

CUMULUS CONGESTUS OR MEDIOCRIS



CUMULONIMBUS CALVUS



CUMULONIMBUS CAPILLATUS



ALTOCUMULUS TRANSLUCIDUS



PATCHES OF ALTOCUMULUS TRANSLUCIDUS



CIRRUS FIBRATUS



CIRRUS SPISSATUS



CIRRUS SPISSATUS CUMULONIMBOGENITUS



CIRRUS FIBRATUS OR UNCINUS



CIRRUS & CIRROSTRATUS



CIRRUS & CIRROSTRATUS



ALTOSTRATUS TRANSLUCIDUS

MARCIA WILLIAMS



CUMULUS HUMILIS OR FRACTUS

CLOUD BOY



PATCHES OF ALTOCUMULUS TRANSLUCIDUS



ALTOCUMULUS CASTELLANUS OR FLOCCUS



CIRRUS & CIRROSTRATUS



CIRROCUMULUS



STRATOCUMULUS CUMULOGENITUS



CUMULUS HUMILIS OR FRACTUS



WALKER BOOKS



CUMULUS & STRATOCUMULUS



CUMULUS CONGESTUS OR MEDIOCRIS

ALTOCUMULUS CASTELLANUS OR FLOCCUS



ALTOSTRATUS TRANSLUCIDUS



NIMBOSTRATUS OR ALTOSTRATUS OPACUS

STRATOCUMULUS NON-CUMULOGENITUS



STRATOCUMULUS CUMULOGENITUS



ALTOCUMULUS TRANSLUCIDUS



PATCHES OF ALTOCUMULUS TRANSLUCIDUS



ALTOCUMULUS TRANSLUCIDUS (IN BANDS)



ALTOCUMULUS OPACUS OR DUPLICATUS



ALTOCUMULUS CUMULOGENITUS



CIRRUS FIBRATUS OR UNCINUS



CIRRUS & CIRROSTRATUS

CIRRUS & CIRROSTRATUS



CIRROSTRATUS



CIRROSTRATUS

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For Olga – with love and thanks

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THIS DIARY BELONGS TO:

ANGELA MOON

32 ORCHARD ROAD,

LONDON, ENGLAND.

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MY FAMILY

MUM: *Gilly Moon*

DAD: *Mickie Moon*

BABY BROTHER: *Solo Moon*

GRANNY: *Joan ~ always travelling, hardly ever seen.*

GRANDMA: *Gertrude ~ really my GREAT-grandma. WARNING: Do not mention the "great", she likes to ignore her superior age!*

PET: *Edith the goldfish ~ almost dead!*

MY HOBBIES: *Art, art and art!*

BEST BOOK: *Sketch book*

BEST FRIEND: *Harry Christmas*

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HARRY'S FAMILY

HARRY'S MUM: *Lilly Christmas*

HARRY'S DAD: *Joe Christmas*

SIBLING: *Due November, sex unknown*

GRANNY: *No grandparents, only unmentionable cousins.*

PET: *Dog pending ... (in his dreams!)*

HARRY'S HOBBIES: *Cloud spotting and cloud talking! Harry has taught me loads about cloud types and their symbols – he's a cloud nerd!*

BEST BOOK: The Cloud Book

BEST FRIEND: *Me, Angie Moon!*

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MAY

MY FAVOURITE MONTH

8TH MAY, MY BIRTHDAY!

CLOUDS: *Not a cloud in the sky – bad luck, Harry, you cloud freak!*

Dear Diary,

I may as well tell you straight away that I hate writing! Every year someone gives me a diary for my birthday and every year I give up after a couple of pages. Just because I am another year older doesn't mean that I'm suddenly going to turn into a writing sort of person. I will try, but I don't promise.

