

Ariel Aqua appears to be a normal girl with piercing blue eyes. Her seemingly blonde hair glimmers as the rays of the sun reflect off her head. If people on the street would look closer they would see the glimmer is actually strands of cerulean scattered throughout her hair. People stare as she walks down the street, dressed in her usual bright blue raincoat and blue galoshes, no matter what the weather is like. Blue is her favorite color. She carries an umbrella by her side at all times, yet for some reason her hair and clothes beneath her raincoat are drenched as if she just walked out of a down-pour. Rainy days are her specialty. Luckily, she gets to spend most of her days in the rain. However, on this unusually warm November day in Atlanta, everyone else in the city as well as the state would love to see a couple drops of the rain that Ariel manages to see everyday.

It might seem coincidental that it rains wherever Ariel goes. For most people this would be bad luck. Everyone enjoys bright sunny days. Well, almost everyone. Starting in grade school Ariel noticed that every time her emotions began to flare up, the gray clouds would gather in the sky, and soon after droplets would start falling down to the ground. She couldn't explain it, and she certainly couldn't stop it. In high school, she started realizing she could control when the clouds formed. On days when she didn't feel like going outside, she would simply think of something that made her mad, sad or even excessively happy. No one could get mad if she didn't want to go out in the "nasty" weather. The result was the same every time.

Once Ariel discovered this "power," she tried to think of ways to use it to help. At first, she just used it for fun. She began to enjoy taking walks in the rain, running through puddles, and just watching the droplets form on her bright blue raincoat. Overtime, she became more aware of the issues around her. Specifically, her ears began to tingle

whenever she heard news of areas that were going through droughts. She realized that droughts affected more than sprinkler systems on the emerald-colored lawns of suburban houses. They ended up affecting everything from the necessity of drinking water to the welfare of industries. They needed her rain. Her power was not creating rain clouds though. She actually drew already formed clouds to wherever she happened to be.

So, that is why she has been roaming the streets of Atlanta on these November afternoons. Ariel had been on vacation for about two months and before that was just too caught up in the rest of her life to turn on the news or read the paper. She had forgotten that there might be somewhere that needed her help. So, as she listened in on the meetings of the Governor of Georgia and other Legislators, and people from North Carolina down to Florida discussing the state of emergency they were all in, she realized that maybe there was something she could do to help. The Southeast was not usually somewhere she had to worry about, but in her short sabbatical it had reached the most severe category of drought. She listened as someone, who must have been from Florida, was talking about the devastating effects this water shortage would have on the fishing economy of the pan-handle. Someone else was discussing how the crops have shriveled up all the way from North Carolina down to Alabama. Seafood industries have suffered because of the limited flow of fresh water from Lake Lanier. Another man stood up and talked about how not only big industries and businesses were suffering. Many small businesses and even restaurants were losing customers. Some people would walk out when they were told The thing that struck, Ariel the most was when someone said that Lake Lanier would most likely be dry in the next eighty days. She couldn't believe that she had let the situation get this bad. Water was certainly scarce.

This problem was bigger than the ones she usually dealt with and decided she needed to call on one of her friends to help solve the problem. She called on her burly brown haired best friend Demetrius for help. Because of his rough hands, strength and lightening speed he could move dirt like no one else. Tunnels were his specialty. So, together they came up with a plan. Ariel would start off by letting a light rain-fall grace the streets that so desperately needed it. Since she could not be everywhere at once, and the rain followed her, she would start in Atlanta and migrate up and down the Southeastern states. In the mean time, Demetrius would start to form a tunnel. The Tunnel would reach from the great lakes all the way down to the different reservoirs in Georgia, North Carolina and Alabama. The amount of water could be controlled so that too much water could not escape and flood the almost dry bodies of water.

No one would need to know where the water came from or who the heroes who saved the crisis would be. Ariel Aqua and Demetrius preferred to be unsung heroes. The most important thing is that water was restored to where it was needed. Next time, she won't ignore the tingling in her ears for such a long time.

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