The fantastic flying books of Morris Lessmore

Sitting in the sun

Thinking, writing

Along comes the storm

Wild wind starts howling

I’m flying,

Being dragged along by the

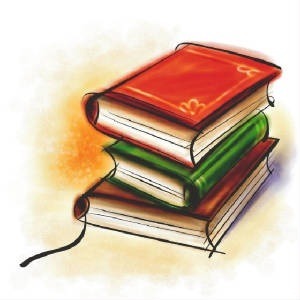
Twisting turning wind.

Then the storm sopped splat!!!

I’m sent tumbling to the ground

Then it’s over

I’m left sitting in the calm after the storm.

the end