

For Jo, my sister



Victoria Turnbull

Cloud Forest



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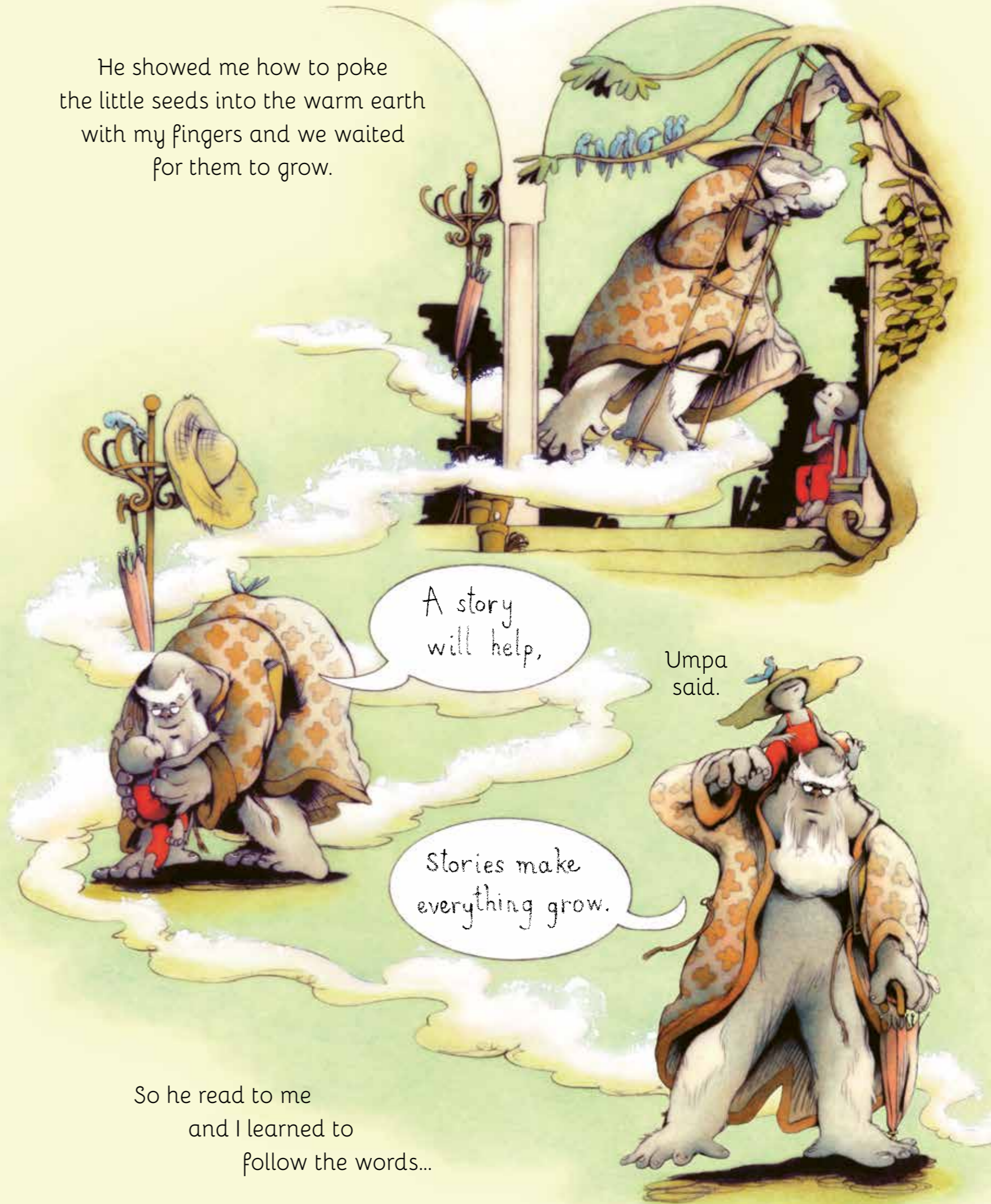


Umpa's garden was filled
with flowers and fruit trees.
It was my favourite place.



Sometimes Umpa forgot to water the garden.
But the clouds remembered for him.

He showed me how to poke
the little seeds into the warm earth
with my fingers and we waited
for them to grow.



A story
will help,

Umpa
said.

Stories make
everything grow.

So he read to me
and I learned to
follow the words...

Through the garden gate,

over the treetops,

across the meadow...



and all the way out
to sea.



Can we stay
forever, Umpa?