

Just like every morning, in his grassy plain
George is feeling blue. He has serious worries,
because whenever it starts to rain
he begins to shrink.



This is a real
problem
for a fine-looking white sheep.



— Let's see,
I could build him ...
... a huge fan that would
flap its wings
to dry his back.



Or perhaps ...
... a small tank on wheels
that would be waterproof
against the smallest
drop of water?



In the fleecy sky, George soars through
the air, **filled with happiness.**

How pretty the earth looks from here!

He admires his grassy plain, his tiny friends,
and Leo's hat, which is now
no bigger than a bubble.



Then, between stratus, cumulus, and cirrus,
suddenly appears the most gorgeous sheep of all,
pretty and white as an angel!

His heart begins to pound,
dancing the samba and playing leapfrog.

Hop, skip, he comes a little closer and,
gently, trades a **little corner of his umbrella**
for a little corner of paradise.