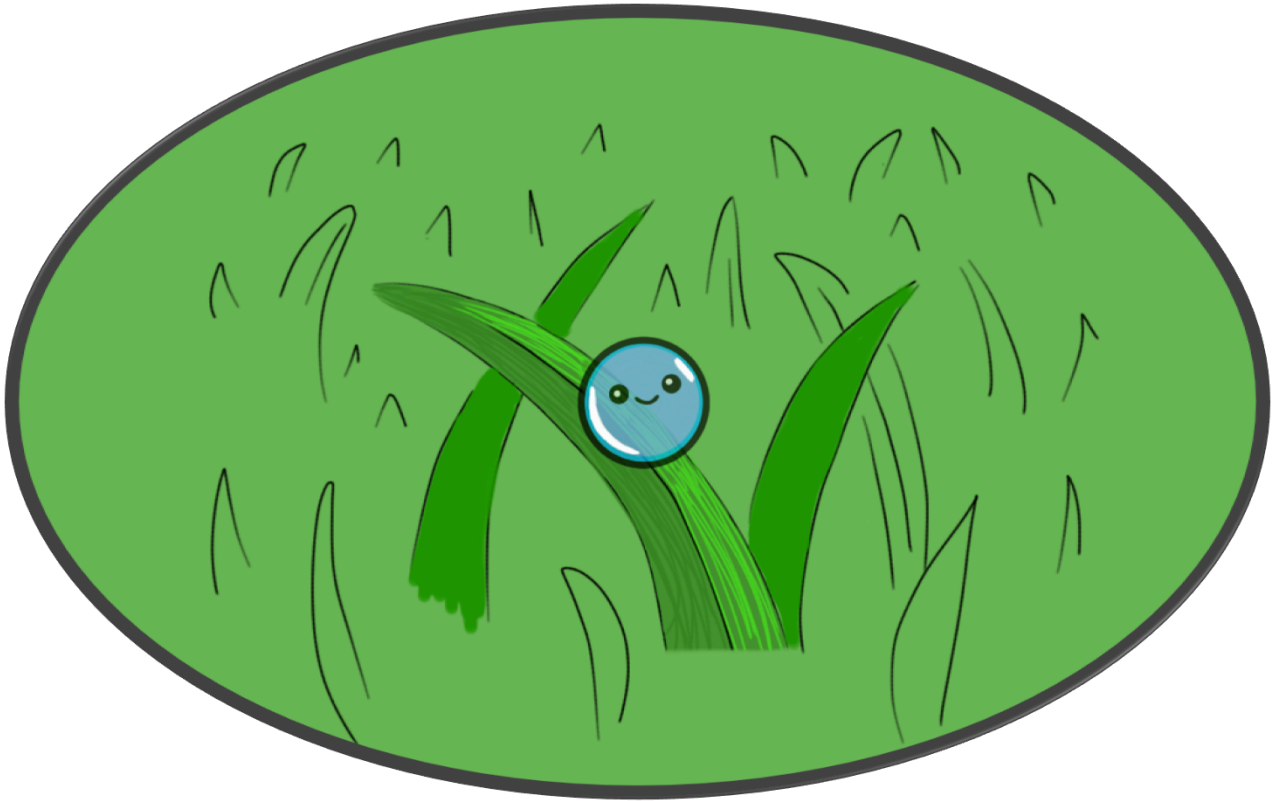
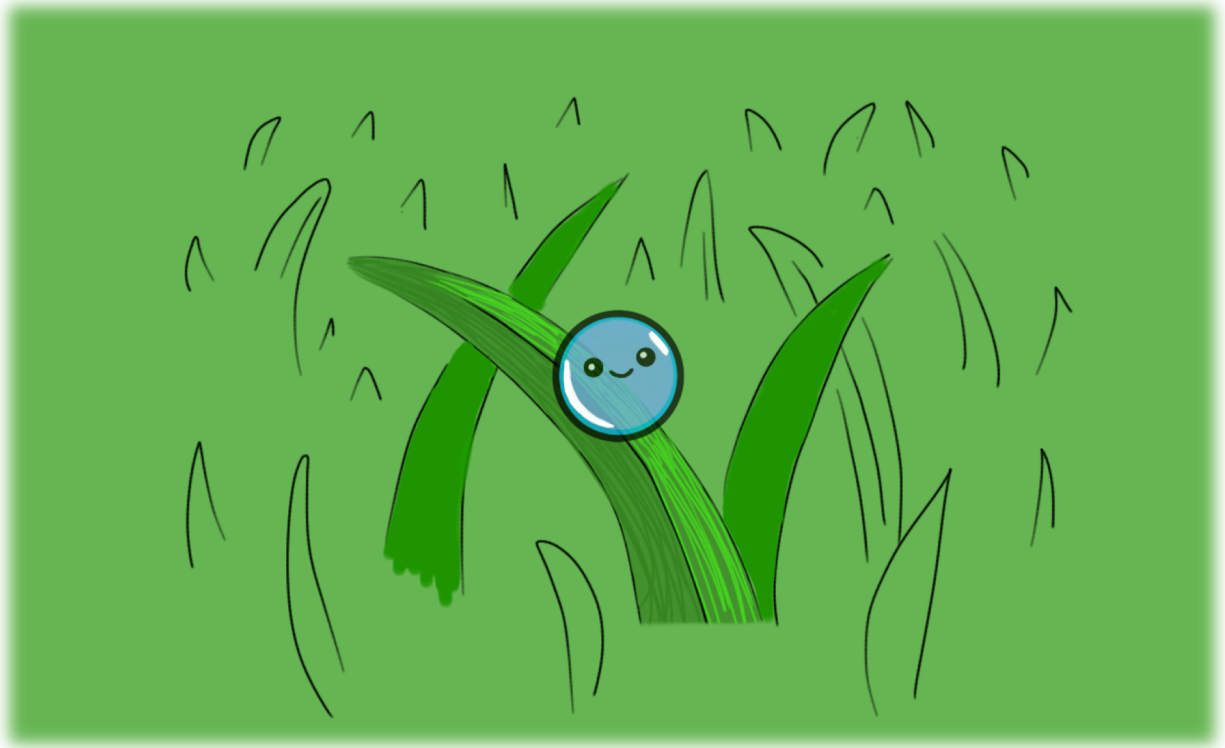

