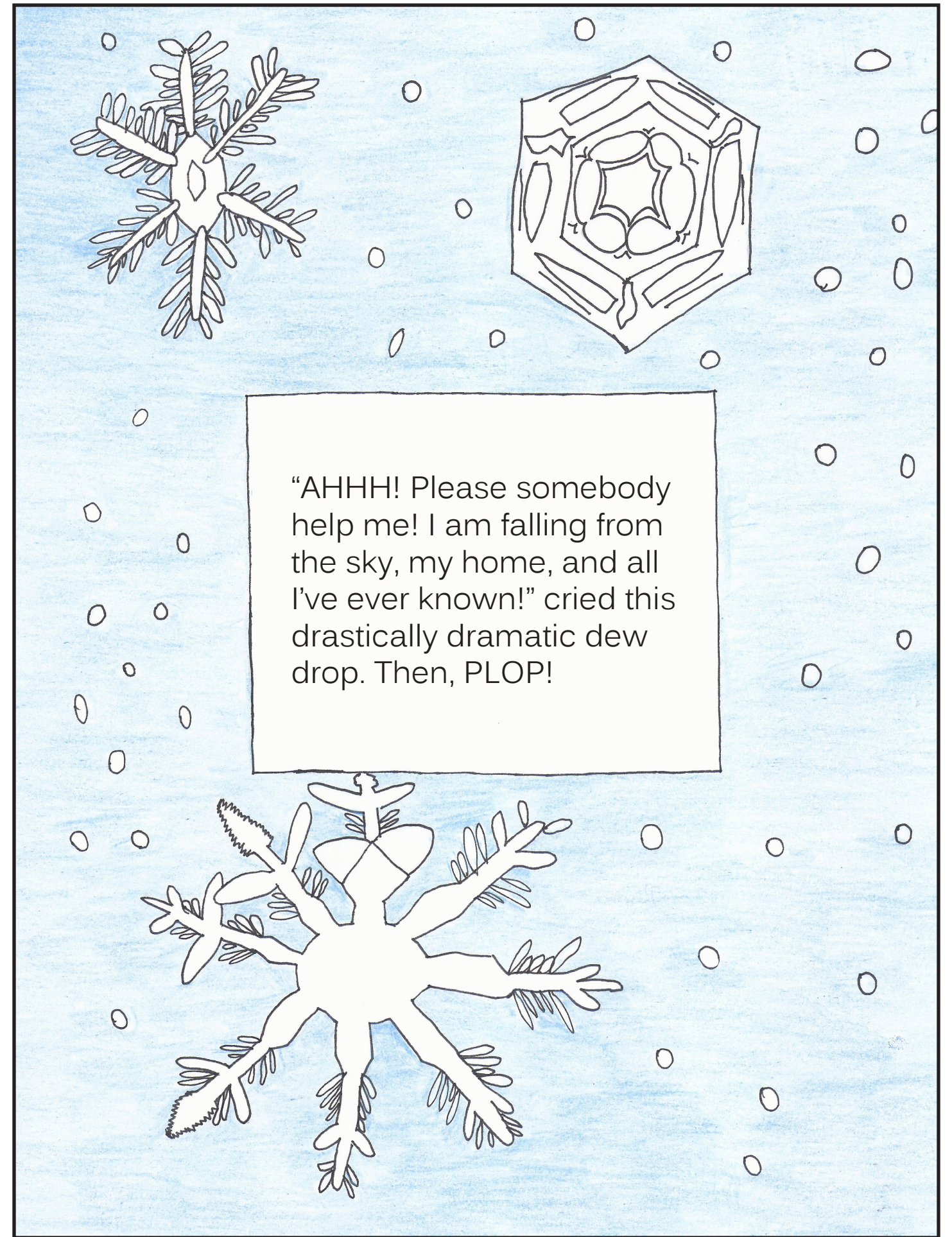
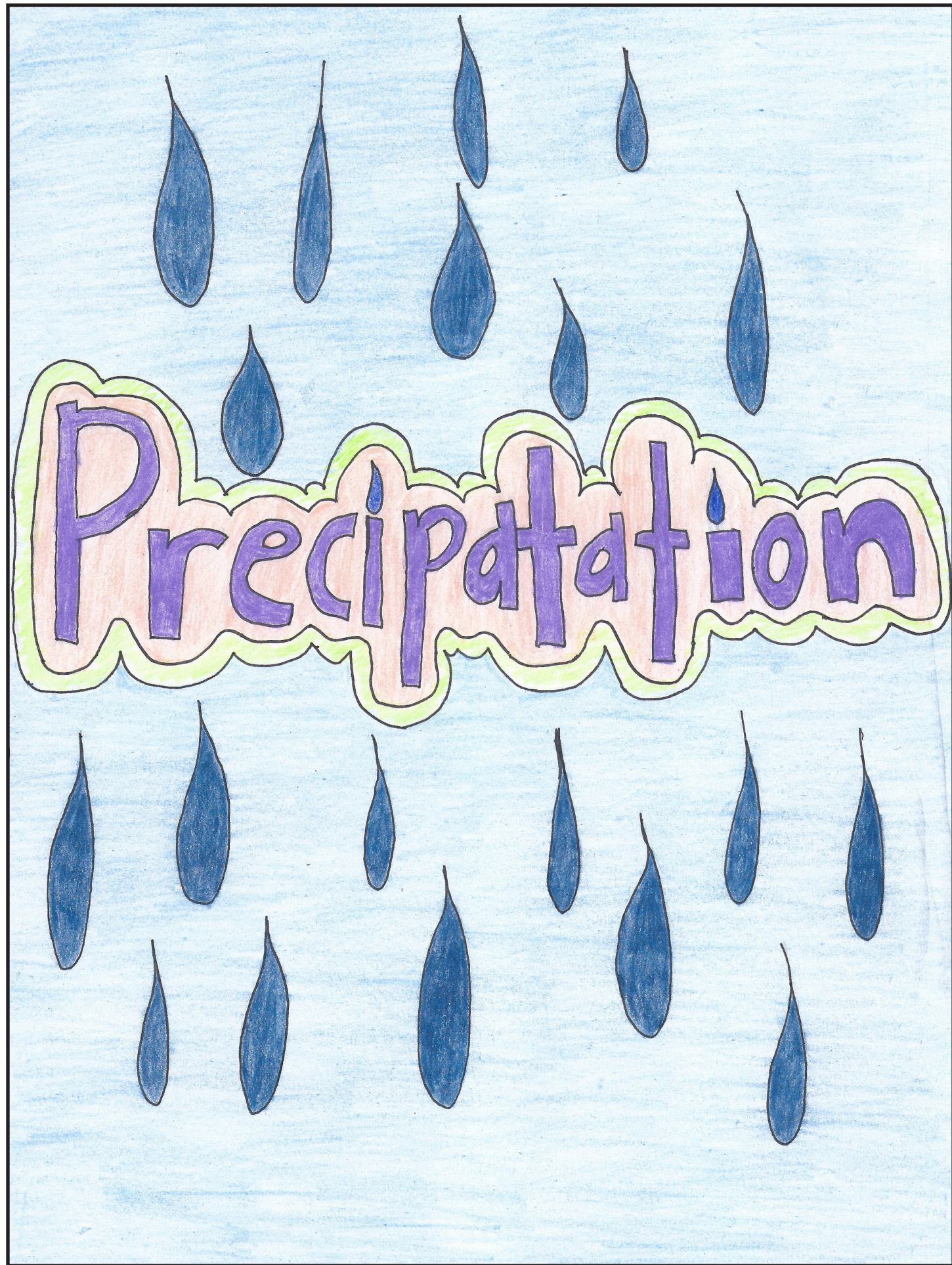
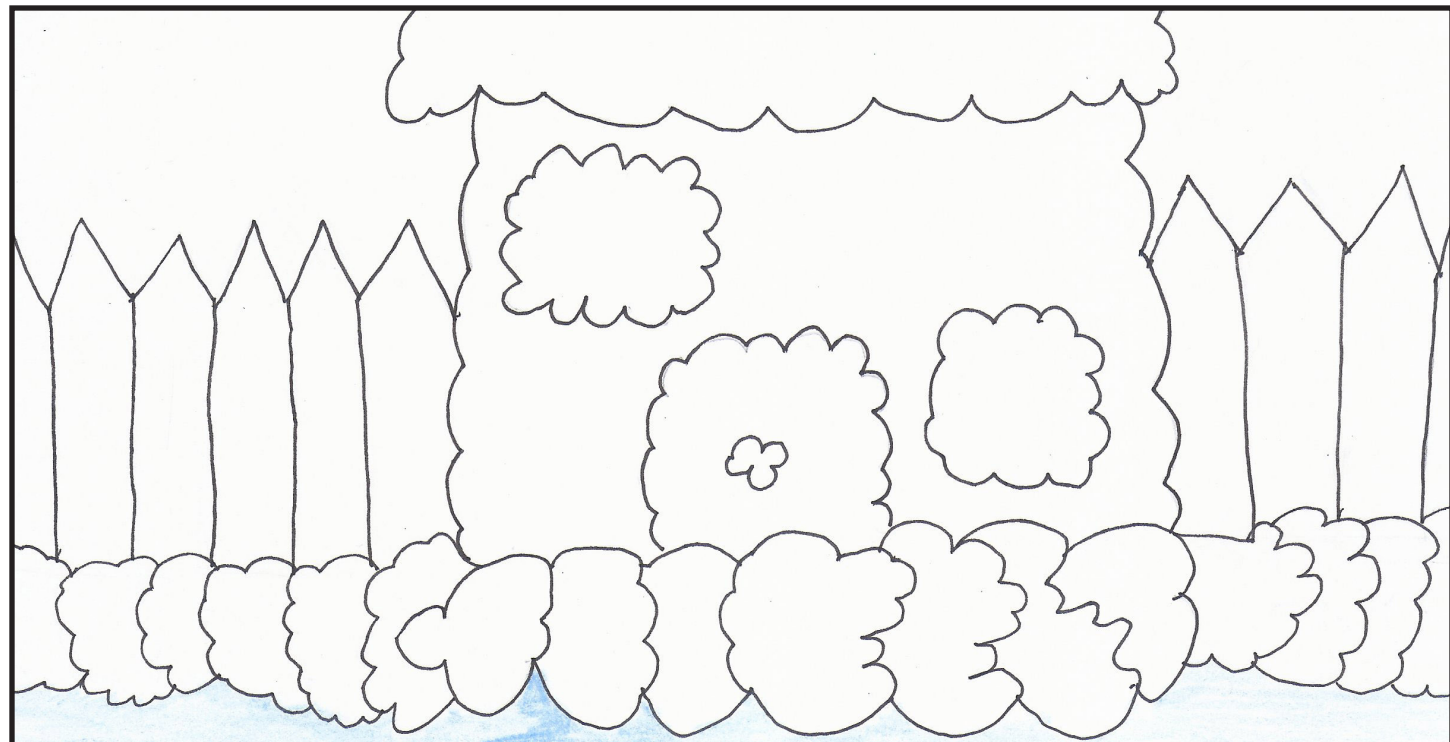


