

So, for the rest of time, the cloud and the sun lived side-by-side, peacefully and Lilibelle and Daisy lived a healthy life underneath them.

The End

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Lilibelle Ladybug

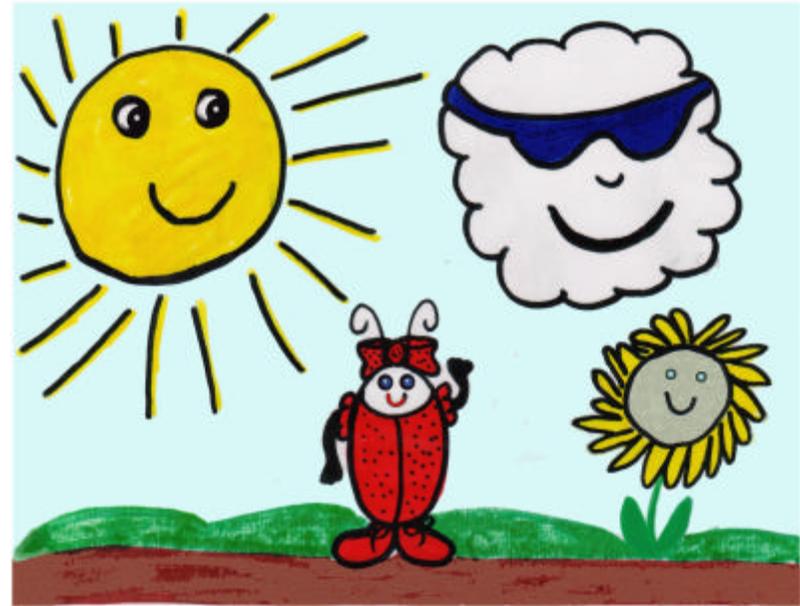
The Gloomy Day



By
April Dawn Lewis

c 1993, 2001, 2007

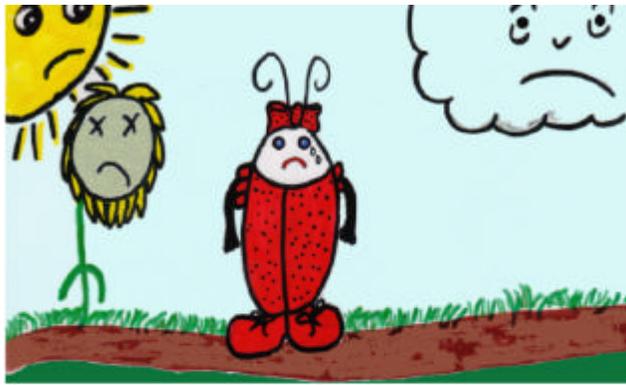
To my mother, who inspires me
to be the best I can be.
To my children, Elisse &
Christopher, who inspire me to
live life to the fullest.



**“A pair of sunglasses would do
the trick,” the sun said, boldly.**

**“Mr. Sun, you're a genius!”
Lillibelle jumped for joy.**

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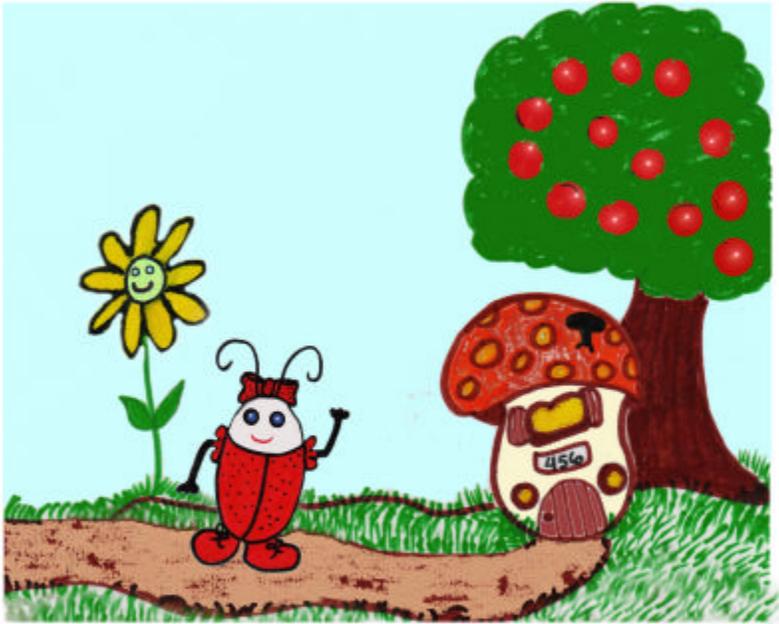
“You just can't wither away, Daisy. Oh, what can I do, what can I do?” Lillibelle asked, with tears in her eyes.

