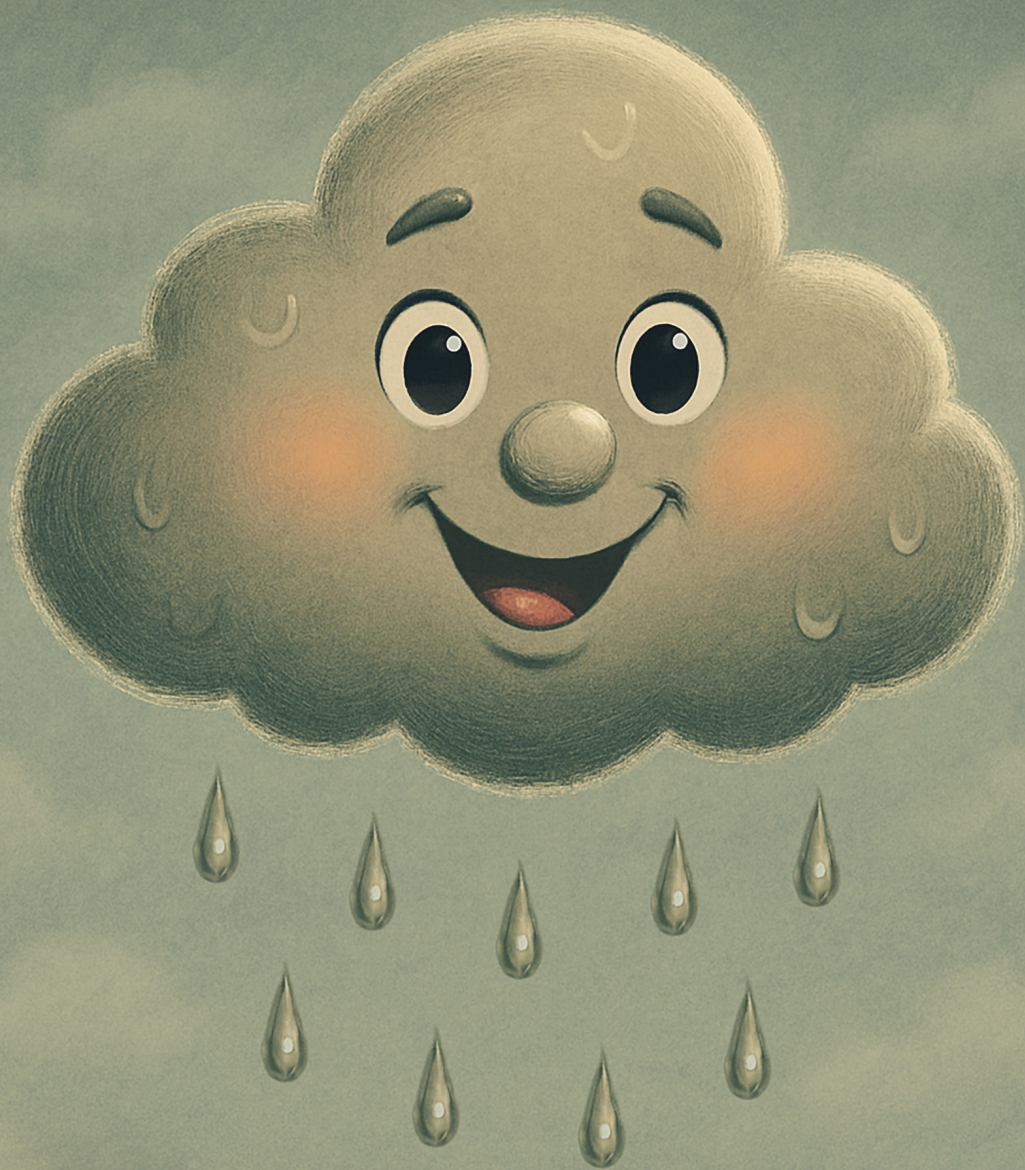


# The Little Rain Cloud



By Brian Sullivan





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By  
Brian  
Sullivan

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For more info and resources on The Little Rain Cloud, go to:  
[www.sullyville.com/LittleRainCloud](http://www.sullyville.com/LittleRainCloud)

First Edition



To Ian, Kirby and Connor



The Little Rain Cloud was  
tired of being wished away.



"Rain, rain,  
go away..."



He said, "I think I'll be a white  
cirrus cloud today.

