Cloudy Fields
by: Emily Woody

Once, there was a cloud. He loved to travel the earth and admire it's inhabitants. He had seen everything from waterfalls to mountains to breathtaking views from cliffs, and he was just waiting for something else to catch his eye. But the waterfall had been loud, and the cliffs and mountains were a bit scary when you looked down, as he had never floated that high before. He had been looking for something calm, peaceful, and secluded. Then one day, he finally found it.

He had found himself hovering over the biggest field he had ever seen, and that field had thousands of flowers, as far as the eye could see. He knew he had to get a better look. As he floated down, he could see the field more clearly. It had all kinds of colorful flowers in all shapes and sizes. He stopped at a pretty purple flower with two buds, leaned down, and sniffed. It smelled of lavender and honey, but the wind of the field mixed in heather, as well.

He figured he could always come back and investigate, but he would have to go for now. He loved this field, but he always remembered where his favorite sightings were, so he could revisit them. And this was his favorite by far, but there were more things to be seen and places to go. As he was about to float up to the never-ending blue sky, he noticed the trees. There must have been hundreds, surrounding the area. Only allowing a trace of wind for him to float.

He was stuck! If there wasn't any wind, he couldn't float! What was he going to do now? The other clouds were too far away to hear him, they were up in the sky. Having fun, and leaving him alone. He sat down and started waiting, he wasn't exactly sure what for, but he just waited.
It felt like it had been years when he finally heard the sound of footsteps walking in the direction of the field. The big wide open land he knew as the flower field was now small and confining. He heard the steps louder and louder as they came closer. When they emerged from the forest he saw a little girl, maybe eight or nine years old. He hovered over to her and she looked at him with a curious face. Eventually he figured out that she wasn’t afraid of him at all! Not even the least bit shocked by him or his situation.

After a whole lot of explaining, the girl, Reena, seemed to understand why he couldn’t leave. “Can’t you just cut the tree down?” the cloud asked hysterically. “What? Me? No way. I’m far too small to do that.” the girl exclaimed. The cloud knew he would be stuck for awhile, so he started to sob, of course this meant rain for the flowers. “Hey, it’s not all that bad,” she comforted him “You could stay here and watch over the fields.”

The cloud would have sobbed harder, but the fact that he could stay here with this girl and beautiful field stopped it all together. He took his time watering the fields each week, and the girl visited him every single day. One day, though, the girl didn’t seem as happy and carefree. When the cloud asked why, she had said “I’m moving away tomorrow, I won’t be able to see you anymore.” With that, she planted a small seed in the ground, “Take care of this seed, it’s to remember me by,” she’d said, then she left. He took care of that flower ever since and helped it grow.

Reena Johnson moved back to her old town several years later, now thirty-one. Her daughter, May, moved with her. When taking a walk through the woods, her daughter came across a flower field. Walking through it, she came across a flower that stood out from the bunch. It was the biggest, prettiest flower of all. It had a mist circled around it. Her friend had evaporated, but he had kept his promise to look after that small seed.