

## The River

Once it was so deceptively simple. My course had been charted for me from the beginning of time. All I needed to do was to follow it.

And then the stories begin. At first it was just idle gossip, but over time people began to take their slanders against me as eternal verities. They thought they knew me better than I knew myself, that I was something other than what I actually am.

I tried to correct them, babbling my protests over each protruding rock, through each crevice I passed through. But the few who listened mistook my intentions and blindly praised me all the more.

So, summoning my power, I destroyed their dams and levies. I flooded their fields and homes.

But still I was misunderstood. Having no other means of communication, I was compelled to unleash the full force of my vengeance, to dissipate every last drop of my strength in one final rampage of destruction, to devastate everything it was in my power to devastate.

I am exhausted now and on the verge of collapse. If I cannot cover the entire earth with my waters, the people shall soon return and, with them, their myths.