

Thirsty

A reading on appreciating—or not appreciating—clean water.

One: I'm really thirsty.

Two: I'm really thirsty!

One: My small flask of water ran out before I was half way back from the market.

Two: Coach ran us SO hard—without even so much as a water break!

One: It's tempting to stop and drink from that small stream—but my mother says it is not clean.

Two: I could stop at the fountain in the hall—but why settle for water when I can get a soda on the way home—I'll make mom stop!

One: I remember how sick my little brother got last year—it was from the water.

Two: When is she going to get here—I will DIE if she doesn't get here soon. I'm sooo thirsty!

One: I'm so thirsty. My poor mother carries water all morning from the stream far below in the valley. Three or four trips every morning with the large jar on her head—and a baby on her back.

Two: I guess I could break down and get a drink at the fountain. Half the time it isn't even really cold.

One: The water at the house is always warm—it was boiled over the fire to kill the germs.

Two: And it tastes like...clorox or something. Yuk! Probably has fluoride in it too.

One: I can taste the ashes when I drink, but this reminds me that it is safe.

Two: I knew I should have brought one of those very cool glass containers of water they ship from Norway —now THAT is water! I can't believe I'm going to have to drink from the fountain like a common person.

One: At last—a drink from the water jar!

Two: (leaning over to drink) Here goes...

One: (taking a sip from a ladle) Thank you, Lord, for clean water.

Two: Good lord, you call THAT water!? It'll be a miracle if I don't get sick from it.

One: (sipping again) What a miracle.

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