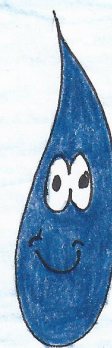
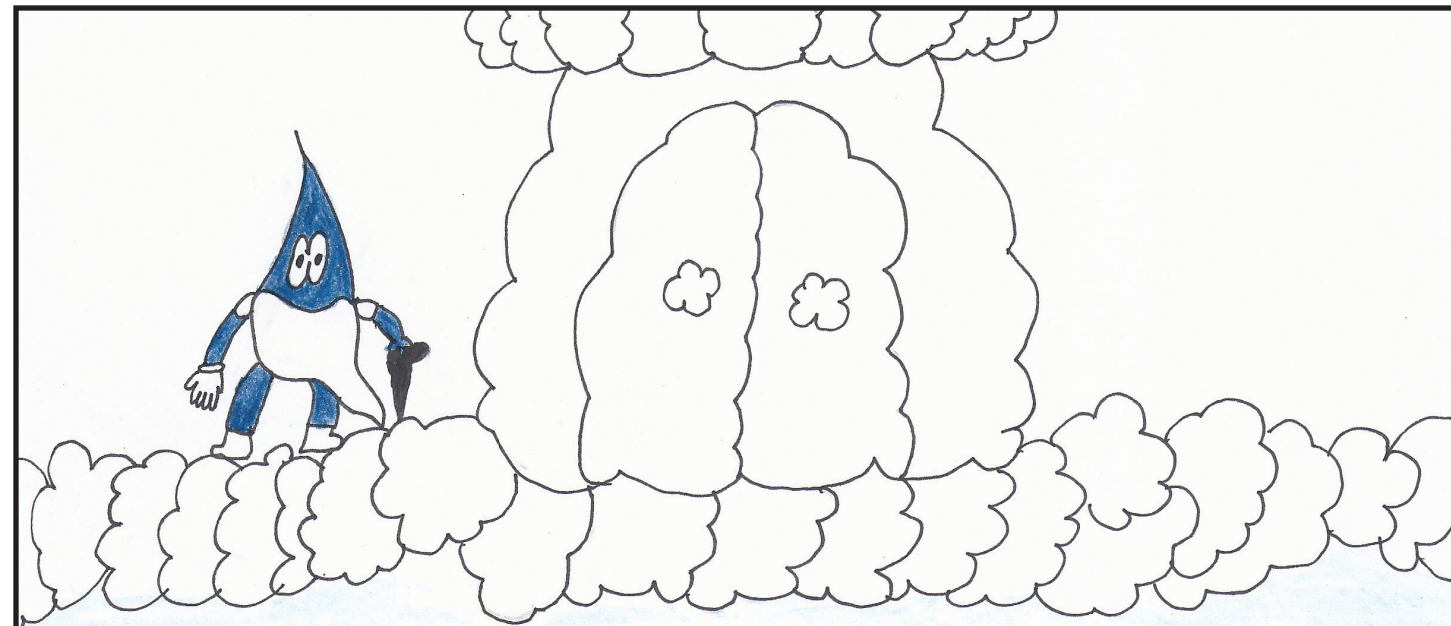
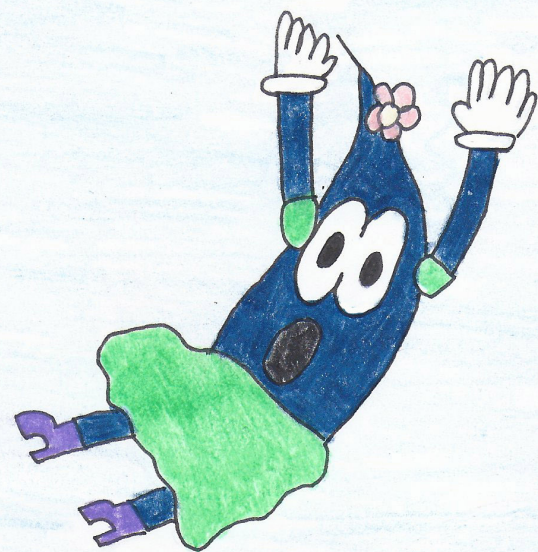
Waltzing Within the Wild Water Cycle

