

The Fairy Godmother's Guide to

GETTING WHAT YOU WANT

‘I feel so blessed to have
Donna as my Fairy Godmother.
If you're looking for magic,
it's right here!’

Pinna Fenster, *Glamour* magazine

NEW
edition
REVISED
content

Donna McCallum

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DONNA MCCALLUM

Part 1

*Welcome to
Getting What
You Want*

Chapter 1

What's Your Story?

So you want a
Fairy Godmother, huh?

And you want to get what you want!

You want all your dreams and goals to come true and to live a life you love? And you want to have fun doing it?

Oh, and it should be as easy as possible, right?

Then what you are looking for is a quick-fix, make-my-dreams-come-true type of Fairy Godmother, who, with a brief flick of her wand, will turn everything in your life into happiness, bliss and showers of rose petals raining down upon you wherever you walk.

Well, I have good news and bad news. Normally people request the bad news first, so let's get it over and done with on the first page of this book. The bad news is ... drum roll ... there is no happiness pill!

Let's get this straight: If you bought this book for the key to 'eternal and everlasting happiness', you have the wrong book and your life is going to be one long search for something that doesn't exist.

The promise of eternal happiness is something we all crave. It is the new opiate of the masses. We have been bombarded with the positive-thinking movement, the happily-ever-after philosophy and the promise from marketers that X or Y, or maybe Z, is the secret to perpetual happiness and bliss in life. Hogwash! There's no such thing.

All of us have a deep-down longing for some kind of 'happiness pill', which, when taken – ta-dah! – will ensure that everything will be pleasurable for the rest of our lives. Some of us seek this in material things: 'When I get that house, then I'll be happy.' Others look for it in careers and achievements: 'When I become CEO, I'll feel good.' There are

those who believe relationships and family hold the key to happiness: 'When I get married and have children, then I'll be content.' Spiritual seekers believe that once they have stretched their consciousness and become enlightened, they will live in eternal bliss. Some people pop a pill to get the everlasting happiness buzz, and crash when the comedown pounces on them. There are endless examples of our attempts to seek eternal happiness.

It is time to smash this 24/7/365 happiness myth: There is no 'happily ever after'! If perpetual bliss is what you want, it is my duty as your Fairy Godmother to tell you that this is a fairy-tale lie that has been sold to us for centuries – through myths, fairy stories, Hollywood. After Cinderella married the Prince, they had their tiffs and disagreements, he had some habits that irritated her and, of course, there was the laundry to be done!

Anyone who tries to sell you the 'secret' to happiness is just another drug dealer in the world of pop psychology and personal development.

Why is unending happiness a lie?

We live in a physical world. We are a species of six billion flesh-and-bone beings, spinning at high speed around the sun on a ball of rock with a centre of molten lava. There is no doubt we live in a world of matter – hard objects and things we can see, touch and feel. We live in the physical realm. There is a context to this physical world we live in – conditions we live under that form the environment: the 'rules' of the physical plane. We generally take these rules for granted. Imagine you woke up tomorrow morning and the law of gravity had ceased to exist. Your face would be plastered to the ceiling and your bed would have floated up to the roof. What a shock! There are many laws that govern the physical world – time, space and, most importantly, *polarity*.

We live in a world of opposites – light and dark, good and bad, rough and smooth, tasty and revolting, war and peace, black and white, right and wrong, up and down – do I need to go on?

I think you get the outline of my join-the-dots picture. Let's draw the line to the ultimate dot. In a world of polarity, there is happiness *and* sadness. We do not exist in a world of one without the other.

Has there ever been a time in your life of continuous happiness for days or months on end? This is not reality – happiness is simply one side of the coin of life. In your life you will experience happiness and sadness, pleasure and pain, and the incredible richness of these polarised human emotions.

The good news

As your Fairy Godmother, I am not promising non-stop happiness. Instead, I am promising meaning and a deep sense of purpose – a life that becomes magical and very interesting.

By taking a delightful meander with me, you will acquire the theory, tools and practices which, when applied, will create an extraordinary life. You will learn how to create and manifest a journey you really want. You will embark on an adventure to experience the super-duper magical nature of being truly alive. This is a process of discovery to embrace your polarities and the richness of being human. Ultimately, through this delicious journey, you will learn to become a master creator and manifestor in the material realm.

We create our own reality

Life is meant to be *fun*, and our purpose here as human beings is to experience all the wonders, magic and entertainment of this spinning amusement park called Earth. We are the lucky ones – the Spirits who won an admission ticket in the big universal raffle and were allowed entrance to this realm of the physical plane where we can create and do whatever we wish.

