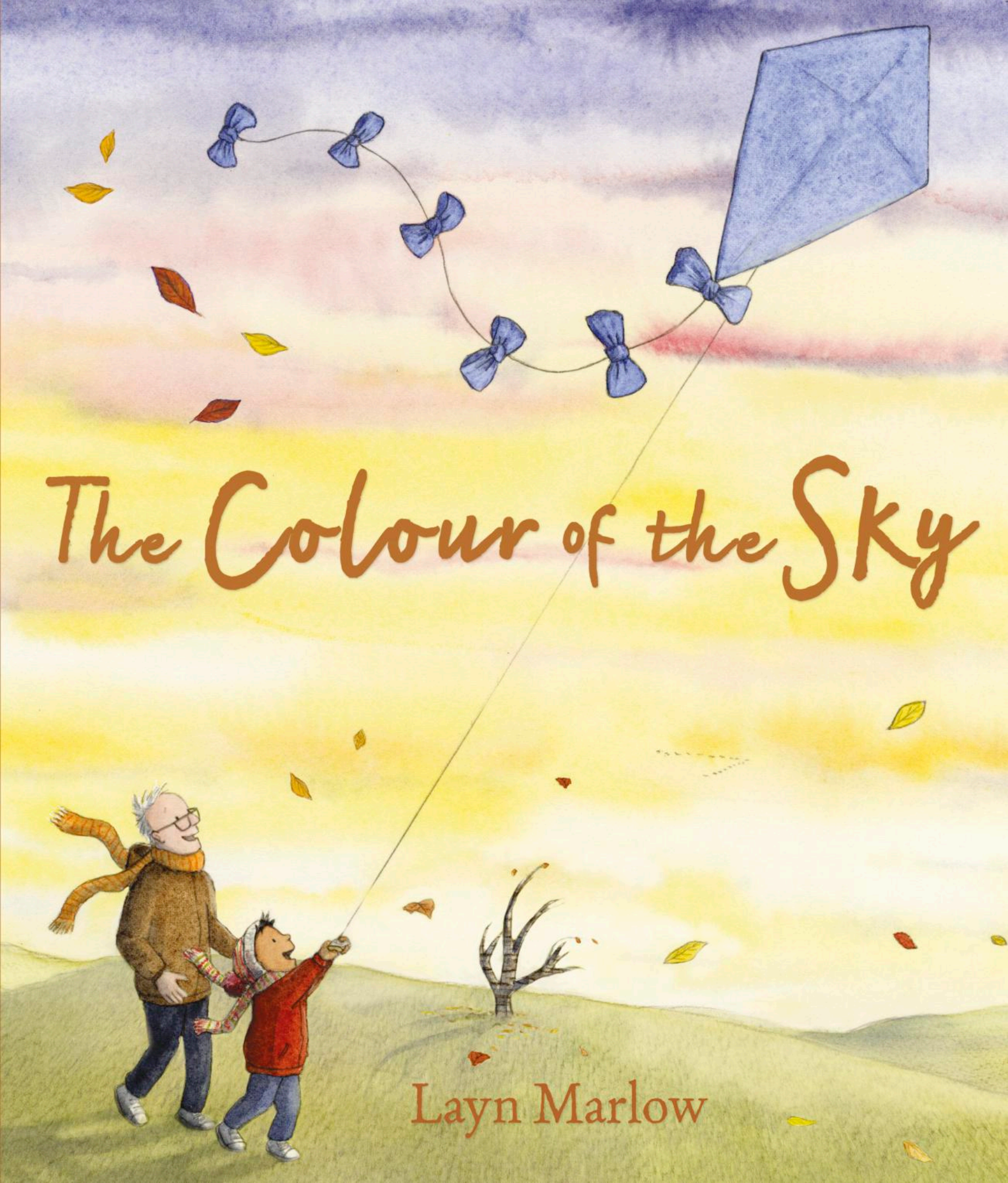

The Colour of the Sky
Layn Marlow



For Heidi, Fern and Marnie.
And of course, for Ella.—L.M.

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Poya has been looking at the sky.
It can be so many different colours!

