

The Cloud That Loved Thunder



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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High above the green hills, where the sky is soft and blue, lived a little cloud named Rumble. He was small and fluffy, about the size of a large beach ball, with a round white body and a darker grey belly. His big sky-blue eyes sparkled with curiosity, and a wispy curl bounced on top of his head. Rumble loved to watch the big thunderclouds roll by, booming and rumbling across the sky.



Every day, Rumble practiced making thunder. He puffed up his cheeks and went, 'Boom! Boom!' But his little booms were more like tiny pops. 'One day, I'll make the loudest thunder in the whole sky!' he declared. He watched the big clouds carefully, trying to learn their secret. His small puffball hands clenched with determination, and his rosy cheeks glowed with excitement.



Down in the village, the animals lived happily. Pip, a young rabbit with soft cream fur and long floppy ears, wore a little green leaf vest and a red neckerchief. He was shy and jumpy, always listening for strange sounds. Mayor Maple, with her curly chestnut hair and purple waistcoat, was planning a big festival. Everyone was excited, and the village buzzed with cheerful preparations.



Rumble wanted to impress everyone. He took a deep breath and made his biggest boom yet. 'BOOM!' It echoed across the hills. Down in the village, Pip was nibbling clover when the sudden noise made him leap into the air. His floppy ears stood straight up, and he dashed under a bush, trembling. 'What was that?' he whispered, his round dark eyes wide with fright.



Rumble didn't notice. He was too busy practicing. He boomed again, and this time the sound rolled over the village square, where Mayor Maple was hanging colorful banners for the festival. The banners fluttered, and a stack of paper plates tumbled down. 'Oh dear,' said Mayor Maple, checking her golden pocket watch. 'That sounded like thunder, but the sky is clear!'



Pip crept out from under the bush and saw Rumble floating above the hill. 'It's that little cloud!' he thought. 'He's making all that noise!' But Pip was too shy to say anything. He just watched as Rumble puffed up again, ready for another boom. The animals in the village began to grumble. The festival was supposed to be peaceful, but now everyone felt nervous.



Just then, a tall, stooped figure appeared on the hill. It was the Weather Keeper, with warm brown skin, long silver hair tied in a bun, and kind amber eyes. He wore a long teal coat with brass buttons and a wide-brimmed hat with a tiny weather vane on top. He carried a wooden staff with a small cloud charm that jingled softly. 'Rumble,' he said gently, 'thunder is not a toy.'



Rumble looked down, his cheeks turning pink. 'But I want to make the loudest thunder in the sky!' he said. The Weather Keeper smiled, his deep smile lines crinkling. 'Thunder has an important job in nature,' he explained. 'It helps plants grow and tells animals when to find shelter. It should never be used just to show off.' Rumble listened carefully, his big blue eyes thoughtful.



Meanwhile, Mayor Maple called the villagers together. 'We must prepare for the big storm tonight!' she announced, checking her golden pocket watch. 'But first, let's finish the festival.' The animals cheered, but Pip still looked worried. He glanced up at Rumble, who was floating quietly now, thinking about the Weather Keeper's words. Rumble felt a little ashamed for scaring everyone.



That evening, dark clouds gathered on the horizon. The big storm was coming, and it was huge! The wind howled, and the first drops of rain fell. Mayor Maple waved her arms. 'Everyone, help the animals find shelter!' she shouted. Pip ran to help, but he was still frightened. Rumble watched from above, wanting to help but unsure how.



The Weather Keeper raised his staff. 'Rumble,' he called, 'the storm needs a gentle thunder to guide it. Can you help?' Rumble's eyes widened. 'Me?' he squeaked. 'But I'm just a little cloud.' The Weather Keeper nodded. 'Even small clouds can do great things,' he said. 'Use your power carefully and kindly.' Rumble took a deep breath and puffed up his fluffy body.



Rumble made a soft, low rumble. 'Rrrrrumble...' It rolled gently across the sky, not scary at all. The storm clouds heard it and began to move in an orderly way. Rumble rumbled again, a little louder but still kind. The animals below looked up in wonder. Pip's ears relaxed, and he smiled. 'That's not scary,' he said. 'That's helpful!'



Rumble guided the storm with gentle booms, and the rain fell softly on the thirsty fields. The villagers stayed safe and dry in their homes. Mayor Maple watched from her window and clapped her hands. 'What a clever little cloud!' she said. When the storm passed, the sky cleared, and a beautiful rainbow appeared. Rumble felt proud but also humble.



The next day, the village held its festival at last. Mayor Maple invited Rumble to be the guest of honor. Rumble wore his tiny blue scarf and floated down shyly. Pip hopped over, his floppy ears bouncing. 'Thank you for helping us,' he said. 'Will you be my friend?' Rumble's sky-blue eyes sparkled. 'I'd love to!' he said, and they shared a big smile.



From that day on, Rumble practiced his thunder carefully, always remembering the Weather Keeper's words. He learned that power should be used thoughtfully and responsibly. He helped the village with gentle rumbles when needed, and the animals welcomed him as a friend. Mayor Maple even gave him a tiny golden medal that said, 'For Kind Thunder.' Rumble wore it proudly.



And whenever the big thunderclouds rolled by, Rumble would watch them with a happy heart. He knew that even a small cloud could do great things. With his tiny blue scarf fluttering, he floated over the green hills, ready to help whenever he was needed. The village animals would wave, and Pip would call out, 'Rumble, you're the best little cloud ever!'