

# The STORM Cloud

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post wave

For my lovely friend Megan – F.S.

For Dad, Lala and Ella – E.H.



Published in the UK by Post Wave Children's Books,  
an imprint of Post Wave Publishing UK Ltd,  
Runway East, 24-28 Bloomsbury Way, London, WC1A 2SN  
[www.postwavepublishing.com](http://www.postwavepublishing.com)

A catalogue record of this book is available from the British Library.

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1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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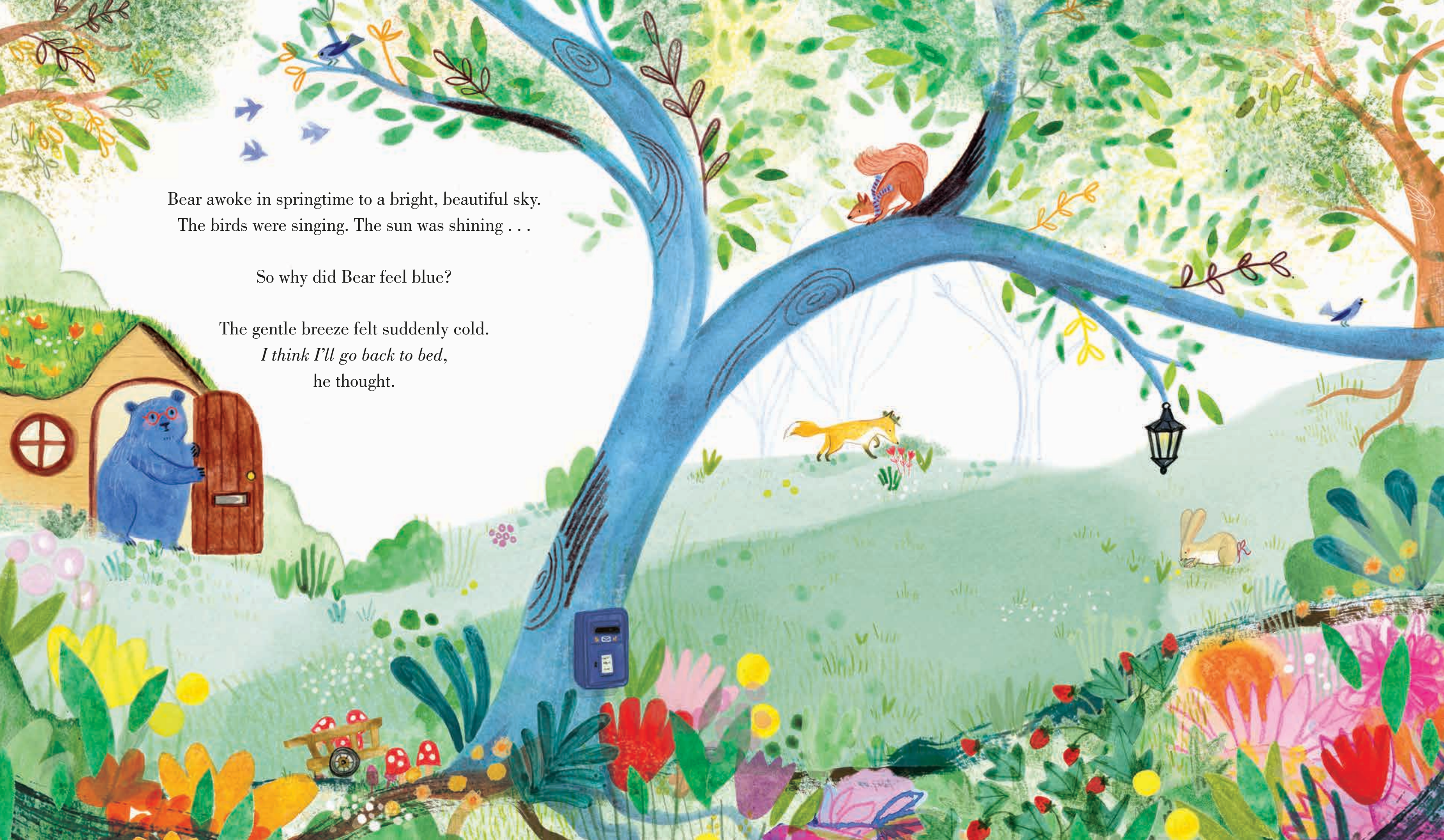
ISBN 978-1-83627-073-7

This book was typeset in Bodoni and Emily Hamilton's handwritten lettering.  
The illustrations were created using watercolour, gouache, pencil crayon, collage and combined digitally.

Printed and manufactured in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong, January 2026.

