

A watercolor illustration featuring a large, vibrant blue droplet with a spiral pattern. The droplet is the central focus, with its spiral lines radiating from a dark blue center. The background is a light, textured wash of blue and white, with scattered dark blue and black ink splatters. The overall style is artistic and expressive.

The droplet

a story by Wenlin Tan

For all the droplets I've come across,

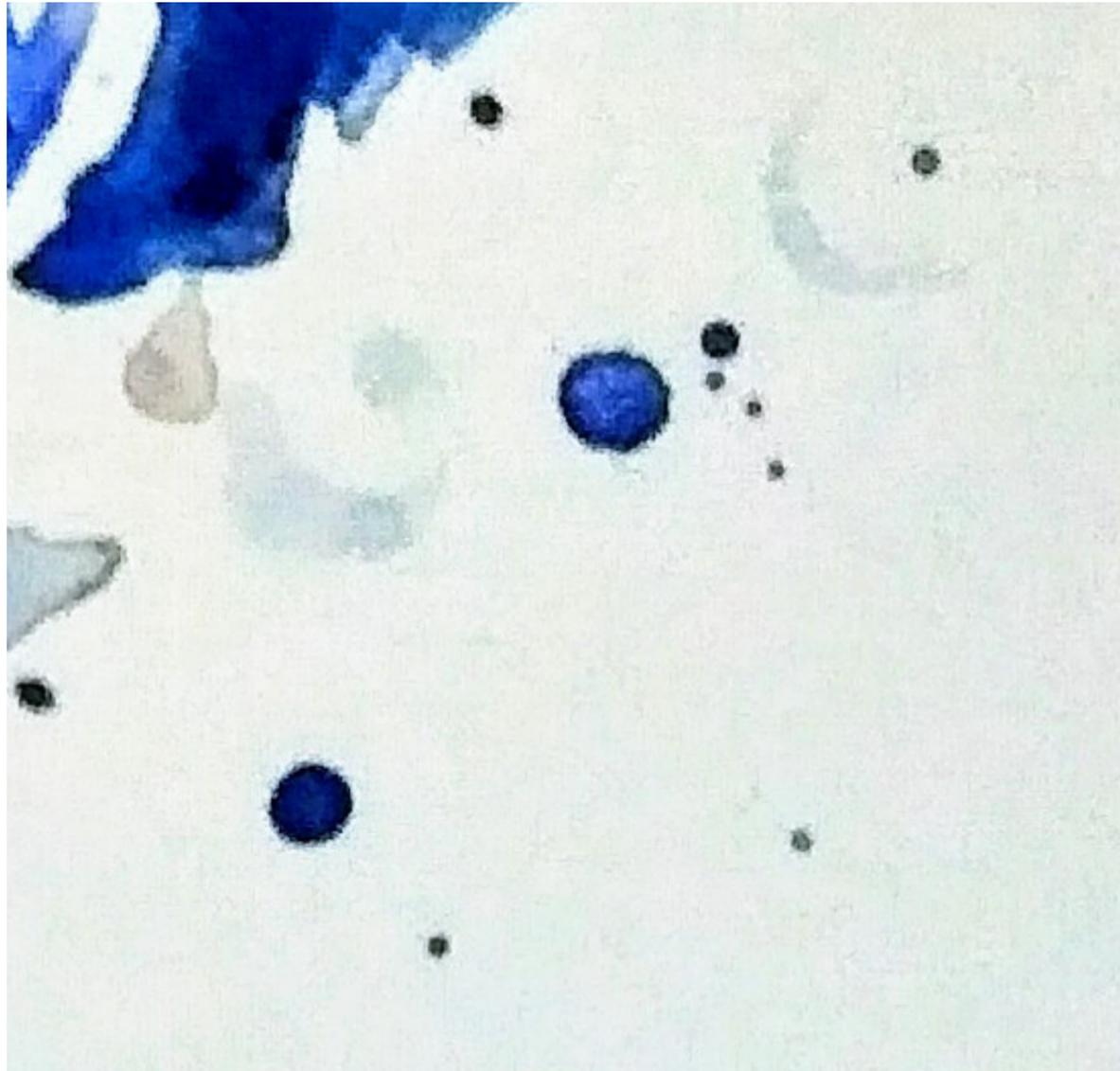
from the big, big ocean

or the small pond;

big or small,

near or far,

I will always remember you.



