

PIP FINDS A CLOUD FRIEND



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Pip Finds a Cloud Friend



An illustrated edition by Pewitos

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About this edition

Pip Finds a Cloud Friend

A contemporary original story. Pip meets a small cloud and discovers that friendship can mean staying close without holding on. Edited by Pewitos.



Every morning, Pip hopped across the meadow in Cloudwhisper Valley. Her red scarf danced behind her as she looked for the clouds that came down to play.



But that morning the meadow was much too quiet. Not one cloud tumbled among the flowers. Pip stopped hopping and heard a soft trembling beside the old oak.



There she found a little cloud all alone, almost touching the grass. Its gray edges trembled like leaves. Pip saw its drooping cheeks and approached slowly.





"Hello," Pip said softly. "I'm Pip. Are you all right?" The cloud looked up. "I'm Nimbus. I drifted too far from the sky, and I can't find my way back."

Pip looked toward the blue mountains. She knew a place where the peaks brushed the clouds. The path was long, but she did not want Nimbus to travel it alone.



"I will go with you to Whisper Peak," Pip decided. "There we can touch the sky." Nimbus turned a little pink. Together they left the oak behind.



Soon they reached the rainbow stream. Water rushed between shining stones. Pip hopped to the first one and waited so Nimbus could follow without hurrying.





Nimbus moved low over the water. When a splash made him shrink, Pip did not say, "Hurry." She only smiled and pointed to the next stone.

A gust lifted silver droplets. Nimbus turned gray again. Pip planted her paws on a stone and raised her red scarf like a flag that was easy to follow.



Nimbus watched the red through the droplets. He took a deep breath, floated across the last current, and reached the bank. His gray grew lighter. "I did it," he whispered.



On the other side, the talking flowers turned their petals.
"Take the fern path," they all whispered at once. Pip
thanked them, and Nimbus turned pink again.





Beneath the ferns, the path became narrow and dark. Pip walked more slowly. Each time she looked back, Nimbus was still there, a little higher than before.

Then a cold wind rushed down the mountain. It bent the ferns and pushed Nimbus toward the branches. The little cloud trembled and lost his pink color.





Pip went back to Nimbus. "You don't have to be brave all at once," she said. "Find my scarf and move a little at a time. I will stay close."

Nimbus found the red, moved a little, and then a little more. With every movement, the gray turned golden. As he left the forest, tiny sparkles shone around him.



The final slope rose before them. Pip's paws were tired, and Nimbus still felt afraid. They looked at each other and chose to take the next step together.





At the summit, the sky opened a bright doorway among the clouds. Nimbus stopped at the edge. Pip could not fly for him. She could only smile and say, "I'm here."



Nimbus looked at the red scarf, then at the doorway in the sky. Though he still trembled, he chose to rise. First he floated level with Pip's ears, and then higher.



When he touched the sky, Nimbus turned bright pink. "I made it!" he laughed. "Thank you for walking with me. Will you visit?" Pip raised one paw. "Every morning."

The next morning, Pip returned to the meadow. A pink cloud came down to greet her and left a rainbow across the dew. The distance was still there, but friendship had found its way.



PIP FINDS A CLOUD FRIEND

Pip meets Nimbus, a cloud who has drifted too far from the sky. To help him return, she walks beside him, waits, and turns her red scarf into a steady signal.

A tender story about courage growing one step at a time and the kind of friendship that knows how to stay close, made for reading aloud together.

