

How the Flat Field became Beautiful

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Once upon a time there lived a field. He was flat, flatter than a pancake, and covered with green grass. He did not look very interesting—except to cows, who think flat fields of grass are yummy and delicious.

After a while, and a while is a long time for a field, he got tired of being plain and dull.

“I don’t have so much as a molehill to make me less ordinary than I really am,” he sobbed. “What am I going to do with myself? It’s so plain I’m a plain plain.”

Finally he decided to grow a hump, and with a push here and a shove there, a humpy hill he heaved.

But you cannot put something somewhere without taking it from somewhere else, and so, in another part of the field, a hollow appeared.

Just then a cloud came sailing by. “Oh, look what I see!” he cried. “A hollow!” and he poured rain into the hollow until, quick as a quack, ducks and geese landed splash into the water. This was very pleasing to the field, who was tired of hearing nothing but mooooooos all day from the cows. To have the quacks and honks of ducks and geese was a wonderful thing indeed.

After a while, and a while is a long, long time for a field with a humpy hill and hollow full of lake and cows, he decided that the sun was too hot. It shone down from the blue sky all day long and refused to take a rest until nighttime. So on top of the hill he pushed the earth upwards. Up, up, up the brown earth grew and branched out every which way. Then all over the branches grass sprouted with leaves that looked just like leaves. This kept the field’s hilly head much cooler and comfy.

But, of course, you cannot put something somewhere without taking it from somewhere else and a gully appeared in the ground. The lake took one look at the gully and cried “River!” She ran towards it and kept on running for the rest of her life all the way to the sea. And when the fishes saw the river running they swam upstream and lived in the lake underneath the ducks and geese and nibbled their toes.

After a while, and, as I’ve told you before, a while is a long, long, long time for a field with a hill and a tree and a hollow full of lake with quacking ducks and honking geese and nibbling fish and river running all the way to the sea and cows he decided that the sun was magical. When it rained the sun painted rainbows in the sky and the field loved

those rainbows more than anything else. He wanted rainbows for his every own. The field thought, and thinked, and thunk. He painted pictures in his mind and grabbed the grass by the roots and squeezed and squeezed. He squeezed and squoozed and squizzled until flowers appeared in all the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet and magenta colors of the rainbow. O how delighted the field was, and very chuffed!

But the tree called out: "What about me? Can't I have flowers too?"

So the ducks gathered flowers and flew up to the tree and decorated it. Since then, flowers grow on trees all the way until today.

And, as you know, you can't put something somewhere without someone taking notice. This time it was the queen bee. She came with all her workers and took the nectar from the flowers and made it into honey in a hollow of the tree. Then the field was even more than truly happy and he lives there to this day.

And that, dear Children, is the very end of How the Flat Field became Beautiful.