

A short story by Filip Van Zandycke, written in October-November 2012,
upon demand and suggestion by Ruxandra Cesereanu,
during the Literary Ark festival 2012 in Armenia

" The wayward woe^{*1)}-man / the wayward woo^{*2)}-man "

(A worldwide-woman story as an alternation for and an unconventional reference to "the children's boo-man story.

A nonsensical unintelligible adult's tale, owlshly written by a rising symbol of wisdom.)

There was an old man with a beard,

Who said, "It is just as I feared -

Two owls and a hen,

Four larks and a wren,

Have all built their nests in my beard! "

(from Edward Lear's 'Book of Nonsense')

We had a whale of a time. We held our voice on a wheedling tone. We silently waited for whatever would happen. We wondered who would walk away and who would stay. What was it we wanted from this wacky wayward woe-man? We had no idea whether the wind of her weird mind would lead us astray. What was it we wanted from this woo-man? Not to be withdrawn from her? Her whispering words of wisdom to us? Her womanhood, her wildness? Her to become our whimsical wife?

We had a whale of a time. Losing it.

We: the wailing wannabe wankers within this story?

This is a story of the 'non-booing', men trying to get grip on the woo-man, men wanting to waltz off with her. No-one warned us though, of her being a warrior and a wastrel.

This is who we are:

Oscar is a wild wimp. He thinks of a woman as of no importance. Oscar considers it important being earnest. He is not such a great fan of her, doesn't toast his whisky upon her. He won't touch her: there will not be a shotgun wedding. Only observing her sharply and thereafter approaching her with witty lines: *"Life is good, life is earnest, if it gets too cold, turn up the furnace"*.

Billy is wilder than Oscar. Highly versatile and always creating suspense.

Sometimes he would like her to be hot. Occasionally, he wilfully wiles away the time, giving her the willies.

Will, son of Frank, is full of witty humour. Frank, as a father, wants to go to the zoo with her and his son. Edmund, Will's son, a youngster, literally criticizes the woe-men. Simultaneously, he studies her movements and tries to get her symbolized within his writing; One day he wants to take her to the castle of his friend Axel.

Leonard is a virgin, always behaves like a whining wolf, fierce and on the hunt. In a very modern way he develops his streaming consciousness, withholding his thoughts for her. He dreams of going on a trip with her, to the lighthouse. His mind drowns him into a ceremony that Oscar doesn't fancy: a marriage à la mode, living a well painted immortal life with her. He's a womaniser using wishy-washy colours creating his daily wonderland.

Winnie is a wino: drinking, peeing and pooing. But as wise as a rising owl at present. Wee-wee!

Ludwig the witty philosopher, works on a theory about the language of the woo-man. He pictures her as an unconventional babe in the wood, a woe-man who is in a difficult situation but does not have the experience to deal with it. Quite often he changes his idea about her: thinking that walking her out is a daily routine. He's opposed to Leonard's wonderland. Ludwig's pantomime is to invent his own play, to compose his own music, to design his own dancing and get her into his clowning. Resting himself on the fairy-tale of the owl who can't say boo to a goose: oehoe!

William is worth his words. In his natural world he creates a prelude. An introduction to her being a universal spirit, reshaping her into a work of art. He is a fine romanticist living around the lake of immortality. Hitherto, day by day, he goes out picking daffodils, and flowers them into a poem. His way to fillip her memory. He worships her and feeds her worms. The World Health organization is not informed about the latter.

Noah, the world wide web-star, speaks to her in a flood of different languages. He goes sailing on his sentences, as if his tongue reaches from Wyoming to Washington and furthermore to Wall Street. It's his Walhalla, the way of keeping his head above the water. Upon his wreck he writes a new story for her. Thus breaking the fluid and giving birth to new meanings. '*Wunderkinder*' do that.

She, the wonky wayward woo-man.

As wicked as she was, she never cared. She was not able to express her feelings

to any of them. Only putting her thoughts and feelings into watchwords, letters, symbols, using her own syllepsis.

She was an adult though, a very feminine grown-up, a human being amongst us. And as the rumour went, a woman of easy virtue. Call her a wordy rapping hooded eyed one, a woman of the world, a lady with a yes for this and a no for that, oui oui - si si, that was who she was, non non, not the other woman.

Although we waved to her, as one does for instance to a waiter when ordering a Waldorf salad and wodka, she didn't worry about us. We were too weak for her. And above all, she found her wardrobe to be more important than us. Whatever we were wearing, we were not suitable.

Once, before we got acquainted, she was bitten by a weasel, a wolverine as a matter of fact. Because of this gnaw, her arms were embraced by scars. She covered her body with a well-worn old coat. Only the knuckles of her fingers could be seen, when she was scratching her elbow. Way to comfort her wounds. Her waist was wasted too. To deal with her own unspeakable habits, she would sometimes whack her legs. Wham, another sudden whippy blow on her bottom. Whoosh, a whip on her hip. Whoopee, she never stopped, until asking herself loud en clear: whodunnit?

Afterwards licking her own wounds and singing the soul of her own body language. Alive and kicking, polishing her virtues, harmonizing the blues of her warm welcoming heart. She was fed up with us. Perhaps even with herself, with her well-rounded, well-built corpse. She was indeed well-aware of her own

weight.

Our departure would not be a great loss to her. Our heaviness weighs too light. We the wrong side of her scale . She tiptoed around us, hiding her ankles in white Wellington boots. She got us black as a moon without light in a starless night. We disbelieved that pigs might fly. We gave each other a pick-a-back ride away from her.

One day, she decided to have a Warsaw Pact with all men around her. Nothing less and nothing more. Now she would make a westward journey. Perhaps she would finally fill us up with enthusiasm. Perhaps, one day, she would end up at the Windward Island in the Caribbean Sea, or perhaps waddle to Wagga Wagga in New South Wales, Australia. In the end she most probably would end up in Wetteren or Wichelen, two of those small conservative towns in East-Flanders, Belgium.

But on the go, she always declared:

"for men/ may come/ and woo-man/ may go

As Dracula shall some/ as Ruxandra also.

The woo-man, she remained a lioness. A queen of the universe. A global wizard, beating and defeating them all.

As she had conquered them all, once upon a time down in Waterloo.

wayward:

~ not easily controlled or guided; childishly headstrong or capricious; childishly self-willed or perverse, freakish

*woe^{*1)}-man:*

~ a woe: great sorrow or distress, affliction, bitter grief

~ woes: things that cause sorrow or distress

~ woe betide: there will be trouble for somebody

~ woe is me!: how unhappy I am, alas!

~ woe begone: looking unhappy

*woo^{*2)}-man:*

~ to woo: try to obtain the support of (sb) - try to achieve or obtain, to pursue, seek to win (fame or fortune)

~ to woo: (dated) try to persuade (a woman) to marry one; to court

a woman: (note by the author)

~ attractive and appealing, beautiful and bewildering, charming and caring, desirable and delicate, elegant and eternal, fertile and fought for, graceful and glamorous, hero and hypnotising, intimate and imaginary, jewel and jolly, keen and kind, lust and life, mystifying and magical, naked and near, overwhelming and outstanding, pleasing and peaceful, qualified and quivering, repellent and restful, surplus and sensational, tactful and trusted, unique and universal, vibrating and voluntary, worldwide and wise, XL and

X chromosome, young and yammie, zen and zany,especially. in Armenia!