

Στέλλα Σπύρου



Τρεις φινιούλες βροχής

P1-Cover:

Stella Spyrou

Three Droplets of Rain

P4:

All night they slept in the big cloud's wet arms and they awoke fresh and new, the three droplets. Then, before the sun smiled, they glided, to earth making their way. Three magnificent spirits of rain!

P5:

"I," said the biggest one, "will water the geranium in that window over there. For days now I have seen that so far none of the drops of rain that fell on earth this winter has refreshed it. I will go deep into the dry soil and give to the pale flower its red color of fire once again." This is what the big drop said, and then she left.

P8:

The second one, round and shiny, longed to drop down in the garden where little Alexandros was playing and running around. "For quite some time now," she said, "I have wanted to know his little head, but most of all his rosy cheek." This is what the round and shiny drop said, and then she left.

P9:

The third droplet, who was the smallest, had a great dream... For many days she had been observing the roots of a cyclamen, which lived in a secret corner of the mountain, the sad mountain that people called Pentadaktylos. There, in the northern part of enslaved Cyprus, hidden in the hollow of an olive tree, it awaited the drops of rain that were late... so late... "I will go there," thought the small droplet. "And I will stay there forever. I will go deep into its root. I will whisper to it words that no one has ever told it. I will tell the best fairytales, the most wonderful stories. About wide blue seas with wrecked boats from Kyrenia lying in their depths. About shining bright skies, with quick-feathered free birds. I will tell many more such things, things the cyclamen does not know. Because no one has told these things to it, as no one even knows that it is alive. "This is what the small drop said, and then she left."

P12:

And so the three droplets were on their way to earth...

P14:

The biggest one watered the flower pot. The geranium came alive and a red fire shone through the window.

P15:

The second one refreshed little Alexandros' head and then sealed his little cheek with a kiss.

P18:

The smallest droplet travelled to Pentadaktylos. She told her magnificent stories, her fairytales, to the cyclamen. It unfolded its small lovely flowers and a bright light filled the olive tree's embrace.

P19:

And then... Then the three drops, the three magnificent spirits of rain, flew up in the sky.

The first droplet had wings as red as the geranium.

The second droplet had wings as pink as the cheeks of Alexandros.

The third droplet had white and pink wings, just like the petals of the cyclamen.

P21:

Stella lives in Kyrenia, always, and picks cyclamens every spring.

Eleni has embroidered the pictures with threads made of memories from Lapithos.

Marcia dreams of Kyrenia, and its gardens that emanate fragrances and colours.

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