Once a upon a time, in a tiny pond,
there was a droplet.

The droplet was clear,
made of water from the rain;

The droplet was blue,
like other droplets, the same.

I'm like them too
Or so, She thought,

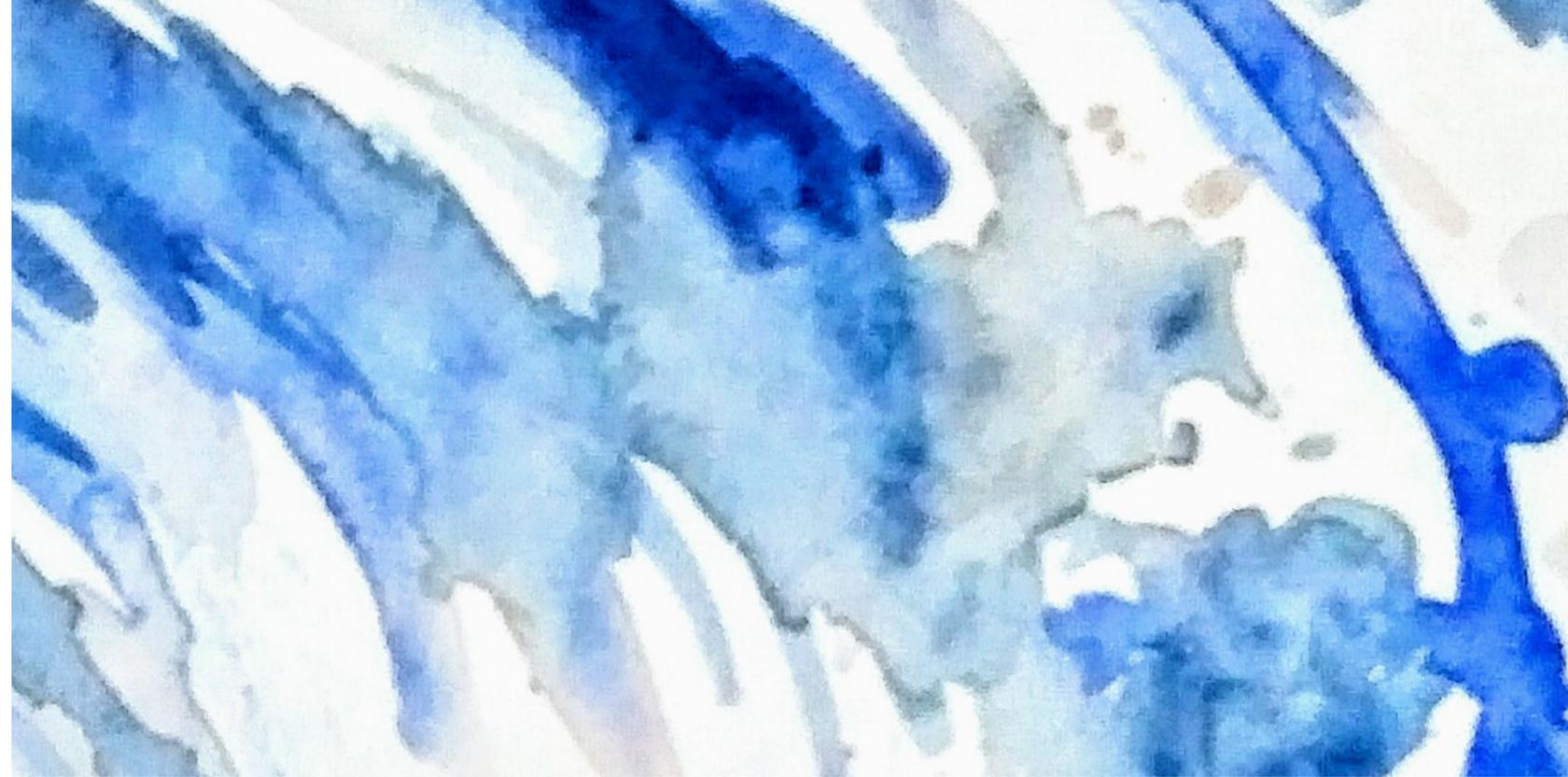
Buzzling around with droplets,
they played, they fought;

She lived like normal droplets do.