*THERE AND
EVAPORATED AGAIN.*

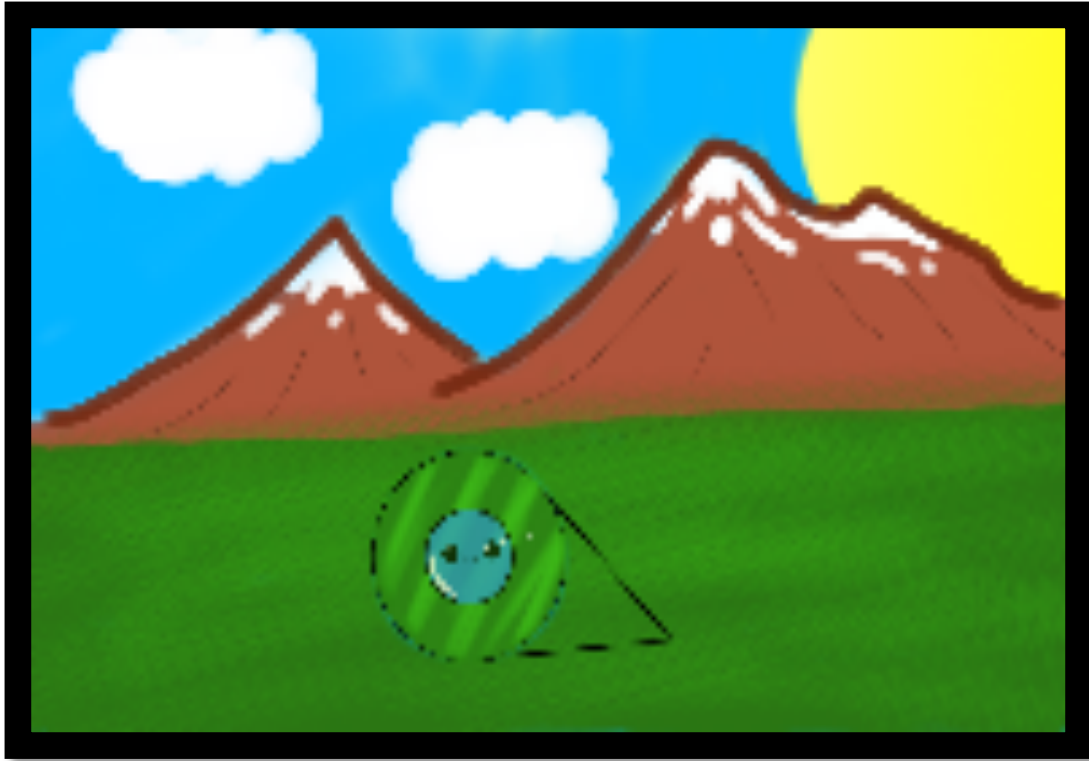


By Sidney Maudlin

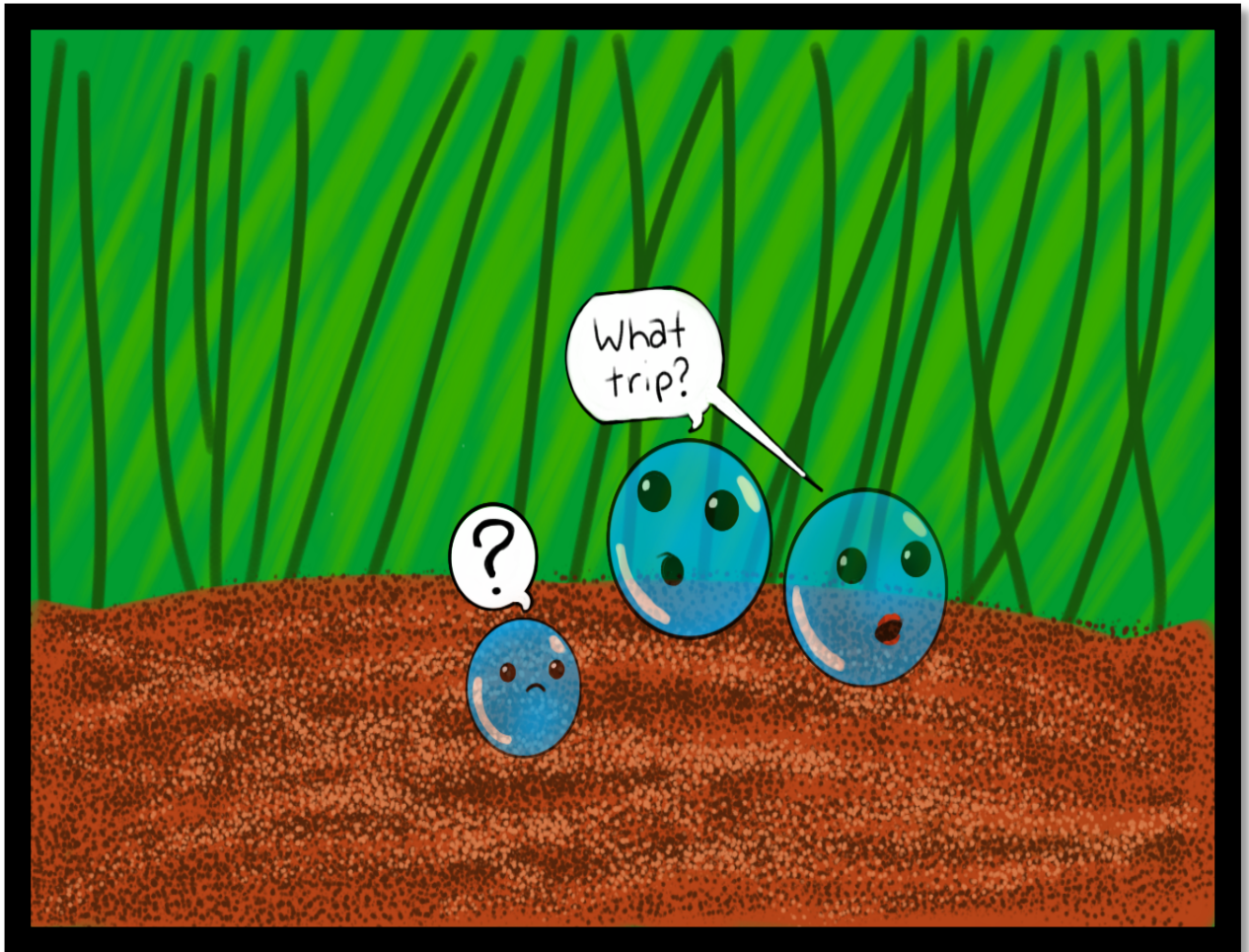
Illustrated by: Trevor O'Neal



