

A Better Place[©]

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There was once a time very different from today, when the people acted in a very different way.

There were no buildings, no barns, no houses, no farms.

There were no cars, or bikes, or trains, or planes. No socks or hats, just barren terrains. The days were long and boring, and the people were sad and plain.

There were no songs, no stories, no jokes or allegories.

So, the people didn't smile, they didn't laugh, they didn't dance or even clap.

There was nothing to celebrate, nothing to contemplate.

For you see, no one could create, no one could invent, because their eyes were not connected to their hearts, but only to their heads.

Until one day, a massive shadow came rolling by, so the people of the town looked up into the sky. But what they saw, it had no name. Yes, it was a cloud, but without a shape.

It was not round, it was not square, it was not flat, it was not pair.

As they stared at the cloud, drops began to fall; drops of rain, large and small.

One by one, the people ran into the cave to cover themselves from the shapeless cloud's rain.

Except for a boy, who was sleeping like a baby and did not hear the town's people running for safety.

From within the cave the people watched, as the rain splashed around on the leaves of the trees and the dirt of the ground, and onto the boy who was sleeping sound.

And then, BOOM! Lightning struck with a thunderous roar and the boy that was sleeping was sleeping no more.

He looked up at the cloud as it covered him with rain, but instead of feeling scared he felt something new and strange.

Instead of annoyed and riled, the boy was filled with curiosity, and for the first time ever, he smiled.

Then, from within the cave, the people of the town heard a brand new sound, coming from the rain-drenched boy on the ground.

The sound wasn't normal and the sound wasn't plain, it was definitely new and definitely strange.

The boy wasn't yelling, or coughing, or gasping, but instead the boy was laughing.

The cloud disappeared and returned the sun, and from within the cave, out came the people, one by one.

As the boy stood to his feet, the people gathered round to learn more about this mysterious sound.

He looked at them and with a smile he said, I think I have an idea in my head.

They asked, "An idea? What is that?" To which he replied, "I don't quite know, but I think the idea is a hat."

"What's an idea, and what is a hat, and what is that sound you're making, and why does your face look like that?"

The boy replied, "I'm inspired to create, to invent, to make. I will invent this hat and you will see, this hat will shade me like a tree."

He sprang to his feet and ran to a tree, and climbed to the top, and picked all the leaves.

Then he ran to the field and pulled from the ground, the tallest, toughest grass around.

For days on end he worked in the blazing heat, failing over and over again to make his invention complete.

He twisted, and folded, and bent, and tied, but couldn't create what he saw in his mind.

Too small, too big, too floppy, too stiff. Inventing was as much a pain as it was a gift.

But he tried, and he tried, and he tried again until his hat finally the hat fit his head.

The people were amazed. They did not know what to think. Did he really invent something new, something unique?

Soon the whole town had a hat of their own and shade from the sun, but more importantly they were having fun.

They were smiling and happy and eager for more. Their hearts began to learn what it meant to explore.

And then a wonderful, exciting thing occurred. The mysterious cloud...it reappeared.

The people of the town watched as the shadow drew near, but this time they did not run for the cave in fear.

This time, they welcomed the cloud and all its rain, as it covered the town once again.

And as the rain poured down with a mighty blast, they danced, and smiled, and even laughed.

Their eyes were opened and their hearts could finally see all the things that could be invented, all the things that could be.

One by one, as the cloud began to fade, they each ran off to invent, to create.

They toiled away, day after day, until they had built houses, and buildings from trees and clay.

And barns, and farms, and beds and sheds, and socks, and shoes, and paints, and pens.

And bikes, and cars, and roads, and stairs, and candy, and toys, and teddy bears.

They built it all, one by one, bit by bit, in rain and sun.

Their town, once small, sad and bleak, was now amazing, inventive, and unique.

And to this day the cloud remains, covering the earth with its rain. And for those that choose not to run to the cave, they end up making this world a better place.