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Project 4.3.1: The story of water

The water cycle is necessary to human existence. Without it, we could not survive. If water did not cycle, rain would not fall, we would not have clouds, or rivers. Water would just stay in the same place, which would be impossible, as water is a fluid, and, therefore, it flows.

My trip through the water cycle began as a drop of water in a glass in the Honest Diner. In a glass of water, I am **surface water**, for I am on the ground, but not below it. In a glass of water, I am also in the **liquid** state, as surface temperatures are usually between 32°F and 212°F. As a client at the Honest Diner walked out the door, they dropped their glass and I spilled onto the road and soaked through into the **groundwater**.

Next, I **seeped** through the ground and flowed under the dump. Under the dump, I am in the **liquid** state, for I am neither gas nor solid. Under the dump, I am **groundwater**, because I am below the surface of the earth. The town of Fruitvale has recently had a heavy thunderstorm; the recent influx of water has forced me to the surface.

Then, I collected in a mud puddle on Main Street. In a mud puddle, I am still **liquid**. Wow. This has been so interesting so far. In a mud puddle, I am **surface water** again, for I am right on the surface, and I am still water, so I am surface water. Then, the sun burned through the lingering clouds; it heated me up so much that I **evaporated**. I then moved through the air and joined the clouds. It turned night, and the fog bank descended upon Fruitvale.

I am now a vapor in a fog bank. I am now a **vapor**, for I am not a liquid, and I am definitely not a solid. Here, I am in the **atmosphere**, for I am above the surface of the earth. It turned morning, and I was sheltered under a tree from the sun. It got colder the next night, so I **condensed** into a cloud of mist.

I am now in a cloud of mist outside of Fruitvale. I am technically a **liquid**, although the line is iffy, because I am suspended. I am in the **atmosphere**, because I am stuck in the air. Then, a stray cat walks by and inhales me, once more turning into a **vapor**.

I am now a **vapor**. I am trapped in the lungs of a stray cat. I believe that cats qualify as organisms, therefore I am in an **organism**.

In conclusion, the water cycle is not terribly interesting. Although a water droplet may travel thousands of miles in a single transition, it is doomed to repeat the same cycle for the entire time it is water. There are five different steps in the water cycle: **surface water, groundwater, water in organisms, water in the atmosphere, and precipitation**. Throughout its journey, a water drop will visit all of these, but in no particular order.