

The Rhythm of the Rain



Grahame Baker-Smith

The
Rhythm
of the
Rain



*The rhythms and cycles of this wonderful world we live in are reflected
and echoed in our own selves and in those whom we love.
I dedicate this story to my wife Linda for her bravery and her sea-soul.*

BONNIER
A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in 2018 by Templar Books.
This paperback edition published in the UK in 2018 by Templar Books,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK,
The Plaza, 535 King's Road, London, SW10 0SZ
www.templarco.co.uk
www.bonnierbooks.co.uk

Copyright © 2018 by Grahame Baker-Smith
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

All rights reserved

ISBN 978-1-78741-015-2

Designed by Genevieve Webster
Edited by Alison Ritchie

Printed in China



The Rhythm of the Rain

Grahame Baker-Smith





Issac was playing in his favourite pool on the side of his favourite mountain. He felt spots of rain on his cheek and looked up to see clouds turning dark above him.

As the rain poured down it made little streams that ran out of Issac's pool. He emptied his jar of water into the pool too and raced the laughing streams down the mountainside.



He watched as they joined the river that
ran past his home to plunge down a waterfall.

*Somewhere in all that tumbling
is my little jar of water, Issac thought.*





As the river went on it got deeper and wider.
Creatures came out of the woods to drink and to wash,
and fish leapt high out of the swelling water,
happy to see the rain.



On and on the river flowed,
winding through the country . . .



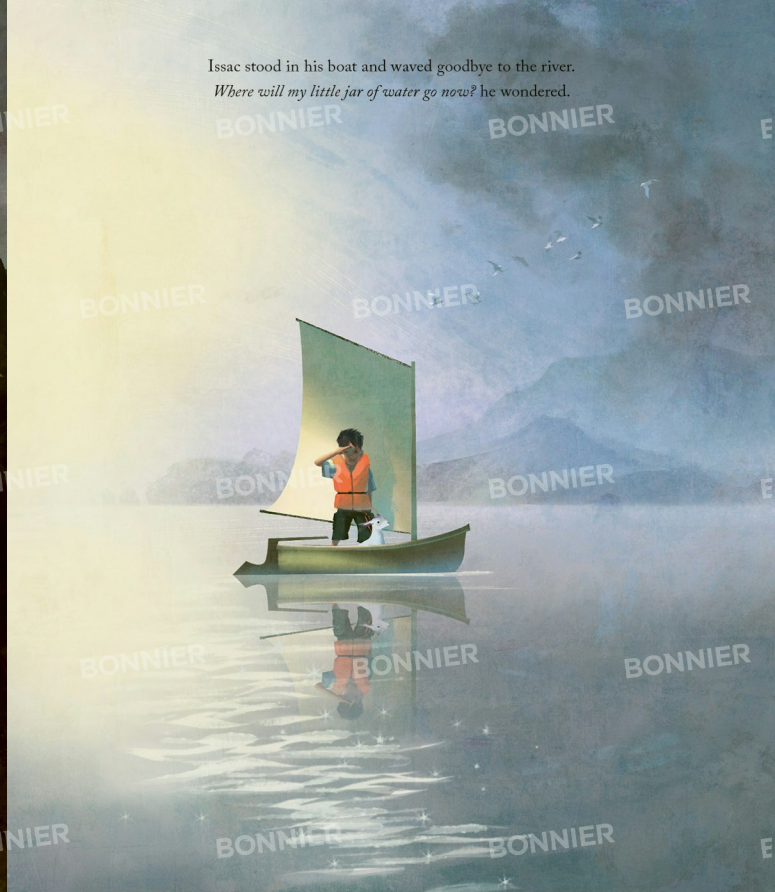
... winding through the city.
And everywhere it went, people and
creatures found a use for it.

Eventually it joined the great ocean.



Issac stood in his boat and waved goodbye to the river.

Where will my little jar of water go now? he wondered.



