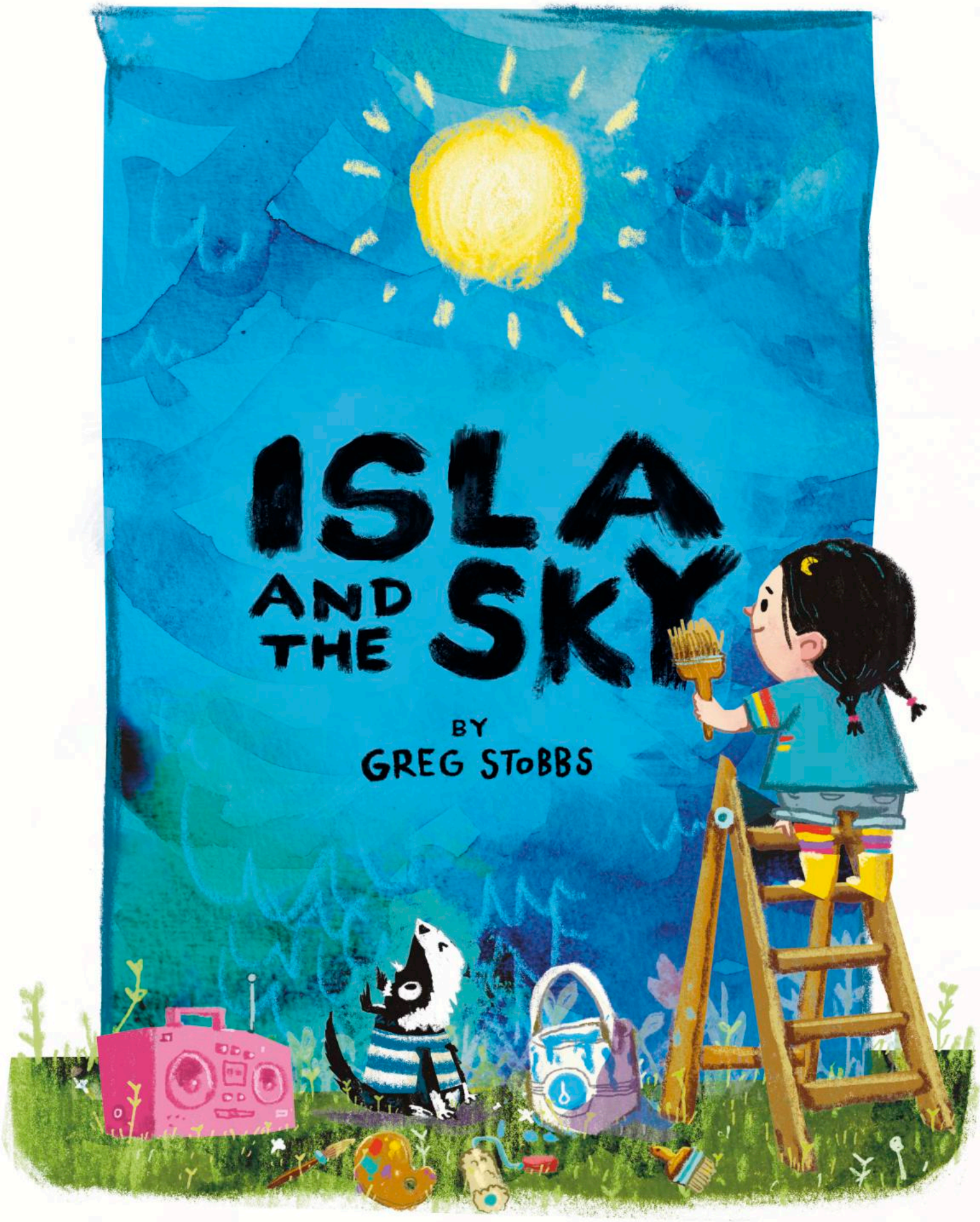

ISLA AND THE SKY
BY
GREG STOBBS

For Aya,
and the artists and dreamers,
and to ever-changing skies.

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Isla looked up.

Past the people, through the trees, and above the buildings.

At the **biggest** and **most beautiful** thing: the sky.

Isla **loved** the sky.





Sky looked down.