Written by Abigail Hohmann
Illustrated by Abraham Awadh



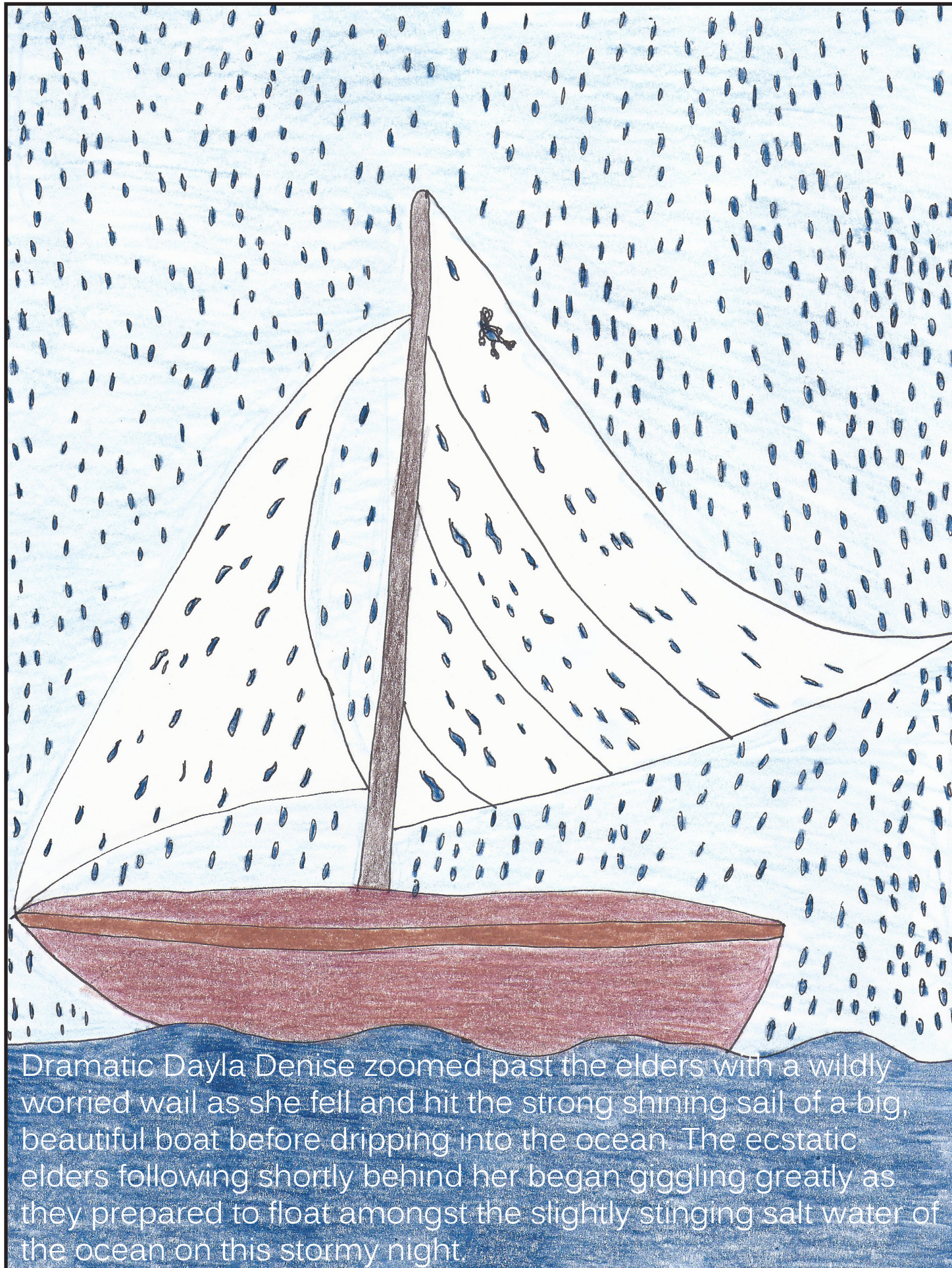


Two elders laughed feeling **nostalgic** as Dramatic Dayla Denise flew screaming in fear. For they had remembered the time they first dove through this satisfyingly strange universe and how horribly hopeless they had felt.

