

## Chasing Clouds by Janet Selby

\*At the misty mountain-top, the moisture from the swirling clouds was becoming a trickle of water. The trickle began to move down the slope, becoming bigger.

\*The water had begun a journey with no end.

\*Stumbling over the rocks the stream flowed down the mountain-side becoming stronger.

\*Then as she reached the plain, the stream had become a river, flowing broadly and slowly along.

\*She noticed some clouds reflected on her surface, and wanted to collect them.

\* She felt happy every time she thought she caught one. Her goal was to collect as much happiness as she could.

\*Then one day, the wind blew all the clouds away. The river was upset. How could she be happy ever again with no clouds to chase? She began to cry.

\*Her tears were wet. They blended in with her water. It was then that she realised that her tears and her water were the same.

\*The next time a cloud appeared she did not want to chase it to become happy. She was happy just to say hello to the cloud and let it pass. She was happy just to be a river.

\*Sometimes the passing clouds changed colour and became rain, making curious patterns on her surface. It felt like being tickled.

\*She continued flowing along with the clouds and rain and wind until she reached the ocean. There she merged with the different water.

\*The wind encouraged waves to form, tumbling around. No matter what shape they were and how long they lasted, they were all made of water.

\*In the distance, the sun seemed to draw the fuzzy rain clouds upwards, gently rising back towards the mountain-tops, becoming mist again, gently swirling.

\*A trickle of water began to form and move down the slope, becoming bigger. . .