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A LETTER FOR NORA

Rain in a Jar

Chapter One of six · The Weather Jar

Dear Nora, I'm the little cloud in your jar.

Nora found the jar on the windowsill, between a sleepy crayon
and a sock that had lost its friend.

Inside the jar was a cloud.

A tiny one, about the size of a dinner roll.

And it was raining.

Pit. Pat. Pit-pit-pat.



Little drops ran down the inside of the glass and made a puddle at
the bottom.

She leaned in close, nose to the glass.

It left a foggy spot.

“Hello,” said Nora. “Why are you raining?”

The cloud didn't answer.

It just rained a little harder.

Watching the drops made Nora's tummy feel heavy too.

She knew what to do about sad.

Make it laugh.

"Wait there," she said. "I know a funny one."



So Nora did the wobbly-chicken dance. Elbows out, knees bent, cluck-cluck-cluck, all the way around the room and back again.

Pit-pit-pit-pit-pat. The cloud rained even harder.

"Oh," said Nora. "That was too much chicken."

She sat down on the floor and looked up at the jar for a long time.

She remembered a rainy-inside day. It was the day the block tower fell down, right before it was finished. Nobody could fix the tower. But Mama sat close, and stayed.

So Nora lifted the jar down, very carefully, and sat right beside it on the floor, chin in both hands.

"I'm here," said Nora. "You don't have to stop."

Pit. Pat. Pit... pat.

No dancing and no talking. Nora just stayed.

“Watch it clear,” she whispered.

The rain got slower, and slower still. Then a gold edge peeked out of the cloud, like the top of a sun in a drawing.

“My name is Puff,” said the cloud, in a voice like a yawn.

“I’m Nora.”

“Hello, Nora,” said Puff. “You do a very good chicken.”

“I came down from the sky to practice my weather,” said Puff.

“One day I’m going to make a whole rainbow. But today I only had rain.”

“That’s OK,” said Nora. “You can practice here.”



That night, Nora fell asleep with one hand on the jar.

In the morning, she woke up to a funny little sound.

The jar was rumbling.

Your friend, Puff

P.S. Thank you for the chicken dance. Don't tell anyone, but I liked it a little.

Talk about it

What did Nora do when Puff kept raining?

Who sits close to you when you're sad?

Try it together

Breathe on a window or a mirror together, then draw a tiny cloud in the fog with one finger.

For grown-ups This letter is about staying close when someone is sad. If Nora is upset this week, sit beside her and try: "I'm here. You don't have to stop."

TELL PUFF

Puff wants to know: What makes Nora feel sunny?

Nora says: _____



Scan to email Puff Nora's answer, and a photo of the drawing.

Draw your weather today