The Giant Fan

Iem Tithseiha

Chan Pisey

Sophy wasn't happy today, and there were three reasons: First, Sophy didn't like hot weather, and today was scorching hot.

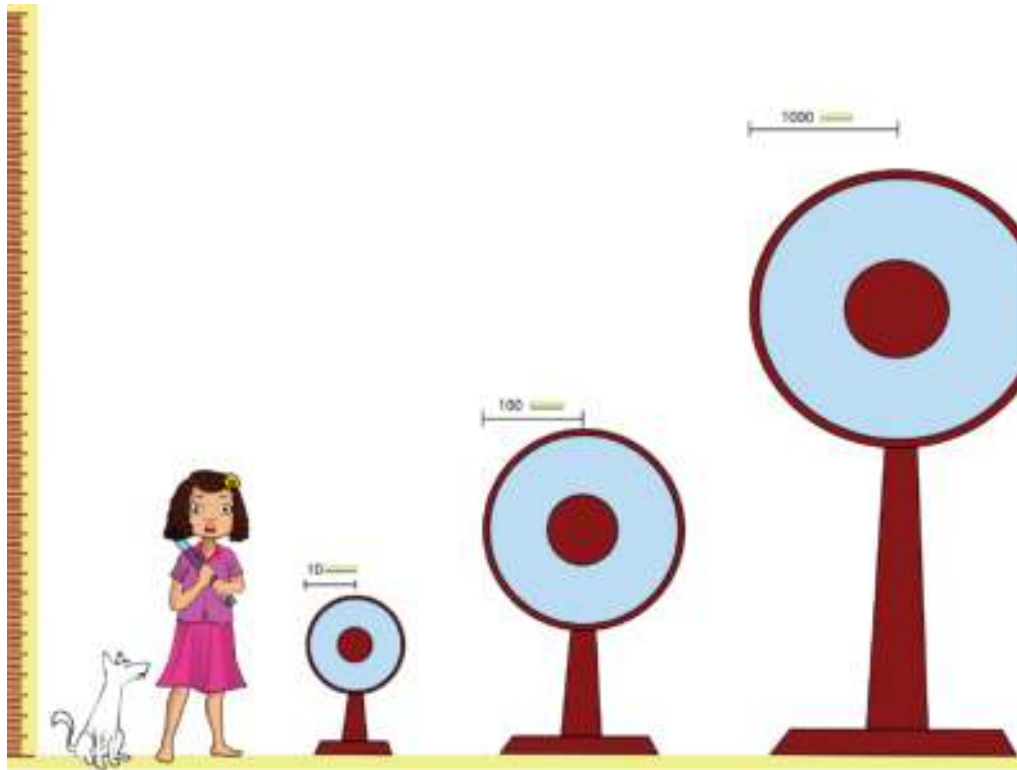Second, Sophy wanted to eat mangoes, but the mango tree was too tall.

Third, Sophy wanted her brother Tok to play with her, but he would not. 'I can't play today, Sophy,' Tok said. 'I don't want to mess up my hair.' This made Sophy very upset at Tok.

Sophy sighed and sat down near a little, old fan. It moved slowly and made lots of noise.

On the floor nearby was a ruler. Sophy picked it up and held it in front of the fan to measure it. The fan was two rulers wide. 'Hmm,' Sophy said, and she began to imagine.

'If a fan two rulers wide produces this much wind,' she wondered, 'would a bigger fan produce more wind?'

'If a fan were big enough, would it produce as much wind as there is at the riverbank?' Sophy imagined how nice that would feel.

'What if the fan were as big as a house?!' Sophy thought. She took the ruler outside and measured the house from front to back, and from one side to the other.

'If the fan were THAT big,' Sophy laughed, 'how strong the wind would be!' Mangos would fly from the tree! Her dog Bob would fly through the air! And Tok's hair would look blow around until it looked like a bird's nest!

'Sophy!' Tok said from the porch of the house. 'I have a mango for us to eat!' While Sophy and Tok were sharing the mango, Sophy told him about the ruler and the fan.

Tok picked up the ruler and thought for a moment. 'What if the fan was one million rulers wide?!' Tok said.

'Wow!' said Sophy. 'Then the fan would be as big as the Earth! If we turned the fan on, everything would be blown away: plates, pots, tables, chairs, bags, books, homes, buildings, and even mango trees!'

As the sun went down, Tok and Sophy sat by the little, old fan, ate their mango, and laughed.

'Maybe someday, we'll build a giant fan together, Tok,' Sophy said. 'You build the fan,' Tok said. 'And I'll eat the mangos when they fall.'

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