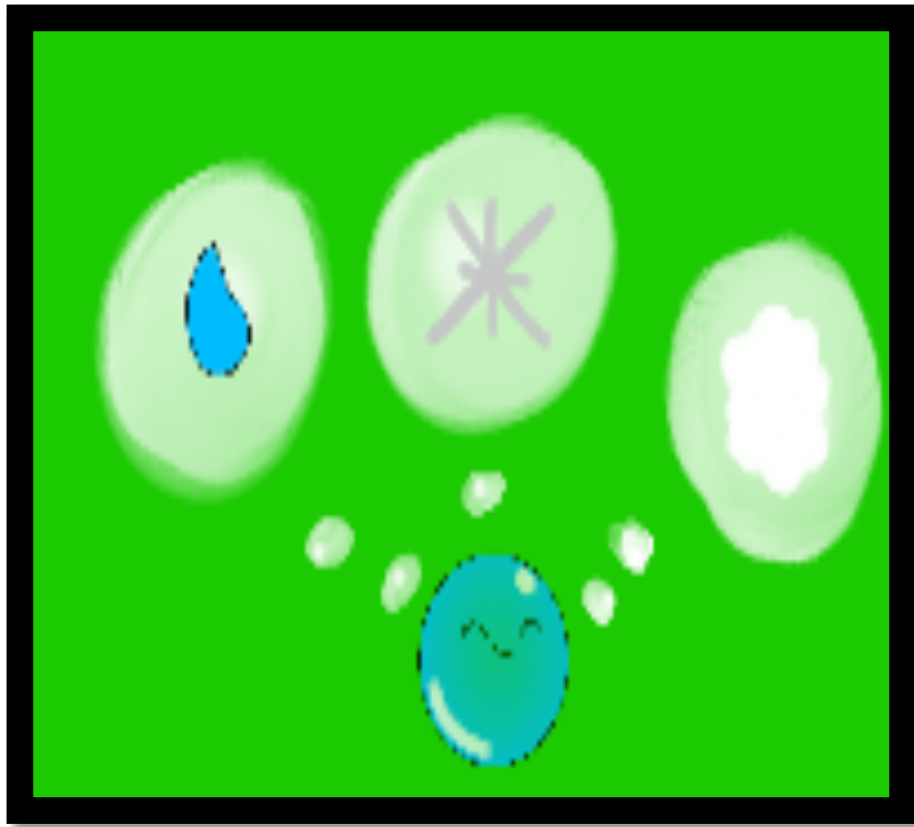
Dewey was a dewdrop from Dewdrop Land. He was a young, happy dewdrop that was very, very brave.



