

The background is a lush, green landscape with a large waterfall cascading down a rocky cliff. In the foreground, a small boat with a white sail is on a river, carrying a boy and a white cat. To the left, two deer are perched on a rocky outcrop. The sky is filled with vertical rain streaks and small white dots. The overall color palette is dominated by greens and blues, with some yellow and orange accents.

# 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.*

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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 . . .



An artistic illustration of a shark and a squid in a dark, murky sea. The shark is on the left, its head and open mouth with sharp teeth visible. The squid is on the right, moving away from the shark. The water is dark green and blue, with some light filtering from the top right. The text is positioned in the upper right and lower right areas.

... 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.