Life is like the Prince's ball: a place where we can connect with other people, dance, sing and play dress-up. But if life is a ball and a fun, amazing adventure, why are so many people having the Cinderella experience of being in a dirty kitchen scrubbing floors? Why is it that only other people, the Ugly Sisters, experience life as a ball?

The reason why is that *life is an illusion* – it is *not* real. Our lives are an illusion of the body and mind. Your perceptions, your mind and the corresponding sensations your body feels create your reality. The secret is: Life is actually one big fairy tale and you are the grand, eloquent storyteller. But most of us have forgotten this. You have the power to create your story. In each moment *you* decide the next glorious twist or disastrous turn of your story. *You* introduce heroes and villains, victims and martyrs, supporters and foes. *You* determine whether the story is one you like or one you can't bear.

A delightful fairy-tale character existed in the twentieth century. He had a thin, black, upward-pointing moustache, a cape, a walking stick and a haughty expression. He was originally a self-titled and later a world-renowned 'genius' – he was the artist Salvador

Dali. He intrinsically knew that he was the star in the movie called *Dali's Life*. As a result, he created a life of fun and immense pleasure – he was a man who created the life he *wanted*. He even had a line in his ‘movie’ that encapsulated his mischievous, playful approach to the creation of his own story:

Every morning when I wake up, I experience an exquisite joy –
the joy of being Salvador Dali – and I ask myself in rapture:
What wonderful things is this Salvador Dali going to accomplish today?

This was a man who drew clocks melting like Camembert cheese to explain the illusion of time; who allowed his genius to express itself in whatever form; and who truly understood the surreal nature of life. In an interview on the program *60 Minutes*, Dali kept referring to himself in the third person – an outrageous character he created who expressed his true essence.

Why don't we all wake up with this kind of exuberance regularly? Why don't we get out of bed, blissfully bounce to our bathrooms, look in the mirror, kiss the magnificent image that greets us and exclaim: ‘Goodness, how wonderful to be me! How incredible to be a grand creator. What do I wish to create today?’

Instead, most people have become stuck in a boring, humdrum nine-to-five existence called ‘this is life’, believing that this is *real* and can't be changed. How sad! We have forgotten that each of us is a master storyteller with a skilful pen that can create *any* story we want. Each of us is the only storyteller responsible for the creation of our own lives.

A TRUE STORY

It was Monday morning, 8.50 a.m., and I was experiencing tingles after having had a long swim in a warm sea. Thin, curved traces of white salt lines appeared on my body as I dried in the sun. As I sat on the beach, my skin smiling as the warm rays kissed my upper layers of epidermis, it suddenly hit me: ‘WOW! I am living my dream life!’ It was a workday morning, but I was not on holiday. I was on the beach because this was what I had chosen to do. What struck me then was that over the last few years of this magnificent journey of being a Fairy Godmother, I had *chosen* and *designed* my story – my movie – and I was living a life I loved. I got to do what I wanted to do, when I wanted to do it, while adding huge value, making a difference

and earning abundantly. I was now experiencing the benefits of honing and practising my skills to become the master storyteller of my own life.

The day after my Monday-morning beach bonanza, I was back in the buzzing city, driving home from gym, when I noticed the cars stuck in traffic and people looking miserable, their brows lined and their mouths pursed. I thought, 'Why are you doing this to yourselves? Why would any rational human being want to sit in the traffic for hours every day?'

I realised that these despondent traffic slaves were stuck in a story they think is real. They have bought into 'the system': this nine-to-five robotic existence where our delights exist on weekends and holidays. In this story and in this system, the participants are victims of circumstance and someone else's choices. In this system, someone else has decided what time you must work, where you must do it, when you can have free time, how much money you are worth and basically how you should live your life. That 'someone' has become so ingrained in society that it has merely become the system that dictates these norms. But following this system is *not* living! And it is certainly not getting what you want!

Like the traffic slaves, have you given up and surrendered the ability to create your own life? To make up your own story? You see, Cinderella, the first step to getting what you want is to make a clear decision.

Do you want to go to the ball? Have the most enjoyable, fun-filled experience where you, like Salvador Dali, express the true genius that lies inside you and, as a result, live an extraordinary life? Do you want to live a life in which you get to create whatever you want ... in which your dreams come true? Or would you rather be in the kitchen, scrubbing floors and crying about not being able to go to the ball?