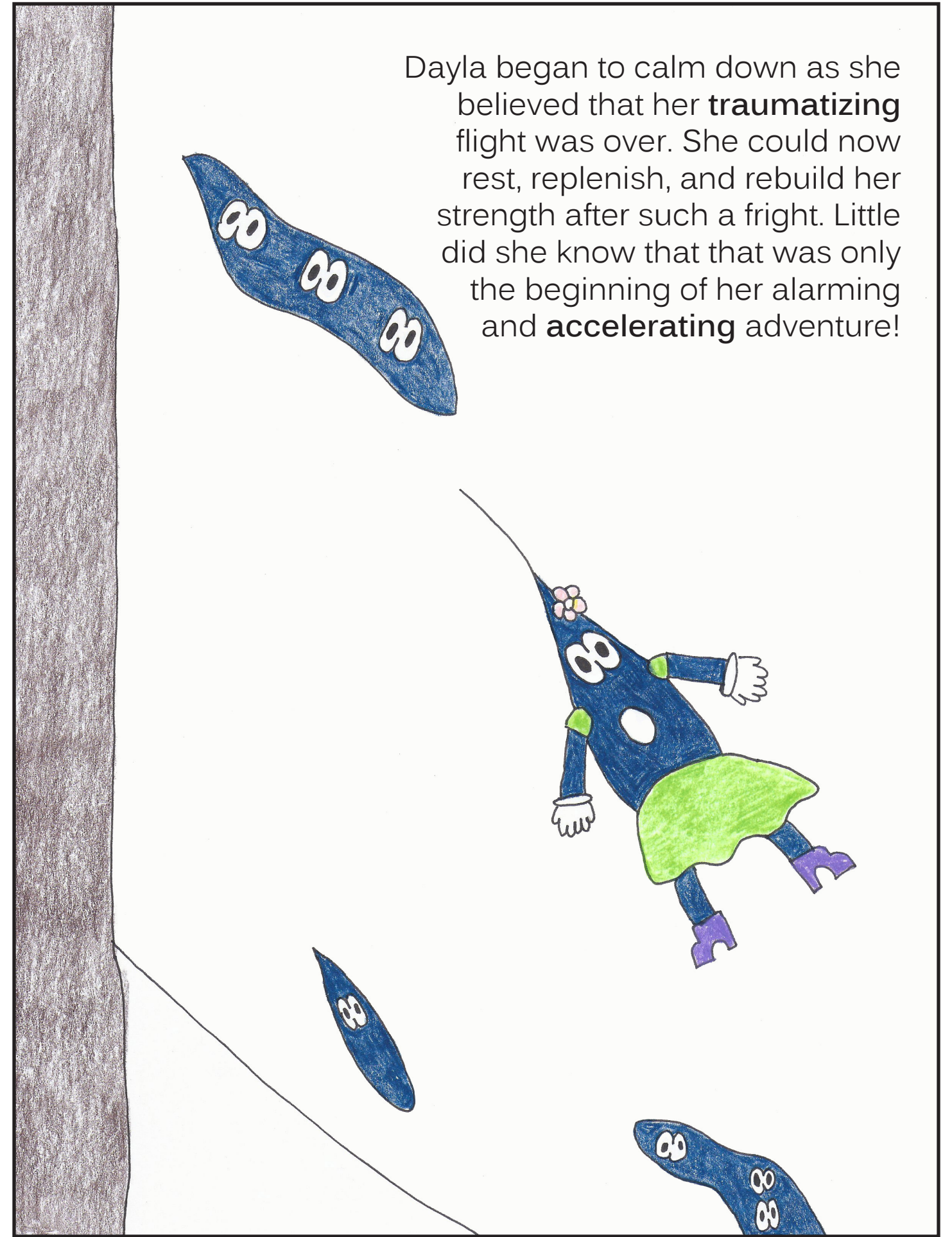


But now **accustomed** to this change, they know that this **allegedly** "evil" event is harmless and a part of our slightly crazy life. As water we unite and **prevail** through the tremendously tough changes **occasionally** occur within our existence.

