

BRING BACK THE RAIN

There was one cloud in the sky over the city of Vance.
It grew bigger, and then smaller. It seemed in a trance.

The cloud's name? Baltazor! It was Aristotle's famous father.
But as he puffed up, he would wonder, "Why bother?"

Nobody seems to like me when I make wind and rain.
No, nobody likes me! They all think I'm a pain.

When I start to puff up, and I stretch my head high,
and I rise, full of moisture, way up in the sky...

The people, they notice, and they hurry and scurry.
You can tell by their faces, they're starting to worry.

And when I become dark green and I puff out my cheeks,
and I begin to produce a few lightning streaks...

'Oh, it's going to storm,' they all say with disdain.
Then they all run for shelter and they begin to complain.

Yes, they grumble, they frown, they fuss, and they whine.
'Oh, I'm going to get soaked' is their favorite line.

Well, what do they expect? You get WET when it rains!
Oh, it makes me so mad when every person complains."

"Well, I'm tired of all this," he said with a frown.
"All these people complaining... it's getting me down.

I think I'll just stop. No more rainstorms from me!
I will gladly stop raining... and then they will see.

They will miss me a lot. They will miss all of my rain.
And then they'll be sorry, at least those with a brain!

All their flowers will die. All their lawns will turn brown.
And their trees will all wilt. Then the people will frown!

And not just in the city, but on the farms, too.
When I stop making rain, how will the farms do...?

Well, the crops will all shrivel and the ponds will go dry.
And the wind, when it blows? That will make the dust fly!

Strong winds blowing dust will create some huge piles.
And some piles of this dust may stretch many miles.

The dust in the sky will make that sky really dark.
Birds will not be flying. They will pull over and park.

They should hurriedly park in the trees and on fences.
Dusty skies cause problems, if birds come to their senses.

And when those dusty dark skies turn day into night...?
Chickens looking for food? They'll need a flashlight!

Dust will make it quite difficult, just walking around.
Cows will bump into horses, and they both will fall down.

**The pigs and the sheep? On the ground they will sprawl.
They will trip over those cows, then stumble and fall.**

The dust will choke horses. They'll cough, but not whinny.
Cows won't find the good grass. They will get very skinny!

Farmers will all fret and they will feel a real gloom,
'cause all of their animals will need the emergency room.

Yes, everyone will be sorry when I stop making rain.
Those folks will regret that all they did was complain.

Well, I am going to stop. I will officially retire.
This great big ol' storm cloud is no longer for hire!"

All of Baltazor's friends were listening. They came from afar.
They said, "These people hate rain? Now, that is **BIZARRE!**

Well, we will join you on this. We, too, feel your pain!
From today, moving forward, Vance will no longer get rain!"

Vance people just didn't care? Well, they had nothing to say.
So all the storm clouds, yes, the "rain" clouds, all moved away.

At first, no one did care. Everyone loved the clear skies!
Vance people got suntans and 'designer shades' for their eyes.

People partied; people frolicked, as they played in the sun.
Was anyone complaining? I don't think there was one!

Well, there was one little girl that didn't like the dry weather.
She noticed the trees in the park were all wilting together.

Little Gwen also noticed that all the bird baths were dry.
"Our birds are not bathing, and everybody knows why."

"Our birds need some water. And not just to drink.
Let's face the hard facts. Our birds will soon stink!

Our birds have not bathed since this dry weather began;
They soon will really stink... like an old garbage can!

It's too dry," she said loudly. "We need a good rain."
So, she looked to the sky in an attempt to complain.

But no clouds were up there. They had all gone away.
There were no clouds to talk to, on that very dry day.

She went to the town council. "I can't make it more plain.
Our town needs some water. Our town needs some rain."

The mayor agreed. But then he shook his head sadly.
"We are very, very dry! And, our town suffers badly.

**But what can we do? The clouds all moved away.
They're not coming back! There's no more to say!"**

Council members got up and strolled to their houses.
They sat down for dinner with their children and spouses.

"Someone should do something!" said the girl to the town.
"If we just let this happen, we're letting our town down."

She walked to the beach. Maybe some clouds would be there.
There were no clouds on the beach, except one, in a chair.

It was Aristotle that she saw, with his best friend Burgoo.
They were snacking on crackers and some leftover stew.

"I'm looking for clouds," said the girl to the pair.
But, I can't find any clouds, and I've looked everywhere!"

"Well, the clouds moved away," replied Burgoo with a frown.
"They didn't feel welcome, so they moved out of town."

The girl began crying and then wiped her wet eyes.
"We need for those rain clouds to return to our skies."

Everything is too dry. We can't take this much sun!
The townsfolk don't realize just what they have done!

Our parks have dead flowers and stinky birds in the trees.
It's not good for our city. Can we do something, please?

I WANT clouds! We NEED them! Can you tell them, Burgoo?
That a great, big, ol' rain storm is just way overdue?"

Burgoo smiled at the girl and very softly he said,
"I have an IDEA!" Then he nodded his head.

"Would you like to tell them if we both take you there?
The clouds will all listen if they knew that you CARE!"

So the pair took the girl to a secret, far-away place.
(Most of us don't know about this place, out in space.)

It's the place where clouds go, when they need a vacation.
When clouds need a break, this is their destination.

It's where clouds go to think, and to rest and relax.
They float around on sofas and eat Cloudcorn for snacks.

Baltazor greeted them, when they arrived around three.
The girl told him the problems of the city near the sea.

"Vance is so very, very dry," she said, waving her arms.
"And it's not just the city! It is also the farms!"

"Vance people puzzle me," said Baltazor, still subdued.
"Vance people don't care! And, besides that, they're rude!"

The girl sniffled a little and then she started to cry.
That's when some other clouds appeared in the sky.

The clouds formed a circle. Then they whispered and smiled.
Baltazor spoke firmly, "We want to help this young child.

Even though the Vance people seemed to always complain,
this little girl UNDERSTANDS the importance of rain.

So we are heading for Vance with some rain to deploy.
We'll form a long line of rain clouds. It'll be a CONVOY."

The clouds formed a long line, stretching across the blue sky.
They became dark, grayish-green, as they rose very high.

The long line of rain clouds were linked up like a chain.
It was now a CLOUD CONVOY, taking Vance a big rain!

Baltazor spoke to the clouds as he took up the lead.
"We will do this together, and as we proceed..."

All my good friends will help me. Each one is my buddy!
We're about to make the ground in Vance VERY MUDDY!"

Baltazor and his friends moved toward Vance like a train.
The little girl was real happy. Vance would finally get RAIN!

Loud thunder and bright lightning soon filled the skies over Vance.
And when raindrops began falling, little Gwen did a dance.

The Vance people slept restfully as it rained through the night.
Vance was muddy, but greener, as the dawn brought the light.

After Vance got that rain, the townsfolk put up a sign.
It was in the heart of the city, and it really looked fine.

It was from all the Vance people, both the women and men.
It displayed a huge 'THANK YOU,' under a picture of GWEN!

The sign also said, "Our Gwen never backed down.
She solved our rain problem. She SAVED our fine town!"