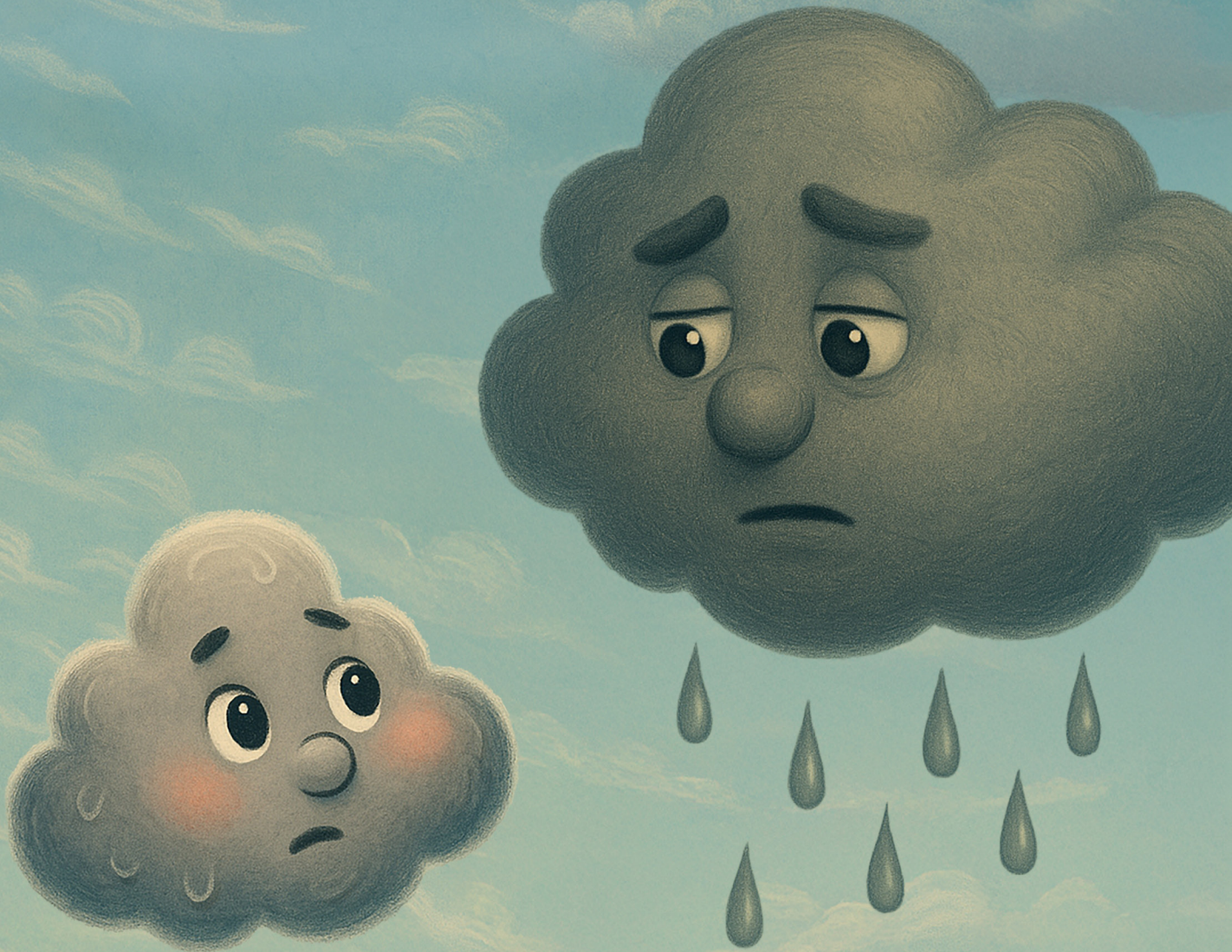
That way I'll  
be so wispy  
and thin,  
and kids  
won't sing  
for me to go  
away again."



The Little Rain Cloud  
would change today.