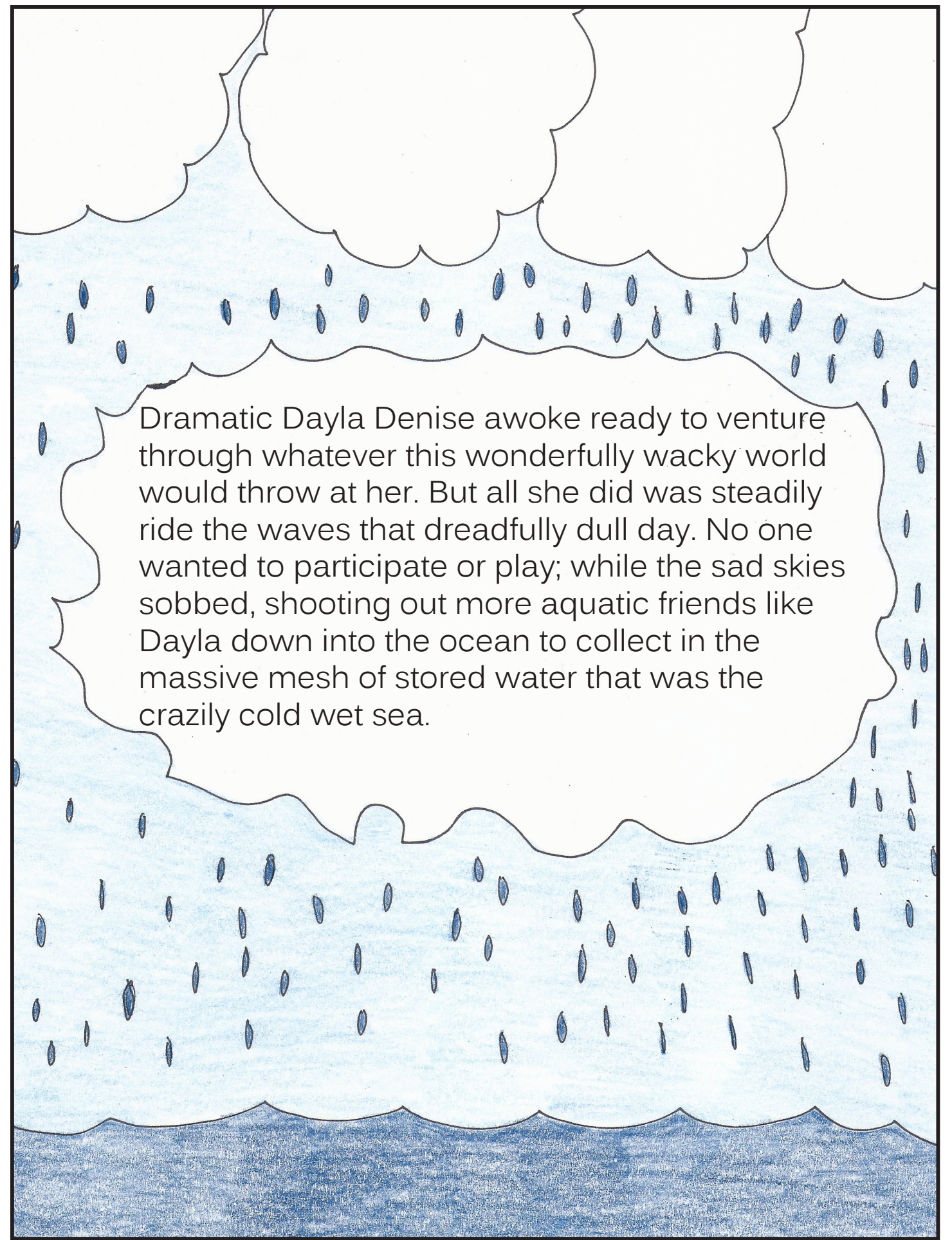
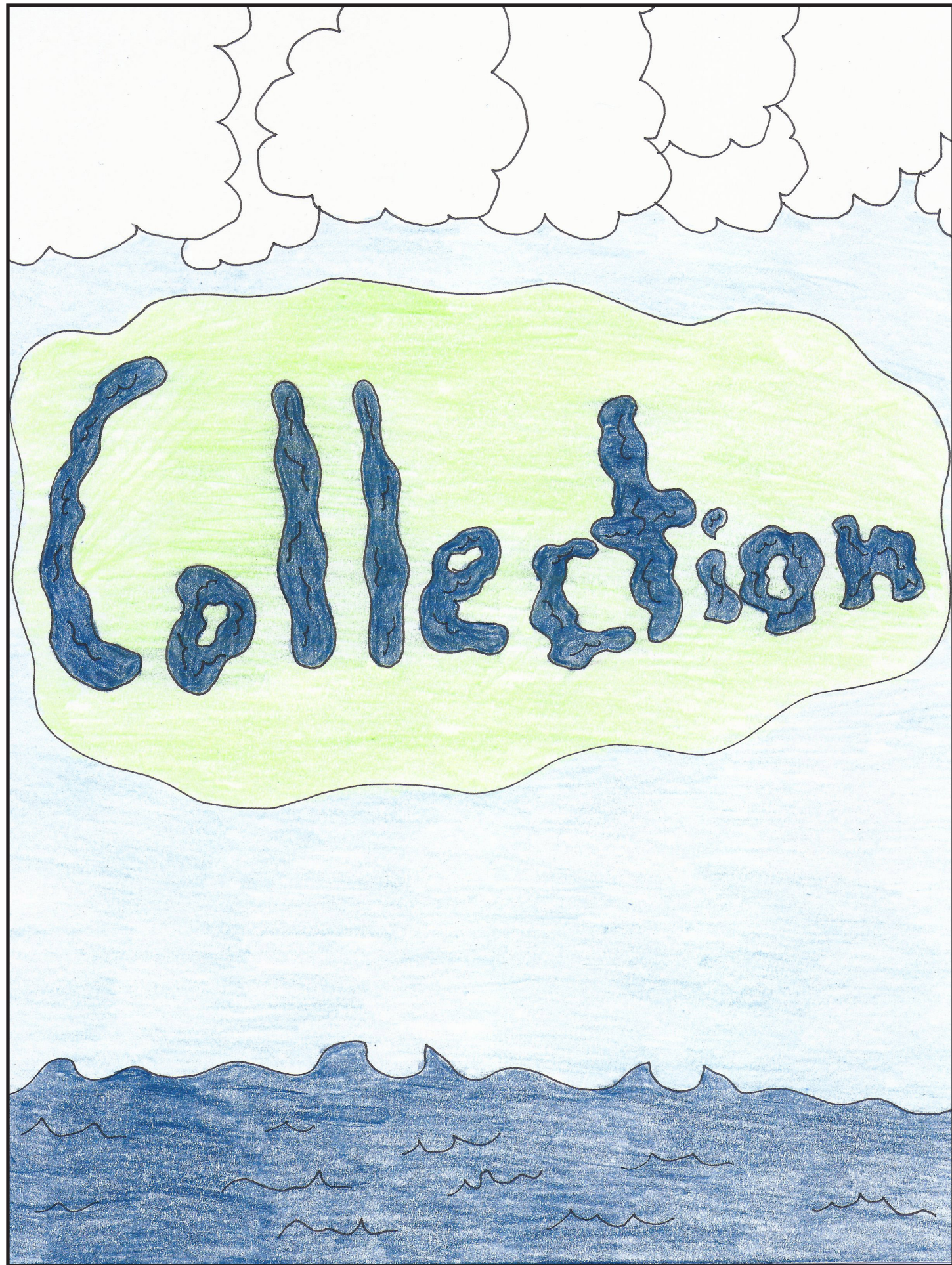