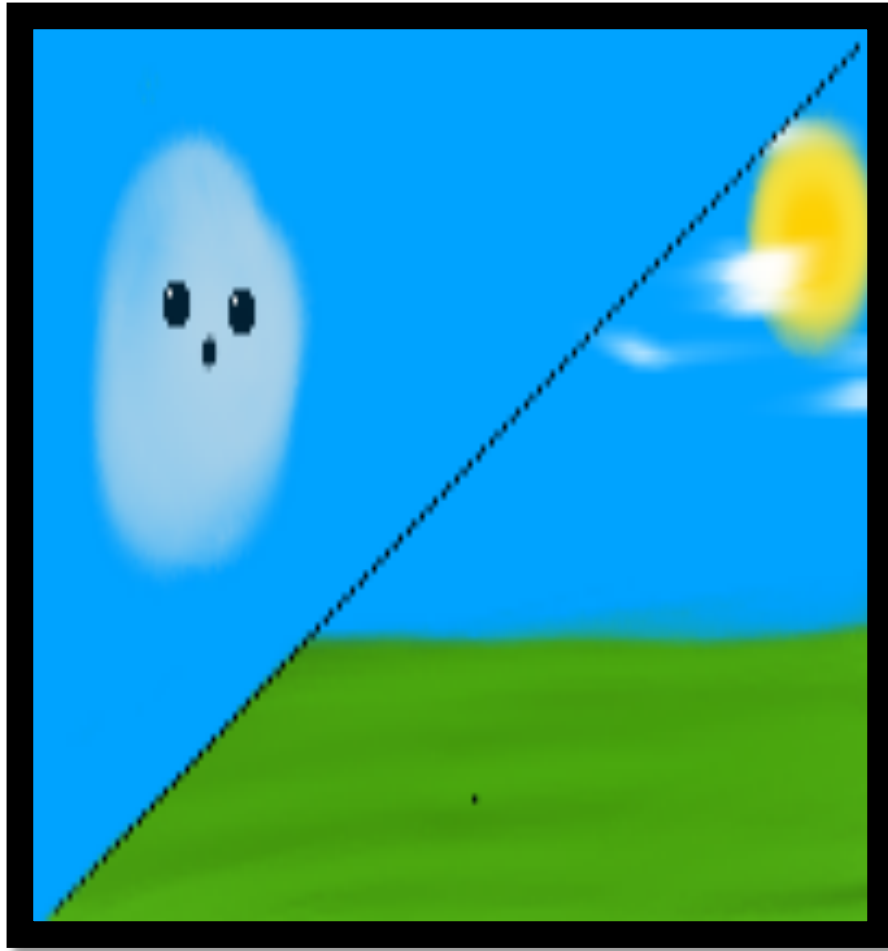
Dewey wanted adventure. He wanted to travel. But he needed the sun, and he needed the land. He just did not realize that he was part of an important cycle. He wanted to go places, but his parents always said no, that he had more important things to do.



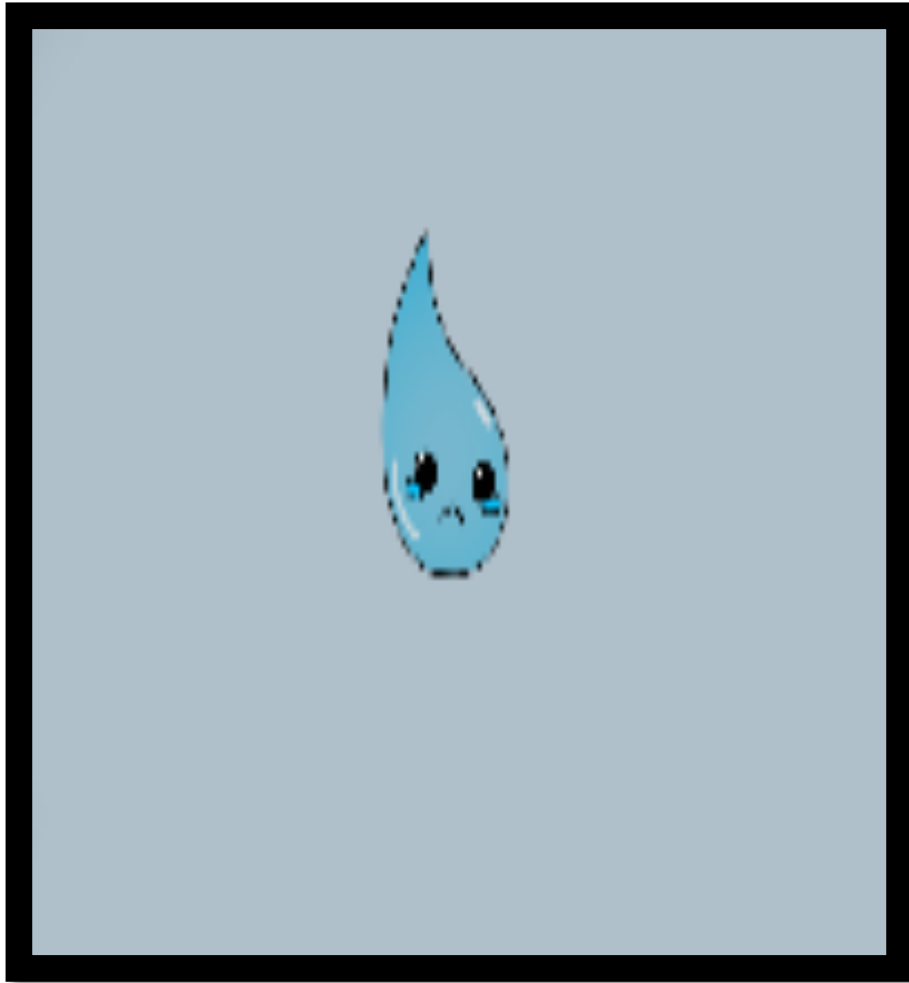
One day Dewey went on a little trip. It was not a trip that he had planned. This was normal and something that that every dewdrop goes through. This trip was the beginning of a cycle.



