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A sequel to "And the mother cried"

When the children played

The children they ran around, not knowing the danger they were in.
They climbed, built, destroyed, laughed, cried and sometimes fought.

As children do, they lived in the moment and were unconcerned about tomorrow, thinking only about how much fun they could have right now.

Sometimes they fell down and got scratched, bled a little, and then continued to play.

Their mother was watching over them, trying to keep them out of trouble,
but sometimes they were just too naughty, too quick, doing too many things at the same time.

And the children were the humans

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