



Photo by Megan

Insignificant

You never know how big the world is unless you are me-- a tiny, dirty, old fire hydrant. I hate being me! I just wish that I were a beautiful flower that blows in the wind, or a gorgeous pond glistening in the sunshine, or maybe even a tough trash can that has a home for anything.

But, of course, I got stuck being a fire hydrant, which is also a rest stop for birds and a bathroom for dogs. I never get to have fun. All day I watch children play, bugs zooming past each other, and trees growing delicious fruit.

I was so bored one blistering hot morning when a small fluffy kitten laid by my side. She started talking and I decided that since I may never get another opportunity to hold a good conversation, I would talk to her about my problem of feeling so useless. I did not know that such a small animal could cheer me up so much. She didn't say anything too deep, just that my time to shine would come soon. After she left, I couldn't help but think about her wise words. I had this feeling in my gut that tomorrow would be different from all the rest. Tomorrow passed into weeks and I lost all faith in that little cat. I was always going to remain a lonely fire hydrant.

One day I was watching cars pass when suddenly I heard this loud pitched screech. Everyone was running out of the building across the street as it went up in flames. A big man carrying a hose came running toward me. He anxiously unscrewed my cap and then screwed the hose on. I was wondering what he could possibly be doing. He began spraying water on the flames. People were running around, and suddenly I knew what my purpose was. I, my old ugly self, was saving lives! Now I sit proudly on my curve just waiting for another chance to save the day.

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