

The STORM Cloud

FRANCES
STICKLEY

EMILY
HAMILTON



post wave

For my lovely friend Megan – F.S.

For Dad, Lala and Ella – E.H.



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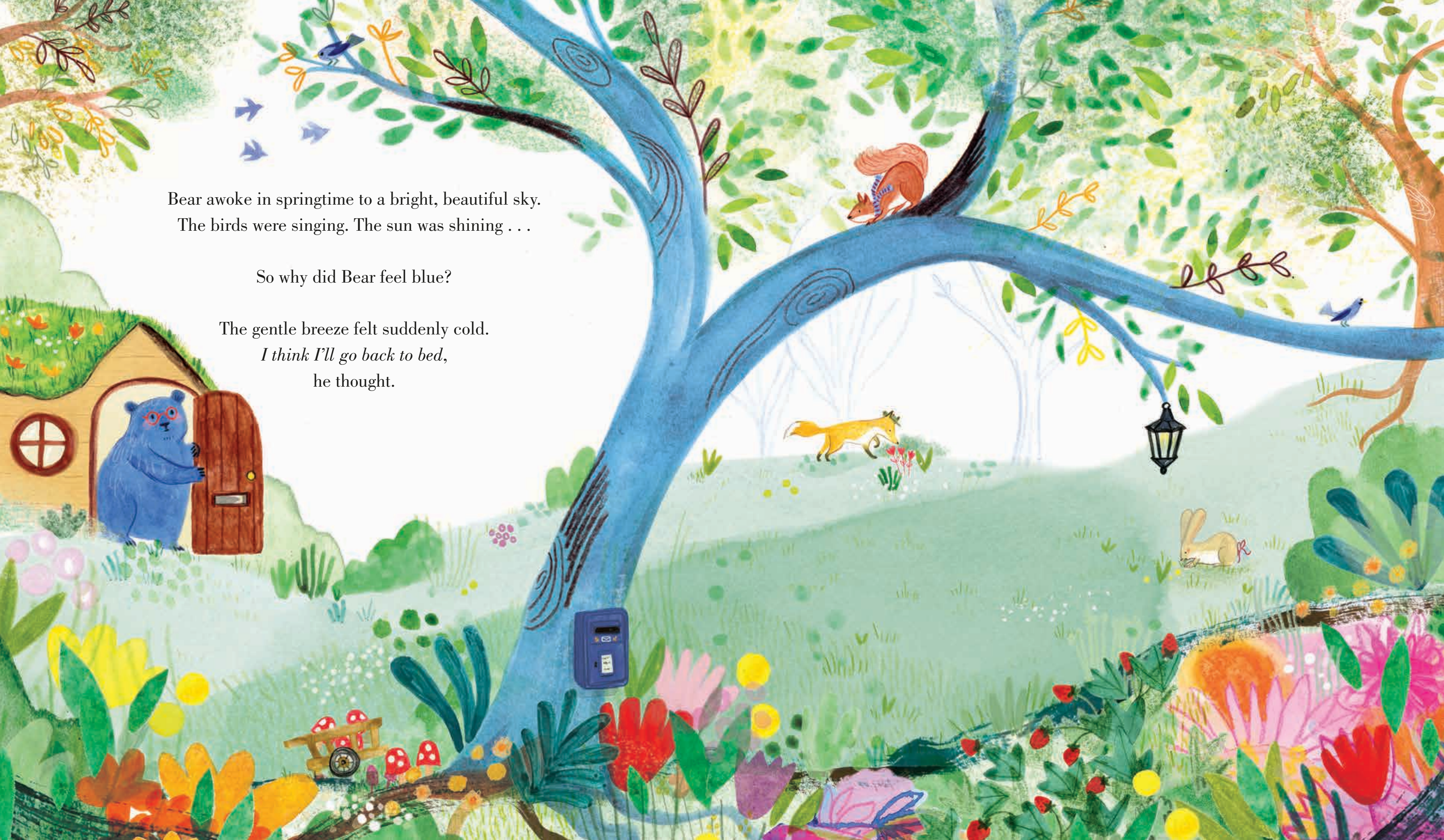
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EU authorised representative: Post Wave Berlin Studio
Email: GPSR@postwavepublishing.com
Address: Post Wave Berlin Studio, c/o Mindspace, Skalitzer Straße 104, 10997 Berlin, Germany





Bear awoke in springtime to a bright, beautiful sky.
The birds were singing. The sun was shining . . .

So why did Bear feel blue?

The gentle breeze felt suddenly cold.
I think I'll go back to bed,
he thought.