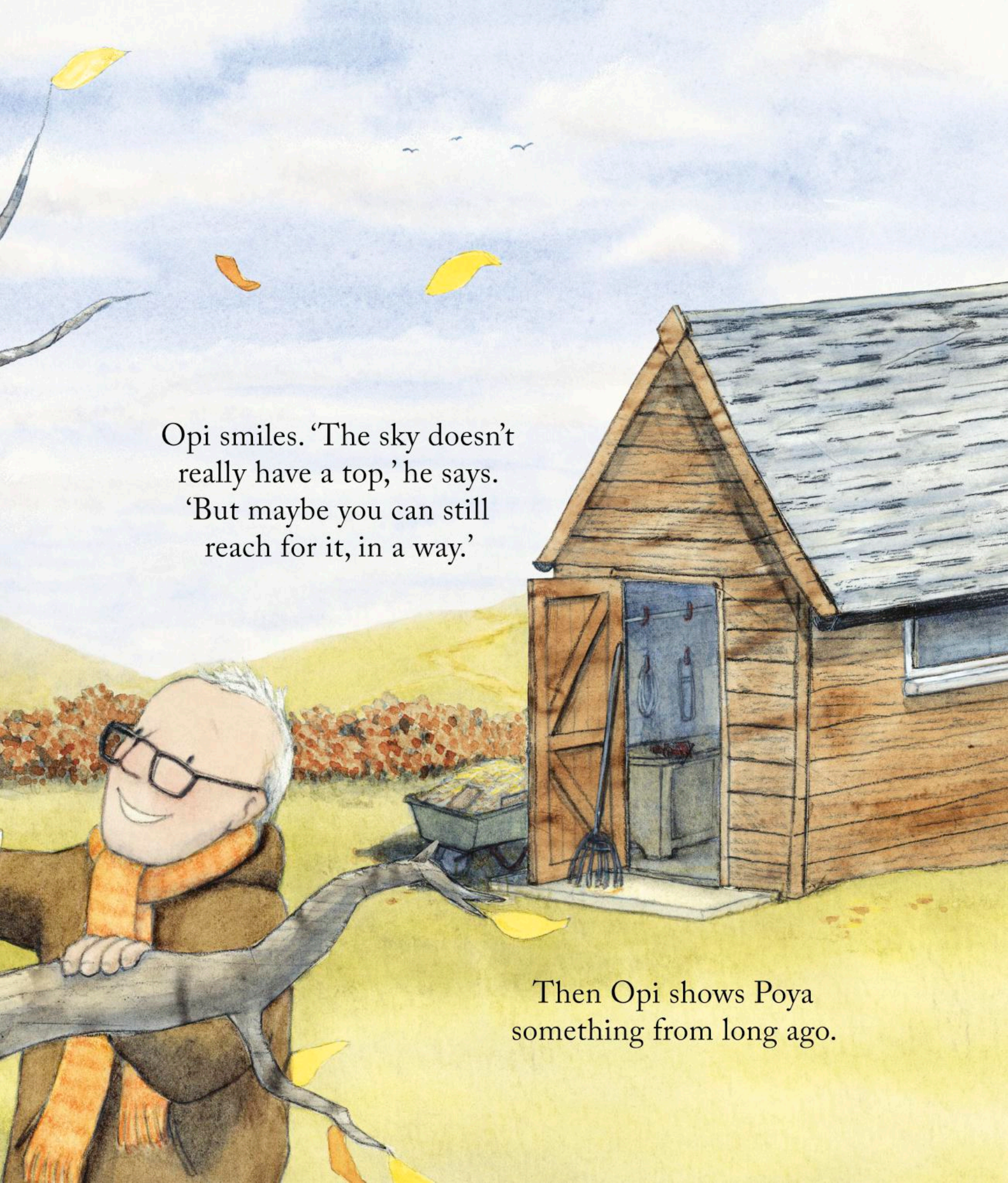


This morning it was pink and red,
and filled with long-necked geese,
playing follow-my-leader.

Then it was orange and yellow,
like the autumn leaves
as they whisper goodbye to the trees.

