

Windsurfer

“Everyone, gather round. It’s time,” Father Cloud announced.

Murmurs started. What was it time for?

“It’s time for farewell. You’ve had a long life with me, three days to be exact, and you are now old enough to start your own journey.”

I gasped. I hadn’t even gotten a name yet.

Father Cloud sighed. “I have to let you go now.”

I turned to my best friend Dripstone. “See you on the other side,” I said.

Without a word more, Father released us, like a giant water-gun burst.

“Goodbye, everyone,” I barked into the huge array of water drops, hoping it would reach Dripstone. I soared through the sky to see nothing but tall concrete buildings surrounding me. Where was all the grass I’d heard about? I had to find a safe place to land or else I’d evaporate.

Somewhere with water, please. Over there, a fountain! Water spiralling from the ground, glinting in the sun. Oh, but wait, what’s that? Kids! Lots of them, screaming and running through the grass. I’d heard about them, nasty little raccoons that swallowed you up and screamed all day. I definitely didn’t want to go there.

I scanned around again. What about that dripping drain? I’d fit perfectly through those tiny holes. Then I heard the screams, “Help us, please! There’s not enough oxygen in here.”

I shuddered, but there was nothing I could do except hope I didn’t meet the same fate.

Something else caught my eye again: shiny pots and knives through an open window. I squinted. Bubbling water! I'd never seen this before. HOLY SMOKE! THE WATER WAS EVAPORATING! Humans were cruel to do that to fellow water. Just the sight made me want to puke.

I was running out of time and the racoons were still below me. Then I saw it. The gentle trickle of water over lush green plants and flowers. A balcony garden! That's where I needed to go; it would be paradise. But I was almost at the same height as the balcony. How would I get there? Father Cloud had always told stories about water drops who took things into their own hands, and surfed the wind. I had to do the same. *Just find a wind current and trust that it will carry you.*

"AHHH!" Something caught me, heading for the balcony. Was this the wind? *Get on your feet.* I balanced and glided along the wind! I was almost there, but my legs were slipping from the current. I looked down; it was time to jump. I mustered up all my strength and DROP! I landed on a soft pink petal and felt the comforting shower of water. I looked up to see Father Cloud smiling down on me.

Then I spotted Dripstone. "You made it!" I screamed.

"You too," he said. "And I think I found a name for you ... Windsurfer."