Cloud with a Yellow Coat

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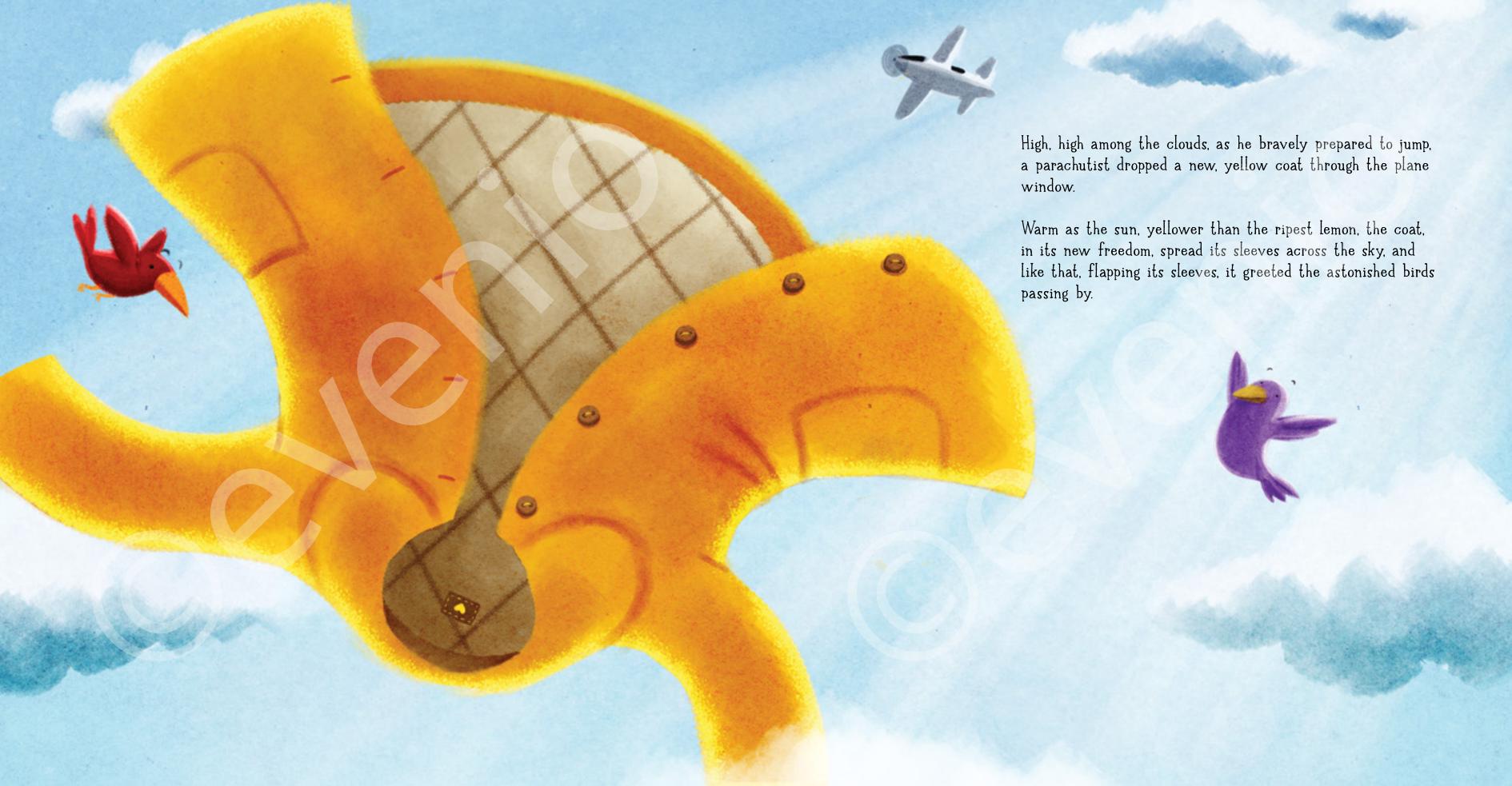## Jelena Brezovec

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High, high among the clouds, as he bravely prepared to jump, a parachutist dropped a new, yellow coat through the plane window.

Warm as the sun, yellower than the ripest lemon, the coat, in its new freedom, spread its sleeves across the sky, and like that, flapping its sleeves, it greeted the astonished birds passing by.

It strutted and danced, swirled and flickered, rising and falling, gliding on the currents like an experienced flyer. And who knows how long its flight would have lasted if it had not accidentally run aground on a nearby cloud.

The cloud coughed from the sudden burden and asked the wind that was carrying it across the sky to blow a little harder and blow the yellow guest away. And the wind, like an experienced old man or a wise fox, explained to the young cloud:

Huuuuu-huuuuu-hay!

Friend, know this:

If I blow any harder,

Your life is over!

Huuuuu-huuuuu-hay,

Huuuuu-huuu-hay!

Choosing life, the cloud shrugged his shoulders and continued sailing through the sky, only a little slower because the yellow coat was a real weight for his delicate body. After a while, he got completely used to life with a coat. He even became a little proud of his fashion accessory.

Many of his cloud friends begged him to give them his coat for a kilometer or two of heavenly travel. He would have done so if such a thing had not required the help of a strong wind, from which he would vanish. Although the fate of clouds is unpredictable, he felt that it was not yet the right time to say goodbye to the yellow coat.