

A Lake Writes a Letter to a River

Sandra Leyva

Dear Cousin River,

I miss everyone, River.

I am very alone and still; many of my animals have left me without giving me a weeks' notice, even without telling me why. It's been too calm, River, too calm here.

I miss brother Lake, who used to be me, but then separated when it didn't rain last year. They were so still. Stiller than me. I wonder how they are doing, River, I wonder every day.

I miss Waterfall. Oh, Waterfall was merciless. Waterfall fell with force, crashed onto anything below, uncaring. Their cold passion always impressed everyone. I used to be Waterfall for a little while, but then I rained and fell here, River. I wonder how Waterfall is doing.

I miss Fog. Fog used to come here, River, oh, they came here very often. But then it got very hot and it didn't rain last year. I haven't seen Fog since. They were so slow, River, and so grey. And silent. Sometimes it merely fell, dowsing its surroundings with itself, covering the setting in its entirety. It was so hard having a conversation with them, River, I talked all the time, and Fog never answered. But I still miss them, River, I really do.

I miss little Puddle. Puddle is always fun! The human children love them so much, River. Always still, sometimes with mud, sometimes with leaves, until someone comes and disrupts its quiet surface. Once, when I was Puddle, a little girl splashed by with her crocodile and they both roared with laughter! I miss little Puddle.

I miss Rain. I miss being Rain, I miss Rain visiting. It's always a fun time catching up with Rain and Everyone in Rain. They are so loud, River, so incredibly loud, but I would welcome their loudness now.

And above all, I miss you River. River: always moving, always flowing, never stopping. Oh, how I looked up to you River! Always wanted to join you again after those fun times we had in the mountains! But then we joined

Ocean and it rained and I became Lake and you stayed River. Because River always stays River.

I miss you.

Nothing much is happening here. Except for the loud machinery going on in the distance. I hoped the people would come over and swim and laugh and float but they have not done so. Instead, they send me strange gifts. Barrels. Lots of barrels all filled with grease. Grease? I think it is Grease. It makes my waters shimmer beautifully in various colors, River, but my fish and ducks hate it immensely.

I am not sure whether to like these gifts.

With so much time on my hands, I have recently gotten into writing, River. It is an exciting new hobby, but I did not know what to write about. So, I decided to write a letter to you. I hope that was okay.

Sincerely,

Lake