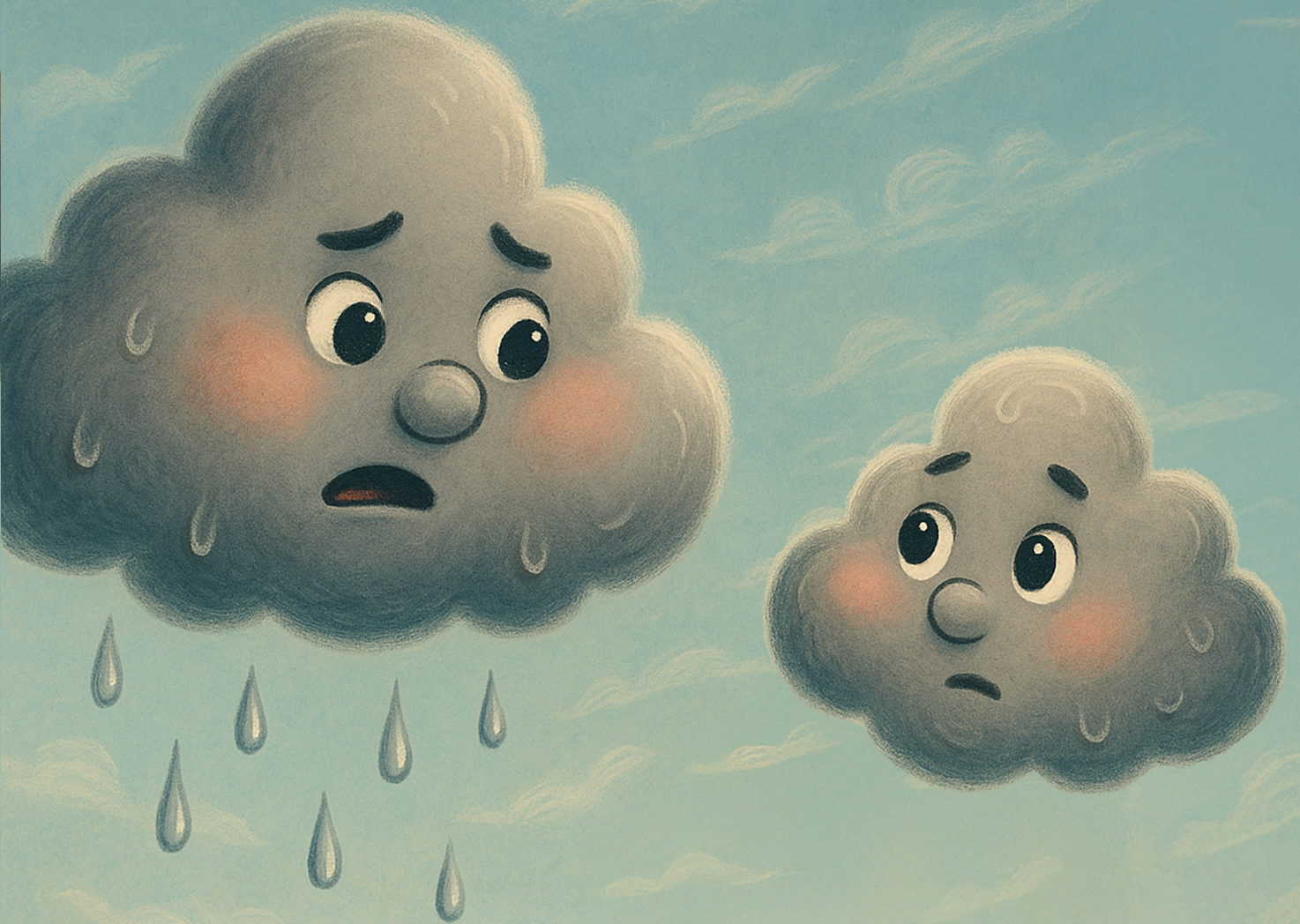
*His father said...*



*“We love you the way you are.”*



*His mother said, "The wind will  
take you much too far."*



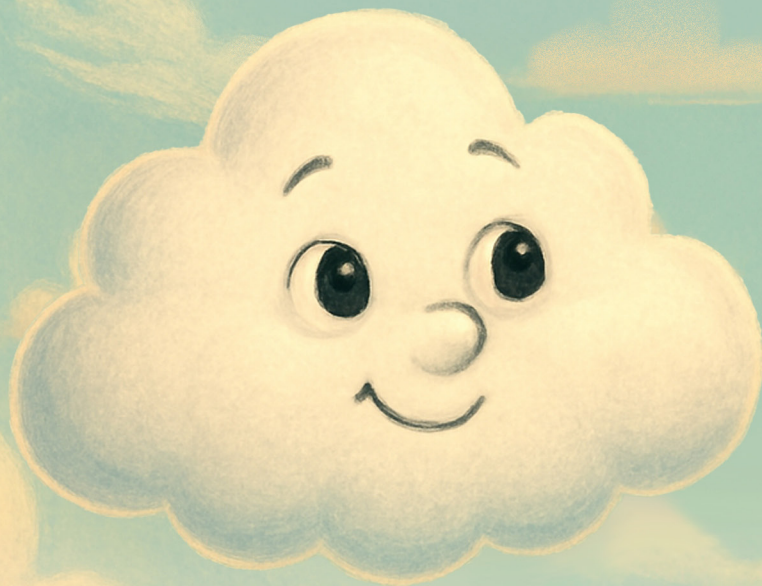
*But how he longed to have the  
world look at him with a smile.*



The Little Rain Cloud  
was tired of being  
dark and gray.



He said, "I think I'll be a white  
cumulus cloud today."



"That way I'll be so fluffy and full."