But deep in her heart, there was a nagging doubt,
a sapling waiting to sprout:

'Where do I come from?'
Why don't I vibrate the same way others do?

questions for which-
answers, she had no clue

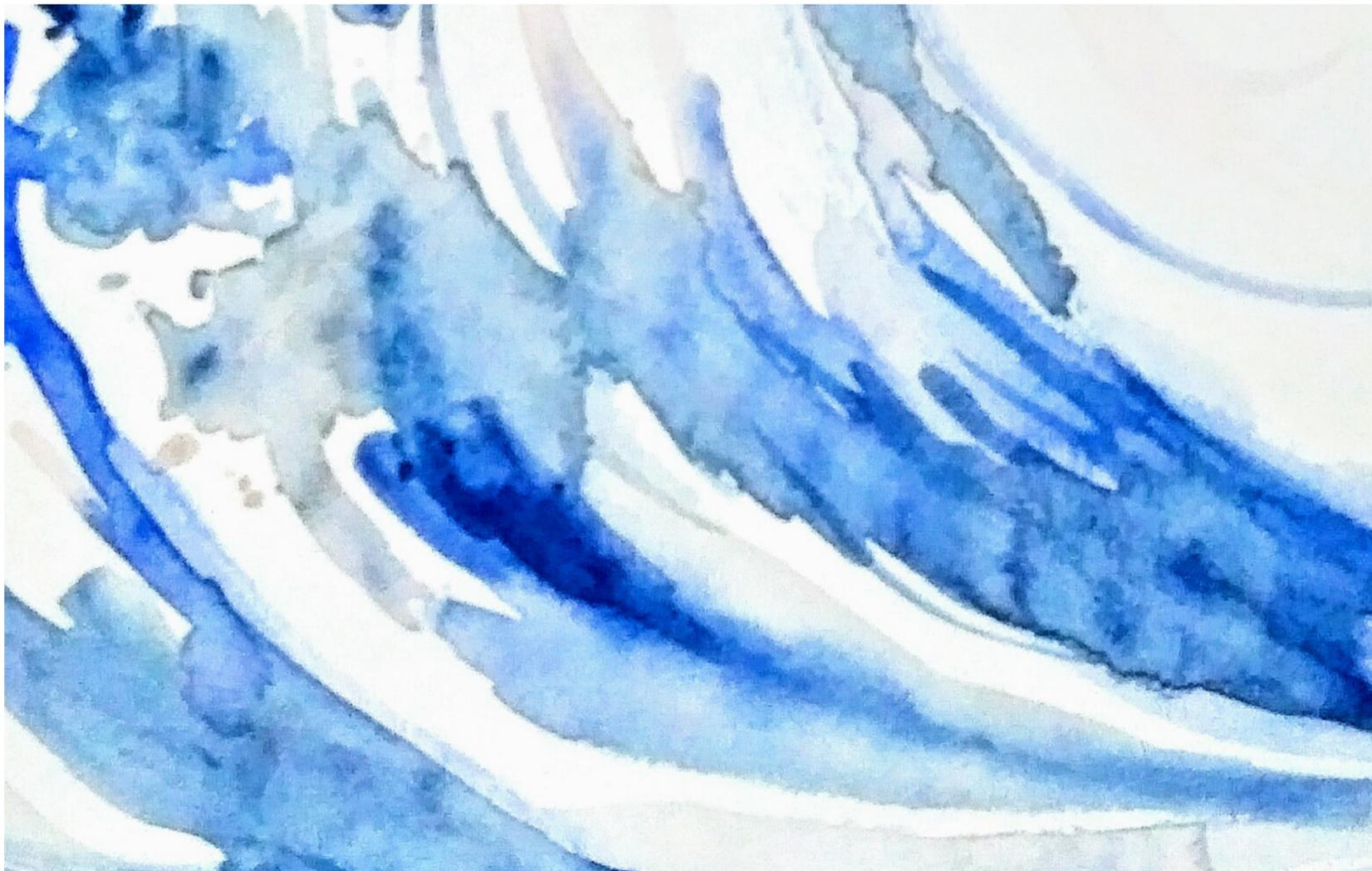


