

# The water drop

by Nikola Gerein

Once upon a time, in a far away country, there were some happy and friendly people living in a little village that lay within a very large desert. One day as the sun shone brightly on their land, an evil magician roamed through the desert. He climbed the highest rock and discovered the village of the sunshine people. He witnessed how happy and carefree the people lived. He watched them craftily and hatched an evil plan. He inhaled deeply and took the hot air of the desert into his lungs. When he exhaled it blew the hot air over the entire desert.



Slowly the water in the wells evaporated. All the people and animals were parched with thirst. Finally almost all of the remaining water was gone. There was a small boy sitting next to his sleeping camel in the shade of a big palm tree got up to leave to escape. When he stood he froze unable to move as he had seen over the humps of his camel green lush land and water in the distance far away. He hurriedly called the other kids over but they could see nothing. They quickly ran and got the eldest, most wise woman of the village for advice and the little boy said: "Look, can you see?"

The wise woman straightened her glance to the distance and said: "A long, long time ago, when I was still a child, an evil magician came to our country. The people were terribly frightened by this magician as he caused all their water to evaporate in to thin air. This could be the magician returning again, we must act, before it is too late. I am trying to remember how we dealt with this magician many years ago, but I am old and my memory fails me. Luckily it has been written down some where."

The wise woman was troubled and very concerned, she moved back to her mud hut and reappeared with a big dusty old book.

She spoke with a broken quivering voice: "The strongest and quickest children of our village must immediately proceed on a long exhaustive journey. They must go in the direction of the green lush land the little shepherd boy has seen. Once there the children will find water and the help we need." Early the next morning all the villagers gathered in the village square.

They marked a route with colorful flags around a big dune and high palm trees, which the children were to race.



The old woman stood stoically at the end with her old book awaiting the five fastest children. Over the next few hours, she told of the potential perils of the journey the children must embark upon to save the village. In haste the other villagers and the other children loaded the strongest camels with sufficient water and supplies for the long trip. Early just after sunrise the next morning the five chosen children were brought out in to the desert. In front of all of them, rode the little shepherd boy on his camel leading the way. As they trekked across the desert in sweltering heat at a very quick pace, the children were able to avoid all the perils the old woman had warned them about.



Towards the end of their journey their water and supplies were growing thin. They were anxious and somewhat distressed. They quickened their pace and through their hard efforts and a small miracle of perseverance, the very next morning, tired and thirsty, they arrived at the turquoise sea. The small shepherd boy pointed and shouted with joy at what he saw in the distance: "There!" Just as the old woman had predicted they were able to collect wood that had been washed ashore by the strong waves of the sea. They secured the wood together with old pieces of ribbon and built a large raft. They then utilized large pieces of colored cloth and fashioned a sail. Their sail caught the hot desert winds and they drifted over the sea. At night they had small tins collect the dew from the cold night air to drink the next day. They sharpened their sticks into spears to catch

fish to eat during the day. Time passed slowly and they lost track of the hours and days they had been sailing on the sea.

As daylight broke one morning they heard the shrieks of the little shepherd boy, yelling, "There, there, there!" As the children rubbed their eyes and opened them to the glaring sunlight they were astonished as in front of them was a green lush land. They drifted to the beach and curious children who had been playing there rushed to pull the raft with them on it ashore.



They gazed at each other in awe. The sunshine children from the village far away could not understand the complexion and coloring of the children of the green land. They marveled at their bleach blond hair and deep green eyes as green as the lush grass they stood upon. They were in awe of their silky white skin.

The children of Green shore had never seen such complexions and thought these were children of the sun. In a ball of confusion they all spoke and the chatter was incomprehensible to each other. Their curiosity of each other was profound but neither could understand the other. They joyfully forgot their differences and played and tackled one another with laughter and fun.



As the day drew to a close and the sun started to set, the children from the sunshine village began to shiver with cold. Their new friends beckoned them to follow them to their village.

