



Cyclos and the Endless Turn

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In a land of letters and words, lived a little root word named Cyclos. Unlike his friends, who loved neat beginnings and tidy endings, Cyclos always felt a bit restless. He was a Greek 'wheel' at heart, always yearning to keep spinning and never stop.



His word friends, like 'Start' and 'Finish,' would often wonder why Cyclos couldn't just settle down. They had clear paths from 'A' to 'B,' but Cyclos just wanted to keep on rolling, day after day, with no destination in mind. He dreamt of continuous motion.



One sunny morning, Cyclos decided to embark on an adventure through a bustling classroom. He spotted a shiny red object with two big wheels and, with a joyful leap, he jumped right onto its frame. He felt a new kind of freedom as he became part of something bigger.



With a cheerful 'Zoom!', Cyclos transformed into a magnificent Bicycle, whizzing across the floor. He loved the feeling of his wheels turning, carrying a happy child along. This was his first taste of being a part of something that moved and kept going.



Later that day, while exploring a quiet corner, Cyclos peered into a small, reflective mirror. To his surprise, he saw a giant, round eye staring back at him from his own reflection. He had become a mighty, one-eyed Cyclops, gazing out with curiosity.



As a Cyclops, Cyclos felt powerful and a little bit silly, but he still had that urge to keep rolling and discovering. He stomped around playfully, his single eye wide with wonder at the world. He realized that even in new forms, his core desire to move remained.



Looking out a tall window, Cyclos watched as soft raindrops began to fall from the sky. They pattered gently on the ground, creating puddles and nourishing the plants below. He felt a sense of calm watching the steady descent of the water.



Suddenly, Cyclos had a brilliant idea! He saw that the rain wasn't just falling; it was part of a grand, invisible wheel. The water went from clouds, to earth, into roots, and then back up to the sky, repeating endlessly. It was a magnificent, natural loop.



'Aha!' Cyclos exclaimed, his single eye sparkling with understanding. 'I'm not just a wheel, I'm a Cycle!' He realized he was the very essence of how nature renews itself, ensuring water, air, and life itself always had a fresh start. He felt complete.



From that day forward, whenever curious scientists observed nature's endless loops, they called them 'Cycles.' They understood that, thanks to Cyclos, there was no true 'final stop' in the natural world—just another beautiful, continuous turn of the wheel.