The difference between the two choices is simple: You can stay in the safe, easy and comfortable world of the 'poor me' victim mentality, or you can take responsibility for your life.

Most people live in the victim story and system, where it feels like life just happens to you and other people are dictating your life – where, what, when, how you should do things. You may be pondering, 'Why would anyone want to live this kind of life? It seems so dull, so boring, so mundane and so limited.' The answer is twofold. Some people live this kind of life because they have been taught that this is what and how life is. They are taught not to expect anything more. And they buy into this bunkum: this story society has constructed to tame and domesticate

them. However, the most compelling reason for staying in this kind of existence is that it is *easy*. It is easy because you don't have to take any kind of responsibility. It is compelling because you get to blame everything and everyone else for the circumstances in your life. Conversations in this story involve pointing fingers at work colleagues, the government, employers, God, the system, friends and family. It is easier to point fingers at others than to shoulder the fact that you have created everything in your life – and I mean *everything!* The truth is that you are the only person who has written every word of your current story; you are completely responsible for how your life has turned out to date, yet it is so much simpler to pretend you are a pawn on the black-and-white chessboard of life.

Getting what you want starts when you take responsibility for your life; you become the grand inventor of everything that happens – whether good or bad, happy or sad. Take responsibility for being the master storyteller and start living your dream life today! Life, almost magically, becomes a ball!

Responsibility

In every situation in your life there is always something for you to own and take responsibility for – even, and especially, if someone 'did something to you'. Responsibility is:

- making your own choices and living with the consequences, and accepting that *you* created those consequences;
- acknowledging that you are the creator of your life – every single little facet of your life has been created by *you*;
- apportioning *no* blame;
- being held accountable for your thoughts, words and actions;
- being the boss of you;
- responding to circumstances as you have created them (particularly if the outcome is not what you expected), rather than being a victim who reacts to circumstances you believe others have created;
- realising you are at the root and cause of everything that happens in your life; and
- taking ownership of your life.

Responsibility is the first step to getting what you want.

Taking responsibility can happen in an instant. It is not about learning a system,

going through a process or doing a workshop. It is simply a decision you make in every moment of your life.

As a Fairy Godmother, I work only with people who are prepared to take responsibility for their lives. I know it is the foundation that needs to exist before anything else can happen.

You get to make a decision right now that will determine whether you will indeed get what you want.

If you *choose* responsibility, then please read on.

A world of responsibility

Yippee! You have now chosen a world of *responsibility*; you have now chosen to be the storyteller of your own life, the director of your own movie, the composer of your magnificent melodic symphony. I feel the sensation of champagne bubbles fizzing through my Fairy Godmother veins.

Between the flip of the previous page and this one, as you moved into conscious responsibility, you may have noticed that the texture of your life has altered slightly. If not, it is about to. A note about this choice of responsibility you have taken before we move on to the wham-bam world of getting what you want: There may be moments when you slip out of responsibility mode and back into 'victim'. The little voice in your head and your own speaking out in the world may become laced with the prickly poison of blame. When you become aware of it, stop. And choose responsibility once again.

Responsibility is a moment-by-moment choice to living life.

Excellent!

Now on to defining what you want.

An essential part of getting what you want is knowing what you want. Many people have existed in the slave kingdom of victim mentality for so long that they have forgotten that they are allowed to choose and decide what they want. It is time for you to ponder: What do you really want? If you could have anything, do anything, be anything – what would it be? And I mean *anything*!

A TRUE STORY

I was sitting on a beautiful wooden deck as the pulse of African drums and the melodic wailing of a diva wove its way through the rhythm like a sparkling, multi-coloured thread. I was with an old friend, Masedi, and my effervescent enthusiasm was bubbling on the surface of my being as I shared with him some of my life stories. If enthusiasm had a flavour, I would have been a triple-decker sundae. Masedi watched me with serious intensity as he soaked up my words. In his slow and graceful way, he moved his head, looked towards the horizon, and an expression of deep, serious thought washed over his face. His gaze returned to me and he said, in his considered voice, 'You are so excited about this life you are living, about being a Fairy Godmother. You are so enlivened about your dreams and goals – it is magnetic. As I have been listening to you, I have been thinking. I have a very successful corporate job – I am a director of my company – yet I am not sure what my dreams or goals are. What would light me up like you? Yes, I want a slightly better house, a slightly better car and maybe a holiday home, but those are not things that would make me bubble and fizz with the type of energy I witness in you. You have had an Aha moment, which has led you towards what you want. Perhaps what you should be doing for other people as a Fairy Godmother is to provide them with an Aha moment. To give people like me access to our real, authentic dreams and goals that will create a spark and light our fires.'