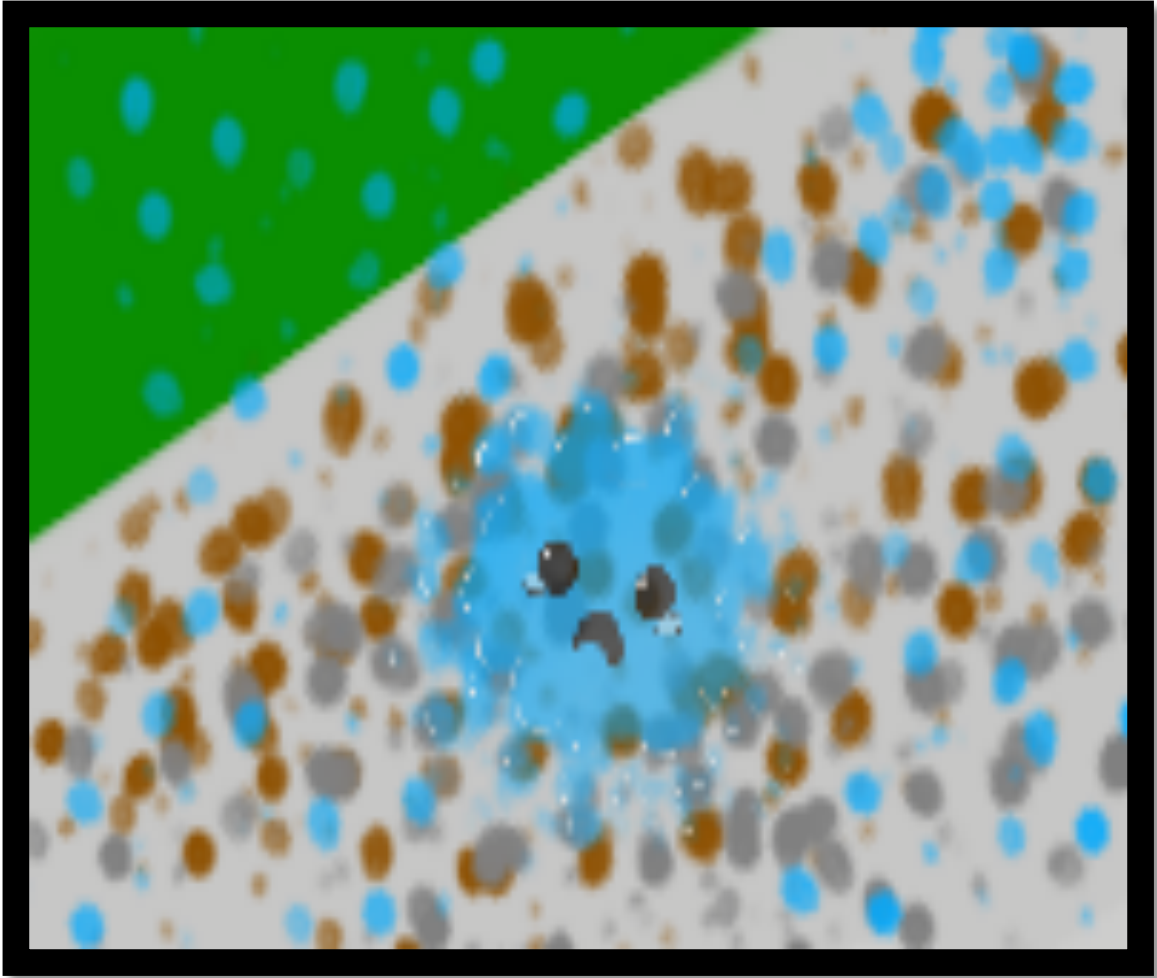
He had been told that he would be changed forever, but didn't know how.



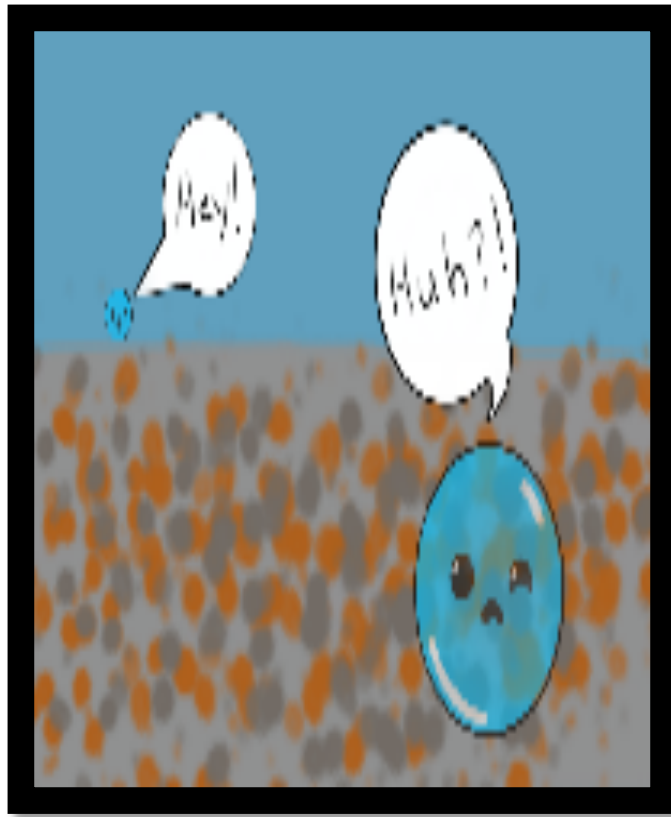
As he climbed a blade of grass, Dewey felt a little light, and free. Suddenly he drifted up into the sky. He felt happy and cheerful. This is called *Evaporation*. Dewey realized that the cycle had begun.