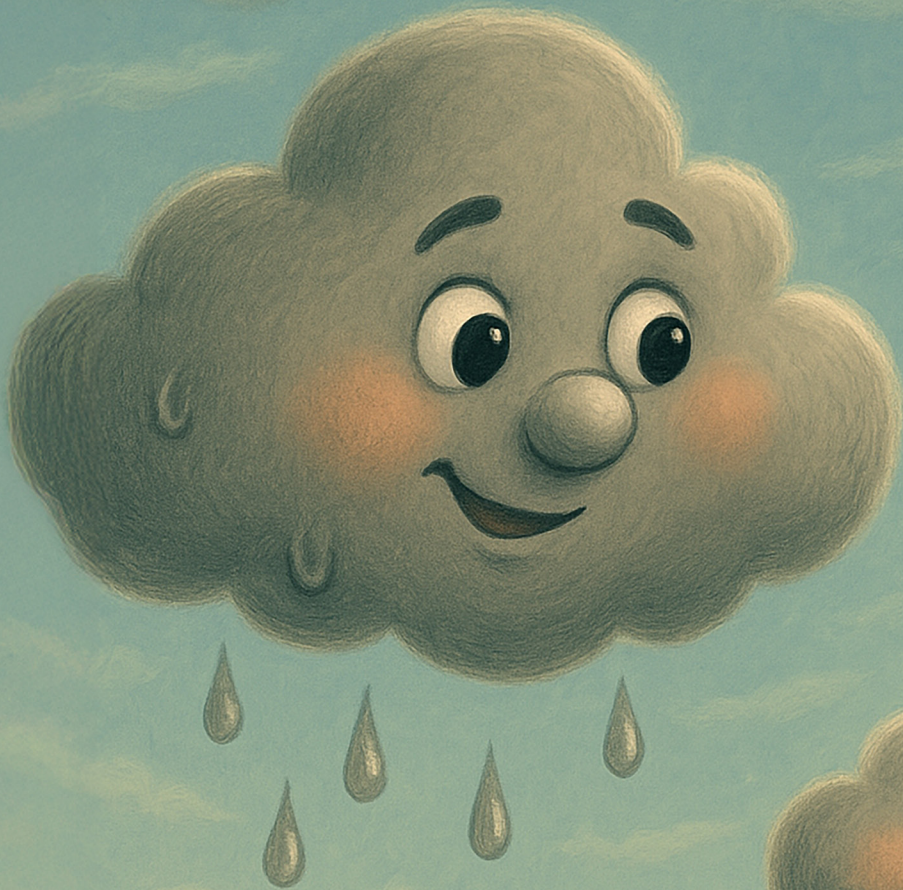


*“And all the kids will  
think I’m totally cool.”*



*The Little Rain Cloud would be  
somebody else today.*





*His mother said, "Look inside  
and see who you are."*



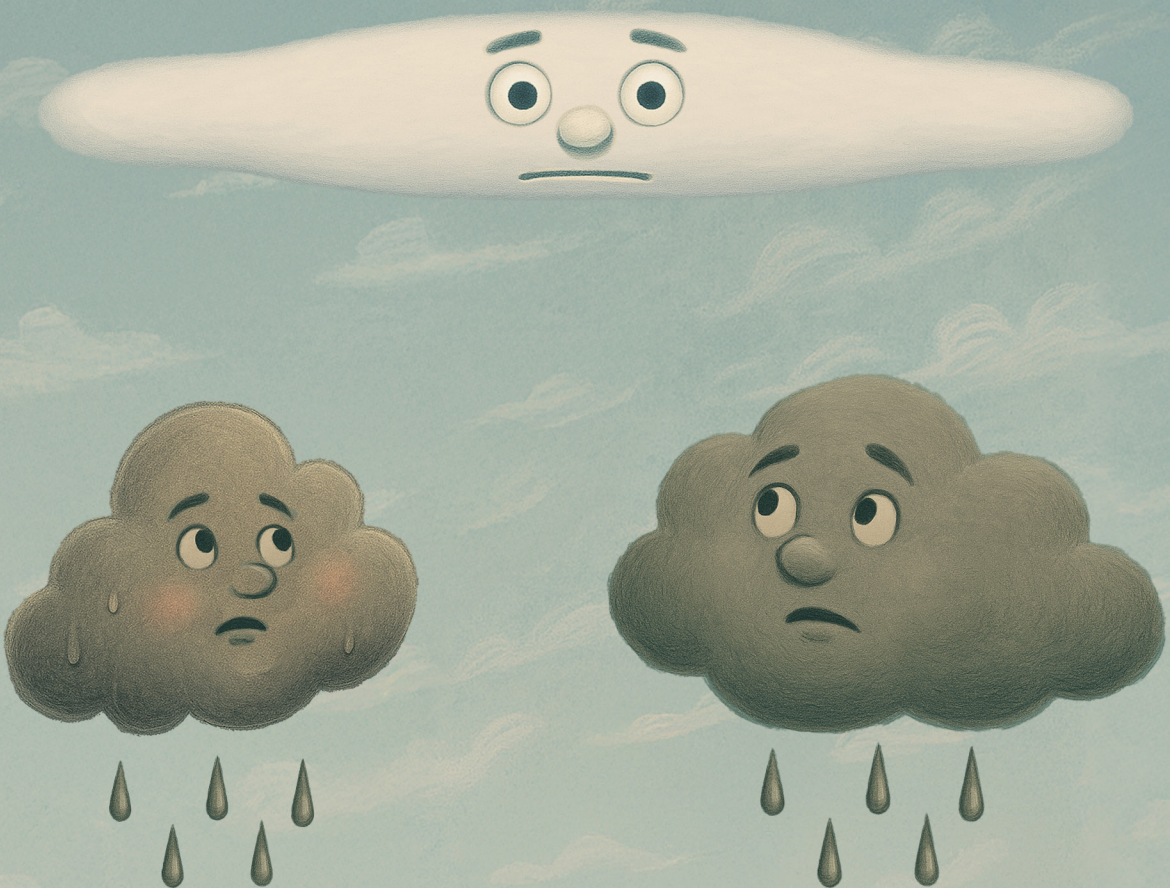
*His father said, "There's a purpose for each, called dharma."*