Masedi was describing a common experience of many people. They have an idea of the incremental changes that would be 'nice', but have no idea of what would really make them bubble and fizz.

In my work as a Fairy Godmother – helping people get clear on their dreams, goals, vision and what they want, and helping and supporting them in creating their dream life – there are generally three broad-brushstroke types of people I work with:

1. Those who have no idea of their dreams or goals for their lives. For these people the first step is about finding clarity on what they want; a big goal that excites them.
2. Those who have many projects, ideas and dreams, but don't know which to follow. For these people it is about learning how to focus and take the next step.
3. Those who already have a big dream or goal, but have got stuck somewhere along the way. For these people it is about overcoming fears and removing the blocks that

What's Your Story?

prevent them from reaching their big dreams and goals, while teaching them the practical steps to apply to turn their dreams into reality.

Which group do you fall into?

In the Universe of pure potentiality, where anything is possible and you are responsible and at the centre of creating your life, the million-dollar question is: What do you wish to create?

I will leave you to ponder this vital question while I take your hand and lead you down the path, with a story about my Aha moment.

Chapter 2

Becoming a Fairy Godmother

There is nothing like a journey to create space and time for reflection and recreation. That is how my Aha moment was born: with a journey.

A TRUE STORY

It was 2004 and I was sitting on the balcony of my apartment, watching the sun dip and the sky turn its kaleidoscope from bright blue to the gentle hues of pink and purple. Smoke danced on my breath as my addiction to nicotine disguised itself as a vital aid to relaxation. I watched the sea and could hear the clattering clang of pots as my boyfriend attempted to expand his scrambled-eggs-only repertoire with something a bit more adventurous.

The dance of smoke reached its finale with a few dramatic puffs and, suddenly, out of nowhere, tears pricked the corners of my eyes. Like naughty children given permission to play, they did a slip-'n'-slide down my face, following the tracks made by the others and becoming bolder as my body and shoulders joined in the game. I sat on my balcony and cried as the sun set over the calm sea. I was crying because I was so unhappy in my so-called perfect, successful life. At my core was a feeling of emptiness.

'Dinner's ready!' my boyfriend hollered.

When met with no response and my non-appearance at the dinner table, he came out to investigate. I looked tentatively at him with red eyes and wet cheeks.

'Are you okay? What's wrong?' he asked with concern.

The only words I could stutter on the wind of emotion blowing through me were, 'I don't know.' These three little words in my boyfriend's presence caused my body to tremble and a powerful wave of emotion came shattering through the last

walls of resistance. I sobbed. His arms moved to comfort me and his voice tried to quell the tide. ‘Tell me what’s wrong. Is it me? Is it something I’ve done?’

‘I can’t believe *this* is it!’ I yelled out at the black night sky. ‘Is this life? Is this it? Nothing more than this emptiness, no matter what I have?’

‘What are you talking about?’ he asked.

‘This life! I have my own advertising business, big blue-chip clients, I am a so-called success – great!’ I hissed. ‘I have this beautiful apartment overlooking the ocean and mountains in one of the most picturesque cities in the world – fabulous. I have you – a loving, caring partner. I have great friends to go partying with on Friday nights and to chill with on lazy hung-over Sundays filled with board games and chatter – cool. I have everything I am supposed to have, and yet it feels like there is something missing.’

The emotion continued to flood through me, lamenting the ‘missing’ part of my life.

My boyfriend didn’t understand. He wasn’t quite sure what I was talking about. In his book of daily life with me, he wrote off the incident to the fact that I was under intense stress and pressure at work.

Over the next few weeks I would drive to work, puffing on my morning dose of nicotine, staring blankly at the bumper sticker of the car in front, thinking, ‘Is this it? Is this what life is all about?’

The answer to my ‘Is this it?’ question came as any answers come in life – as a series of experiences. The first was an offer from a black empowerment group that wanted to buy my business. The offer was tempting, but I was oscillating on the knife-edge of indecision – should I sell this business I had given birth to and watched grow through its teething problems and toddler years? Should I sell ‘my baby’, as it was, at its cute, sparkly kindergarten age?

My ego was quite attached at the time to the role and identity the business gave me in the world. I was a young, successful entrepreneur with a thriving business, and it made me feel worthy. It was something I could puff my chest out about and use to define my position in the world. Paradoxically, it made me feel empty. ‘Who would I be and what would I do if I sold my business?’ was one of the key questions running around the 400-metre circuit in my mind.

