The Water

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I am hard and cold as glass. Light, misty and white as cotton. Clear, transparent and shifting. I am the Water. When I'm into the sea and the sun warms me. I jump and leave the sea to join the air. Then it seems that I no long-er exist, but I am there, my tiny particles mixed with the air; nobody can see me, as I am invisible. If the wet air where I am becomes cooler, my little particles stop moving and begin gathering, so we condense to form droplets that finally will build up a cloud.



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