

## "Wesely Bleu" by Benjamin Hayward

Wesely Bleu is ordinarily extraordinarily happy. This is the remark made by everyone who knows him. He talks with the widest smile that welcomes you to join the conversation, and he listens with a grin that makes you feel as though you've made his entire day. He sings while he cooks, and he even hums while he eats. He walks happily. He sits happily. He even works happily.

But what most people do not know about Wesely Bleu is that he was not always so happy. It began when his 8<sup>th</sup> grade drama class put on a low-budget production of *Mary Poppins*. Wesely had sung for three years in his church choir, and besides, his father could lend him his grandfather's pin-striped hat. So he was cast to play Bert.

He hated it. He hated singing; he hated choir; he hated drama class; he hated *Mary Poppins*. But Sally Schmidt was playing *Mary Poppins*, and so he wished upon an eyelash he found on his pillow case that he would be perfect for the role of Bert.

You can still see that yearning young boy in his deep, wet eyes creased from his eternal smile.

His wish came true, you see, but he was not only perfect to play Bert—he became Bert.