



A Water Fairy: Voices for Water

The dust clouds danced and swirled around my brown feet as I stomped the imaginary rhythms from my head into the dirty ground. My mother would scold me good naturedly saying I was wasting my energy. She was right of course; I had miles to cover before I got our water, water which is the backbone of our village, I must get our water. So important we send the children to go fetch it so long away. Unfortunately for me I am currently the “children”. I carry my water basket high in the air and go on. I trek down the path with the dread and despair bubbling inside of me.

Much later I reach the old crumbly well and draw up a bluish bucket of life. I put it in my basket and carry it up on my head letting it see everything around me. I am giddy that I am half way there. I persevere on for who knows how long. I imagine I am a fairy, one with glittery translucent pointed wings and a dress as blue as midnight. I let my imagination take over pretending I am sprinkling a crystal clear shower of water on our village. I spun about letting my hair fly wild and careless as if I was truly a magical being. But in an instant I was not in the body of a flying fairy but that of a falling girl. The water pooled in waves around me sinking into the thirsty earth. My heart pounded, palms grew warm and sweaty, my eyes watered. But I would not let the tears sneak over. I would not waste even more water.

My basket now retained only a third of its original amount of liquid. My long walk and wait had been in vain and for nothing or in my case two thirds of nothing. My wonderful, dry village came into sight. There were bursts of noise blossoming from the town. I hoped there was an excitement or novelty to be seen or beheld so my lack of water would be ignored. I entered slowly and cautiously, relaxing when I discovered I was all alone. Then I stiffened with fear, *what had happened?* I was never alone except my solitary strolls to the well but my only company now was the many footprints racing towards the center of town.

I followed the prints unwillingly fighting the not wanting to be found out for losing the water and not wanting to be left out of whatever was causing such an uproar. I turned the dirty corner and staggered backward, struggling to breath. A shard of light streamed through my heart and my life changed its course forever. There standing in *my* village was a large well, condensation running down the sides. People were sprinting and guffawing, dousing themselves and each other with the watery goodness. An odd but familiar feeling overtook my once more. I plunged my hands into the water basket with heavy force my heart beating fast. I did this over and over until my hands were soaked and cupping the water. There I spun letting my fingertips reach out beside me letting the drops be flung to the four corners of my village. Then once again I was the water fairy.

Written by Hannah Moore