Volcanoes

Once there was a very beautiful woman who could not control her emotions. Pele was a woman with long, fiery red hair, and piercing green eyes. Although Pele was quite beautiful, she could not calm herself when she became angry, and she became angry quite often. Her anger would envelop her, and she would completely lose control. Many people suffered because of her violent outbursts.

When Pele became angry, she would begin to stomp her feet. She would stomp with such power that she would leave footprint marks for generations. Unfortunately, whenever she stomped her feet, disastrous events would occur.

One day while Pele was fishing in the rushing river close to her home, she came about two fishermen who were affecting her catches. Whenever Pele caught a fish, the men would whoop and holler at her, causing her to lose her catch. The slippery fish would fly out of her fingers and swim away, their scales glistening in the sun.

Pele became so outraged, she began to stomp her feet in the river. The earth began to shake. The fishermen on the shoreline began to quiver, and their basket of catches tipped over, sending the fish flying back into the river. The fishermen looked at one another with fright, not realizing what they had done.

Pele continued to stomp, and began to shout as well. “Curse you!” she cried, throwing her hands in the air. The fishermen were clearly terrified, and they turned to run, only to look to the sky and see a cascading river of red.

The earth had split open, and from the rift, a river of red-hot lava began to rush towards them. The fishermen were trapped. They had never seen such a thing before. Pele continued to scream and dance her dance of anger, watching with sickening glee as the fishermen tried to swim to the opposite side of the river, but to no avail. The lava caught up with them, and they were enveloped into it.

Pele, having dealt with her problem, ceased to stomp, and began to fish again, when an old man magically appeared by the trees, and stared at her. “What do you want?” she bellowed. “Don’t make me stomp my feet again!” she warned. “I do not wish to have you open up the earth once more” the old man replied, with a wise tone. “I only wish to make you understand the repercussions of your actions”. “What repercussions?” Pele asked, with a questionable look. The old man waved his arms and walked into the forest, and Pele followed.

They walked up over a ridge, and looked down upon the land. Pele was shocked, her mouth opened wide, fear in her eyes. The land was destroyed. While the lava she created had taken care of her tormenters, it also ran down the other side of the ridge, destroying everything in its path. There was no water to stop it. Hundreds of acres of land were burned. Many people had died. She was devastated.

The old man turned to her, “Look at what you have done. Do you feel any remorse?” he asked. “Yes, immensely so.” Pele replied, with her head down. “I suggest to you, that you learn to control your emotions. I suggest to you that you head west, where there are less people and fewer chances for you to lose your temper” the old man suggested, with a shake of his head. Pele thought about this, and came to a conclusion. “Yes, yes I will head west. There is plenty of land that I haven’t seen, animals I haven’t yet hunted, there is still time for me to change.”

Pele packed her bags, and with one last forlorn look at the destroyed valley that she helped create, she headed west. Pele stayed in the West for a very long time. Although sometimes she still lost her temper, she has grown so much, and has a better control over her emotions. Whenever she has her outbursts, there are no people around, and she doesn’t hurt anyone else.