Life has many rewards: the deep, exciting communication with others, the awesome powers of intellect, the joys and thrills of the senses. The state of human being is in comparable. With the full and happy life that I have I could never desire to be anyone else. But if I were granted the choice of being anything other than myself, I would choose to be a brook.

A river, wide and slow and ponderous; a stream, meandering across a valley; a creek with high and fortressing banks; these are not my fancy. I would want the wind racing with me to the sea; cool, clear water laughing through glistening rocks; sad willows and swaying reeds bowing to greet me. My waters would be fed by other streams and brooks, and I would soon be in a vast maze. I would be a mixture of them and myself, and they of themselves and me. I would keep my path, my direction, my moment, but have some of their currents and floating leaves in my heart.

I would want to skip and bubble my way to infinity. Quiet, shady nooks would be near to restore me when the trees engulfed or the rocks checked me. I would be clear and bright, a mirror of all I saw. As a looking-glass of the world, I would bid all to come and see; not as I or others saw, but only as a clear soul could reflect. I would have depth, but not be deep. I would be transparent, but not shallow. I would be easy to ford but difficult to follow. My bridges would be oaken, high and proud and inviting. Rose-dropping lovers would be warmed by the tenderness with which I bore their sacred petals to the moon. Children with boats would flock to my banks, animals would willfully come to drink and swim in my waters.

I would see much on my journey. There would be places worth the staying, but I could not stop. There would be streams and rivers worth joining, but I could not. My path would be long and lonely, but I would be happy. I would skip and bubble to meet the moonbeams.