“Why didn't I hear the cloud say that I hurt his eyes,” the sun asked Lillibelle.

“That's right, Mr. Sun, if there is some way to cover his eyes, maybe you wouldn't be so bright. And my daisy wouldn't look so beautiful and cheerful to him anymore,” Lillibelle exclaimed.

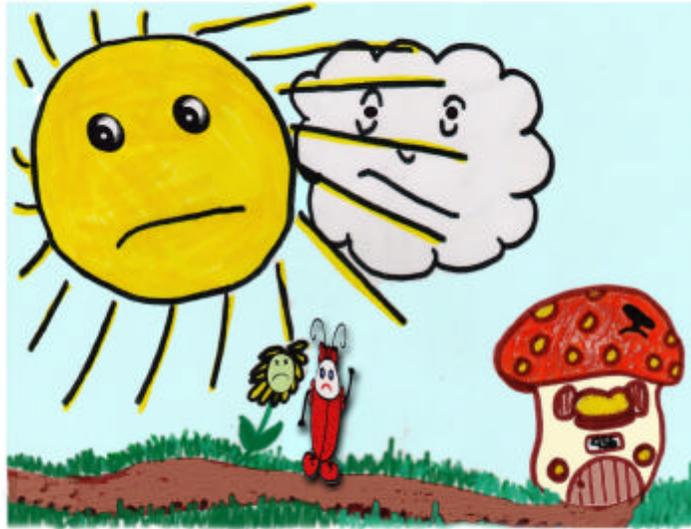


The day was sunny and the fresh smell of spring daisies filled the dry air. It was those daisies that Lillibelle Ladybug adored.



“Oh, Daisy, my beautiful little daisy!” Lillibelle cried, “Why did this have to happen?”

In the smallest, tiniest voice the daisy said, “I’m not gone yet, but, very near the end. I’ve received so much water, I’ve almost drowned, and without the sun to dry the rain, I’m afraid there might not be any hope.”



The sun got angry by burning the cloud with its solar rays.

Lilibelle got enough courage up to go outside. She burst the door open of her tiny, mushroom cottage and ran under the cover of her favorite daisy. But, to Lilibelle's dismay, the daisy was withering away.

She'd stick her small bug nose in the middle of her favorite daisy and *Sniff-sniff-sniff*.

Um-um, she thought, this daisy smells so good, I wish I could eat it.

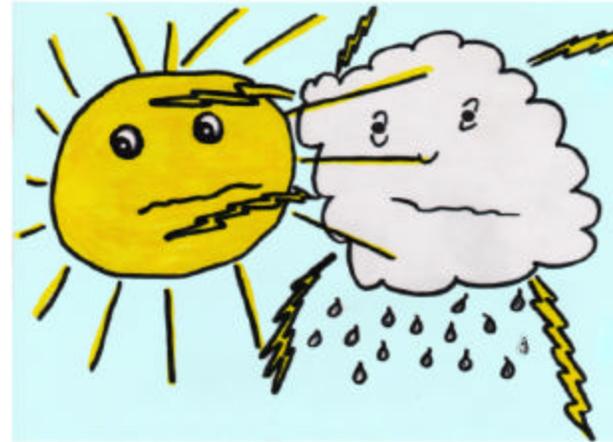
But Lilibelle was much too small to eat such a big, pretty flower.



One day when she woke up, inside her tiny mushroom cottage, Lillibelle looked out of her window to see a cloudy, gloomy day.

Where is the smiling sun? She wondered.

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Just then, a loud noise came from the cloud. Lillibelle looked out the window. The cloud and the sun were fighting. The whole sky was filled with lightening strikes and sunray beams.

The cloud got angry by thundering and raining and striking the sun with its lightning bolts.

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Both shrugged their shoulders. Lillibelle went inside her tiny, mushroom cottage to get dry, while the nasty cloud poured the rain into the daisies roots.