The noise penetrated my ear like an ear bud stuck in too far: a tinny ring-tone spike jabbing my mind to wake up. One morning, my body still half asleep, I tumbled

out of bed and padded off to the loo. With consciousness slowly dawning in a groggy mind, I turned on my phone, punched in the required pin number and watched as it woke up with the sprightly, full-battery energy I wished I had. DA DING DING. One new message. 'Odd,' I thought. 'Someone must have phoned me either very late or very early. Mmm. Possibly one of my drunk friends wanting to regale me with stories of a midweek party.' I clicked the buttons and listened to the robotic woman's voice telling me that I had one new message.

'Donna, it is Trevor, Maria's stepfather. I have some horrible news. Ivan has been killed in a car crash. Please call us as soon as you get this.'

My mind was suddenly very alert, yet it was difficult to compute the information I had heard. 'Ivan's dead? I can't believe it ... Poor Maria ... And she's pregnant ... How is she going to handle this? What about their son, Kumar? ... How can Ivan be dead? How did this happen? What's the time? 6.10 a.m. Is it too early to phone them now? Ivan's dead. I can't believe it.'

The morning was spent in a haze as I went through the motions of washing and dressing. The shock as I drove my car around the mountain to Maria's house and the sorrow as I saw my friend's pixie face gnarled by grief. The toddling antics of two-year-old Kumar helpfully distracted us as the morning dragged by like nails scratching the surface of a blackboard. What can you do in this kind of situation? Nothing.

That afternoon, I numbly drove towards the city and towards the never-ending to-do list that ran my life. I turned my cellphone back on, and DA DING DING! You have twelve new messages. 'Please, no. Can't deal with twelve messages now. But I have to.' Hesitantly, I listened.

'Donna,' the voice barked, 'it's Kathleen. The managing director has not received our invitation for the launch event. Please get back to me urgently and let me know where it is.'

'Donna. It's Kathleen. I called you half an hour ago and you have not returned my call. Please call me.'

'Donna,' the voice said sternly. 'The dealer in Bloemfontein has not received his invitation pack. This is unacceptable. You need to rectify these errors immediately. Call me.'

Eight of the twelve messages were from her – Kathleen, the nightmare client. Her bulldog barking became more ferocious and threatening with each message. I didn't have the energy to speak to her until I was sitting behind my desk.

I was greeted in the office by Post-it messages stuck all over my desk – further evidence of Kathleen’s campaign to contact me. Before I could pick up the phone, it rang.

‘Donna. Where have you been? Why have you not returned any of my calls?’ she snapped like a piranha chewing the flesh off the carcass of a capybara. ‘We have a massive issue and I am angry. I have been trying to get hold of you all day. One of our biggest clients and some dealers have not received their invitations and you said that they had all been sent and delivered. Nobody at your office knows what’s going on. Why hasn’t this been dealt with as a matter of urgency? We are a big client and I am livid.’

I took a deep breath, drew strength from my view of the fynbos-covered mountain and, in my calmest client-service voice, said, ‘Kathleen, I don’t care about your invitations. A friend of mine’s husband died this morning and I have been with her, with my cellphone switched off. In the grand scheme of life, the fact that two invitations have not yet been delivered for some flamboyant brand launch party is not a problem that requires you to scream in hysteria, speak to me the way you have and behave as if the world is coming to an end. Quite frankly, I’m sick and tired of dealing with you and your pedantic demands.’

As I put the phone down, I knew with certainty that I should take the offer and sell my share in the business as soon as possible.

Simultaneously, the seed of an idea I had planted seven years earlier sprouted. After coming back from a backpacking trip at the age of twenty-two, I had firmly declared that before the age of thirty I would travel around South America for six months and learn to speak Spanish. Tick-tock, my birthday was fast approaching. With my business about to be sold, it was time to take the trip I had always dreamt about.

I began my trip in South America by wrapping my tongue around a delectable, rich new language in a city with the exotic name of an ancient Andean tribe, Quito.

It was here where my first episode in the grand adventure of becoming a Fairy Godmother occurred. It started with a severe shortness of breath as I walked up the steep, crumbling cobbled streets of Quito. My body transformed from a twenty-nine-year-old into an eighty-year-old as I wheezed and struggled to suck the necessary, life-ensuring air into my lungs. Quito is the capital city of Ecuador and, apart from having the distinguished title of being the *coup d’état* capital of the world, it is also