

Dear diary



I was on my lily
pad. I thought today
was going to be a normal day but I was wrong. First woman
chose me to bring water to the fire and made four storm
clouds. The clouds were made in the north, in the east, in
the west, and in the south. I remain in my swamp and I sing
my song harrumph harrumph. Then the colorful clouds go
back to the island.