

# Mr. Wright Left

Submitted By  
Melissa Aylstock

## A Christmas Party Gift Exchange Game

Cora's voice rose only slightly as she called to the figure walking toward the Christmas tree in the lobby, "Mr. Wright! Mr. Wright! Could you wait a moment please?"

Pivoting on his left foot, he faced Cora, actually noticing her for the first time. Her eyes sparked right in front of him like the twinkling lights on the tree.

"Yes, I have a few moments, how can I help you?"

Blushing, Cora spoke, "Well Mr. Wright, I have a paper I must write for my writing class on "Right-brain Writing. I understand that you are a writer yourself."

Mr. Wright looked at Cora painfully. "I used to write, that's true. But did you notice my left hand?" He held his left hand in the air and said bitterly, "This my dear is what is left of my left hand. It was bitten off by a crocodile in the Amazon while on a writing assignment."

Cora blushed profusely. "Oh dear, oh dear, that's right, Mr. Stevens told me about the accident. He said it was right after you left for Brazil. I am so sorry to bother you."

Mr. Wright relaxed a bit. "Oh, that's alright my dear. I am used to it now. In fact, a lot of my friends call me Lefty. Black humor I suppose, but it seems to make folks more comfortable. What do you friends call you, if it's all right to ask?"

"Me? Oh, my name is Cora."

"Ah, but Cora, what do your friends call you? Everyone has a special name, of this I am convinced."

Blushing even deeper, Cora looked down at her feet. "Well, my mother called me Little Miss Right. It's silly I suppose, but it seemed to stick until my family and closest friends shortened it to just plain "Righty."

Mr. Wright took a step back in astonishment, almost knocking over a small display of reindeer to the right of him. "That's an amazing coincidence isn't it? Why though, did your mother call you that in the first place?"

Blushing once again, Cora spoke. "My claim to fame I suppose is I can spell. In spelling bees I would spell every word right until I was the only one left standing. All my friends used me to correct their writing. It is

part of the reason I work for Mr. Stevens now. He is a terrible speller, he has left more silent e's off of words than anyone I have ever met. But he is a wonderful boss, he is always right on time with paychecks and once he even left me flowers for my birthday."

"Is that right? Well, I would have left you flowers too if I hadn't left for Brazil."

"Mr. Wright! I'm flattered."

"Cora, you are an inspiration to me. As I left earlier I was quite down. Even though it's suppose to be a time of good cheer and all, I haven't felt quite right all season. I wanted to write again, but was concerned I couldn't write again. Not because of my left hand, but because my life just wasn't going right for me. I was feeling lonely and left out. I felt the loss of my left hand had left me nothing but guile and bitterness. For some reason, I feel changed now. I am not sure if it is your lovely face or the peace and happiness I feel glowing right around you. Why Cora, I don't need a





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left hand to write do I? I could use my right hand couldn't I? But surely I will need someone to teach me to write again." Mr. Wright looked right into Cora's eyes. "Cora, would you teach me to write again using my right hand? Will you teach me how to fit in once again and not be left bitter in what is suppose to be the happiest time of the year?"

"Oh, Mr. Wright, I mean Lefty. It seems so right that Righty should teach Lefty to write again. Perhaps we could even write a poem together."

And that is exactly what they did.

What is left when you can't write?  
What is right when you feel spite?  
Left alone on a Christmas night.  
Words on paper put up a fight.  
Left is right and right is left.  
Like music with no treble cleft.  
The wrongs to right now matter more.  
Left on your own you find the door.  
Writing words on paper fresh,  
Wonderful thoughts begin to mesh.  
Writing rights the wrongs once left,  
By ignorant minds of words bereft.

It is no wonder, that Lefty married Righty the next Christmas Eve. All was right in their world, it left nothing to be desired.

That is the end of the story, there is only one thing left to say...

# MERRY CHRISTMAS