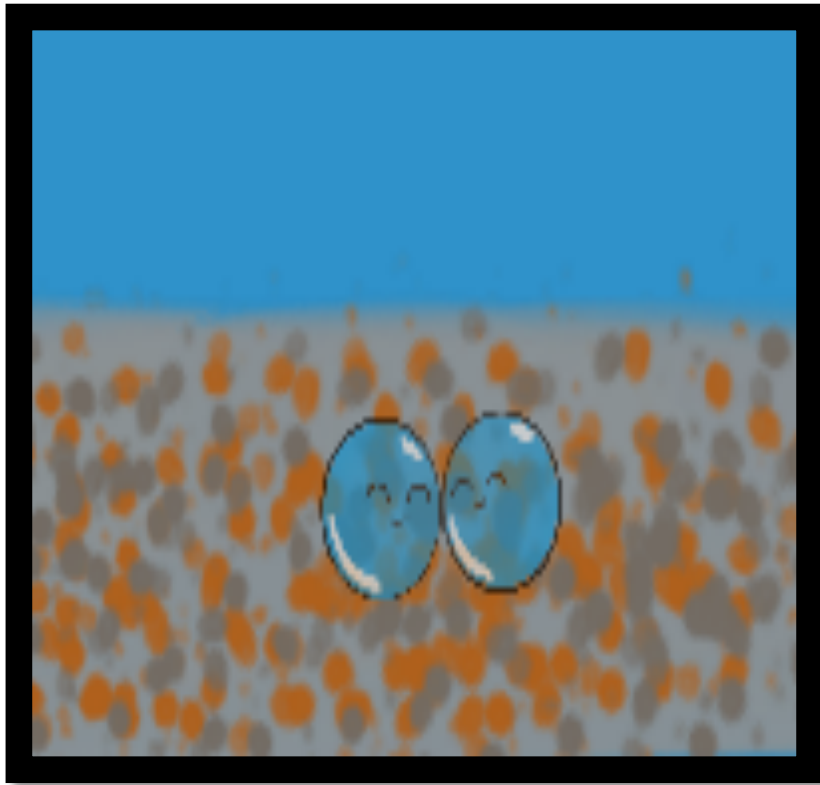
After a while of being in the sky, Dewey felt sad and lonely. Soon, though, he felt shaky and cold, and he fell from the sky. Hey, I'm a raindrop, he thought. This is called *Precipitation*.



When he fell to the ground with a splat, Dewey felt scared, alone, and sad. He'd never been this far from home before.

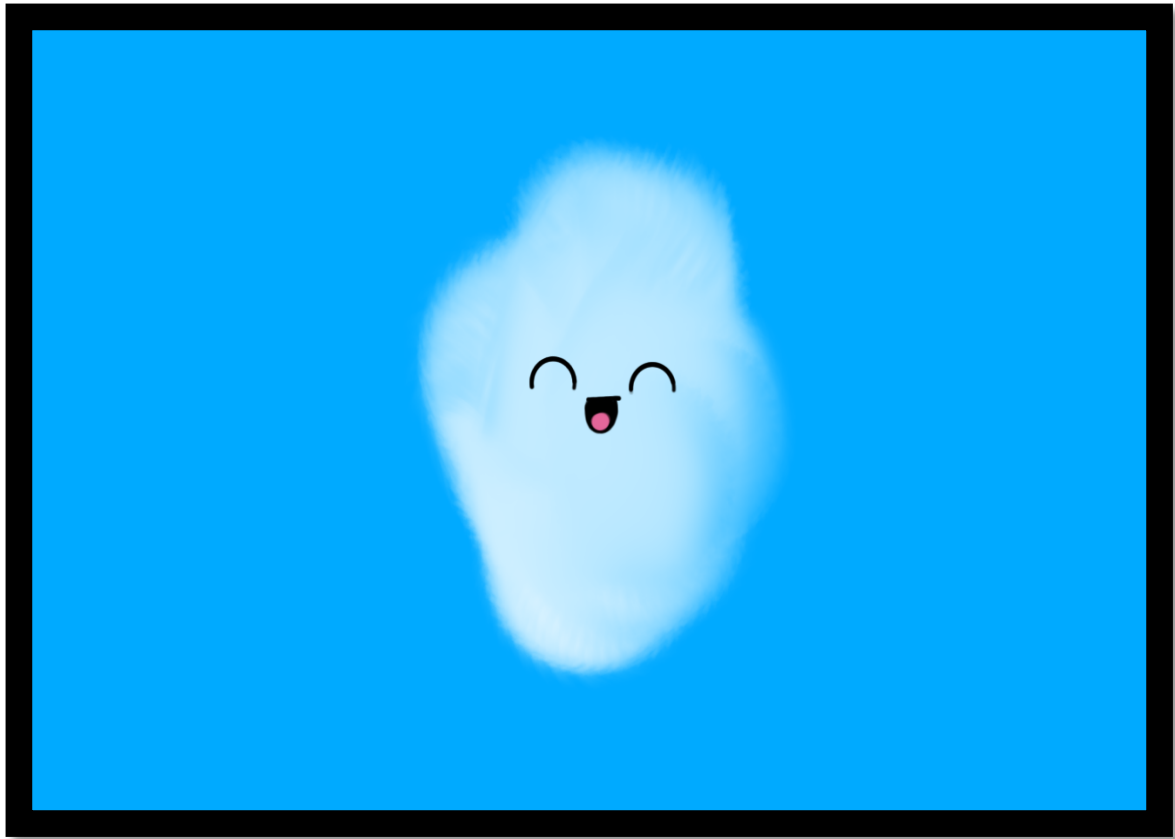


Almost as soon as he'd begun to cry, he heard another small shout. Looking around, he saw his sister Nadia nearby.

