



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Waves Go Adventuring

Mary Graham Bonner

Part One: The Wish

"We are not happy," said the waves to Mother Ocean. "We've lived here all our lives, doing just as you and the Wind say. We play when you let us play and we rest when you tell us to rest. It isn't fair. We want to see the world."

"And what would you do with the world?" asked Mother Ocean, in her deep, slow voice.

"We'd see the cities and the forests. We'd meet creatures besides fish and swimmers. We're tired of ocean life. We want to do great things."

"Very well," said Mother Ocean. "Go. And come back to me with stories."

Part Two: The Adventure

When they were actually told they could leave, the waves felt much less enthusiastic than they'd expected. They had been looking forward to Mother Ocean forbidding them to go — that would have given them something to complain about while staying comfortably at home. Now they had no choice but to actually leave.

They didn't look at Mother Ocean as they went. They pulled their white caps down over their faces, picked up their shell suitcases from the seafloor (packed with seaweed nightgowns and their best sea-green day suits and sea-blue party dresses), and scrambled up the beach — rudely washing right over the feet of some people who were sitting reading, which they felt was quite adventurous.



But on dry land, the sun was terribly hot. One wave felt dizzy. Another felt dry and strange and couldn't even manage a salt tear.

A small brown creature appeared beside them — something like a brownie, grinning.

"So you've come to see the world," he said. "I'll be your guide."

He led them into a dark forest. Strange birds called overhead. Rabbits and woodchucks and squirrels rustled in the undergrowth, and the waves found them all utterly terrifying. Snakes wriggled past without a friendly glance. The waves huddled together and whispered that fish had never treated them this way.

Then the brownie took them to the edge of a city and marched them right in. The noise! The crowds! The hard, dry pavements!

Part Three: The Homecoming

The waves begged the brownie to take them back. They had had quite enough adventure.

When they returned to the ocean that night, Mother Ocean held a great ball. The wind came and danced. The sea-shells sang. And Mother Ocean smiled and sang to herself as the waves all spun and tumbled joyfully in the dark:

*Away from home they wanted to roam,
away from the ocean deep.
I did not say no, but I let them go,
though many salt tears did I weep.
But now they are home, they'll no longer roam
away from the ocean deep —
and they'll say "no" if I suggest they go,
so now I can sing and not weep.*

And from that day to this, the waves have never wanted to leave their mother.

Stories help us explore cultures, learn moral lessons, connect with nature — or simply have fun. That's why ririro.com offers 3,000+ free stories — fairy tales, fables, bedtime stories, myths and more — for every age, in 13 languages, with free printable PDFs and often audio. Reading should be a right, not a privilege. Share ririro.com and spread the joy of reading.

Instagram: @ririro_reading · Pinterest: pinterest.com/ririrocom