

The Wave That Wished to Fly

A fairy tale in the spirit of H.C. Andersen by Henrik Frederiksen, ©ElephantTribe.org

Far out in the ocean, where the water is as blue as the petals of the loveliest cornflower and as clear as the purest glass, a little wave was born from the deep sigh of the North Wind.

She was not like the water drops themselves, for they, in truth, remained where they were. No, she was something much finer; she was the *energy* that moved through them. She rose and fell, up and down, in an eternal, rocking dance across the endless deep. She loved to feel the speed as she rolled along, but she always felt bound to the heavy, wet element.

Early one morning, just as the sun broke over the horizon, a Sunbeam came plunging down from the sky. He was golden, proud, and moved with a speed the little wave

could not even fathom. He struck her foaming crest and kissed her, and in that moment, the little wave fell in love with him.

"Come with me!" whispered the Sunbeam, sparkling. "I travel through the endless nothingness, the vast, dark void between the stars, where there is neither air nor water to weigh me down. There I am completely free. We can fly together!"

Oh, how the little wave wanted to! She stretched toward the sky, arched her back, and gathered all her strength to leap out of the ocean and follow him up into the blue. But every single time she rose, the water inexorably pulled her down again. She could not let go of it.

In her deep sorrow, her energy sank heavily down toward the dark ocean floor. Here she met the old, blind whale, Leviathan. He was incredibly wise and did not sing in high notes, but with a deep, rumbling voice that pushed the water in long, strong thrusts forward until it reached the wave's core.

"Little wave," the whale rumbled gently, for he understood the laws of the world better than anyone else. "You weep over the impossible. You are a child of the sea, born of pressure and movement. You do not own the water, you only borrow it to exist. The Sunbeam is of a different kin; he is born of the sky's invisible fire and needs nothing to carry him—he can travel in the great void. But you... if you leave the water, your element, you will cease to exist."

It was a harsh truth, but the little wave finally understood. She realized that she could never fly, and never keep the Sunbeam company. But even though she could not move the water with her out into the world, she could give *all* that she was, in one great moment.

She turned around and began to travel toward the rocky, jagged coast. It was a long journey, but she did not lose heart. As she approached land, and the water grew shallower, she changed. Her journey became shorter, but she rose higher and higher, mighty and foaming white.

Her heart swelled with a power and a weight she had never felt before.

Right there, where the cliffs towered toward the sky, the Sunbeam fell down and struck the stone.

With a mighty, roaring rush, the little wave threw herself forward. She smashed against the hard stone—and shattered.

But she did not disappear, for in this world, no energy is ever entirely lost; it merely changes form. In her fall, she gave her whole soul to the coast. Her energy was transformed in an instant: she became a thundering sound that sang an echo in the cliff caves, and she became a little sigh of warmth that penetrated deep into the cold stone.

The water she had carried merely fell down powerlessly and quietly retreated toward the sea, unaffected, ready to carry a new wave.

The Sunbeam caught, in a brief and infinitely beautiful second, a little rainbow in her dying sea spray, before he reflected and flew on into the heavens. The little wave was gone. But the cliffs had become a little bit warmer there where she had kissed them, and her invisible energy now lived on forever in the great, solid earth.