"AHHH! Please somebody help me! I am falling from the sky, my home, and all I've ever known!" cried this drastically dramatic dew drop. Then, PLOP!
Two elders laughed feeling **nostalgic** as Dramatic Dayla Denise flew screaming in fear. For they had remembered the time they first dove through this satisfyingly strange universe and how horribly hopeless they had felt.  

But now **accustomed** to this change, they know that this **allegedly** “evil” event is harmless and a part of our slightly crazy life. As water we unite and **prevail** through the tremendously tough changes **occasionally** occur within our existence.
Dramatic Dayla Denise zoomed past the elders with a wildly worried wail as she fell and hit the strong shining sail of a big, beautiful boat before dripping into the ocean. The ecstatic elders following shortly behind her began giggling greatly as they prepared to float amongst the slightly stinging salt water of the ocean on this stormy night.

Dayla began to calm down as she believed that her traumatizing flight was over. She could now rest, replenish, and rebuild her strength after such a fright. Little did she know that that was only the beginning of her alarming and accelerating adventure!
Dramatic Dayla Denise awoke ready to venture through whatever this wonderfully wacky world would throw at her. But all she did was steadily ride the waves that dreadfully dull day. No one wanted to participate or play; while the sad skies sobbed, shooting out more aquatic friends like Dayla down into the ocean to collect in the massive mesh of stored water that was the crazily cold wet sea.
The surprisingly, blindingly, bright, shimmering sun continued to set and rise again and again bringing forth day after endless day. Its light awakening each long dead deserted morning, and pushing away the never ceasing needless nights where nothing happened until….

Dramatic Dayla Denise was changing again! She morphed from a little bitty drop in a massive ocean, to an extremely small and invisible speck of gas. What would be next for the insecure, innocent youth.
“Umm, Grandpa Dew and Grandma Drop, where are you guys?” Dayla cried out in distress! “Guys, please I need you. I- I, well, I am scared” pleaded Dayla as she was abducted into the amazingly adaptable atmosphere.

Now poor, troubled, traumatized, and terrified Dramatic Dayla Denise has returned to her original state; a comfortable cloud. And everyone back home, including those nostalgic elders, is proud of her for making it through such a series of dangerous changes.
“Aww man, not again!” cried Dramatic Dayla Denise as the cycle began to repeat itself, starting when a cloud released her. But this time Dayla was a freezing yet unique snowflake.
Then the cycle went on, and on, and on.

Dayla would overcome these overwhelming obstacles and often undergo changes with the world and the sun, and the atmosphere.

Evaporation, Condensation, Precipitation, and finally Collection!