The Cloud Collector

A jar, a hill and a surprising discovery.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Cloud Collector

Mouse wanted a cloud for her room.

She chose a fluffy cloud. She found a glass jar.

"Stay there," she told the cloud. "I'm coming."

She climbed a tree stump and held up the jar.

Too low.

She climbed a hill and held it higher.

Still too low.

Goat found her standing on tiptoe.

"What are you catching?"

"That cloud. It looks like a sleeping sheep."

Goat looked up. "It looks like a long fish to me."

Mouse looked again. The cloud had stretched.

"Wait!" she called. "You were a sheep a moment ago!"

But the cloud kept drifting, as clouds tend to do.

The Cloud Collector

Mouse sat down beside Goat.

Together they watched the fish become a boat. The boat became a boot. The boot became something that might have been a dancing potato.

Goat laughed so loudly that Mouse nearly dropped her jar.

"If I put it in here," she said, "would it still change?"

"I don't think it would fit," said Goat.

Mouse turned the jar in her paws. Sunlight flashed through the glass.

Then she had an idea.

She went home for paper and a pencil. On the hill, she drew the sheep, the fish, the boat, the boot and the dancing potato.

She rolled up each picture and tucked it inside the jar.

That evening, the jar stood beside her bed.

"A fine collection," said Goat.

Mouse smiled. "And the sky can keep making more."

Outside her window, a cloud turned into a rabbit and hopped away.

THE END

Original MimoMango story. Story and illustration created with AI assistance. First edition, 2026.