And so she kept it a secret.
But as the droplet grew,
Of all the droplets she knew,

There was one particularly special.

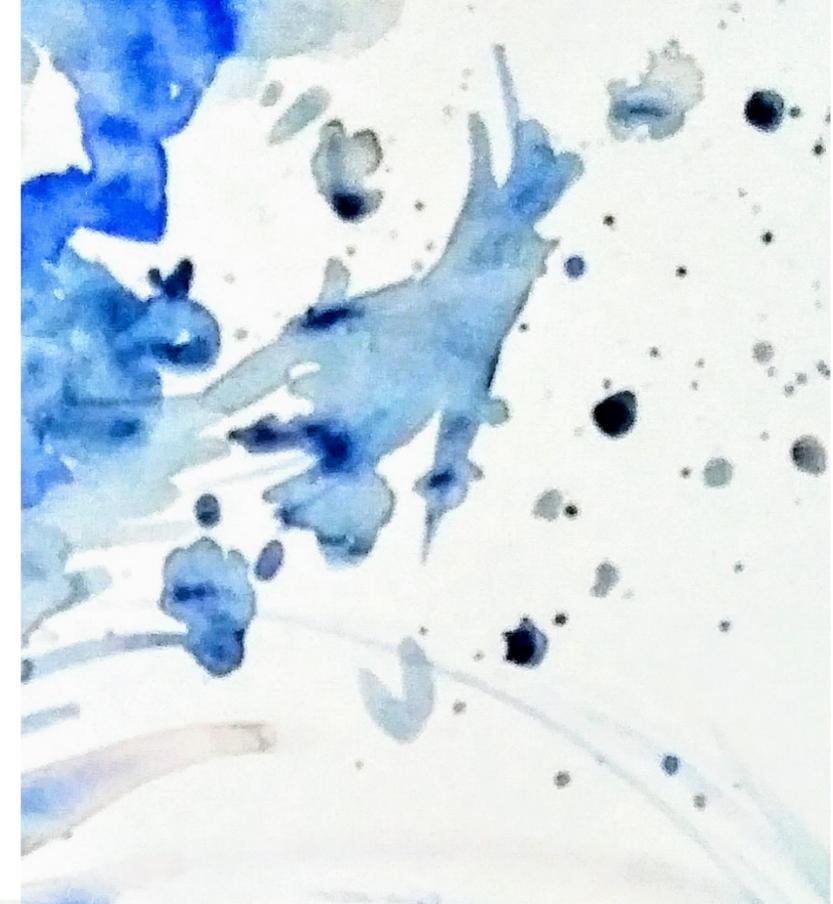
Along, they swayed in the pond,
to the frequency of their special bond.