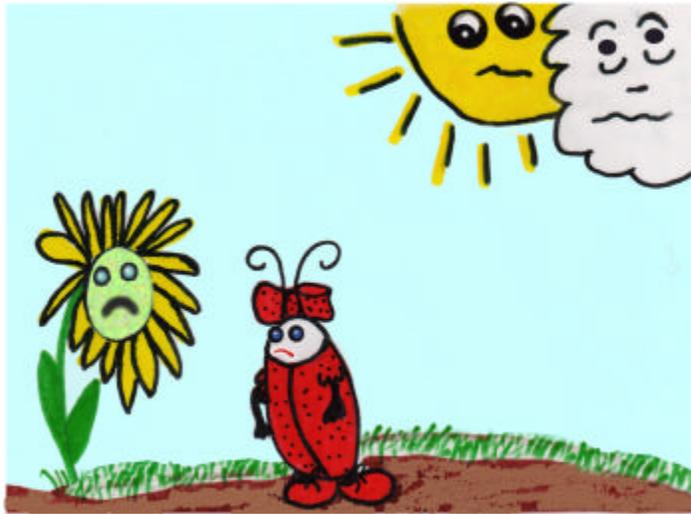
Lillibelle paced back and forth on her living room rug. She pondered and wondered how she'd get the cloud and the sun to like each other.

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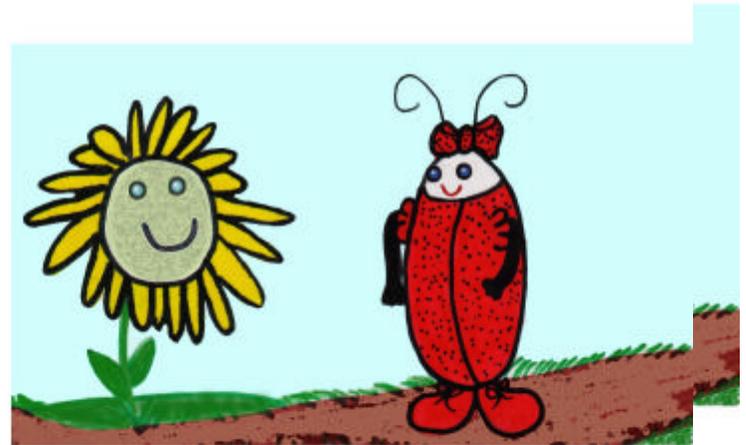


She rushed out the door to see the cloud crowding the sun, who was trying to shine through but couldn't because the cloud was too thick.

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Just then, the daisy perked up.

“Why, Daisy, you look much better!” Lilibelle exclaimed.

“I feel better, Lilibelle. I need rain, just as much as the sun, to grow,” the daisy explained.

“So, you need both to live, but you cannot live without both, right?!” Lilibelle beamed.

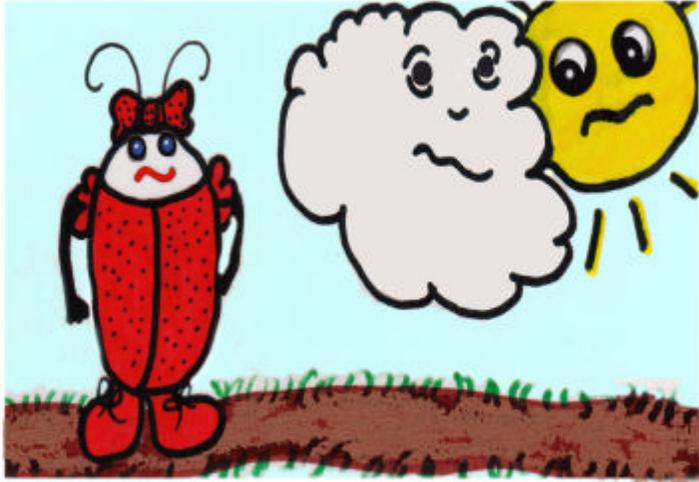
“Yes, so if we could get the cloud and the sun to get along with each other, and live side-by-side, I'll grow beautiful, again,” Daisy cried.

“But how will we do that?” Lilibelle asked.

Then Lilibelle looked up at her favorite daisy. The flower was droopy and looked rather sick.

“What's wrong, lovely daisy? Why do you look so sad?” Lilibelle asked the daisy.

“You see,” the daisy said in a small, tiny voice, as she pointed towards the angry cloud and the sad sun, “the nasty cloud is eating the sun, and if the sun goes away, I'll wilt away.”



“But why would the cloud do that to you and the sun?” Lillibelle asked, looking puzzled.

“Because I just hate beautiful, cheerful little daisies and the sun hurts my eyes!” The cloud burst out.

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“Why, Mr. Cloud, if you keep crowding the sun, my daisy cannot live. She needs the sun to grow,” Lillibelle pleaded.

“If I let the sun out, I cannot live either, little Miss Ladybug. I’m afraid I’ll have to swallow the sun up, sorry,” the cloud said, as he started to sprinkle rain on Lillibelle and her daisy.

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