*But how he longed to have the world look at him with a smile.*



*How about a Stratus?*



*Much too flat for us.*



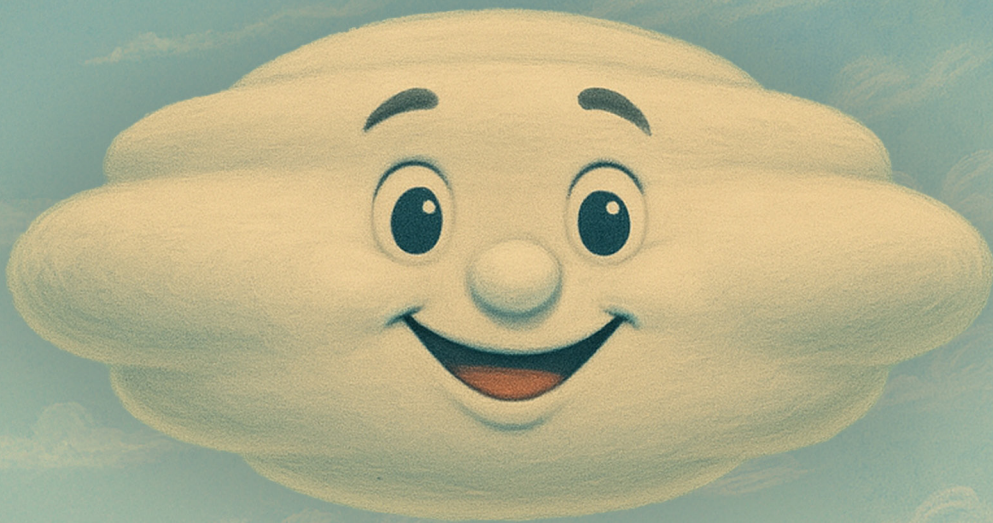
*An Asperitas?*



*Undulatingly  
haphazardous!*



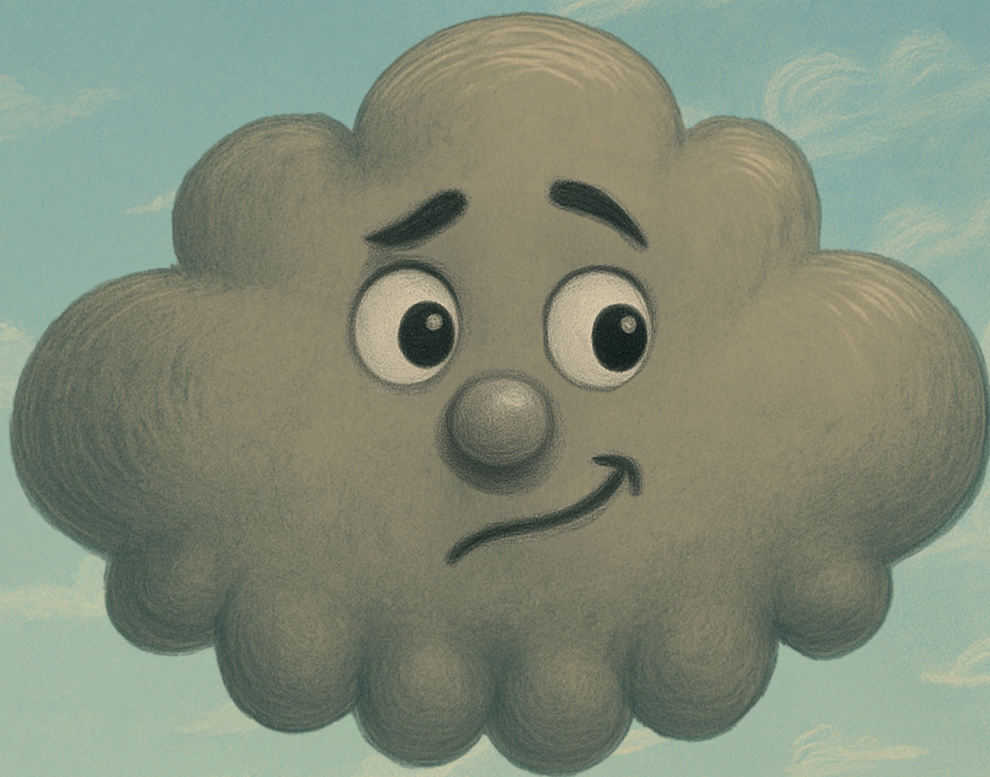
*Lenticular?*



*Way too particular.*