Bear snuggled down under the blankets but he could hardly sleep for the feeling that something was very wrong.



He felt a tug, tug, tug in his tummy.

He felt a drip, drip, drip on his ears . . .

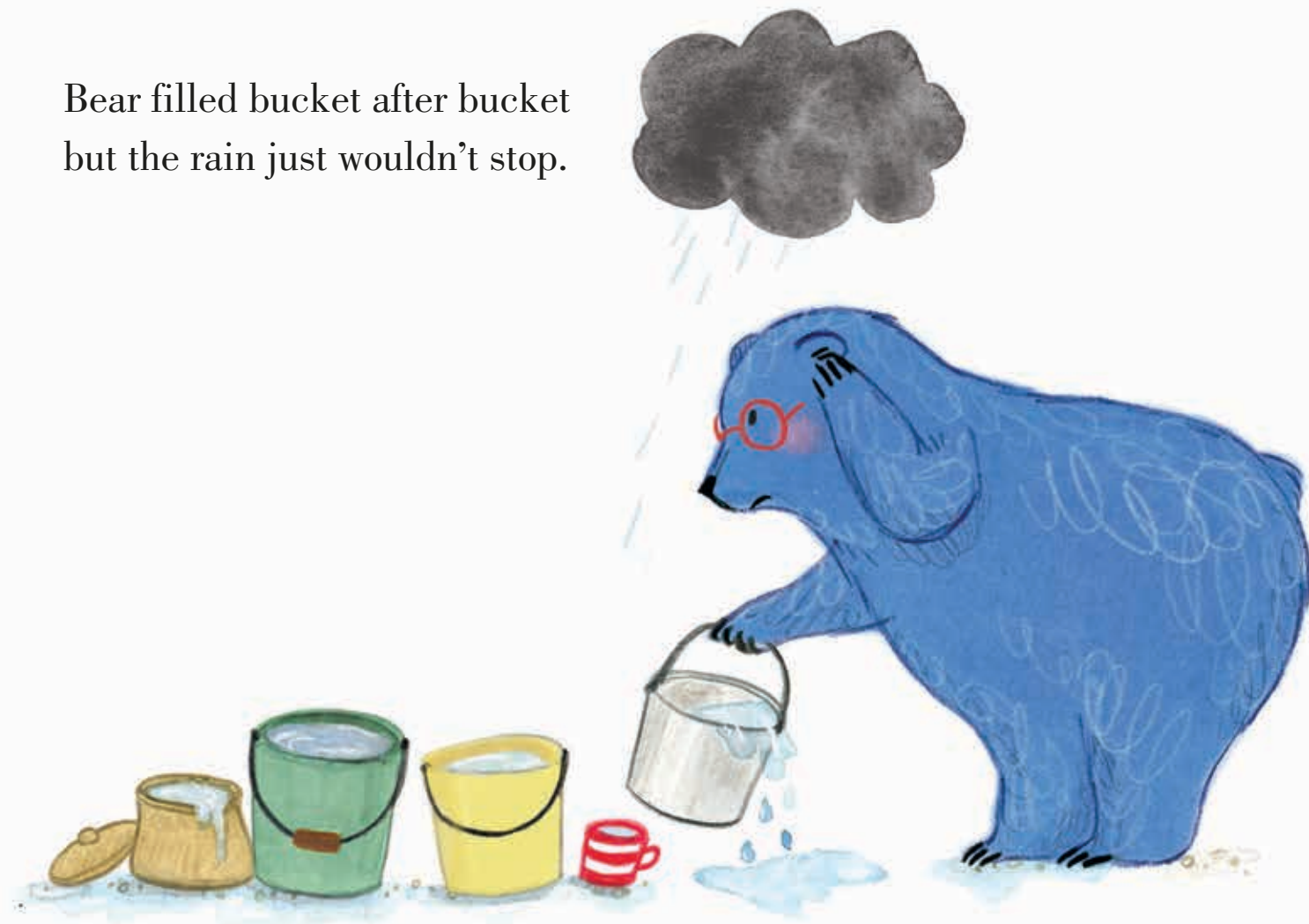


And that was when he saw it . . .

... the **storm cloud** sitting
right above his head.



Bear filled bucket after bucket
but the rain just wouldn't stop.



He tried to blow the cloud away . . .



but it wouldn't disappear.

So he pretended to not see it.
“I can't see you,” said Bear, whistling a merry tune.



But it was STILL there.
Bear began to wonder if the storm cloud would *ever* go away.