

Tracing Water

Once upon a time there lived a girl with very thin skin. Her skin was white as snow and one can even see her heart beating through her thin white skin. When she was little she always thought of herself as not very different of other kids.

Her parents and others too did not agree. They were so worried that when she touched something her skin would break.

They were worried that if she danced she would break apart. The girl loved to dance in her excitement about live. The parents forbid her to dance.

The girl grew up starting to believe that something with her was really wrong even though that was not true at all.

One day she met a man. He sometimes accidentally spit fire. He did not treat her with as much prudence as her parents or others. He treated her like a real person and she really liked that. He was a fine man and when he asked her for her hand she said yes.

Everytime he spit fire on her, her skin burnt a little. It was painful to her, but not as painful as her parents prudence. Everytime he spits fire it left a mark on her body. Years passed by. Over the time her skin got thicker and harder. So they lived together for many years. Most of the times they were very happy, but sometimes the man spit fire and the woman's skin got burned. The woman's skin got thicker and harder. It looked more and more like a wall.

One evening in the shower she looked down and she sees a little crack on her chest. Soon after she discovered another crack.

Later that evening they went swimming. The river was warm and promising. The hills painted soft indigo waves into the sky the air smelled like mushrooms and water.

He discovered, when he held his breath under the cold river water the fire stayed inside of him. She was worried it would burn his soul.

The hazy silence between them ceased. Just seconds later they lost sight of each other. She called his name, but only the waves answered.

The night was on the verge of tipping over, when the river swallowed her.

Water turned into ice. After searching all winter long he found pieces of her cracked wall between river shells and rocks.

People say that on summer nights they see a girl dancing over the river like a cloud on a windy day.

Her skin is as white as snow .One can even see her heart beating through her thin white skin

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