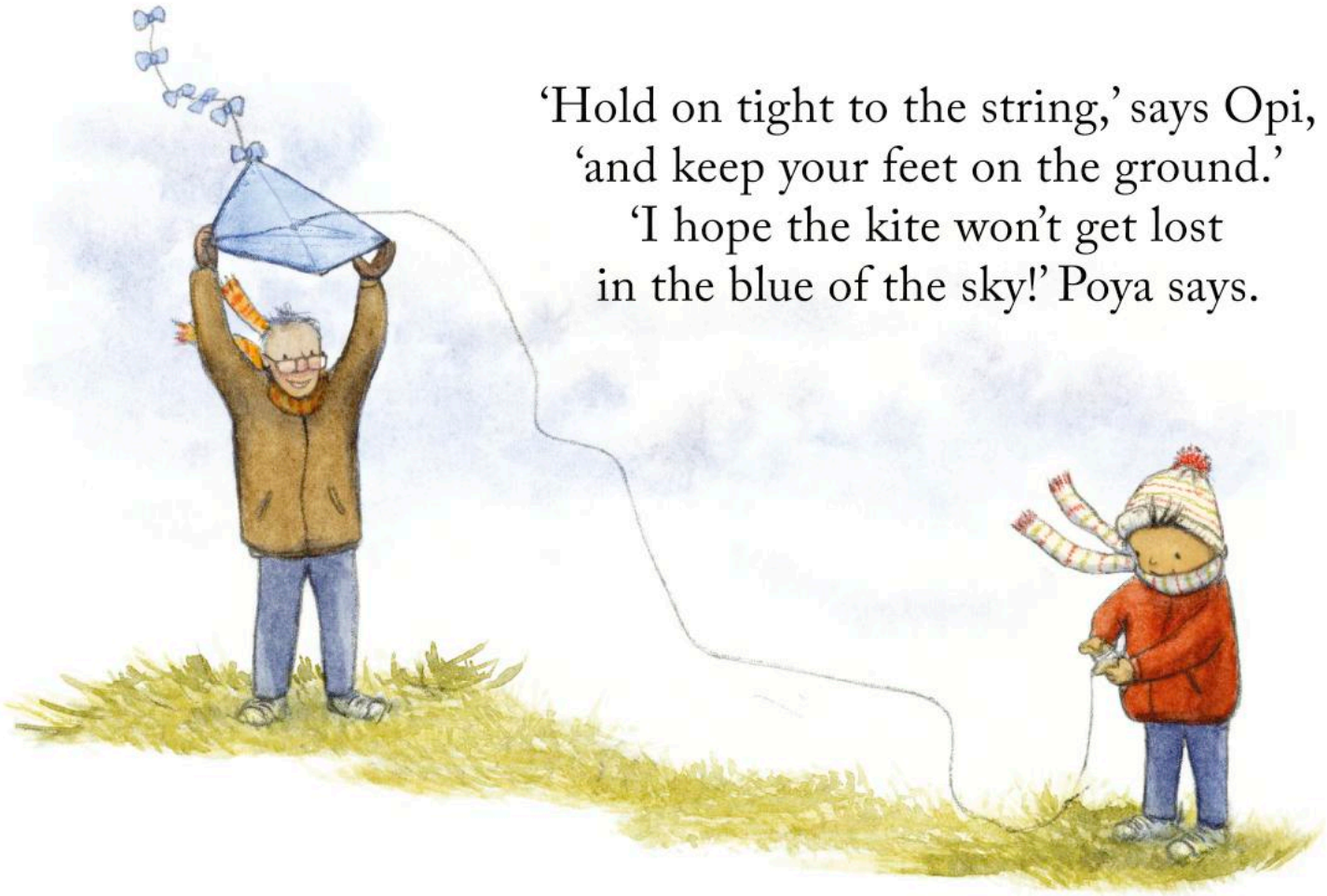


Now the sky is a gentle blue.
Way up high, the wind chases clouds across it.
'I wish I could reach right up to the top
of the sky,' Poya says.



Opi smiles. 'The sky doesn't really have a top,' he says. 'But maybe you can still reach for it, in a way.'

Then Opi shows Poya something from long ago.



'Hold on tight to the string,' says Opi,
'and keep your feet on the ground.'
'I hope the kite won't get lost
in the blue of the sky!' Poya says.

The wind whisks the kite up into the air
and Poya holds on to the string.
'That's good,' says Opi.
'Now let the string out slowly.'

