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High above the green hills, a giant cloud floated like a fluffy white ship. On its back sat a little school with a red roof and a bell that went ding-dong in the breeze. The cloud's name was Nana Cloud, and she carried the school wherever the wind blew. Today, she drifted over a patchwork of fields and a winding blue river. The children waved at birds and watched the world turn tiny below.

Mira stood at the cloud's edge, her yellow raincoat flapping. She wore round glasses and her curly black hair in two puffs. Around her neck hung a compass on a string, a gift from her grandfather. 'Look, the river looks like a silver ribbon!' she said. Her friend Toby, tall and lanky with ginger hair sticking up, nodded. 'And those hills look like green waves,' he added, pulling a rolled map from his orange backpack.

Inside the cloud school, the classroom had soft walls and windows that showed the sky. Nana Cloud's gentle blue eyes peeked through the misty doorway. 'Time for geography!' she said, her voice like a warm breeze. The children gathered around Toby as he unrolled a big map. Pip, the turquoise parrot with a red aviator cap, perched on a desk and squawked, 'Geography! Geography!' Everyone giggled.

Toby pointed at the map. 'This is where we are,' he said, 'right above the Green Valley.' Mira traced the river with her finger. 'And our home is near the big lake,' she said. 'Nana Cloud, can you take us over the lake today?' Nana Cloud smiled, her rainbow scarf fluttering. 'Of course, little ones,' she said. 'I know the way by heart.' But her deep-blue eyes looked a little dreamy, as if she were thinking of something else.

The cloud drifted on, and the children sang songs and drew pictures of the sky. Pip flew ahead as lookout, her turquoise feathers bright against the blue. 'All clear!' she called. But after a while, the wind changed. It pushed Nana Cloud sideways, away from the lake. The children didn't notice at first. They were too busy making paper airplanes and watching them glide.

Then Toby looked out the window and frowned. 'That mountain looks familiar,' he said, 'but we've passed it twice.' Mira ran to the edge and looked down. The patchwork fields were gone. Below them stretched a dark forest and a rocky canyon. 'Nana Cloud,' Mira called, 'are we still going the right way?' Nana Cloud blinked her deep-blue eyes. 'Oh dear,' she said softly. 'I think I've lost my way.'

The children gathered around Nana Cloud. Some looked worried. 'What will we do?' asked a small boy. Mira stood tall, even though she was small for her age. 'Don't worry,' she said. 'We can figure this out together.' She held up her compass. 'We have our geography lessons, and we have Toby's map. We just need to find out where we are.' The other children nodded, feeling braver.

Toby unrolled his map on the cloud's soft surface. 'Let's look for landmarks,' he said. 'What can you see?' Pip flew up high and called down, 'I see a big waterfall to the left! And a mountain shaped like a bear's head!' Toby scanned the map. 'A waterfall and a bear-shaped mountain,' he mumbled. 'That must be Bear Mountain Falls, here!' He pointed to a spot on the map. 'We're north of the Green Valley.'

Mira looked at her compass. 'The needle points north,' she said. 'So if we're north of the valley, we need to go south to get home.' Nana Cloud sighed. 'I'm sorry, children,' she said. 'I got distracted by a beautiful rainbow and forgot to pay attention.' Mira patted the cloud's misty side. 'It's okay, Nana Cloud. We'll help you.' Pip squawked, 'South! South! Follow the compass!'

Toby traced the route with his finger. 'We need to go south until we reach the river, then follow it west to the lake,' he explained. 'That's our home.' The children all looked at the map, memorizing the way. 'South to the river, west to the lake,' they repeated. Nana Cloud smiled, her rosy cheeks glowing. 'Lead the way, little navigators,' she said. 'I'll follow your directions.'

Mira stood at the front of the cloud and held her compass steady. 'Nana Cloud, turn a little to the left,' she said. 'That's south.' The cloud shifted, and the wind caught her gently. Pip flew ahead, her goggles pushed up on her red cap. 'I see the river!' she called. 'It's shining like a silver snake!' The children cheered. 'We're on the right track!' Toby shouted, checking his map.

They followed the river west, just as Toby said. Nana Cloud drifted smoothly, her rainbow scarf trailing behind. 'You're doing great!' Mira called to the cloud. The children watched for more landmarks. 'There's the big oak tree shaped like a umbrella!' cried a girl. 'And the hill with the white rocks!' said another. Toby checked each one off on his map. 'We're almost home,' he said, grinning.

Then, through the mist, they saw the lake sparkling in the sun. 'Home!' the children shouted. Nana Cloud's deep-blue eyes sparkled. 'We made it!' she said. 'Thank you, my clever students.' She floated down gently and settled on the school's usual spot by the lake. The bell went ding-dong, and everyone clapped and cheered. Pip landed on Mira's shoulder and squawked, 'We did it! We did it!'

The children ran out to hug their families, who had been waiting by the lake. 'We got lost,' Mira explained, 'but we used our geography to find our way back!' Her mother smiled and hugged her tight. Toby's parents praised his map reading. Nana Cloud wrapped her rainbow scarf around the children. 'You were brave and clever,' she said. 'I'm so proud of you.'

That evening, the children sat on the cloud's edge and watched the sun set over the lake. 'We learned something important today,' Mira said. 'Even when things go wrong, we can figure it out together.' Toby nodded. 'And geography isn't just for maps,' he added. 'It helps us find our way in the world.' Nana Cloud hummed softly, and Pip chirped, 'Learning everywhere! Learning everywhere!'

From that day on, the floating school continued to travel the skies, but the children always kept a map and compass handy. They knew that learning could happen anywhere, even on a cloudy adventure. And Nana Cloud never forgot to pay attention again. Well, almost never. But whenever she drifted off course, the children were ready to guide her home.