

Her Purpose

By Rachel Hede

With a newborn twinkle in her eye, Whiff could not wait to be loved, to have a purpose as something on earth, but first she had to choose what she wanted to be. All she was now was the breeze in the wind and the whisper of leaves in the trees. Until she decided what she wanted to be, that was what she would remain as. Forever a breath of air.

“To be small is to be loved,” she said flitting away to oversee what she could be.

She soon stopped and looked at a spider. She made her web so gracefully with her long legs. Whiff knew that she wanted to be just like that beautiful spider, but before she could choose, she heard a shriek from a doorway next to her. A mother of two daughters picked up a shoe, swatting it dangerously close to the harmless spider. Why were they so scared of her? And then she knew. To be small was not to be loved. To be small must mean to be feared.

Whiff didn’t want that, “Maybe being a spider is not for me.”

She decided she must be big, then, so big that nobody could squish her for being small. She of course chose the giraffe, the tallest of them all. She watched and watched for a long time. She watched them bend their long necks in odd ways and eat leaves off of thorny branches. They played with each other and stumbled around on their long legs.

“Maybe being tall is not for me,” she frowned imagining her head so far above the ground.

She thought for a moment, and then another. Finally, she decided on being strong and heavy instead of tall and thin. “Yes! That will be perfect!” She breathed excitedly.

That led her to the heaviest, and biggest animal she could find, the blue whale. “I will be so big and strong, nothing will want to mess with me!” She watched the whale and her baby as they splashed playfully and sang in the deep water together eating tiny krill from the waves.

Whiff knew she wanted to be a whale. Just before she made her choice, a pod of beautiful black and white orcas came to join the whale and her baby. Whiff thought they were playing, but she soon found out that they were hunting.

“I thought being big meant being strong and feared! Maybe being a whale is not for me,” she whistled. “I think being a bit smaller would do me well.”

She went to go find something much smaller than a whale. Soon after, she settled on the beautiful elk. This particular one had antlers that reached up high into the sky, and graceful strong legs. Whiff watched him for a while,

and decided that she wanted to be an elk too, but before she could choose, another elk walked out from the forest brush. This one had no antlers, and was much smaller than the other. Whiff watched, confused. Was this what she would look like if she were an elk? What about the antlers?

“Maybe being an elk isn’t for me,” she spoke lightly, defeated.

Whiff searched for something to be, for a certain purpose amongst the animals.

But whether the animal was big, small, beautiful, or strong, something would happen to make Whiff change her mind. Would she ever find something to be? She thought and thought, following the breezes in the trees, and the currents underwater. She searched for a purpose for a very long time.

“Maybe being something other than myself is not for me at all,” Whiff said.

She had searched for something to be for the longest time, not realizing that her best option, always, was to be herself. While all the animals were unique in their own ways, nothing seemed to fit her the way the wind did. She smiled, she would continue to be the breeze in everyone’s hair, the salty spray of the water, and the scent of rain in the air. Because that’s what she was meant to be.