



The cloud-filled sky began to thunder strongly and a pair of lightening strikes broke the sky with a yellow splendor. From the kitchen, Raclet looked at it disapprovingly. “What an ugly day! Precisely today, I wanted to gather flowers from the elder.”





Maisa was having a lot of fun beneath the storm and in the puddles of water. Seeing her, Raclet went over to her in a bad mood. “Hey, you! Why don’t you go away from here? This rain is a bore!”



“Are you sure?” said Maisa surprised. “Alright, as you wish. Now I’ll separate the grey clouds from above you.” Maisa blew gently and a sunny clearing appeared in the sky.