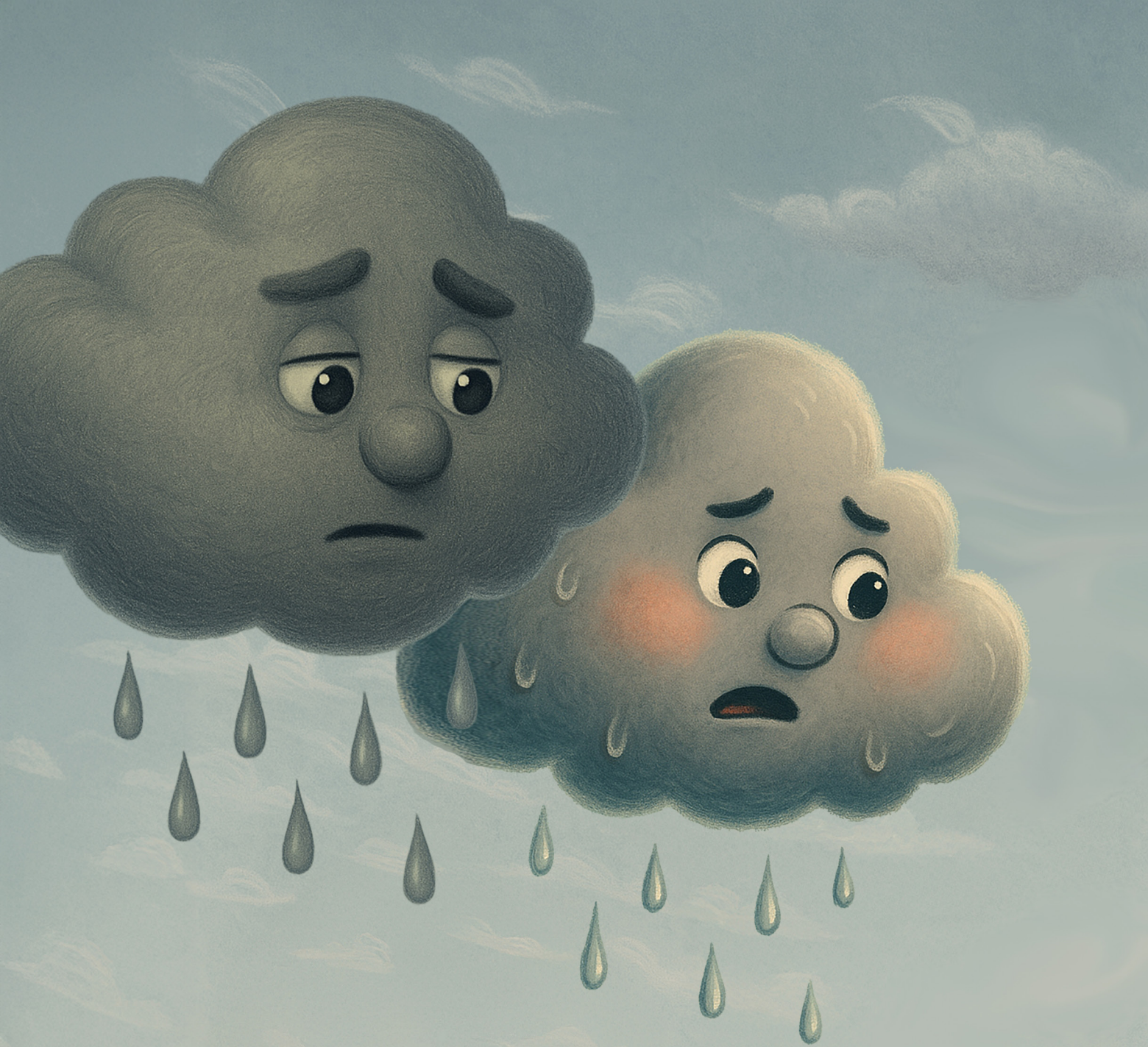


*Maybe a Mammatus?*



*That'd be calamitous!*





*We're proud to be nimbus  
and wish you'd stay with us.*

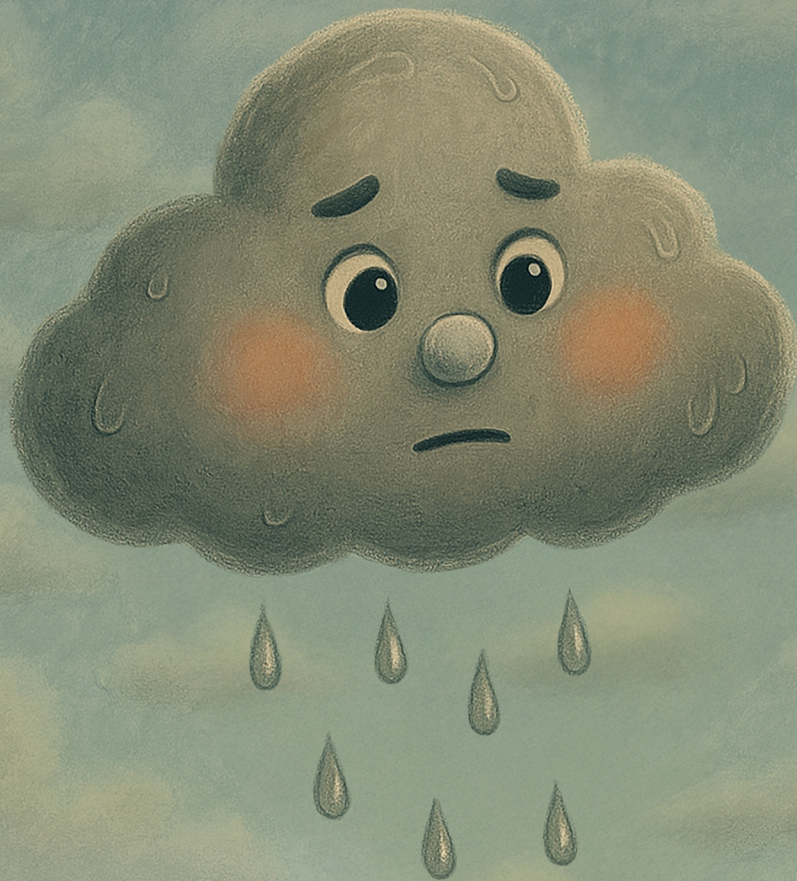


*But the Little Rain Cloud still  
didn't know who he should be.*




*Then, one morning...*





The Little Rain  
Cloud rained on the  
farmer's head.





Then he shed a few  
more on the fields  
and the flower bed.



The farmer's family  
started dancing  
and singing.





*And when he saw all the joy he  
was bringing, the Little Rain Cloud  
said, "I'll just be me instead!"*





His mother said,

“We’re proud of  
who you are.”