She thought things would never change,
until one day this droplet said-



'Other droplets have all formed puddles
and made homes around this pond, but-

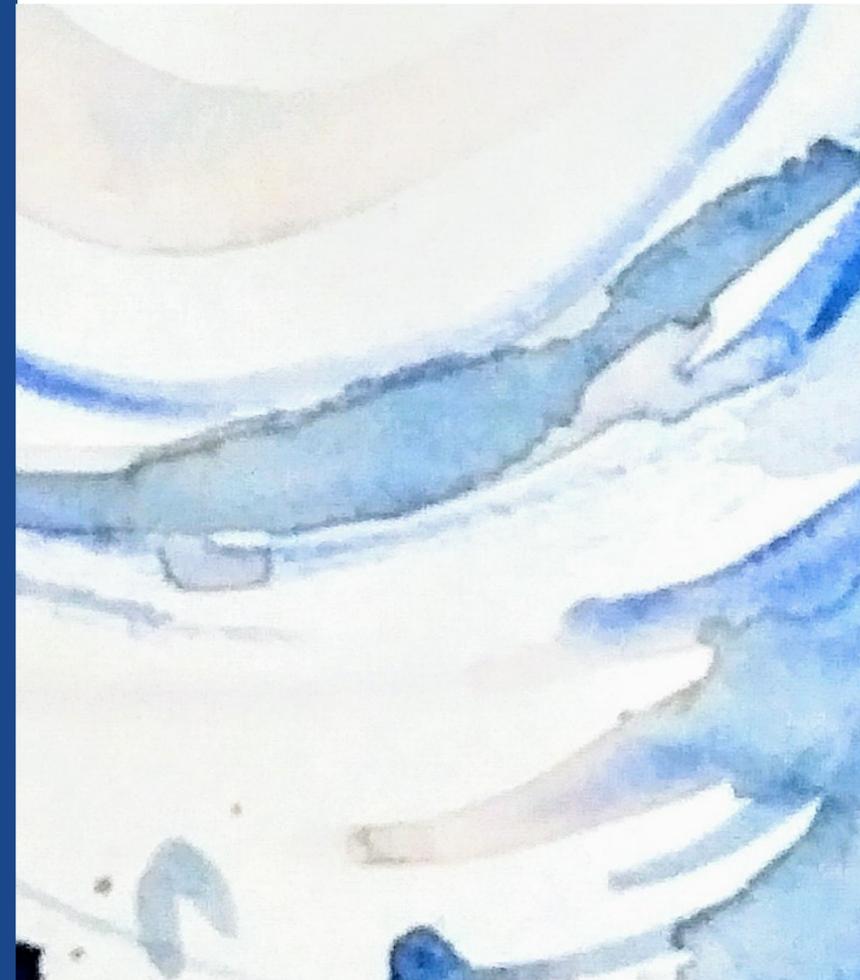
No longer knowing
where she belonged,
the droplet was distraught;
In the rainy thunderstorm
against the current,
she fought-



'I can't form a puddle with you'

A gust of wind blew past,
and lifted her
up,
up,
up,
and away-

away from the pond
she held so dear.





