

# The Girl and the Cloud Dragon



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Mira lived in a cozy valley with her grandmother, Gran. The valley was usually green and lively, but lately it had become dry and sad. The sun beat down, the streams shrank, and the flowers drooped. Mira missed the soft mist that used to float over the hills each morning. 'Where has all the mist gone?' she wondered.



Gran sat on the porch, her silver hair in a neat bun and her teal shawl wrapped around her shoulders. She told Mira old stories about a time when mist dragons filled the sky and brought gentle rain. 'They say a mist dragon still lives in the hills,' Gran said, her eyes twinkling. 'If you are kind and patient, you might meet one.'



The next day, Mira put on her mustard-yellow dress and red canvas shoes. She tied her blue ribbon in her wavy black hair and set off to find the mist dragon. She climbed the rocky path, her brown eyes scanning the hills. The air grew cooler, and a faint white haze swirled ahead. 'Hello?' Mira called softly.



Out of the haze appeared a gentle dragon made of soft white mist. Its body swirled like pale grey clouds, and its teal eyes glowed warmly. Curling wispy horns rose from its head, and its rounded snout sniffed the air. Mira was not scared. She smiled her gap-toothed smile. 'I'm Mira,' she said. 'What's your name?'



The dragon's voice was like a whisper of wind. 'I am Somo,' it said shyly. 'I have been hiding. The valley became too dry, and I didn't know how to help.' Mira stepped closer. 'We can help together,' she said. 'My Gran says mist dragons can bring rain.' Somo's teal eyes widened with hope.



Mira and Somo sat on a smooth rock. Somo explained how it could make mist, but it needed someone to guide it. 'I can swirl my mist into the sky, but I need a friend to tell me where the rain should fall,' Somo said. Mira nodded. 'I know the valley well. We can be a team!' She tied a thin woven grass bracelet around Somo's wrist as a friendship gift.



Every day, Mira visited Somo. They practiced making mist. Somo would breathe out soft white clouds, and Mira would point to the places that needed water most. 'A little to the left!' she'd call. Somo would swirl the mist gently. They laughed as the mist tickled their noses. Slowly, they learned to understand each other's ways.



One afternoon, Gran came to meet Somo. She leaned on her wooden walking stick and smiled. 'You are a fine dragon,' she said. Somo lowered its rounded snout politely. Gran told them about the old days when mist dragons and people worked together. 'Friendship makes wonderful things happen,' she said. Mira and Somo exchanged a happy glance.



But the valley was still dry. The sun blazed, and the cracks in the earth grew wider. The animals looked thirsty, and the plants wilted. Mira felt worried. 'We must try harder,' she told Somo. 'Can you make more mist?' Somo nodded, but its mist was thin and wispy. 'I need more practice,' it said softly.



Mira had an idea. She climbed to the top of the hill and called, 'Somo, follow me!' Somo floated behind her, its misty body swirling. Mira pointed to the sky. 'Let's fill the whole sky with mist!' Somo took a deep breath and blew out a great cloud of mist. It spread across the sky like a soft blanket.



Somo swirled its mist higher and higher until the sky was full of soft white clouds. Mira cheered, 'You can do it!' Somo's teal eyes sparkled with effort. The mist thickened, and the air grew cool and damp. 'Now we wait,' Mira said. She sat beside Somo, and they watched the clouds together, full of hope.



Suddenly, a tiny drop of water fell on Mira's nose. Then another, and another. 'It's raining!' Mira shouted. The rain fell gently on the fields, the trees, and the thirsty ground. Somo let out a happy rumble. 'We did it together!' it said. Mira hugged Somo's misty neck. 'Friendship makes wonderful things happen,' she whispered.



The rain fell softly all day and all night. The valley drank the water greedily. The streams began to flow again, and the flowers lifted their heads. Gran stood on the porch, smiling. 'You two have brought back the rain,' she said. Mira and Somo danced in the puddles, laughing as the drops splashed around them.



After the rain, the sun peeked out, and a beautiful rainbow stretched across the sky. The valley turned green and happy. Birds sang, and the air smelled fresh. Mira and Somo sat on the hill, watching the colors. 'Friendship helps us understand each other,' Mira said. Somo nodded, its teal eyes glowing warmly.



From that day on, Somo lived near the valley, and Mira visited often. They worked together to keep the valley green. Somo's mist filled the sky whenever the land grew thirsty, and Mira guided it with care. The woven grass bracelet on Somo's wrist reminded them both of their special friendship.



Gran told the story to the village children, and Mira and Somo became heroes. But to them, the best part was the friendship they shared. 'Whenever you are kind and patient, you can understand others and do wonderful things together,' Mira said. The valley stayed green, and soft mist filled the sky each morning, just like before.