This book conforms to General Product Safety Regulation (GPSR) requirements.  
EU authorised representative: Post Wave Berlin Studio  
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Bear awoke in springtime to a bright, beautiful sky.  
The birds were singing. The sun was shining . . .

So why did Bear feel blue?

The gentle breeze felt suddenly cold.  
*I think I'll go back to bed,*  
he thought.

Bear snuggled down under the blankets but he could hardly sleep for the feeling that something was very wrong.



He felt a tug, tug, tug in his tummy.

He felt a drip, drip, drip on his ears . . .

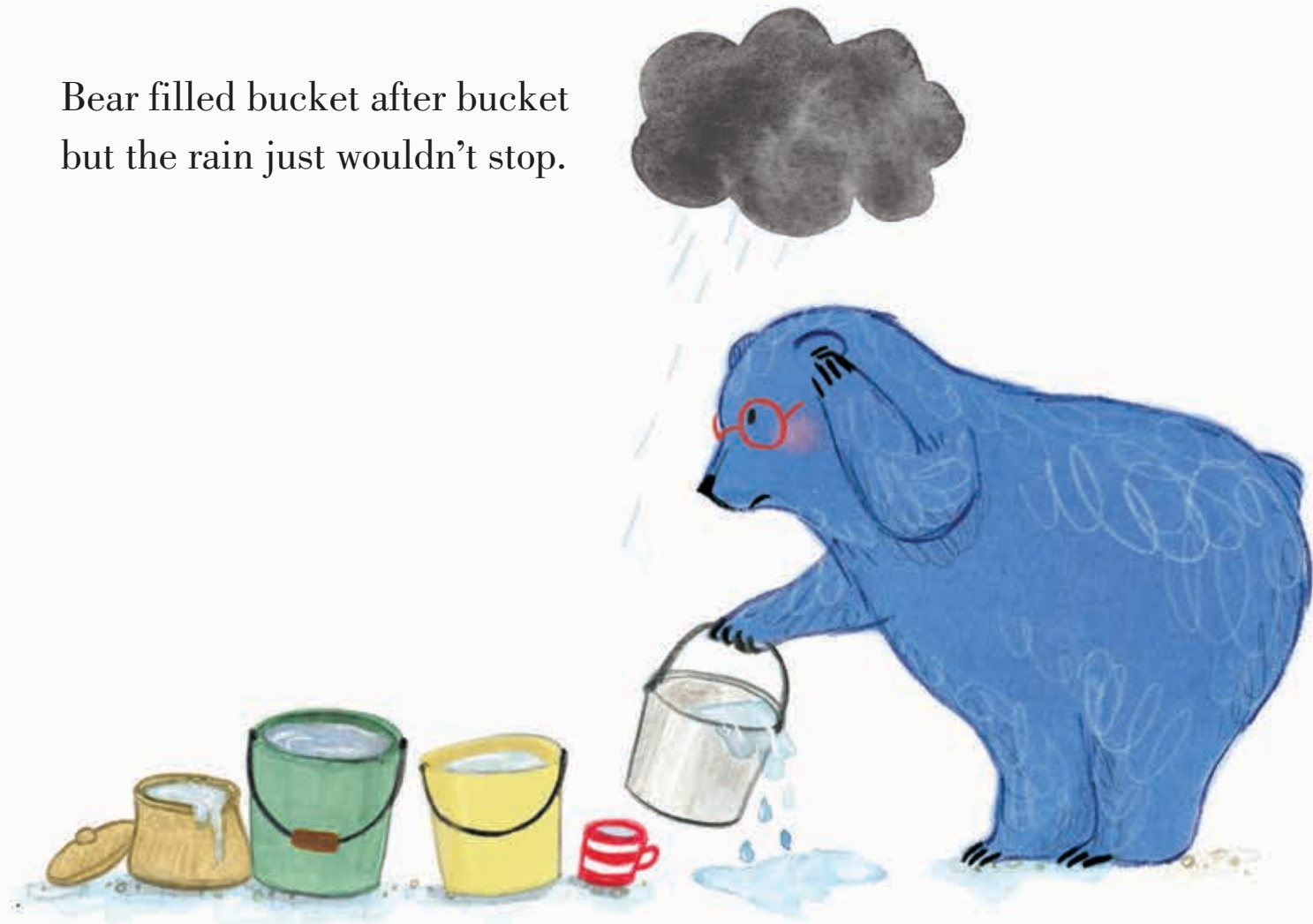


And that was when he saw it . . .

... the **storm cloud** sitting  
right above his head.



Bear filled bucket after bucket  
but the rain just wouldn't stop.



He tried to blow the cloud away . . .



but it wouldn't disappear.

So he pretended to not see it.  
“I can't see you,” said Bear, whistling a merry tune.



But it was STILL there.  
Bear began to wonder if the storm cloud would *ever* go away.