

The Snail and the Rain Pocket

It was raining in the garden.

Plim, plam, plum.

The snail took a drop and stored it under a leaf.

“For later,” it said.

It walked slowly.

It passed by a puddle.

“I’m not going to use my drop.”

It passed under a watering can.

“Not yet.”

When the sun came out, the snail found a seed with a dry rootlet.

“I’m thirsty,” said the seed.

The snail looked at its drop. It was round and fresh. It had saved it all morning.

It let it fall onto the ground.

Splat!

The next day, in place of the seed, there were two new leaves.

When it rained again, one of the leaves bent down over the snail.

Plim, plam, plum.

Now they both had a rain pocket.