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Anyway, I did have an awe-inspiring birthday. I always share my party with Harry, my neighbour and best friend. Our mums had us in the same hospital just two days apart, so we are almost-twins. I'm the oldest though, and I won't let Harry forget it! We used to hold hands whenever we were together but that was when we were little – now we just call each other rude names. They're the same names we used as little kids. Mine for him is "hedgehog" because he's always had a prickly nature. His for me is almost too embarrassing to write, but I will – it's "knickers". When we were tiny we thought it was a rude word and it sent us into fits of giggles. Somehow it's just stuck, but I wish it hadn't. Both names are strictly between us. We think we might get married one day, but we're not sure about having kids!

For our birthday present Dad and Joe, who is Harry's dad, are going to build a tree house spanning our two gardens, which will be truly awesome! They are going to put windows in the roof so that Harry can spot the clouds and

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I can paint them. Harry is a cloud collector, which means you keep a note of every crazy cloud you see, with names, dates, shapes and weather fronts. I'm a cloud artist, which means I do endless pictures of clouds – mostly in animal shapes. Harry wanted a puppy for his birthday as well as the tree house, but his mum is having a baby so that's not going to happen.

After all our party guests had gone home, Harry and I did a celebration bounce on my bed. Bouncing used to be our best thing. We've been doing it since for ever – only we're definitely too big now and are in danger of breaking the bed. You should have heard the creaks. Unfortunately, Harry had eaten too much birthday cake and was sick – a gross vomiting hedgehog on my best new bedcover!

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13TH MAY, THE GRAND ORCHARD ROAD BUILD

CLOUDS: *Cirrus castellanus*

MORNING

Dear Diary,

Are you amazed that I'm still here? I am! This is my second day of writing – I must have turned over a new leaf.

Our dads can be the most annoying people in the whole wide world! Me, Harry and the two dads went to buy wood and stuff for the tree house. Well, that was the plan, but first the dads had to have a coffee and then we had to go and buy nappies for Solo, my puking and pooing baby brother. When we finally got to the wood place it was lunch time and Harry had a hunger headache and my tummy was rumbling, so we had to be really quick. As a result we've accidentally bought enough wood for a tower block.

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AFTERNOON

Dad and Joe are in the garden building our tree house. Mum says there's a load more chat than action, but I'm really excited and so is Harry. He says the clouds are very auspicious. They are cirrus castellanus, which are cirrus clouds with turrets and battlements, so we think we might end up with a castle, which would be even better than a tower block! Harry and I tried to help, but the dads shouted at us for getting in the way. We'd like to know whose tree house this is – wouldn't we Harry?

Yes, we damn well would! – H

Harry and I watched the grand Orchard Road build from my bedroom for a while, but that was boring. Instead we decided to get our own back on the dads for shouting at us. We got our magnifying glasses and hunted for dead insects. We found one spider, two flies, one buggy thing and half a worm.

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We ground them all into flour and added them to some bun mixture. Then we baked them, iced them and served the buns to the dads with a cup of tea. They ate them with relish! Well, as Mum would say, they were full of protein. We waited for the dads to be sick, but they weren't – shame. I bet they would have been if we'd told them what they'd eaten, but we didn't dare.

What Angie means is that she didn't dare!
Yours, Harry.

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19TH MAY, DOWN WITH HEDGEHOGS!

CLOUDS: *Cumulus congestus*

Diary,

I am not happy and neither are the clouds. Harry says they often reflect his mood and today they certainly reflect mine. Cumulus congestus clouds can cause short, sharp downpours and I am about to pour down my short, sharp anger!

Harry has not been at school all week and I know he's just pretending to be ill. He doesn't want to be in the school play and I can't blame him. He is always the lead because he's got cute blond curls and can sing, but he says that having to learn all the lines makes his head ache. Still, that is no reason to leave me struggling with our rubbish teacher, Miss Lemonpops, or the grungy girls in the class who hate me.

