

THE WIZARDRY OF WIZZ



WIZDOM VS BLINKER



A warlock of great renown and formerly wizard-in-residence of the land of Wiz, **Wiz Dom** travelled freely through many countries. He bestowed his knowledge, imparted his wisdom and shared his many, many thoughts with all who required his help. Wiz Dom the Great, as his followers whispered after him, strode, rode and journeyed majestically, his magnificent cape flowing behind him, against all the ill winds that blew through places which had not yet benefitted from his bountiful presence and high quality localization services.

Grandeur was his, and grandeur he gave. So many were grateful, yet there were still some who were not, and who fought against his beautiful munificence.

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Though his ascent was perilous, he refused to give up because he knew that the people within that kingdom, called

Blinkerdom, desperately needed his guidance. This place was the furthest he had ever travelled, but he was neither daunted by the thinness of the air, nor by the brightness of the light, for this place seemed to float above even the clouds.

In passing through the gates that kept the city isolated from the rest of the world, Wiz Dom was greeted with empty streets, filled with a dense, pervading mist. As he walked through the silent town, Wiz could feel many eyes peering at him through the shuttered windows – were they afraid, he wondered, or merely distrustful. As the mountain peak slowly came into view, he saw the royal palace atop it.

'This is where I must bend my steps!' he announced, to all the watching and listening townspeople tucked inside their homes.

Wiz Dom's footsteps echoed loud through the halls of the palace until he came to a small room, where he found a brave but beleaguered knight toiling over many piles of paperwork.

'Ah,' exclaimed the knight, 'I sent a word on the wind, and now you are here!'



The knight explained to Wiz Dom that business was not so good for the land of Blinkerdom. The King, King Blinker, was narrow-minded and insensitive, and this was having a devastating effect on their global reach.

'Quite simply,' sighed the knight, 'Nobody knows us, and nobody wants to know us!'

The knight was at his wit's end. Every bit of marketing material and customer-focused content that the country released was a mass of miscommunication and cultural blunders, causing uncertainty and distrust.

'I must have an audience with the King this moment!' announced Wiz Dom as he pushed open the doors to the royal chamber. Inside the dismal room, lined with dusty shelves, cluttered with dusty books which no-one had opened in a century, sat the dusty old King himself.

King Blinker ordered the wizard to let him be but, knowing the fate of the kingdom now rested with him, Wiz Dom let forth the industry expertise which was the culmination of his carefully acquired knowledge. The knight stood in awe as Wiz Dom told of legal barriers, cultural norms and audience expectations from around the world.

Hearing the commotion, lords and ladies-in-waiting, knights, advisors and even court jesters came forward to hear Wiz Dom advise how **King Blinker** and his court should proceed with an in-depth market research operation. Though he had huffed and puffed his protestations, King Blinker saw that his courtly advisors were already in deep discussion with the wizard, and that he, King Blinker, was being ignored.

Slowly beginning to realise that his means and methods must change, the King began to nod in agreement as Wiz Dom showed them how embracing diversity and listening to local voices. The wizard dispelled the mists, so the King and his advisors could improve business and attain a more successful global presence.

His work done, Wiz Dom rode through the now bright and clear streets of Blinkerdom, this time to cheering crowds of hardworking townspeople, happy with their more productive outcomes, and joyous at how he had transformed their brand's image, as well as their prospects.

Story by Originia

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