She journeyed down the
stream,

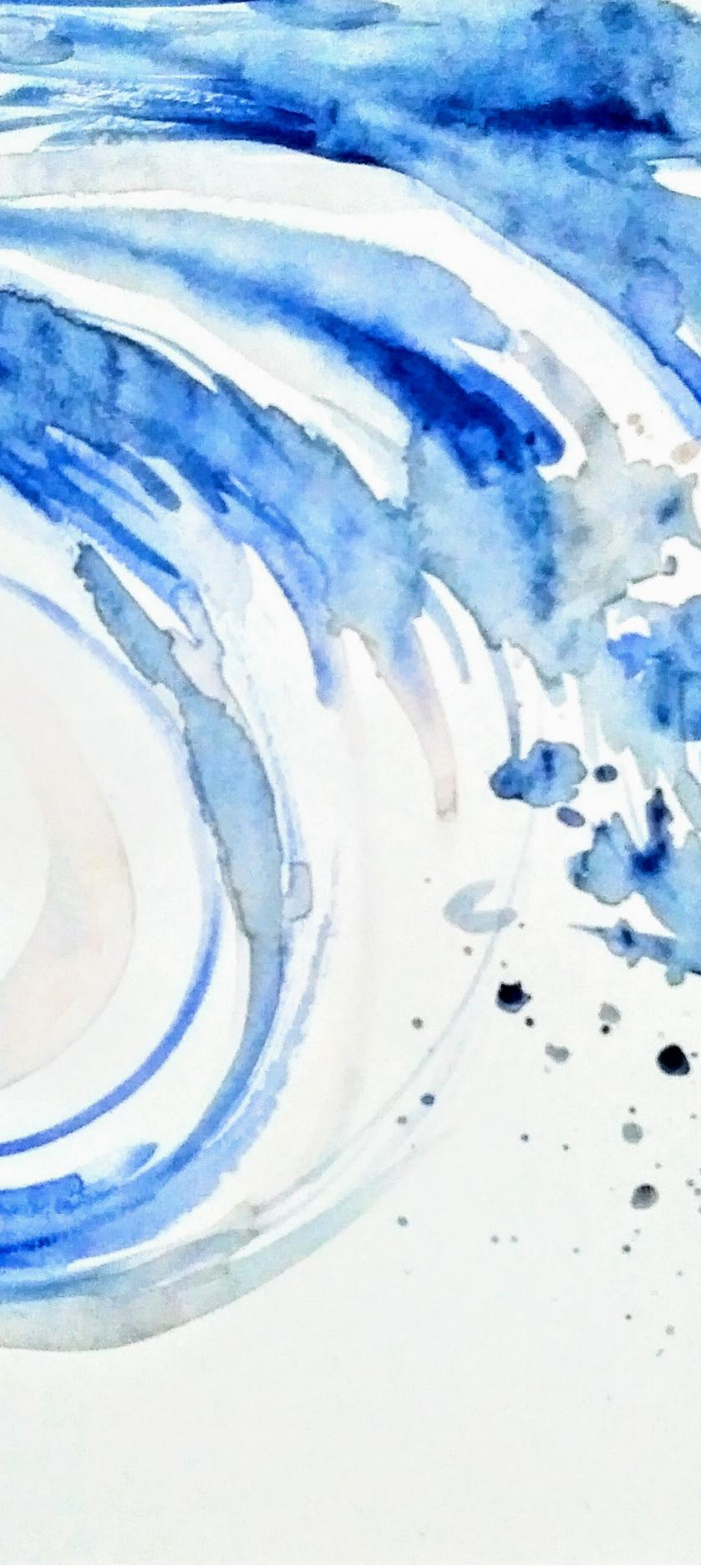
thrown in confusion;
as if in a sweet dream-

only to wake up
and then remember

It was a nightmare

not yet over.
The droplet wept, and-

She became a tear.



The tear journeyed further
carried by the winds, she flew

The waves engulfed her,
welcoming her with their
song.

Resonance, with fervour;
it was then that she knew-

It was the Ocean

she had been vibrating to
all along.

