



VÍZCSEPP

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1

On a spring morning, Waterdrop woke up right in the middle of the River.

- How everything is mild here! I feel so good! she thought. And she kept on being quietly rocked by the water depths.

- What is that light shining up there? she asked.

- It is the surface, her mother the River whispered.

- How I would like to go and look up there! Waterdrop sighed, taking a look at the huge brightness above her. The more she watched, the more she was curious to know what was up there.

- Well, go and look! her mother the River murmured.

2

So her mother created a tiny little wave that made Waterdrop rise to the surface.

Waterdrop let herself be rocked. She watched and wondered at the riverbank and at the sky and back at the riverbank and back at the sky again...

A blade of grass bent under the wind came and lightly touched the water surface.

Waterdrop clung on it and in the twinkling of an eye she found herself on the riverbank.

She was on a blade of grass rolled around by the fresh evening breeze.

3

She looked around. Blades of grass were stirring everywhere.

4

Waterdrop was cold. She could hardly move. It was as if the whole world stopped around her. Everything went dark, still and quiet. Then Waterdrop became dew...

She snuggled up to the blade of grass and waited. She was curious about what would happen next. She waited there for a long time...

At last, the light of dawn appeared. The sky suddenly became brighter and the Sun showed, throwing his thousands shining rays.

5

- How pleasant it is to be able to warm up! Waterdrop shouted most happy. She became lighter and lighter and finally rose in the air. So Waterdrop turned into steam...

6

The Sun got hotter and hotter. Waterdrop ended up above a hill.

- How light am I! Waterdrop exulted.

Later she shouted with a new deep ringing voice:

- How strong am I!

Waterdrop was in seventh heaven. She was laughing and kept on rising higher and higher.

- Oh how powerful am I! I can see every blades of grass and thousands of flowers! And down there the River is snaking. It's my mummy!

7

But, as she got closer to the Sun, Waterdrop thought:

- Alas, how little am I! She was realizing that she was really tiny compared to the universe and the great starry vault.

She carried on her trip and rose higher and higher anyway.

8

Other drops of water were already up there. They were racing and showing off together. The closer we got to the Sun, the more oppressive the light and the fiercer the heat.

9

Waterdrop couldn't stop melting by the minute. She was suffocating because she was very thirsty. But she couldn't stop to go up. Something was constantly dragging and sucking and attracting and pushing her up. She got tired of it and ask permission to climb on a cloud. And there she collapsed. Out of breath, she started to drink the cloud water.

Another thirsty drop of water landed next to her on the cloud.

She caught her in mid air and dragged her close to her. Then she made her drink the cloud too.

10

Then another drop of water came and another drop again. Waterdrop caught them all and made them drink. When the drops finally quenched their thirst, they piled up and gathered more and more on the cloud.

After a while, they were so many that they had to cling to each other to avoid falling.

11

The cloud looked at this gathering with a threatening stare.
- You are too heavy, the cloud grumbly said. Come on! Jump!
Then he gave himself a good shake and down there a great thunderbolt was heard.

12

All at once, the more yellow-bellied drops of water jumped into the void, crying out little piercing screams. So the rain started to drizzle on the meadow.
Waterdrop looked down there too. She saw the River again.

13

She regained her courage when she realized she would go back home.
And as she was playing hopscotch she jumped off the cloud and smiled.
And then Waterdrop turned into rain.

14

She fell and fell and fell again right back where she came from: her mother's arms. The River welcomed her and held her tight. She fully cuddled her in her bed so she would rest and be able to go for the same walk one thousand times more.
May Waterdrop be fully cradled till the ocean.
May she go for walks around the world.
May she meet salty sea water, sweet river water, pure sources, lakes.
May she become steam, mist, dew, ice, snow, frost, rain.
May she run, fly, linger or fall as she likes it...

END