Can We
Drink the Sky?

A raindrop lands on the Girl's nose. Then one drop, then a lot! 'Drip, drop, don't stop!' the Girl yells. She tilts her face up to the sky, arms out wide. The drops tap her cheeks and shine in the grass. A blue bird hops up, and a green frog blinks at her. 'Rain is **phenomenal,'** the Girl tells them. 'Rain is the best thing ever.'

The Girl runs to the porch just in time. Rain rushes off the roof and lands, splash, splash, splash, in the big bucket. Each splash hits with **oomph!**

'We can keep it!' the Girl calls out. 'All the drops!' The bucket fills up fast. If Mum boils this rain, they can drink the sky. Wow! Who gets to drink the sky?

Inside, Mum sits and smiles. She strums her strings and sings. That means just one thing. A rain song! Mum sings each **phrase** soft and sweet, and the song fills the room. Outside, the rain taps on the roof. Tap, tap, tappa, tap. 'See?' the Girl says, soft and low. 'Even the rain can sing.'

The Girl runs home in the rain, her book held to her chest. Then she stops. A big blue bird stands on the path, tail out wide. It does not run off. It just shows off! It stands proud, like a grand **trophy.**

'Bird, get under a shrub!' the Girl says. The bird just stands there. So she claps for it, grins, and runs home.

In a clean, dry shirt, the Girl follows a hot, sweet smell to the kitchen. **Phew,** what a wet day! And now, what is that smell? A kid dashes in, arms out wide. 'Yummy food!' the kid yells. A black cat sits with them and sniffs at the steam. Mum has a big bowl and a big spoon. 'Wet days make the best food,' Mum says. The Girl nods hard. Wet days are just the best.

Then, just like that, the rain stops. The Girl steps outside. No drip. No drop. But the rain has **morphed** the garden! Wee drops cling to each leaf. Each bud holds one perfect drop. The Girl taps a big wet leaf, and the drop slides off, slow and cool. 'Oh,' says the Girl, soft and low. This is the gift the rain left.

Her best tree stands tall and green, with pink blooms on each branch. All that rain soaks down to its roots and keeps it strong. The Girl presses her hand on the trunk. A trunk! Just like an **elephant!** She grins.

One last drop falls from a leaf and lands on her nose. 'Drip, drop,' she says low. And up in the clouds, she thinks, the rain says back, 'Don't stop.'

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Can We Drink the Sky?

A raindrop lands on a girl's nose, then another, and soon rain is tapping her cheeks and sparkling the grass. She races to catch every drop in a bucket by the porch, dreaming of boiling it all to drink the sky itself, while a bird and a peacock watch her celebrate the storm. How many drops will it take to fill the bucket all the way to the top? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 1: ph as in phone), this book practises words like 'phew', 'phrase', 'trophy', 'oomph'.

Phonics Focus: <ph>

elephant, morphed, oomph, phenomenal, phew, phrase, trophy

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