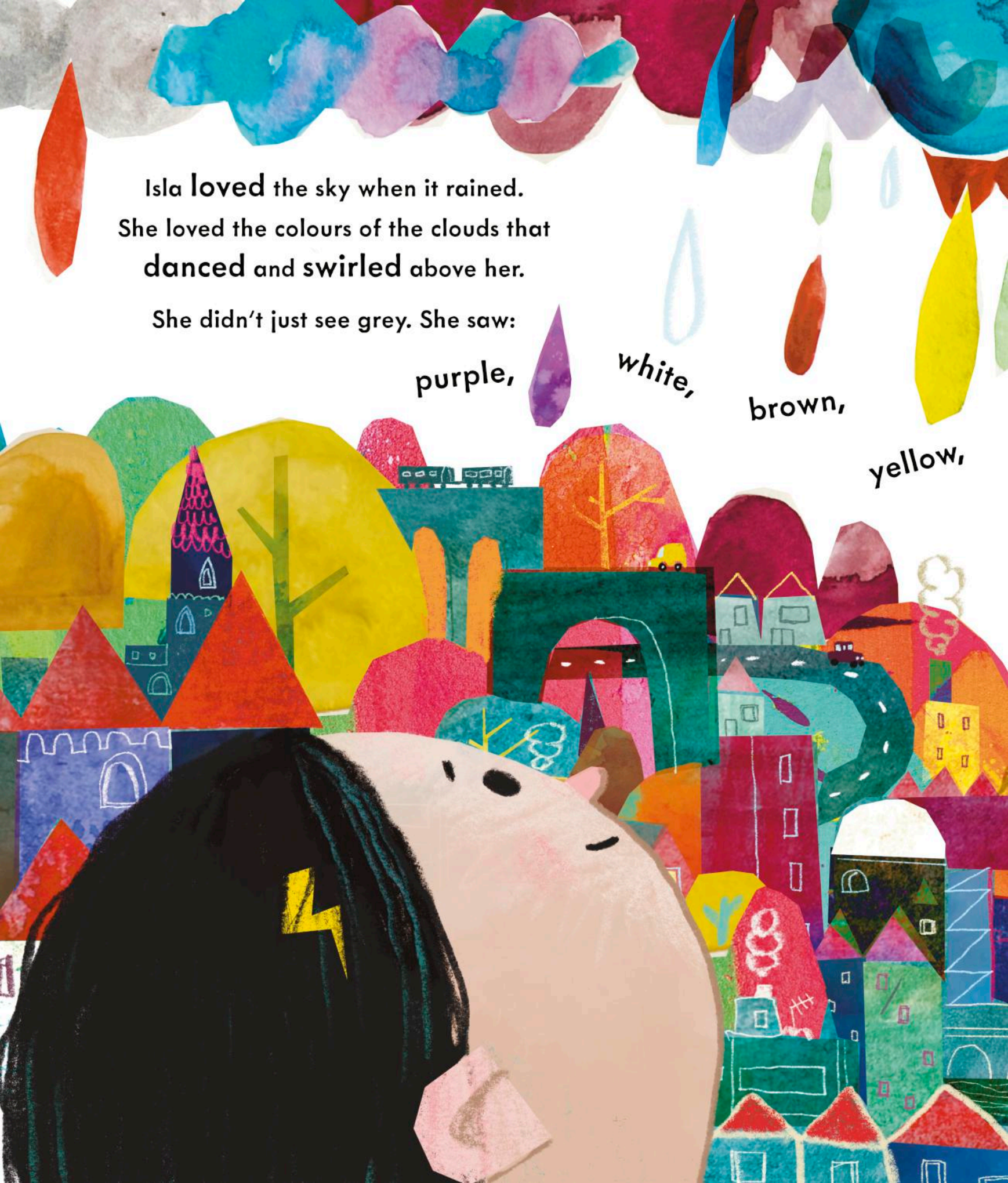
She was feeling **rainy** today.

The people below huddled under hoods and umbrellas.

'Awful weather,' she heard them grumble.

'Such a dreary sky,' she heard them sigh.

Sky didn't see Isla looking up.



Isla **loved** the sky when it rained.
She loved the colours of the clouds that
danced and **swirled** above her.

She didn't just see grey. She saw:

purple, white, brown, yellow,


blue,
pink,
and every kind of black.
Her hand flew as she painted
what she saw.