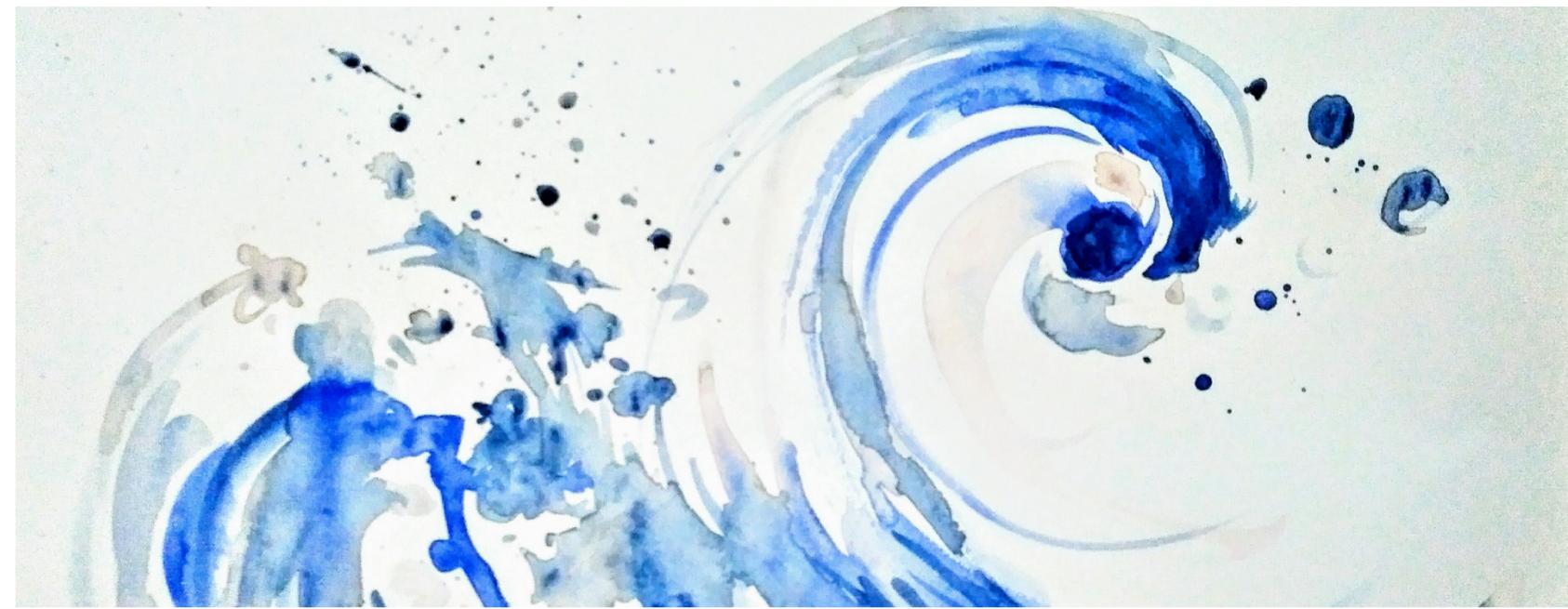
She had found home,
at last.

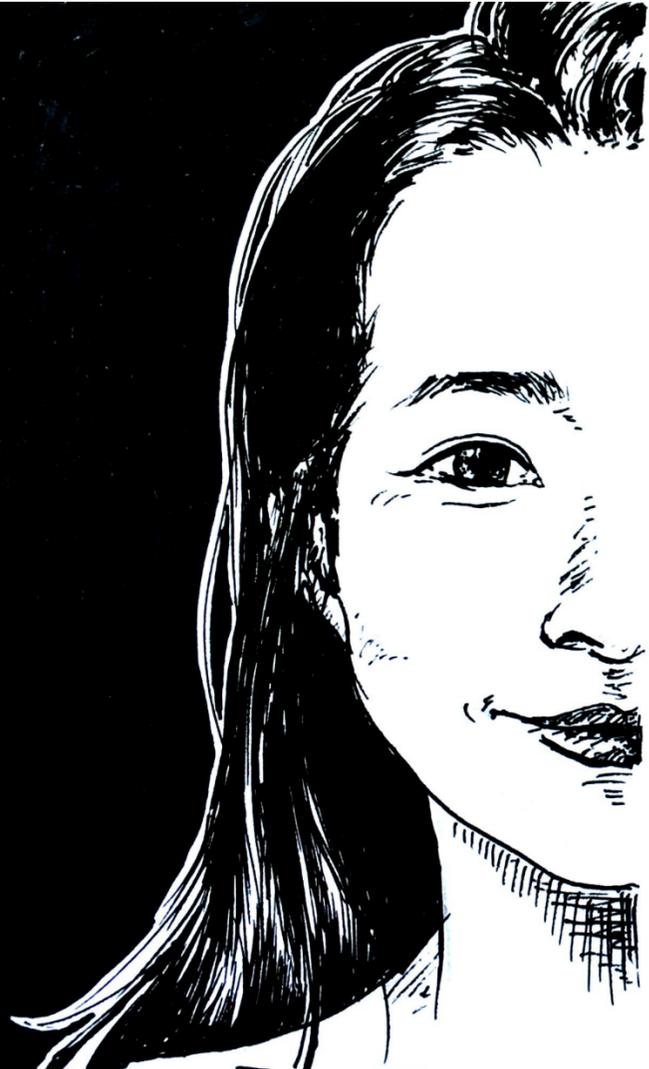
Trust in the ocean.

Ride the wave.

Call, and-

The universe will answer.





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