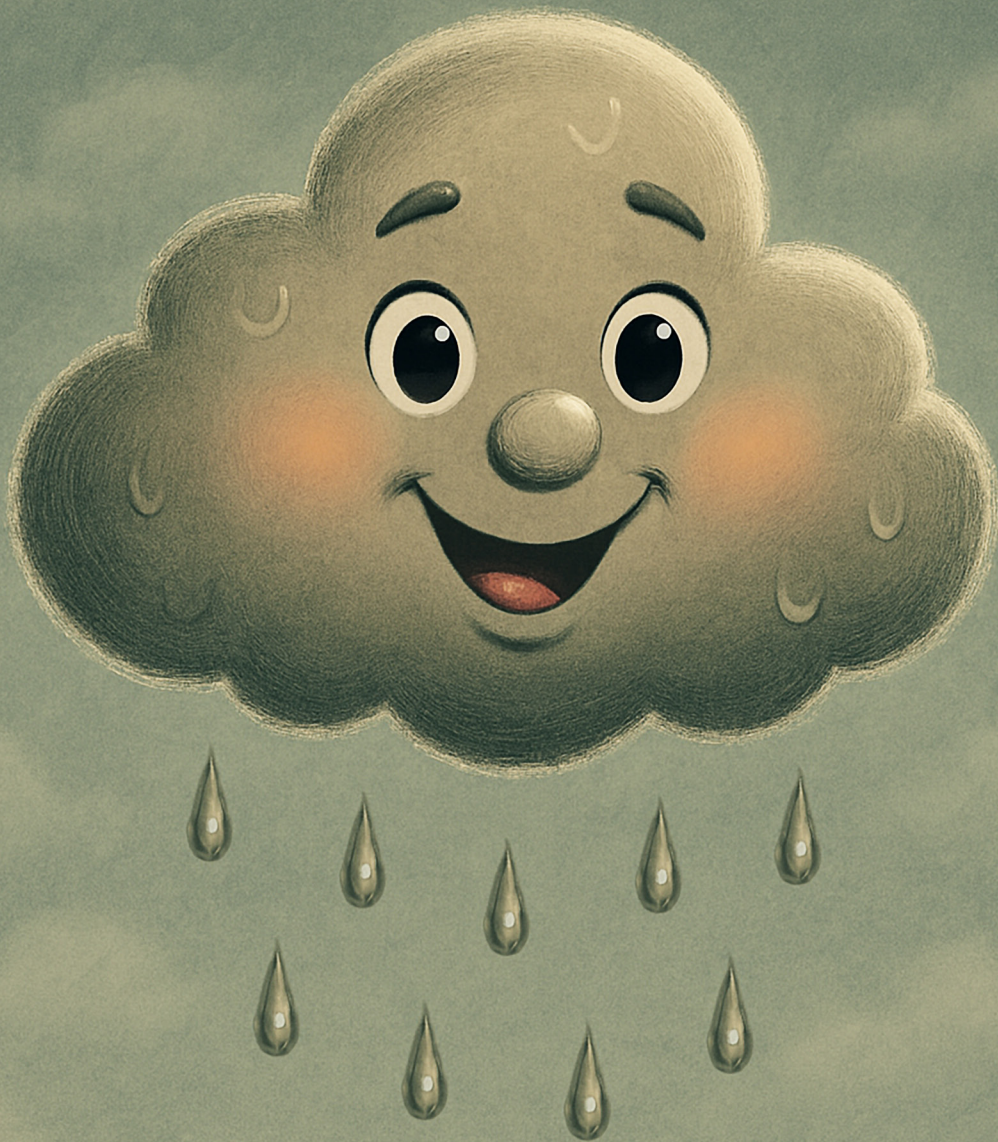


His father said,

“My son, you’ve just  
found your dharma.”



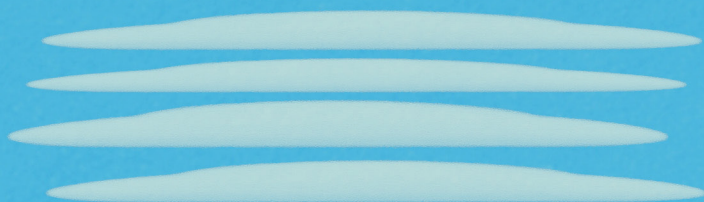
*And how he loved to look  
at the world with a smile.*





# Cloud Types

*Cirrostratus*



*Cirrocumulus*



*Altostratus*



*Alto cumulus*



*Stratus*



*Stratocumulus*





Cirrus



Cumulonimbus



Rainmaker  
Clouds

Cumulus



Nimbostratus

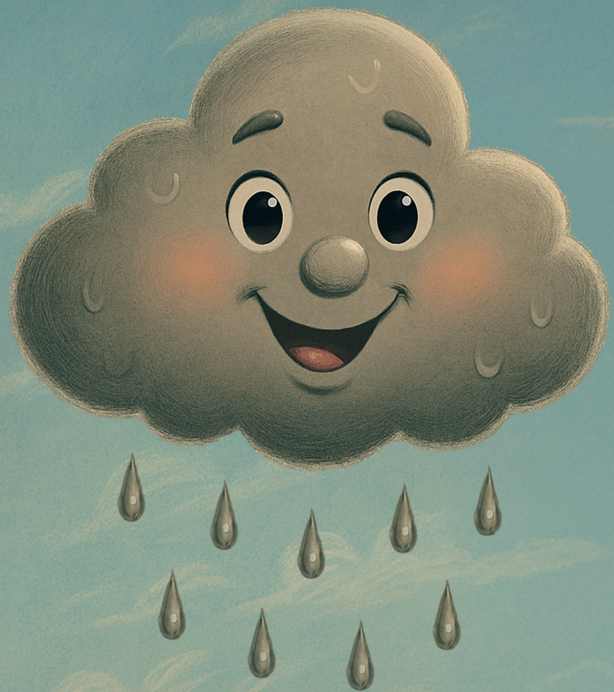






# The Little Rain Cloud

The Little Rain Cloud is tired of being dark and gray and having people wish him away. He thinks about being somebody else for a change. His parents encourage him to look inside and see who he really is, to find his dharma – his purpose in life.



The Little Rain Cloud is a story of self-discovery, finding your purpose, and being happy with who you are, no matter your color or category.



## The Author

Brian is a writer and singer-songwriter in Cincinnati. This story is based on a song he wrote for his kids.

Brian  
Sullivan

