

One morning when **Walter** looked out his window,
he could hardly believe his eyes. Or ears.

Willy was flat on his back, with his cloven feet
wagging in the breeze. Humming.

“What are you doing?” called Walter.
“I’m meditating my way into outer space,” said Willy.







Willy breathed in through his nose.
Held his breath for a count of seven.
Then blew out through his mouth slowly.
“I want to be the first piggy astronaut.
If I meditate, I can connect with the universe.
I can't wait to shoot up to the stars!”
Willy continued his mindful breathing.
But his belly was the only thing that rose.
“It's not working,” humped Willy.