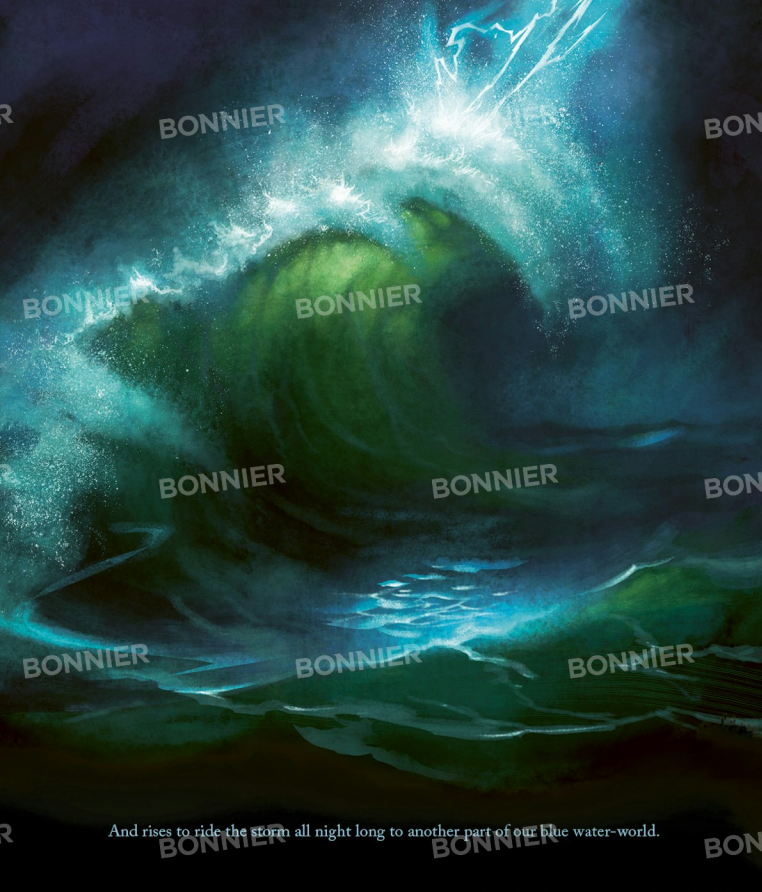


The ocean has many moods. It is home to many things.
A great whale opens its huge mouth to feed and swallows some
of the water from Issac's pool.

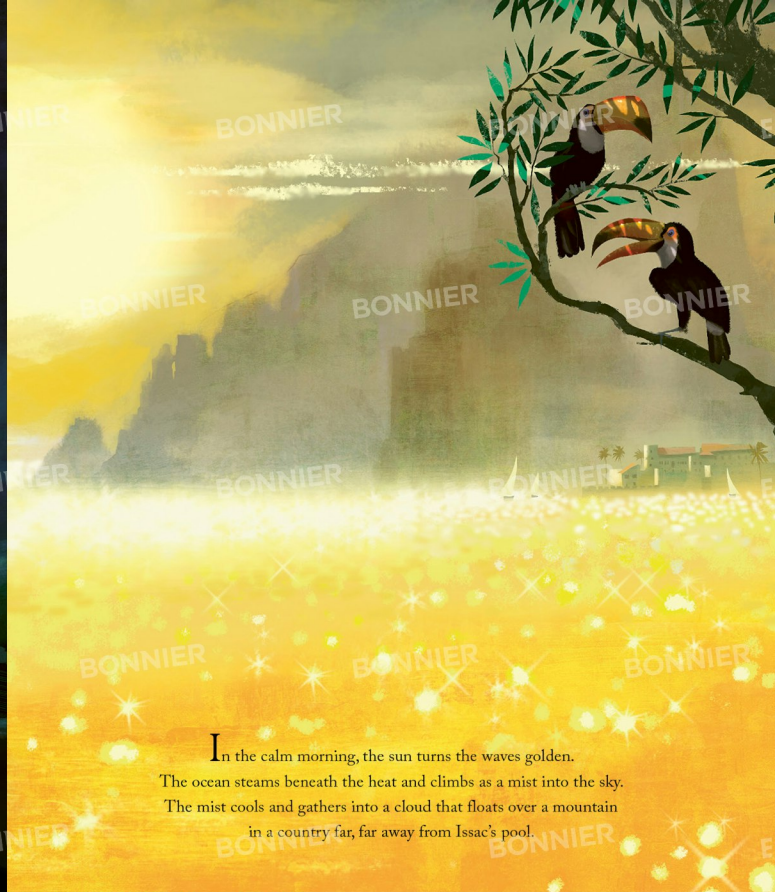


Later, by the light of the moon, the whale rises and blows a great fountain
into the starry night. The water falls like rain back into the sea.

It flows with the currents that run like rivers, deep, deep
down where the sun cannot shine.



And rises to ride the storm all night long to another part of our blue water-world.



In the calm morning, the sun turns the waves golden.
The ocean steams beneath the heat and climbs as a mist into the sky.
The mist cools and gathers into a cloud that floats over a mountain
in a country far, far away from Issac's pool.



The clouds let go their gift of water.
They fill the pool where a little girl plays.

Cassi has been thirsty for days,
and she drinks gratefully.



Down the mountain the river runs.
Where it goes, the earth turns green. Elephants and giraffe,
flamingoes and zebra celebrate the return of the rain.

On and on the river runs ...



Back to the sea . . .

... where a giant squid,
surprised by a shark ...



... cleverly creates a cloud of ink,
and sucking in the sea,
jets away undercover to safety.

Once more – as it has done for millions of years –
the sun heats the ocean, and the water rises as steam
into the sky where it forms into clouds.
Once more – as it has done for millions of years –
the rain falls on the land.





And thirsty flowers draw the
wandering water into themselves,
waving like bright flags around
the pool where Issac plays.



