

The Memories Water Holds

R.L.

Have you ever seen the water drops hit the car window? Betting on which one would win the race, and giving them each a name: Like Bartholomew Bartson or Chuck Gareld. Or when you would gulp down your water. Not giving it much of a thought. We take water for granted. It was a source of entertainment, and a way to divert my boredom. As a child, I used to play with it like a toy.

I jostled into the bathroom and filled a plastic storage tub to the brim. Back then, it wasn't just a tub to me, it was a beach, a tropical paradise where toys and figurines could swim and come to life.

This liquid that can morph into anything. Your nightmare, and your savior. Water is patient, breathtaking, and beautiful. But it's also dangerous. Tsunamis terrorize cities, hurricanes shake islands, and storms come unpredictably.

The rain splattered the car window as we drove home. We slowly turned, hearing thunder's rumbles in the distance. Droplets pelted the window as the windshield wipers worked hard to keep up. I watched my sister as she slept in an awkward position. A pink ribbon struck from the sky. Only several feet away. It was there for a moment, and then it was gone.

I learned this in school: Water is powerful. Only 3% of water is freshwater, and 1% is drinkable. We need water, but it doesn't need us. It's been here long before us, even when only cyanobacteria and goblin sharks ruled the Earth. If we don't protect water, we are the ones who will cease to exist.

As I stand in the garden, I feel the rain pelting me. It's a gentle touch dripping off of me. Soaking my hair and my clothes. Pink and yellow hues glow as the droplets refract the lights on the porch. Inside the house, my grandmother is calling my name... I smile, I stay for another moment, taking this scene in.

Now, I know the worth of water. It's the most valuable thing I have. Though I don't own it at all.