

Questions

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Once there was a little girl. This particular little girl was always curious. She was brimming with questions that spilled over in a constant babble of queries. But with each answer she was provided, her curiosity grew. When she was small, her mother seemed to have all the answers. And as endless as the little girl's curiosity was so too was her mother's patience. Whenever she asked her mother a question, her mother would smile down at her and give her the answer. And if that question was followed by a why (which most good questions are followed by whys, often multiple whys) her mother would smile down at her again and answer that question too. The little girl grew and grew and as she grew, so did her questions grow too. Her thirst for knowledge and understanding never could be sated. So her mother taught her something wonderful. She taught the girl letters and numbers. She taught the girl about how letters became words and how words became sentences. Then she took the little girl to a most wonderful place full of the most wonderful of inventions. She took her to a place called a library and the inventions within were called books! The little girl was ecstatic! Each book was full of information. Some books told her about words and all their meanings. Some books told her about the sky and space and how big the world and everything outside it truly was. Some books told her about particles and atoms and how small everything truly was at its core. Some books told her about things that were before; like knights, pharaohs, and dinosaurs. Some books told her about things that may never had been (but the little girl liked to pretend may have been); like fairies, dragons, and unicorns. The little girl grew and grew and as she grew, so did her questions grow too. The more she knew, the more complex her questions grew. Her mother then told her of a place where learning was the purpose. She told the girl the place was full of people who knew things even her mother didn't. The little girl was ever so curious (but then again, she was always curious) about this new place. Then her mother took her there. The place was called a school and the people who knew so much were called teachers. The little girl was full of wonder and fascination as she met each teacher and learned that they were excited to answer all her questions. Just like some books were about on thing or another, the teachers too answered questions about one thing or another. One teacher loved to tell the little girl about numbers and shapes. One teacher was over the moon to talk about stars and planets. One teacher enjoyed talking about the past and all the things that had been before. One teacher was passionate about exercise and how to make the body strong. One teacher even wanted to talk about writing, reading, and books. School was a wonderful place and the girl could not get enough of it. The girl grew and grew and as she grew, so did her questions grow too.

She was so grown now that her mother told her she had outgrown her school. The not so little girl fell to the ground as she felt a wave of panic wash over her. She still had so many questions! Whatever would she do? Her mother smiled down at her. She then told the girl of a place full of people who knew more than her mother and more than her teachers from her school. The place was called a university. The girl was exhilarated! The university was full of many buildings. Each building was full of teachers who all knew many things about one thing or another. One building was full of teachers who knew about bodies and the muscles and organs inside everyone. One building was full of teachers who knew all about music, singing, and dance. One building was full of teachers who knew much about drawing, painting, and sculpting. One building was full of teachers who knew many things about space, galaxies, and worm holes. There was even one building not so full of teachers, but that was very full of books instead. That's right; the girl had found a new library right there at the university!

The girl grew and grew and as she grew, so did her questions grow too. The girl went to her mother after having learned so much from the university. She sat down and asked her mother something new. She asked her mother about something none of the teachers in all the buildings in the whole of the university seemed to have an answer to. She asked about love. Her mother smiled down at her and told her this answer was not one anyone could give to her. Her mother told her to follow her heart, that the answer was within. Her mother was right (as mothers often are). The girl was in the library when she found a boy who was full of questions too. He asked the girl his questions and she asked him hers. But the more the girl knew about the boy the more complex her questions about him grew. Then he asked her a question she had never been asked before. He asked the girl if he could spend the rest of his life asking her questions and learning new things about her. After the girl answered, she felt it was true, she had followed her heart and found the answer within.

Soon after that, the girl's belly grew and grew and as it grew her questions did grow too. She asked her mother about this too. Her mother smiled down at her and gave her all the answers she could. And as time would have it, the girl then had a little one all her own.

The girl's little one grew and grew, and as the baby grew, so did the baby's questions grow too. Her little one looked up at her and asked her so many questions. The girl smiled down at her little one and gave the answers. And if a question was followed by a why (which most good questions are followed by whys, often multiple whys) she smiled down again and answered that question too.