.”

Frantic, she squirmed underneath the **GOTTADOOS**. She had to  
escape them, she just had to, or the world would be lost.

Or did she? She had solved the secret.

Laughing, she jumped up.  
“I don’t have to do anything.  
I’m going for a swim.”

And she pointed her wand at Mr. Merdle,  
and he was wearing bathing trunks  
and a sousaphone.  
Cheers from the crowd.  
Everybody samba!



As everyone crowded around her to congratulate her  
(and Mr. Merdle played Tiptoe Through the Tulips),  
she was visited with a disquieting thought.  
**Lord Blah** had sure gone down easily.

Shhh!! Shhhh!! The boss! Mr. Hayz!

The crowd pulled back  
and stood silent.



And then she realized—  
Mr. Blandings Lumph and Hayz.

**Lord Blah.**

Everyone around her began to chant blahblahblahblah...

It was an amazing battle.

Wands blazed (his had wireless internet access and direct stock  
market link), dayplanners snapped shut on pinwheels, kazoos  
drowned out the sound of pagers...

THE QUEEN OF FRIVOLITY was exhausted.

She knew that she was going to lose unless she could think up  
something truly, amazingly preposterous.



“Would you dance with me?”

Of course he said yes, he wasn't an idiot.



And they all lived happily ever after.



The Queen of Frivolity thanks you for joining her  
in her first adventure!

If you're looking for more preposterousness,  
and some more inspiration to be irresponsible,  
the entire

**Pointless Revolution Handbook**

Is coming in the next year.

Email us at

[thecrew@meanderingpress.com](mailto:thecrew@meanderingpress.com)

and we'll let you know when it's hit the presses.



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