

## If I Could Be a Queen, You Could Be the Boss

*By Sara Emmons*

When I was six years old I had my circle of friends – my dolls! My Tony doll, my pinup doll, rag doll, popsicle stick dolls, assorted furry friends, and paper dolls galore. I was their queen.

By myself in my bedroom I told them stories aloud. I gave them dances and songs. I arrayed them in endless choreographies of spinning dancers with ballerina feet or tappers' toes clapping, applauding, cheering!

The phase passed into teenage years and finally motherhood of two grown men and grandmother today of two teenagers. But I never stopped dreaming of being a queen.

And what would I do as a queen? I would rule the world but sweetly. I would give everyone in the world what they dream of having or becoming. I would write letters to everyone in the world, young and old, and ask them: If you could have your fondest wish or dream come true, what would it be? Tell me and I will make it happen.

Letters poured in - millions of them - so many that I had to hire thousands of people to answer each letter with my signature saying, "Queen Sara grants you your wish. It happens this instant!"

By waving my wand, I put smiles on the faces of 7.7 billion people loving their wishes! News media worldwide reported the news from Los Angeles to China to Europe to Africa to Australia to Asia. People were so happy getting their wishes fulfilled.

Most wanted to be millionaires or billionaires. They got their wishes. Money was no object. Political and religious zealots wanted to win votes or God's favor. They were excited to take their new offices or travel with angels around the universe to explore all of God's creation. Sports heroes wanted to win all honors. They did.

But a time came when people began looking saddened. One sports hero called me and confessed. He said, "I got my wish as did everyone else in the world. We're all wondering, what's next. We've arrived. We've been there. Done that. Now there's nothing more. No incentive to do better. We've already reached the top. Where do we go from here? Life is more than boring. It's almost not worth living. No incentives!

"Do you want more" I asked.

"Sure" he said. "After all, we're not winners anymore. We've already won everything. There's nothing more to win. No one to beat. I'm speaking up for everyone in the world. We're all sad, no longer having incentive."

"I see," I said. "Ok I know what to do. I'll wave my magic wand and make a new planet and send all of you there. That planet will have air and water, cattle, beasts and vegetation - everything you need, but you must find a way to survive. Just like the people who first came to earth. You'll struggle for survival - that's the ultimate incentive you need. Would you like that?"

"Yes" he said with a confident smile. "No matter the hardship. Give us our lives back. The good.

The bad. The ugly."

So I waved my magic wand and off they went. Disappeared. Leaving me entirely alone on planet earth. I pictured them using their incentive to satisfy hunger by hunting, fishing. And to satisfy their need for shelter they would build, live with whatever each day would bring and die. Hard life? Yes, but happier than if they had no incentive.

But as for me? Well, for the first time in my life I was alone. No one to talk to. No one to wave my wand over. And I was such a good queen, granting every wish.

But then it hit me! I actually had been doing evil because I took away everyone's incentive to strive, to have goals, to win, to lose. By giving them everything, they had no incentive to make choices! Freedom to fail from stupid mistakes. Freedom to win from lessons learned.

Incentive! What a horrible thing to take from my people. The truth was I was controlling the world. Isn't that what a dictator does, even a benevolent dictator? What then is a real queen if she is a dictator? Is there a difference? Tell me if you know.