

THE WHITE CLOUD

Children from Școala primară Junior, Școala primară EuroED &
Școala gimnazială Constantin Păunescu, Iași, ROMANIA

To all our friends who love cloud gazing



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Once upon a time, there was a a little girl
whose name was Maria.





Maria loved spending time with her friends.

She had lots of friends: classmates, her puppy Alba, the old man who lived near her house, the cat Miew who slept all day and the cloud in the sky. They spent a lot of time together, talked, played and learned a lot from each other.






They were special friends, different from each other, but she loved them all the same.



The cloud in the sky was the most different of all. She had noticed him since the beginning of summer. She was always overjoyed whenever she came out of her house and saw him up in the sky.

She looked at the White Cloud in the clear blue sky and it always seemed to her that the cloud was smiling at her. They were far from each other, but they were trying to find a way to get along.



Maria liked his white colour and the shapes that the cloud took. It was a funny cloud with a lot of imagination. He was able to turn into a huge white flower, a big lazy cat, or even the white-bearded Santa. Maria watched him and had to decipher what the cloud wanted to tell her.

No matter what shape he took, the cloud seemed happy. So Maria was happy, too.



One day, Maria came out of the house, looked at the sky, at the place where she usually found the cloud and to her surprise, the cloud was there, but... it was no longer white! It was grey.





What was wrong with the cloud? Was he upset? She told her mother about her concern.

"No problem, clouds can be white, but also grey," her mother replied. "You yourself have dresses of many colours," her mother reassured her.

The little girl looked back at the sky and noticed that the cloud dropped something onto her palms; there were some tiny crystals that were falling towards the Earth. The little girl got scared and ran into her mother's arms:

"You don't have to be scared," said her mother, stepping forward and looking at the sky as the drops caressed her face.

"Why is the cloud crying, mom?" the little girl asked.

"Don't cry, my dear, it's the popcorn that the clouds eat when they watch movies".

"Then why is the cloud grey and not white?"

"Because at the cinema, after the light goes out everything is dark; that's why the cloud looks grey".



Mom's answers were funny, as usual. The little girl realized nothing was wrong with the cloud. So she began to jump into the puddles made by the popcorn of the cloud, unaware that she had got wet from head to toe. She liked the cloud in all his colours and she was glad he was okay.

After a while, she looked at the cloud and noticed that he had stopped sending crystals to her. Instead of being grey like smoke coming out of the chimney of a factory, he had borrowed all the colours of the rainbow and was smiling very friendly at her.







A horizontal scroll with a light beige background is centered in the image. The scroll is held by four green wooden pegs at the corners. The text "THE END" is written in a bold, blue, sans-serif font across the center of the scroll. The background is a bright blue sky with scattered white, fluffy clouds.

THE END

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