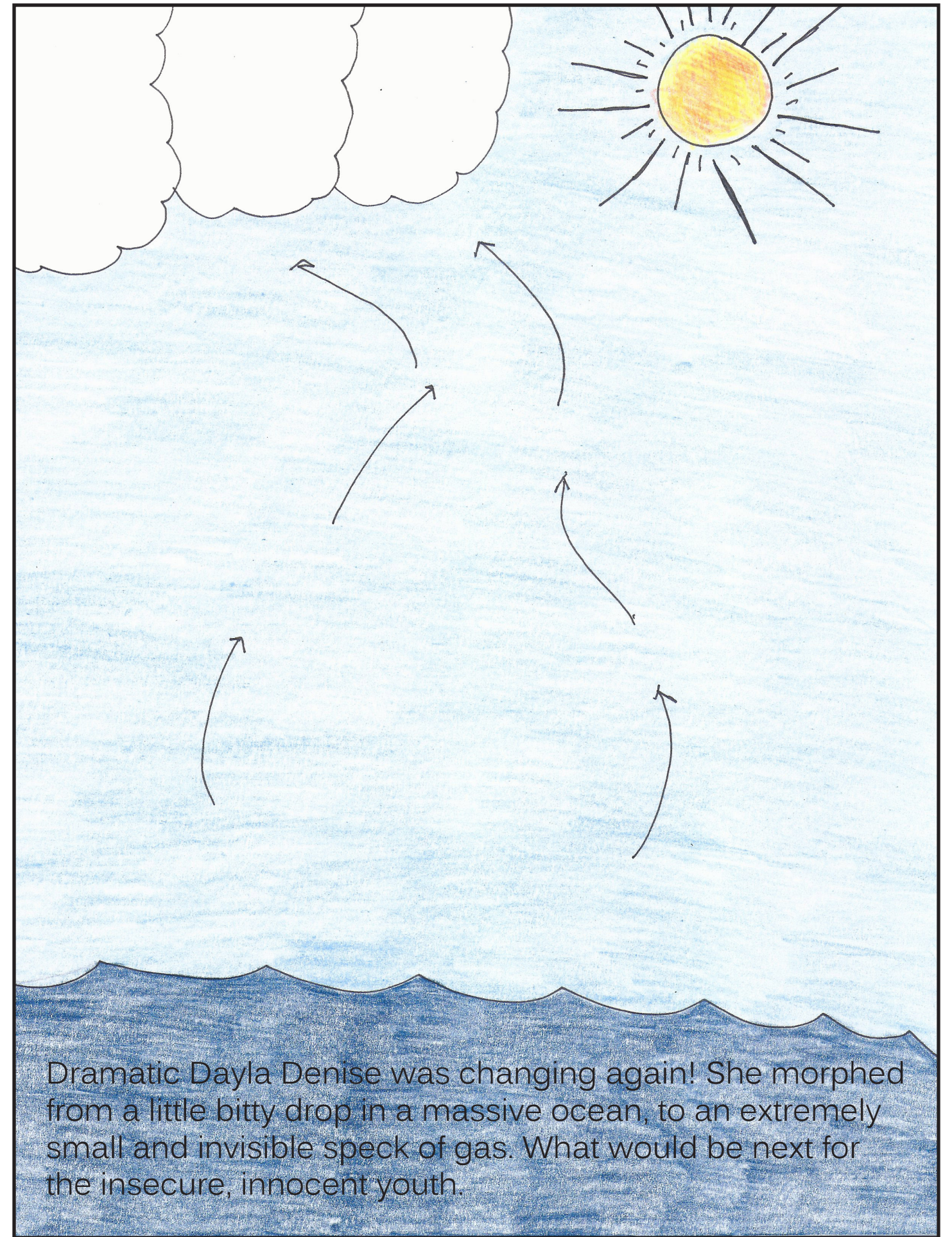
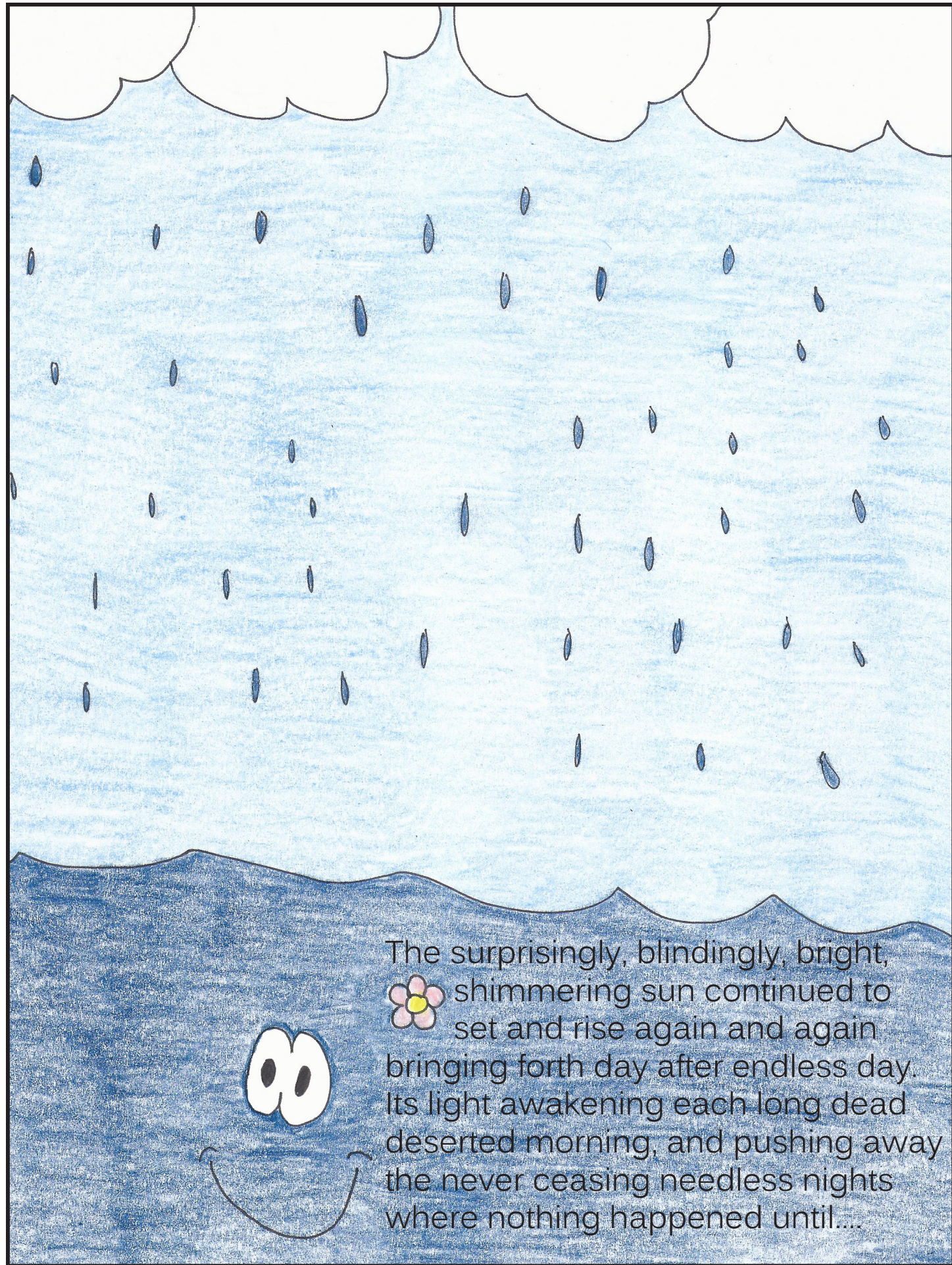
Dramatic Dayla Denise zoomed past the elders with a wildly worried wail as she fell and hit the strong shining sail of a big, beautiful boat before dripping into the ocean. The ecstatic elders following shortly behind her began giggling greatly as they prepared to float amongst the slightly stinging salt water of the ocean on this stormy night.



Dayla began to calm down as she believed that her **traumatizing** flight was over. She could now rest, replenish, and rebuild her strength after such a fright. Little did she know that that was only the beginning of her alarming and **accelerating** adventure!

