



# *The Day The Lake Came*

Fyl Frazee

Mythology

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The boy sat in the field when the shaking began. Not him, mind -not at first- but the field itself trembled beneath his toes and escalated to a quiver, a thrum, and finally, as shadow eclipsed him, a terrible, violent quaking. This, naturally, precipitated the shaking within his own limbs. Standing proved quite the struggle as the ground itself shifted and refused to remain in one spot long enough for his feet to find purchase. As the crashing became unbearable, a mass of water descended from the sky, landing directly in front of him. He, by reflex, shielded his eyes and plugged his nose. But to his surprise, the water remained contained there in front of him, a massive pillar of the clearest, crystal blue water.

Curiously, he peered at the fish swimming obliviously within, and his hand reached out of its own accord to test it.

“Hmm...” He heard a deep rumble somewhere far above him and his eyes drifted skyward to see how the water continued up impossibly into the likeness of a man, if man’s head reached the clouds and possessed limbs of liquid teeming with life. Though his gaze remained skyward, his fingers continued to seek outward, until they dipped into the cool liquid and startled him, screwing his eyes shut and recoiling.

The boy stood locked in fear, awaiting retaliation for daring to touch a god -for surely this could be no other but divinity in motion- but nothing happened, and he dared once more to open his eyes and observe the grand oddity that towered above him.

The water god stood silently surveying the lands before it, before a low “Hmmm...” rumbled from its lips once more. Its head swished back and forth, deep in thought, before it finally nodded and said, “Yes, this will do quite nicely.” Its back bowed and two great hands reached down, scooping out heaps of the earth and laying

them aside until it stood before a vast basin.

The boy watched as the titan eased its way into the hollow with a great sigh and its limbs melted together until the form longer held any distinction. He stood there waiting for the next bit of wonder, debating whether he should move closer or run home to share his story. Eventually, sun dipping below the horizon and coloring the sky in orange and purple, he sat in the grass and watched the light play across the waters surface.

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