

ing ground.

The following day, the rain stopped in the Secret Rift. The clouds were a brilliant white, and the sun softened like a quilt with a filter. Raindrops slid down the branches drop by drop, dancing with the fragrance of the earth in the wet mud, moisturizing the branches dried by the scorching sun and making new buds on the banks of the creek, covering the hills with a green blanket. Even more incredible as it had only been a week since the new friend's request to Rosa.

... ***I SUDDENLY REALIZED*** ...

*It is not that Rosa does not love to laugh.*

