*There once was a Land that nobody believed existed.  And every day people passed by it or around it or over it or through it, but never once saw it or felt it or heard it or knew any person or thing in it.*

*Until, one day, the Land revealed itself…*

The Land was not a land as you or I might think of it. It was not a place with borders and landscapes and laws and customs.

This Land was almost anything and everything you could imagine, whether likely or outlandish. It was every one of the myths and legends and stories you have ever heard or told yourself. It was all of the dreams you’ve not yet had as well as those which have woken you up laughing or weeping in the middle of the night. It was every person, animal, mythical creature, god and ghost, on every journey, adventure or quest there could be.

Everything in this Land crackled with a thrilling sense of being outside of the ordinary – EXTRAordinary. But because of this it was unstable and unpredictable and mercurial and tricky. Some would say it was dangerous.

So it was packed away, shut inside some carefully labelled packing crates and hidden, deep underground, far beneath the city of Kingston–upon-Hull.

Was it tucked up to keep it safe, or locked up to keep us safe?

Whichever the answer, a force like that will not be held fast for long and so came the day that the Land revealed itself. Not all of itself because that would surely have been too much excitement for ordinary people to take in one dose and would likely have resulted in frenzy and panic on the streets of Hull! Instead it revealed itself slowly in a series of ACTS OF WANTON WONDER, across the city and throughout the year of 2017.

Perhaps you saw one of these ACTS? Perhaps you witnessed them all? Perhaps you learned to recognise the signs which showed that another ACT OF WANTON WONDER was about to begin.

In this book, we’ll tell of six ACTS which seeped into the cracks of everyday life to astonish, delight and thrill, and to leave a lasting change on everyone who came into contact with one. Every ACT began with the contents of one of the packing crates, but every time what emerged from those crates and then came to pass was wildly different. It was as if each ACT was a “land” in itself, and each revealed something of the place where they happened.

What stories shall we tell of this Land and of these Acts of Wanton Wonder? Not all of the detail of what came to pass because how could we succeed in describing the sights and the sounds when magic is afoot? Let’s talk, instead, of people – ordinary, everyday, decidedly unmagical people – who found their lives altered by the appearance of this Land in one of its many, varied guises.

One last thing, before we begin. The name of this Land?

The Land of Green Ginger.

*There once was a Land that nobody believed existed.  And every day people passed by it or around it or over it or through it, but never once saw it or felt it or heard it or knew any person or thing in it.*

*Until, one day, the Land revealed itself…*

*And because of that, people began to believe and behave in all sorts of strange and wonderful ways.  They wanted to leave work and play and wonder and be part of this amazing world.  They wanted to share it with friends and family and neighbours and visitors and strangers.*

*And because of that, this real world changed too.  The status quo was not so fixed and people questioned things they had always accepted.*

*And then, one day, the Land started to fade away and things began to return to something a little more akin to normal.  But traces and reminders and changes and memories remained.*

*Perhaps, one day, the Land of Green Ginger will return, but for now, our world is a little more like it.*