



“How’s life treating you so far?” Drop asked Drip as they clung, gripping with all their might, to a dark and stormy rain cloud.

“I can’t complain,” mumbled Drip. “And if I did, who’d listen anyway? We are so high up, no one would hear me!”

“I’m listening,” said Drop. “What’s the problem?”

“Well, I’m **liquid**, aren’t I?” said Drip.

“Ahh,” said Drop knowingly. “You’re not happy with the **state** you’re in.”

“Who would be when they’re liquid?” asked Drip.

“I know, it’s not the best,” said Drop, “but it’s not all bad. At least we’re not **solid**.”

“I’d rather be **gas**,” grumbled Drip.

“We’d ALL rather be gas,” said Drop, “but you’ve got to make the most of whatever state you’re in.”

Drip grunted and looked away. “I’ve also had a bad week.”

“Tell me all about it,” said Drop.

Drip sighed and turned back to Drop. “Well ... it all began last Monday.”



"I was gas," said Drip. "Life was *amazing*. I was floating around as high as a kite, as free as a bird."

"Freer than a bird," said Drop. "Birds are mostly solid, with a bit of liquid. You were pure gas. You weighed almost nothing. You could float around all day without even needing wings!"

Drop gazed dreamily into the distance, thinking about all the times he had been a gas and loved every second of it.

"Exactly," said Drip. "And I was an invisible gas."

"Oh, of course, I love being gas," said Drop. "People hardly even know you exist when you're gas. It's so peaceful."

"You know," said Drip, "I've heard that most people think we're actually *nothing* when we're gas."

"I've heard that too!" agreed Drop. "Apparently they think the air around them is nothing but emptiness!"

"They do!" gasped Drip. "They think all the gases that constantly float around the planet are actually just ... nothing."

"Ha ha, ha ha ha!" laughed Drop.

"Fools," grumbled Drip.