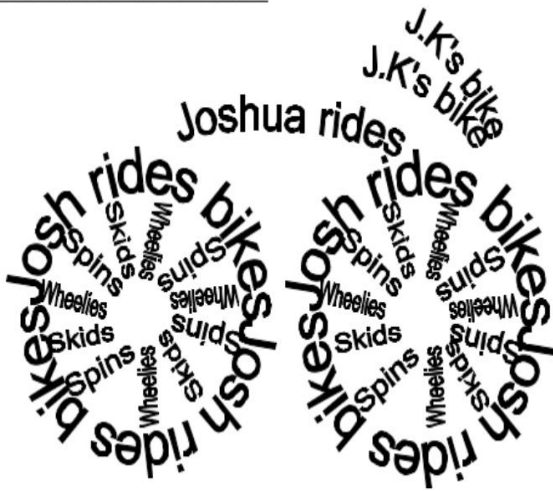


Red, sweet as honey, bitter as blood.
 Orange, fluttery as fall, still as a stone.
 Yellow, loud as a trumpet, soft as a petal.
 Green, rough as a pinecone, smooth as a lake.
 Blue, my color, just like the sky.
 Indigo, bright as the moon, dark as night.
 Purple, weak as a flower, strong as courage.

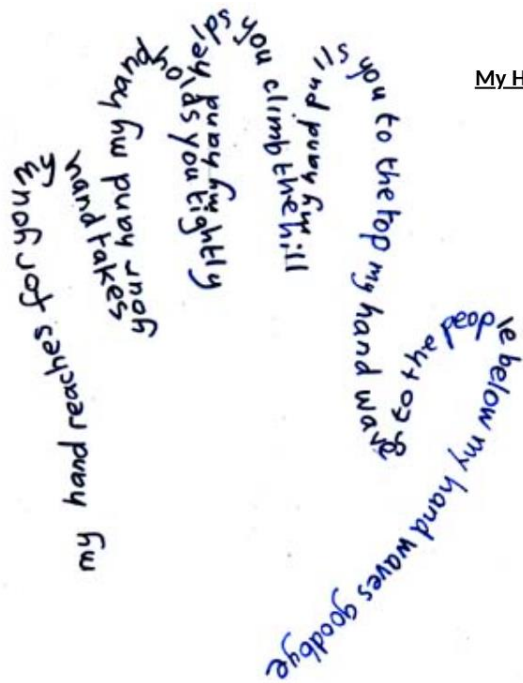
Rainbow.



Joshua's Bike



My Hand



A
drop
of rain is
like a sudden
knock at the door.
Unexpected, yet often
welcomed with a smile. It
can brighten your day or ruin
your plans. It can make you laugh
or make you sad. Whether the raindrop
is moving fast or slow, or is big or small,
it always gets everyone's attention. A rain-
drop contains many secrets. It is a bubble of
anticipation and surprise. It cleanses the earth,
it feeds the flowers, and fills the holes. The
raindrop is never silent. It bangs on the
roof, spatters on the window, or
splashes into a puddle.
A raindrop.

