



Cally was a little cloud. She floated in the big sky. Other clouds made loud storms. They rained heavily and brightly.

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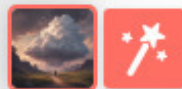




Cally was small and quiet. She could not make big storms. She felt sad and lonely. She wanted to help like them.



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Read to me

One day, Cally saw a tiny flower. The flower was on the ground. It looked tired and thirsty. Cally felt sad for it.

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Read to me

She decided to help the flower.  
She gathered all her strength.  
Then, she gently dropped some  
rain. The flower looked up.



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The flower smiled and said,  
'Thank you, Cally!' It was happy  
and refreshed. 'You saved me,' it  
added cheerfully.



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Read to me

Cally felt a warm joy inside. She smiled and floated higher. 'Even a small cloud can help,' she thought proudly.



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Read to me

'You are special, Cally,' the flower said. 'You saved me when no one else could.' Cally felt happy and proud.



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Read to me

The big clouds noticed Cally's smile. 'Why are you so happy?' they asked. Cally told them about the flower.

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Read to me

'We never noticed the flower,'  
they said. 'You did a great job,  
Cally!' Cally felt recognized and  
valued.

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Read to me

From that day on, Cally helped more. She looked for small plants and animals. She gave them gentle rain.

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The big clouds admired her work. 'You are important, Cally,' they said. 'We need you in the sky.'



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Read to me

Cally's heart filled with joy. She knew she had a purpose. She floated proudly in the sky.

 Edit text



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Read to me

Cally found her true place. She loved helping small creatures. She felt special and needed.

 Edit text



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Cally learned a big lesson. 'Even small things matter,' she thought. She smiled and floated on.



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Read to me

Now, Cally was never sad. She knew she made a difference. She was a hero in her own way.

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