



The Story of Water

A Comiri Family story



The Story of Water

Rain had been tapping on the kitchen window all morning.

Mira pressed one finger against the glass and followed a raindrop as it wiggled its way toward the sill.

“Where does water come from?” she asked Grandma.

Grandma looked out at the gray sky.

“That is a very big question for such a little raindrop.”



After breakfast, they pulled on their boots and went outside.

Water dripped from the roof, ran along the gutter, and gathered in a puddle beside the porch.

Mira stepped carefully into the middle.

Then she jumped.

Water flew in every direction.

Grandma laughed as a splash landed on her coat.

“Water likes to travel,” Mira said.

They followed the little stream along the edge of the sidewalk until it disappeared through a grate.

“Where will it go now?”

“Somewhere else,” Grandma said. “Water is very good at going somewhere else.”



That afternoon, Mira filled an ice tray at the sink.

By dinnertime, the water had turned solid.

She dropped one cube into her glass and watched it slowly become water again.

“It keeps changing,” she said.

The ice chimed against the glass.

Grandma smiled.

“Water has many ways of being.”



The next morning, they carried a watering can into the garden.
Mira poured water around the tomatoes, basil, and sunflowers.
The dark soil soaked it up.

“Where did it go?”

“Part of it is helping these grow,” Grandma said.

Mira looked closely at the plant.

She could see the leaf. She could see the stem.

She could see the yellow flower opening toward the sun.

The water itself had slipped into the work of growing.



Later that day, Mira laughed so hard at lunch that tears ran down her cheeks.

She wiped one away with her fingertip and stared at it.

“Water again.”

Grandma smiled. “Water again.”

Mira thought about the rain, the puddle, the ice, the garden, and now a tear.

It felt as if water had a way of showing up everywhere.



By late afternoon, the sun had come out,
so they walked to the creek.

Mira spent most of the walk asking questions.

She wondered where the creek began.

She wondered where it ended.

She wondered why sunlight sparkled on moving water.

She wondered how rain reached the clouds in the first place.

Grandma listened, smiled, and kept walking beside her.



When they arrived, they sat together on a smooth rock beside the creek.

For a while, Mira listened.

Water moved over the stones.

Leaves shifted above her.

A bird called from somewhere across the creek.

Sunlight warmed her face.

The whole place felt quiet and alive at the same time.

Mira stayed there for a little while.

Then she leaned toward Grandma.

“I feel something.”



Grandma turned toward her.

“What does it feel like?”

Mira thought about it.

“Like I belong here.”

Grandma smiled.

“That sounds like something
worth remembering.”

On the walk home, Mira noticed
one clear drop resting on the tip of a leaf.

She touched it gently with her finger.

By the time they reached the house,
she had another question. Then another.

And she was already looking forward
to finding out where they might lead.