I went round to see Harry after school,

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but his mum said he was in bed. I doubt that. Anyway, she looked as though she'd been crying so I didn't push it. I told her that I'd call round in the morning to see how Harry is. Mum says pregnant women cry all the time and boys love their beds!

Dad came home early and we worked on the tree house together. It is going to be awesome. Today we built a ladder so that we can access it safely – at least from my side. That Harry Hedgehog person might just have to stay on the ground, looking up at me and wishing.

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20TH MAY, A CREPUSCULAR DAY

CLOUDS: *Cumulus humilis –*
white cotton puffs with flat bases

Hello Diary,

I just want to say that I don't know why I'm noting the clouds – Harry's the cloud collector, not me. He has books and books of notes on the things. Really I just like drawing clouds and looking for animal shapes in them, especially dog and horse shapes. Cumulus clouds make the best animal shapes and if you are very lucky, and the sun is shining behind them, they can be lit up around the edges by "crepuscular rays". Anyway, it has been a truly monumental, "crepuscular ray" day because the tree house is nearly finished. Talk about dad power! One minute it was all chat and no action, and the next minute there it is ... almost. And, wow, it is crazy wonderful!

Harry appears to be better, probably because

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there is no school, so we are having a sleepover tonight. In fact, right now this minute! Tomorrow we are going to complete the last of the building work and start decorating the tree house. Aren't we Harry? He's asleep – the hibernating hedgehog. I'll have to wake him later for our midnight feast: crisps, jelly babies, iced buns (without bugs), cold sausages and cucumber sticks (Mum's health-conscious contribution!).

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21ST MAY, ARTCLOUD

CLOUDS: *None, but lots of contrails from aeroplanes*

I won't keep drawing attention to this as it might get a bit boring, but do you realise that today is my FIFTH day of writing?! Well, if you're not impressed now, dear Diary, you will be when you hear my news.

The tree house is finished and – you are not going to believe this – it has lights! There's a pulley with a basket on the end so we can haul stuff up and down. There are now two ladders so that you can access it from Harry's garden or mine, a walkway and a little, low door leading into one big room. All the windows are in the roof, but the walls have spyholes in them so we can see out but no one can see in – isn't that the best idea!

The decorating isn't finished yet, but the building absolutely is. We all had supper up

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there, even Solo. It was a bit of a squash, but fantastically brilliant. We put down a rug and sat on cushions so it was like a posh picnic. We had fizzy drinks and a naming ceremony.

"I name this tree house Artcloud, and may all who sway in her keep safe!"

We thought of the name together, art for me and cloud for Harry – cool or what?! When it gets a bit warmer we are going to sleep in Artcloud every night. I think I could live there for ever and ever!

P.S. We are going to paint the walkway blue and white, so it looks as though we have a house floating on a cloud.

P.P.S. Harry was sick this morning. I suspect too many cold sausages. Or maybe it was the cucumber sticks – it never pays to be too healthy!

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27TH MAY, HOORAY FOR HALF TERM!

CLOUDS: *Beautiful, beautiful clouds in wild shapes*

Dearest and most lovely Diary,

Half term starts here! The sun is shining and we are moving in to Artcloud. Harry and I intend to spend the whole day up here cloud spotting, drawing, nibbling and nesting. We have pooled all our pocket money and bought an old ship's bell, which Dad is going to help us fix by the door. Then we can call each other whenever we want.

One ring: "I'm here if you want to join me."

Two rings: "I'm here with food to share!"

Three rings: "Come quick, I need you urgently!"

I would just like to point out that I put in more money than Angie, so only the gong bit is hers and the rest of the bell is mine. Yours, Harry.

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Well, Harry Christmas, I'd just like to point out that the message is the same whoever flipping paid for it!

Ignore that, Diary, because I have another piece of important news: tomorrow Grandma Gertie, star name Gertrude Olive Moon, is coming to stay! I can't tell you why she's a star right now as I've got to help Harry and Dad fix the bell, but all will be revealed tomorrow!

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