

The Creation of Rain

By Eva C3

The frail old lady sat on a blanket with a boiling cup of tea clenched in her wrinkled hand. The young eager faces were staring up at her like the zoo animals at feeding time. " My dears gather round," she was about to begin, "I am going to tell you a story that will change the way you think, the way you feel, a story of sadness, a story of regret, but first I want you to imagine a boy, a boy that felt different.

The boy was not particularly small; everyone in the village was much taller. Whenever he went to the shops, he would have to stand on a ladder to reach anything, and when he would get home, he would have to sit down because his neck hurt so much from looking up all the time. Sometimes he would even have to scream like a baby for anyone to hear him. It was not just the people that were taller, but the dogs and cats. By the time of his 13th birthday, he was so fed up with people always looking down at him, that he decided that he would become as tall as he could by climbing everything he could find.

He started by climbing onto the roof of his house. He then climbed on the roofs of other people's houses. He climbed hills, small cranes, ladders. Until the only thing he had not climbed was the tallest mountain in the country.

This mountain stretched from the ground to the stars, astronauts could see it from space. Ice flowed like melted ice cream from the summit. It was exactly right for his need to be higher, but it was going to be hard to climb. It was flat solid stone on all sides, like the smoothest wall in a house. There was a path to the top, but it was on the windiest side and covered in ice.

This did not stop the boy. With every bit of strength in his body he dragged himself up the mountain, rocks tearing at his skin. He made it, but he had not thought about how to get back down. The ice would make his return impossible.

As he sat and screamed stuck on the top of the mountain, a small drop of water appeared in his eye then the Gods heard him and the goddess of the sky took pity on him and approached him. Her hair was as white as snow and her dress was floating in the breeze. With her smiling face looking at the boy, she asked him a question. "Do you think you have climbed high enough ? If you have I can take you back to earth." The boy really wanted to go back home to his family, but he just did not want to

be small again. So he thanked the goddess and asked to stay on the mountain. As he sat there on his own with no way to return home the drops of water started pouring from his eyes, and the wind carried them down to the village, and it was known as rain. From that time on whenever he was upset the drops of water rained down.

“ What did you think of the story children ? What happens if you do not want to be different ? ” the old lady closed her eyes and thought of her missing son.