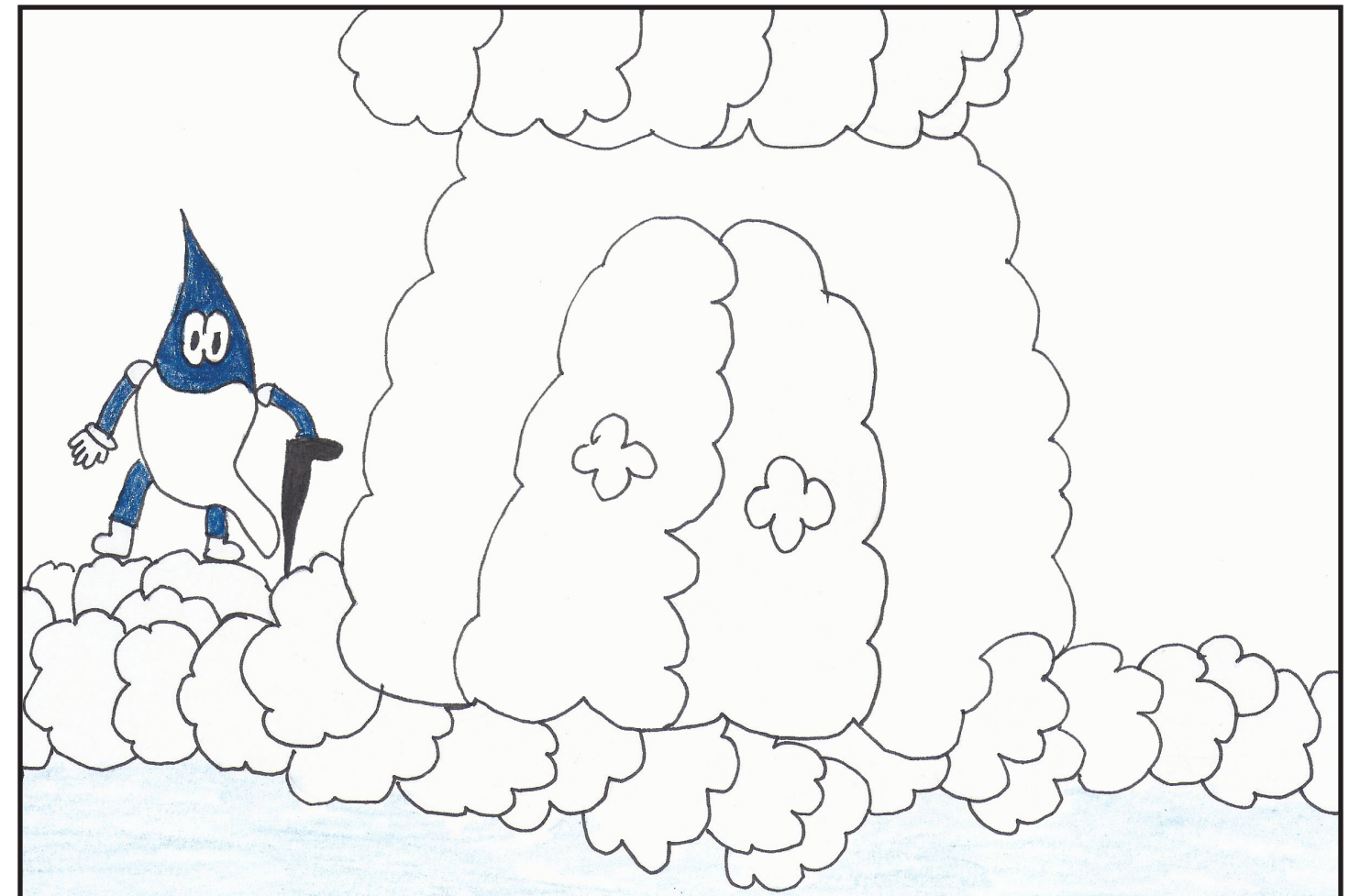


Dramatic Dayla Denise awoke ready to venture through whatever this wonderfully wacky world would throw at her. But all she did was steadily ride the waves that dreadfully dull day. No one wanted to participate or play; while the sad skies sobbed, shooting out more aquatic friends like Dayla down into the ocean to collect in the massive mesh of stored water that was the crazily cold wet sea.

