

Land-children in the four-year old endless questioning phase:
Why is the sky blue, mama... mama, why is the sky blue?
Why are there stars, mama, why are there stars?

Ocean-children's four-year old endless questioning phase:
Why is the sky still, mama, why is the sky always still?

Why do the clouds move?

Why can't the ocean stop moving?

or, after being in the doldrums –

Why can't the ocean start up again?

Where does the wind go?

How did the mast break?

Why is land so narrow?

Why are those islands so tall? (land mountains from ship)

Why do I move even when I am not moving?

Why is the Milky Way fluffy?

Why are there clouds in the Milky Way?

Why do whale-oil rainbows go away with the sun?

Why don't we go home, mama,

Where would we go, child.