

RIVER'S STORY

Nothing from Nowhere



A story imagined by River

With the original twelve-scene artwork



Once upon a time, there's a nothing from nowhere.

And this nothing was actually a tiny spark that didn't know it could shine. It just floated in the quiet dark. Then it heard a soft puff, like a sleepy yawn. Out of that yawn came a small breeze.



The breeze asked, “What are you?”

The spark said, “I don’t know. I’m just here.” The breeze giggled. “Well, if you’re here, maybe you can try.” “Try what?” asked the spark. “Try glowing.” So the spark took a deep little breath and blinked on - a tiny warm light. And right away, the dark wasn’t scary anymore. It was cozy. Then the breeze said, “See? You make something just by being you.”



With each tiny glow, a new thing appeared.

First, a tiny dot of blue - plop! It became a small pond. Then a green sprout popped up by the pond, wiggling like it was waving hello. The spark was so happy it flickered brighter. The breeze clapped softly. "Look what you did," it said. The spark felt proud. Not too big, not too loud, just right.



Then it thought, “Maybe I can make something fun.”

So it tried a silly wiggle. Out popped a round, giggly creature with big eyes. It blinked, sneezed once, then said, “Hi.” The spark blinked back. “Hi.” The creature grinned. “I’m Bloop! And I like friends.” The spark felt warm all over. “Me too.”



So the spark and Bloop sat by the tiny pond.

They dipped toes that Bloop had and the spark pretended to have. The breeze hummed a quiet tune. Everything felt new and a little wobbly, but good. And that's how the very first "hello" happened.



Bloop leaned over the pond and saw their reflection.

“Oh! There’s another me.” The spark laughed a tiny laugh. “That’s just you in the water.” Bloop waved. The reflection waved back. Bloop gasped. “It copies me!” The breeze whispered, “That’s called a reflection. It shows you you are real.”



Bloop sat very still.

“If I am real, can I do real things?” “Sure,” said the spark. “Try something kind.” Bloop thought hard, so hard their cheeks puffed up. Then Bloop scooped a little water with both hands and poured it gently onto the green sprout. The sprout shivered, stretched, and grew one new shiny leaf. It looked like it was smiling.



Bloop whispered, “Hi, leaf.”

The spark glowed warmer. “That was kind.” Bloop beamed. “I want to do more.” Just then, a tiny problem arrived. A little cloud, no bigger than Bloop, drifted down and started to cry. Drop, drop, drop. “Hey,” said Bloop, “are you okay?” The cloud sniffled. “I don’t know how to stop raining.”



Bloop looked at the spark. The spark looked at the breeze.

The breeze went very still, listening. Bloop shuffled closer to the cloud. “Maybe we can learn together.” The little cloud hiccupped - and another drop fell. Bloop held up their little hands. “It’s okay. Drops happen.”



The spark floated closer too, softer now.

“Sometimes feelings spill out like rain.” Bloop nodded. “When I get too full, my cheeks do this.” Bloop puffed up like a round dumpling. The cloud made a tiny smile. The breeze gave a gentle whoosh, not to push, just to comfort. The cloud’s rain slowed to a mist. “Oh,” it whispered. “That feels better.”



The spark twinkled. “Maybe you don’t have to stop, just go slow.”

The cloud practiced. One drop, then pause. One more drop. Pause. The sprout loved it, glistening happily. “See?” said Bloop. “Your drops help things grow.”



The cloud floated a little higher.

“Maybe I’m not wrong, just learning.” The spark shone steady. “Exactly.” And right then, the tiny world felt fuller, not because it was bigger, but because everyone was in it together.



The End

A story imagined by River