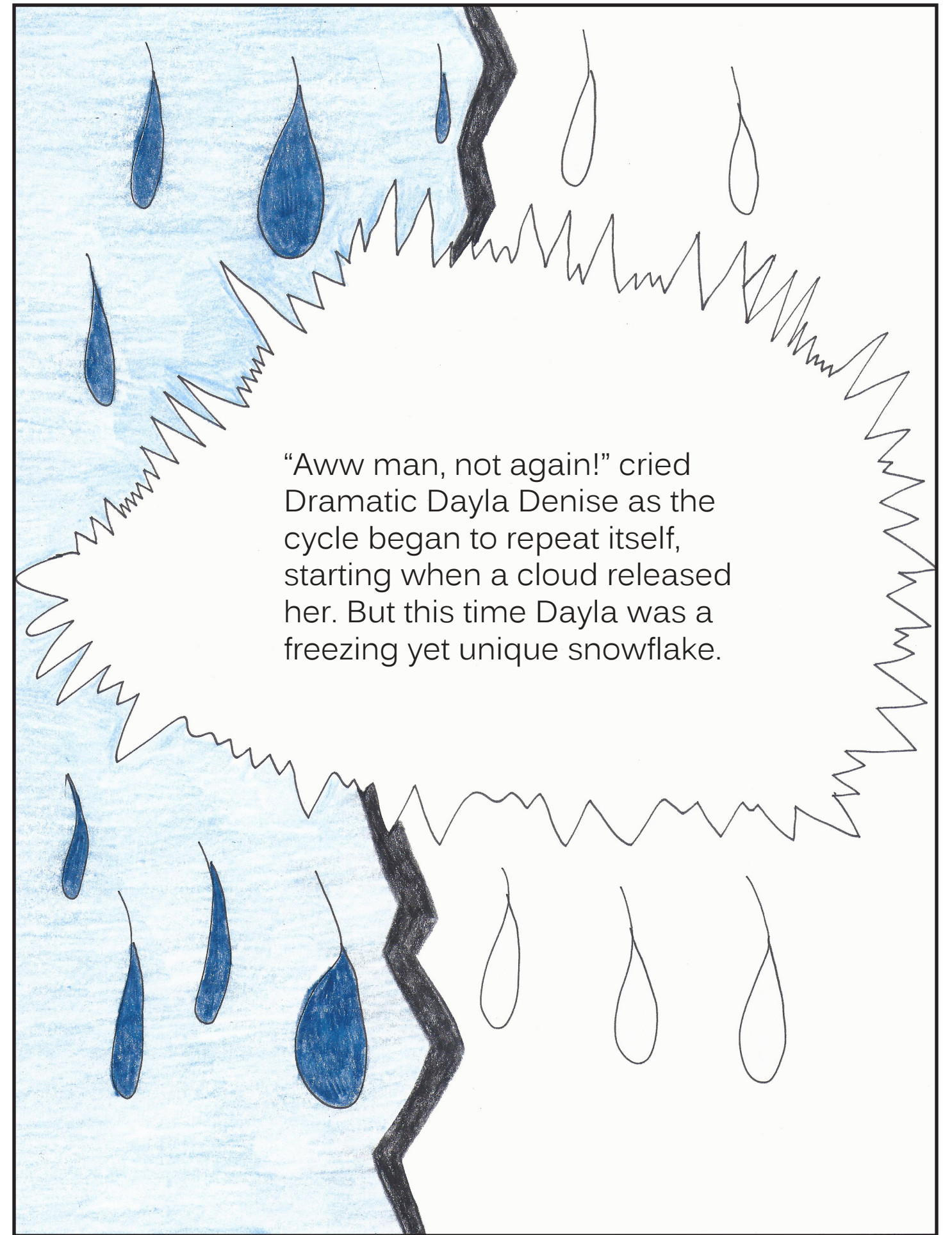
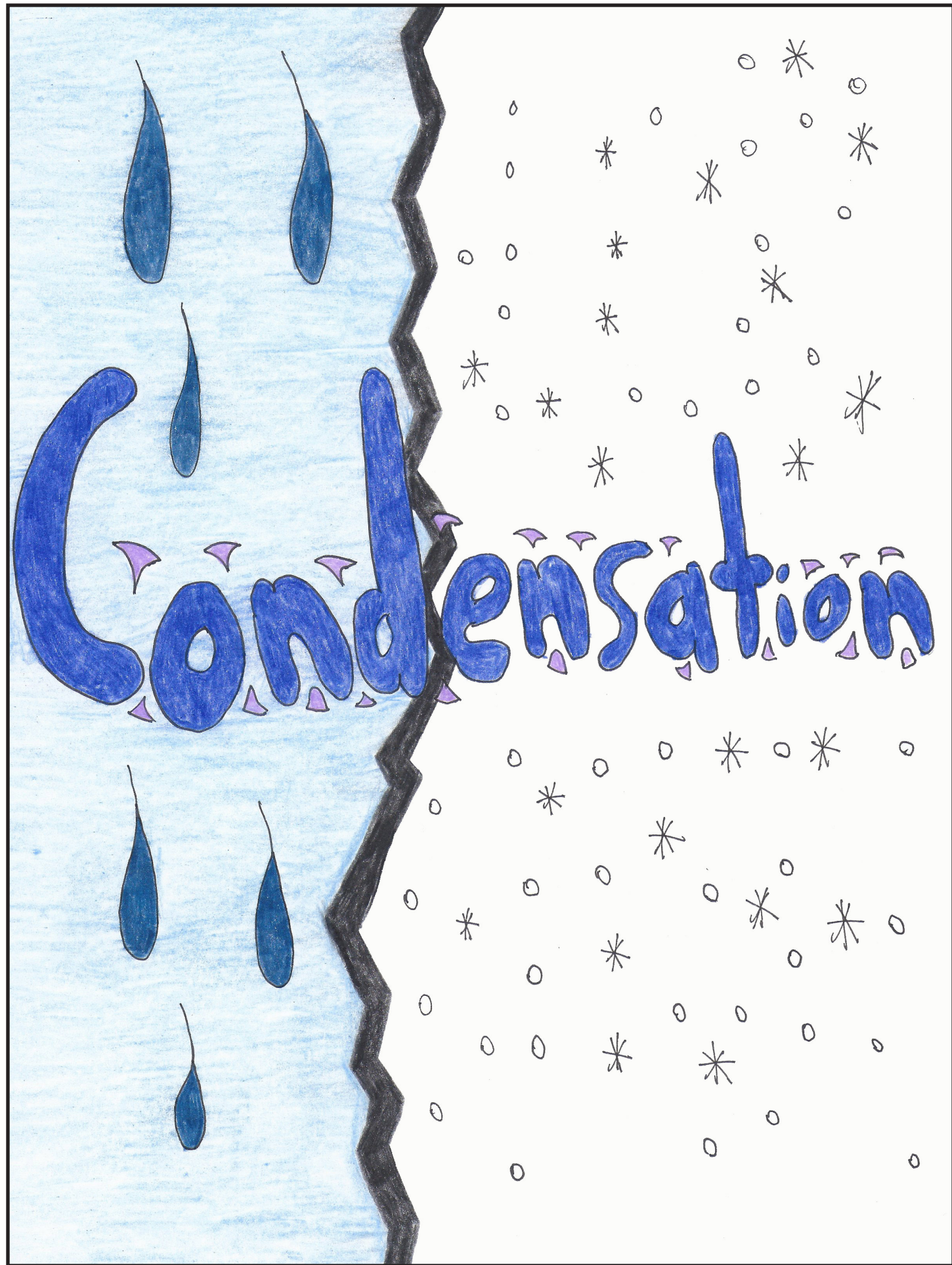





“Umm, Grandpa Dew and Grandma Drop, where are you guys?” Dayla cried out in distress! “Guys, please I need you. I- I, well, I am scared” pleaded Dayla as she was abducted into the amazingly adaptable atmosphere.



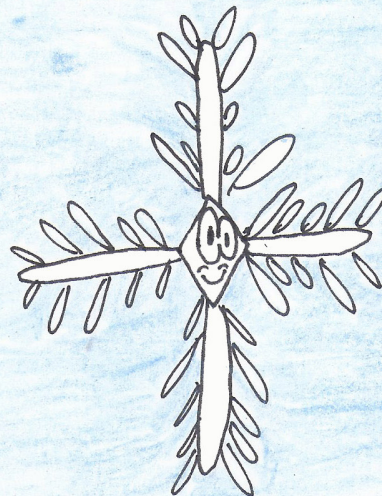
Now poor, troubled, traumatized, and terrified Dramatic Dayla Denise has returned to her original state; a comfortable cloud. And everyone back home, including those nostalgic elders, is proud of her for making it through such a series of dangerous changes.





Then the cycle went on, and on, and on.

Dayla would overcome these overwhelming obstacles and often undergo changes with the world and the sun, and the atmosphere.



Evaporation,

Condensation,

Precipitation,

and finally

Collection!