



## How the Seasons Started: A New Myth

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Has anyone ever wondered why we experience different seasons? Some people think it has something to do with the moon. Others based it off ancient calendars. But no one actually knows except those who live to tell their children's children, and me, of course. I, myself, can tell you it has everything to do with a baby named Mother Nature.

It all started long ago, in the clouds, way above what we call earth today. There lived a tactful young woman who wanted nothing more, but to give birth to a child. This young woman's name was Mother and she was married to a man named Joe-Nature. Joe was perceived to be a benevolent husband who gave his wife whatever she wanted, even if it that impossible to do.

After months of searching for a way he could give his wife a child, Joe bumped into a salesman after work. The salesman tried to persuade Joe to buy cookies, but he already set his eye to something else. Joe then asked the salesman for the box of chocolates. He thought that maybe it would soothe his wife until he found her a baby. The salesman sold Joe the chocolate and told him they were very special and to watch what he wished for. Joe stared at the salesman with suspicion and slowly walked into his home. He then gave

Mother the chocolates and told her that he will definitely bring her a baby soon. Mother, then ate the chocolates and mumbled, “I just wish I could be blessed with a child like everyone else.” If only she knew the chocolates weren’t any mundane chocolates, but very much as magical as a rabbit in a hat.

The next morning, Mother woke up and noticed she felt kind of different. She stood up and glanced down to a huge stomach. She flew with excitement, told her husband about the growing miracle. Joe didn’t know how it happened, but he showed excitement also. When the salesman said be careful in what they wished for, he was correct because Mother experienced some major pregnancy symptoms. The symptoms maintained pretty much normal, but what happened under the cloud every season after wasn’t.

In the clouds, nine months equaled to earth’s year. So in the beginning of the year, during spring, Mother was super emotional. She cried so much she could fill up a pool. When summer came, Mother magical chocolate’s baby gave her hot flashes frequently and left her mouth as parched as the grass below. Everyone began to notice Mother’s effect on the weather below clouds. After Mother’s stomach grew really big, her face was glowing like the sun and her hair color mocked fall leaves. Finally, the last stage of her pregnancy skipped by and she did nothing, but slept. Mother slept as much as a hibernating bear on her cloud sheets that were white as snow. On the last day of the winter, her baby was delivered and she made the brilliant decision to name the baby girl Mother’s-Nature. In conclusion, the seasonal pattern originated from a piece of chocolate, as weird as it may sound. But no one would know but those who lived to tell their children’s children and me, Mother-Nature, herself, of course.