

Why the Sky is So Far Away

Part 1

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In the beginning, the Sky was our neighbor.





You didn't need to farm; you just reached up to eat.

A young boy with dark skin and hair, wearing a blue t-shirt and green shorts, stands barefoot on a grey rock. He is holding a piece of food, possibly a slice of bread or a piece of corn, to his mouth and eating it. Behind him is a large, fluffy, golden-yellow cloud. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with green grass and a light sky. The text "It tasted of roasted corn, wild honey," is written in a bold, black font across the middle of the image.

It tasted of roasted corn, wild honey,



and the sweetest mangoes. The Sky was a gift that never ran out.



The Sky-King had one rule:



"Take only what you need."

Do not waste the gift of the heavens.





People grew lazy.



They stopped saying "thank you."



They began to think the Sky owed them everything.



Pieces of the sky were thrown into the dirt.



What was once holy was now treated like rubbish.

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