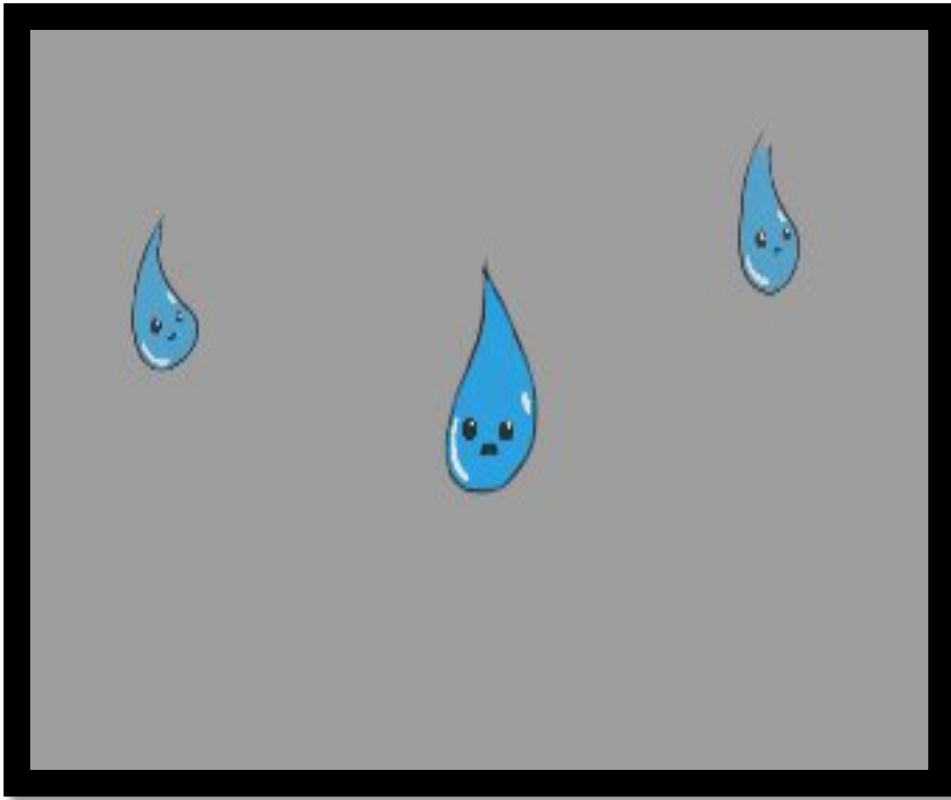


She looked tired and a little worried, but she comforted him just the same.

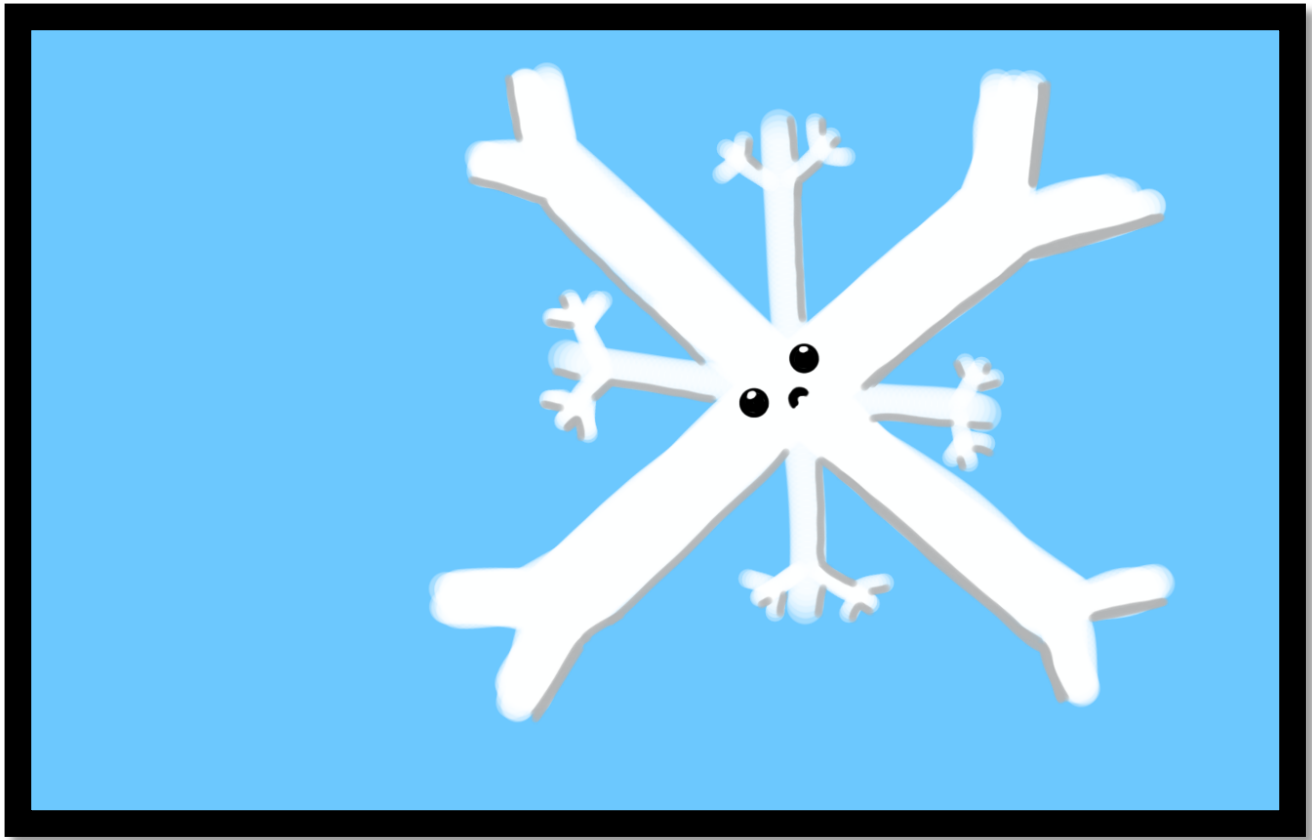
“Don’t cry, little brother. This happens to all of us, even Dad. It’s part of the cycle.”



