

CHAPTER TWELVE

IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there was a princess who wished that she could be a little girl, free of royal obligations. She hated the tight shoes her nanny made her wear. Her face hurt from smiling day in, day out at people she was told, in no uncertain terms, were her inferiors.

“Here I am,” she thought, “with every privilege imaginable and all I want to do is be out and free and in terrible trouble. I want to find my own way home. I want to know if I am special, if I am a true princess or merely a result of the laws of random possibility.”

It took her a long time to figure out how to get out of the castle. Like all guarded places, it was just as difficult to get out of as it was to get into. It took quite a bit of planning and thinking. Eventually she whiled, beguiled, imitated invisibility and escaped. She entered a world without walls, a variable universe. She was faced with choice. She failed often. She learned.

The mind is a funny thing.