

RAINBOW STORM



Noah's life has gone crazy. He's getting a baby brother or sister. He's happy about that. Then "Rain" is born and everything changes. Noah has to get used to the baby. But will he ever get used to her?



RAINSTORM

My life was pretty boring before Rain. The only company I had was my Old cat, GiGi [she just sleeps all day now.] Then my mom told me I would Be getting a baby brother or sister. I kind of exploded with excitement.



SLEEP

GIGI'S SCHEDULE



EAT



SLEEP

I wanted to name him Noah jr if he was a boy. But my mom said we are not gonna have a Noah [me!] and a Noah jr. [baby!] But I thought that would be cool. Maybe if it's a girl we can call her Noah [is Noah a girl name too?]

Anyway one night it was pouring. When I say pouring, I mean it. When rain fell on the roof sounding like someone was bombing our house. It was well Past my bedtime. I was still awake because the rain was keeping me. up I heard shifting noises downstairs. I heard Aunt Veronica talking loudly on The phone. What was aunt Veronica doing here? Aunt Veronica lives a half Hour away and never visits, and why did the door close? Did my parents leave? Suddenly I knew what was happening. THE BABY. I squealed

loudly in a few minutes I was asleep, knowing the surprise i would be getting in the morning.

“NOOO-UUUUH!” somebody screamed. It was dad! I rushed downstairs. “I WANNA SEE THE BABY!” I screamed. “What?” said aunt Veronica, not taking her eyes off her phone. Oh. aunt Veronica is my dad’s sister. They sound the same when they scream.”Is the baby being born?” I asked. “Huh? Oh yeah. Yes” I beamed. “boy or girl?” I said happily. Aunt Veronica looked at me with her electric blue eyes. “You ain’t gonna be happy ‘bout this.” she said “its a girl.”

I paused.

“A girl”

Was that good or bad?

“O-oh-ok’ I said, not sure if i should be sad or happy. “What’s her name?” I asked. Aunt Veronica groaned. “Rain.”

“Rain?”

“Rain.”

“Rain? Is that a real name?”

“I guess so.” said aunt Veronica, “I hate it. I wish she was called something more powerful like tiffany or something more cute like dory.” She

complained. "Well anyway yer parents are on their way" I sat down in a chair and read a book. I read and read and read. Then the door opened

CREEEEEEEEEEEEAK

"MOM! DAD! RAAAAIIIIIN!" I screamed "**WAAAAAH**" someone cried. Most likely the



RAAAA IN!

WAAAH!



baby. I ran to my parents. They were holding a baby carriage. With a baby in it. The baby was crying. Oops. I must have startled her by yelling. I took a second to look at Rain. she was TINY. She had TINY ears and a TINY nose and two TINY eyes.

The best part was that she had a smile that reminded

me ofa Ran-

bow! Haw-haw.[corny

joke]



Well anyway she was cute. I had a hhuvgytryrfswgdsjwillion questions for my parents [is that a number?] the first one was...."Where will she sleep?" "She'll sleep with us for the first few weeks" said mom "then she'll sleep in your room! And when she's old enough she'll sleep on the bottom bunk of your bunk bed! Wo'nt that be fun?"

NO. It wouldn't be fun. Not fun AT ALL

Three years later



Rain is now three. I am now thirteen. Right now i'm babysitting Rain. She's a funny toddler but sometimes she could be a bratscal [brat + rascal] like when I was feeding her dinner [grilled cheese] she pretended she was chewing but when I had my back turned she spit it onto my chair. Lets just say I had to change my pants. Also she has this habit of throwing her clothes off and running outside. Luckily I'm on a track team so I can usually Catch her before an old lady sees her and faints [that did happen once.] anyway she's a bratscal.

THE END

