High above the hills, a tiny raindrop named Pip rested inside a soft, silver cloud.

Pip watched the other raindrops tumble toward the earth. The journey looked very long.

“What if I get lost?” Pip whispered. The gentle Wind curled close. “You only need courage for the next small step.”

Pip took a deep breath, rolled to
the edge of the cloud,
and—whoosh!—began to fall.

Past birds and ribbons of rainbow Pip sailed. The wide sky no longer felt quite so frightening.



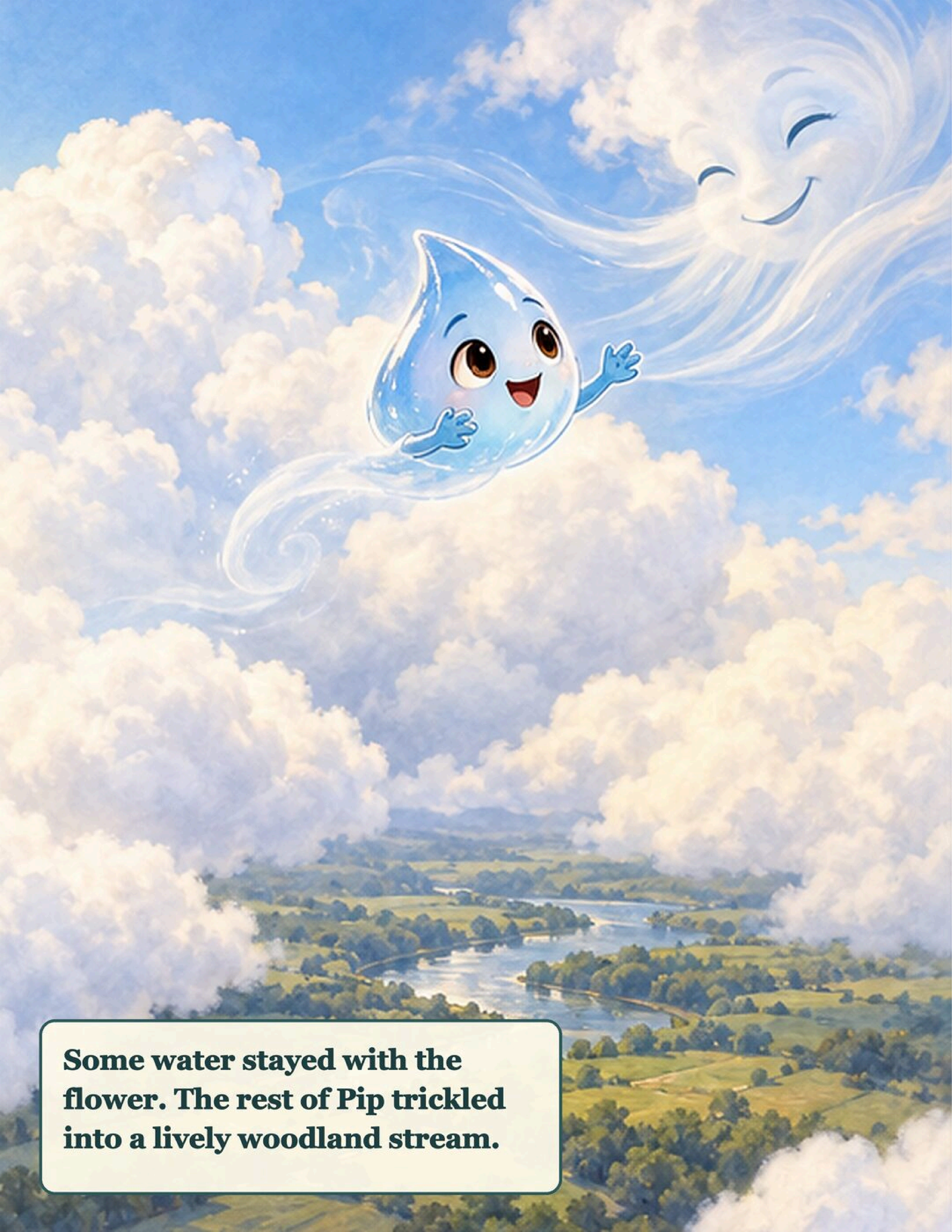
Then Pip saw a yellow flower far below. Its stem drooped, and its leaves were dry.

“That little flower needs help,” Pip said. Suddenly, the long journey had a purpose.

Pip landed beside the flower with the tiniest, brightest splash.

Down through the soil Pip traveled, slipping between pebbles until the thirsty roots drank the water.

The flower lifted its head. Its golden petals opened to the sun. “Thank you, little drop!”


Some water stayed with the flower. The rest of Pip trickled into a lively woodland stream.

Pip danced over stones, greeted a frog, and joined a river winding toward a shining lake.