Feeling thankful to his sister, Dewey began to feel very good. As a matter of fact, he felt so glad that he floated back into the sky, smiling. Again, this is called *Evaporation*.



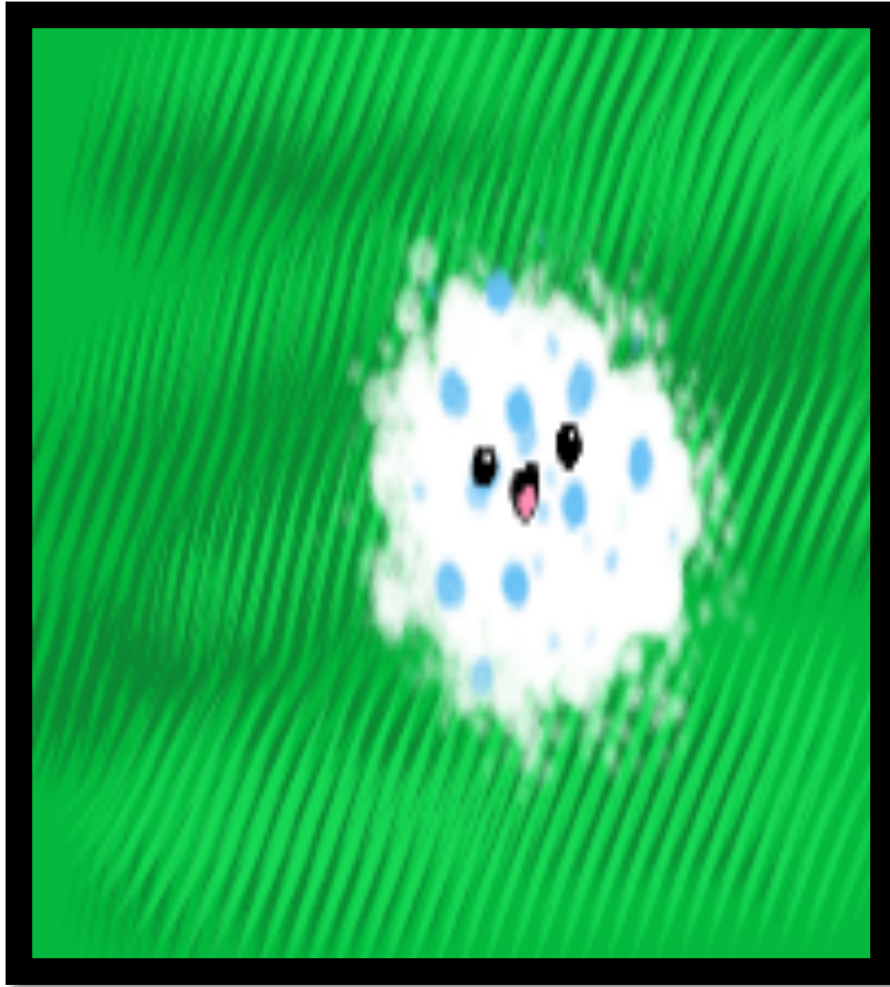
As he flew, more and more water droplets appeared. They were getting closer and closer. Then, with a twist, and a freezing wind, Dewey felt cramped! This is called *Condensation!*



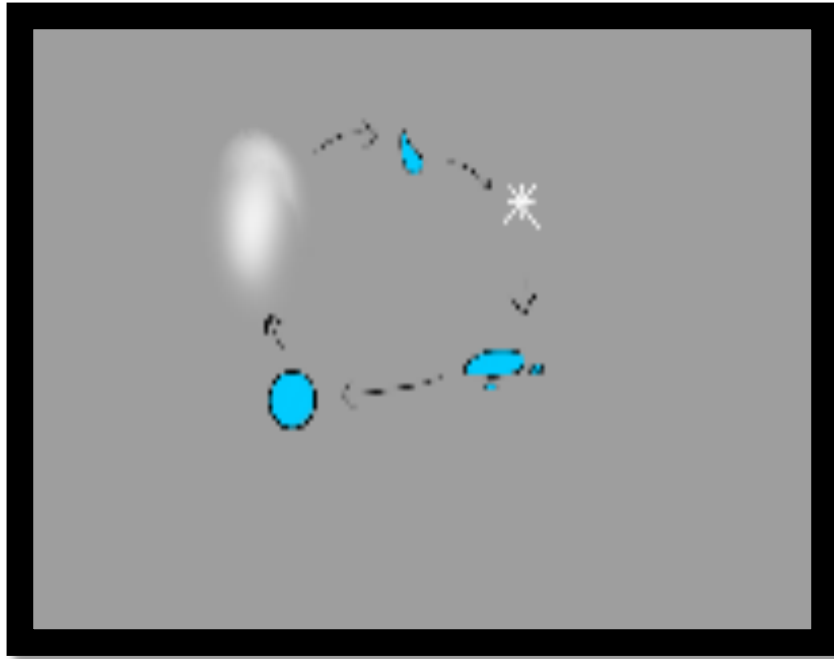
Freezing with cold, and not able to see, Dewey fell again. Wondering when it would be over, poor Dewey came to the ground as snow! But, now he sparkled and glittered as he fell. Dewey loved being a beautiful snowflake.



For a long time, Dewey was very happy. He loved this form! Happy kids threw snowballs, were sledding, and a little girl picked him up, making him part of a snowman!



When spring came, Dewey melted. He couldn't wait to do it again!



Every day, drops of water begin as dew and progress through a journey. This is called the Water Cycle.

THE END