

One day, on the sky many clouds were making the shapes to show people themselves. People loved white clouds which were like dog, cat, dragon, sheep and so on. But they didn't like black cloud. Black clouds were not pretty and they made rain, which made people go back home. White clouds boasted themselves, and scorned black clouds. They didn't play with black cloud.

There was a black cloud whose name was Wing. Wing means cloud in Chinese. Wing had been very shiny white cloud. But he was getting fatter and fatter. And his color was changed to gray. At last He became a black cloud. He was embarrassed, because he didn't want to be black cloud. He felt sorry to be black cloud. Wing knew that he could be white cloud only after making rain. Wing didn't know how he would feel when he missed his friends. So he left for somewhere.

He cried very long time. And he was tired. He tried to sleep, but he couldn't. He was sad and angry. He tried to think about fun memory, but he couldn't. He wanted his friends to know black clouds were sad. Finally he fell asleep, and dreamed he changed to white cloud again and played cloud soccer with his friends. He was happy in his dream. He didn't want to get up, but he should get up. He wanted to find a land accepting black clouds.

When he roamed around sadly, he met a white cloud

“Hello? I’m Wing.” Wing said.

“HI! My name is Shan.” Shan replied.

“Weren’t you very shiny and beautiful white cloud? And you teased my friends and me then! I was a black cloud back then.” Shan said.

“Sorry. I didn’t know your feeling.” Wing said.

“It’s okay. Now I am white cloud again.” Shan said.

“How did you change to white cloud again? Did you make rain?” Wing asked.

“Find a wind. Wind can push you and meet other black clouds. Then you can make rain!” Shan said.

“Really? Winds help black clouds?” Wing asked.

“Yes. Winds are great friends of black clouds. ” Shan said.

“Where is Wind?” Wing asked.

“I don’t know. But you can ask to Mr. Mountain. They always know about the winds. Go this way.” Shan said.

“Thank you for help me. Bye. Nice meeting you!” Wing said.

He walked to the road which Shan pointed. And he found Mr. Mountain.

The mountain was very huge. There were small black clouds around him. But he didn't seem to like them. He seemed to be annoyed.

“Hello Mr. Mountain? Do you know where Wind is?” He asked.

“Who are you? Why do you want to find Wind? He is always busy.” Mr. Mountain said. His voice was like a roar from deep, deep dungeon. Wing was scared, but he had to be brave to be a white cloud.

“My name is Wing. And I'm looking for Wind. I want to make rain.” Wing said.

“If you want to find Wind, you should help me.” Mr. Mountain said.

“Okay.” Wing answered.

“Take these clouds for me.” Mr. Mountain said.

“No!!!! I don't want to be fatter anymore.” Wing cried.

“Then go away from me. I'm tired. Bye.” Mr. Mountain said.

Wing didn't want to take those clouds but he have to do this. So he took them and asked Mr. Mountain again.

"Take this way to Rainland, where people love rain."

On the way to Rainland, Wing watched an eagle flying by.

"Hey. I am going to Rainland to find Wind." Wing shouted.

"Wind? I played with him just now. He is very cool. The land is right there."

"Thank you." He hurried. He wanted to make rain quickly.

He arrived at small land. The land was so dry. There was no green grass or flower or river flowing.

"But where is Wind?" He cried.

Suddenly something was pushing Wing.

"Stop! Who are you? Why are you pushing me?" Wing asked.

"I heard you want me. I'll push you to another black cloud. He is waiting for partner. You can make rain with him." Wind said

Wind pushed Wing to somewhere drier.

“Here is where you should to make rain.” Wind said.

“Hi, Wind. Who is he?” another black cloud said.

“This is your partner for make rain. His name is Wing.” Wind said.

Wing was very happy. But, suddenly he felt his body felt strange.

“My body feels strange!” Wing shouted.

“Me too.” Another black cloud yelled said.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” They yelled and crashed.

*‘crack!’* They made thunder and rain. At that time the people came out and danced. Because it was very hot and they suffered drought damage for long time.

So they loved rain. Wing was happy. People

loved his rain.

The End