

THE UMBRELLA MAN



By

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One particularly dry and dusty night, a mysterious stranger came to the town of Cactusville. He was a gentle giant, and sort of shaped like an old umbrella. His arms and legs were thin and pointy, and his nose was long and droopy. His shoes were upturned and shaped like umbrella handles. He rarely smiled, but his eyes were sweet and kind.



The way the stranger looked matched his trade, which was fixing old umbrellas. He did not have a name, so the townspeople just called him the Umbrella Man. He was very quiet and usually kept to himself. He lived above his umbrella shop, which sat on a barren dirt hill surrounded by cacti that were shaped like people. He rarely got customers or even visitors, since the townspeople thought he was odd. Everyone knew it didn't rain in the town of Cactusville, so no one had any wish to visit him. He was very lonely.



Even though the townspeople thought he was wasting his time fixing old umbrellas, he didn't care, since it was his passion. Day and night and night and day, he worked on old broken umbrellas he found at the town dump. In the end since no one wanted them, he gave the umbrellas he fixed to the people-shaped cacti outside his shop. He wanted to share his skills so much.



Until...one night, on a full moon, the townspeople noticed a change in the air. With one strong lightning strike, it began...a wet monsoon! One like the townspeople hadn't seen in a century. Everyone frantically rushed to the Umbrella Man to repair their old broken umbrellas. Of course, he was overjoyed to help them and tried to fix as many umbrellas as he could and as fast as he could, since many of the townspeople were eagerly waiting in the pouring rain.



At last, he was the most admired person in town and was never sad or lonely again. He had visitors every day, even when they had no umbrellas to fix. In fact, the townspeople celebrated him and his trade with a new town holiday called "Umbrella Day".