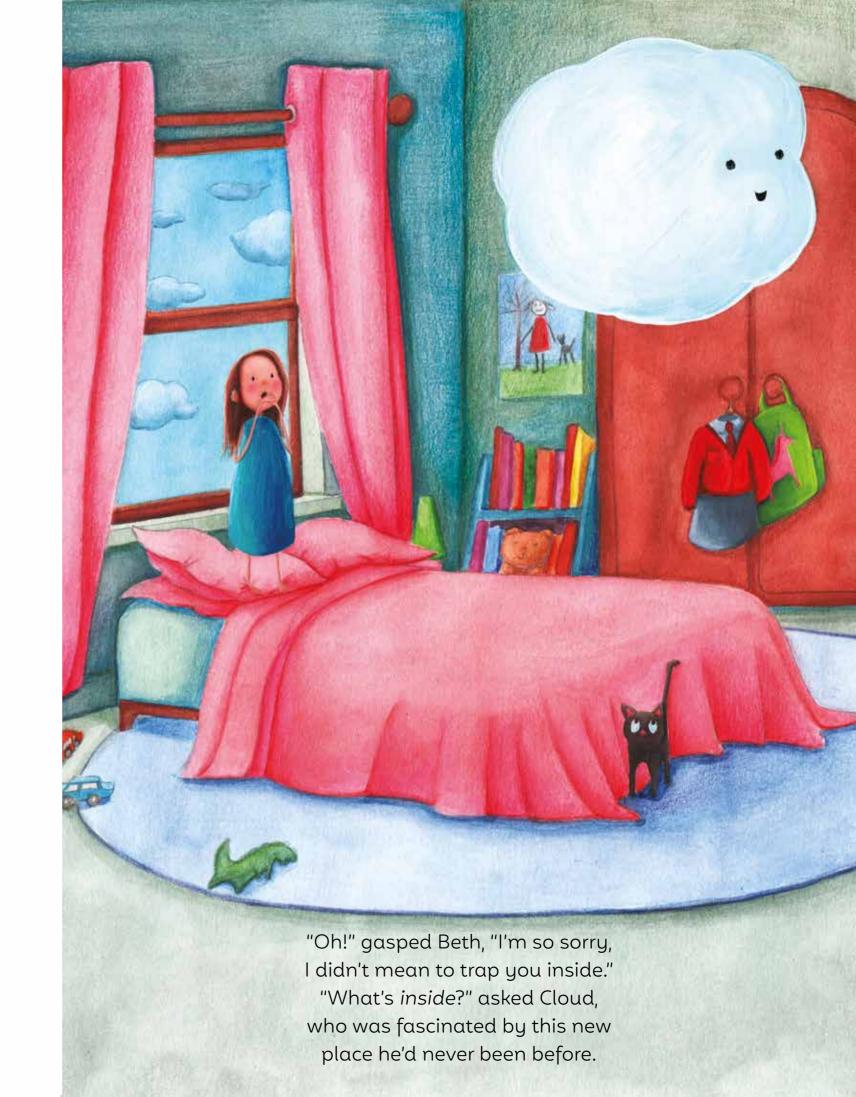
One day, Beth was watching the clouds change into new shapes. She thought about tomorrow—her first day of school.

Change is okay for a cloud, she thought, but not for me.



When Beth closed the window, she noticed that a small cloud had drifted into her room.





Beth explained what walls and ceilings and small spaces were.
Cloud thought inside was cozy.
"I'm going to stay here forever,"
he said happily. "I'll be an inside cloud."