As the village appeared on the horizon the sunshine children were amazed at the homes with pointed roof and smoke poring from chimneys atop them. They studied the ovens that were not for cooking but to keep their homes warm. They were welcomed and had a good nights rest. The next morning it was bitterly cold with a freezing wind blowing across the land. Their new found friends provided them all with warm jumpers, jackets and boots, so the cold would not bother them. They jumped and jostled playing along the beach again with each other. The blond haired residents though were very curious where their friends could have come from, that looked so dark and different from them. Their eyes wide in amazement the sunshine children watched as rain poured from the sky filling the ponds, streams and lakes to the top. They were happy and excited but their hearts turned to home and their families. The smallest of the sunshine children drew an outline of a water drop in the beach sand and pointed to the sea and their land far away, whispering, "There". Witnessing this, the grandfather of the village assembled all the residents and said to them: "The sunshine children come from a country far away from here on the other side of the sea. The sun always shines there and it is very hot and now there is no water left in the village the children come from."

He then turned and returned to his small house on the edge of the village and returned carrying a dusty old book, just as the old woman had done. He spoke slowly in a strong firm voice: "Only the strongest and quickest of our children can help the sunshine children." He explained in detail what needed to be done.

The next morning a route was prepared and the children of the village raced. Then the villagers aided by all the children from the desert and their own village built small, lovely boats with colorful sails. They were prepared for the children to cross the sea with the sunshine children to aid their stricken families left across the ocean. The time for departure finally came too soon for some of the anxious parents of the children. The boats were finished and as the children boarded, their parents hugged and kissed them one by one with tears in their eyes and hope in their heart that they would return safely. They sailed off together to start their journey across the sea to ensure the survival of the sunshine children's families. They were provided with enough water, food and supplies on board for the long journey. Days later after a long harrowing journey across the open sea, they could see the shore where the sunshine children lived. They spotted their loyal camels along the shore grazing where they had left them. Rushing to the shore all the sunshine children and their new friends from across the ocean loaded the camels and rode quickly to the village together. Their families they had left behind were weak with thirst and hunger.

They ran to each other with hugs of joy and then all the children together unloaded the supplies and huge supply of water from the camels. As they hurriedly unloaded the water it gushed and spilt on the ground. In amazement the villagers stared at the spots the water hit the ground as green grass and plants started to grow. Then one of the smallest of the green shore children tripped with his jar of water.

The very spot where it had touched the sand became a little spring, from which a river of clear water started to flow.



Excitement filled the air, as the parched families of the sunshine children were exhilarated at having water again. All their wells of the sunshine village were now overflowing with gushing water. When the evil magician saw this from his high perch on a mountain overlooking the sunshine village he vowed to have his revenge. In a mighty voice he bellowed threateningly in to the desert night: "I will extinguish all the humans now and take their water forever!"

One little child heard what the magician said and warned the rest of the children. All the children were quickly awakened and a plan to stop the magician was hatched. They hurriedly put their plan in motion and left their huts before the sun had risen.

Protectively they all lay over the water holes and covered themselves with the thick warm clothes they had gotten from their new friends from far away. The evil magician stood on the top of his mountain top perch and discovered all of these small mounds in the desert, which he had never seen before. He ignored their presence as he sought his revenge against the newly found water.

He huffed and expanded his chest and lungs with the hot desert air as he had done before. He exhaled and blew the blistering hot air across the village and desert. The animals and villagers sensing the heat and remembering the terror inflicted before scrambled in fear and anxiety.

When the hot wind subsided, the children raised themselves from the protection they had afforded the water supplies. The sunshine villagers were astonished by the bravery of the children and especially of their new found friends. Jumping and bristling with joy and excitement they cheered and danced around the wells and their children hugging them with tears of joy flowing down their cheeks.

They had defeated the magician, not one of the wells had dried out from the blistering hot wind blown. When the evil magician saw this he became extremely angry. Blind with rage he held his breath and exploded with a huge bang, which echoed across the land.

At this instant, the terrible explosion swept up into the air and caused thousands and thousands of rain drops to fall across the desert. Ponds, streams and lakes began to accumulate the rain drops.



This is the story of how two villages of brave children from far apart and with different looks and language saved and rescued the water and the life in the desert.



DEAR CHILDREN,

**I**n the fairy tale „The water drop“ the brave children from far apart and with different looks and language saved and rescued the water and the life in the desert.

You have participated today  
16.10.2010 in the  
UNICEF KIDS RUN for a good cause.  
**Water for Niger - every drop counts!**

I would like to thank you all  
your Nina Märchenfee

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