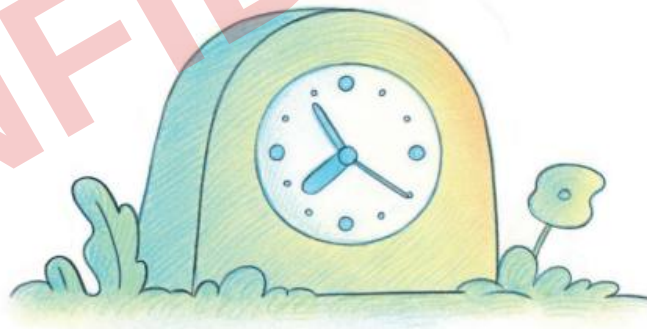


IDA THE CLOUD

Written by Damayanthi Ponnuthurai

Illustrations by Anna Nicolò

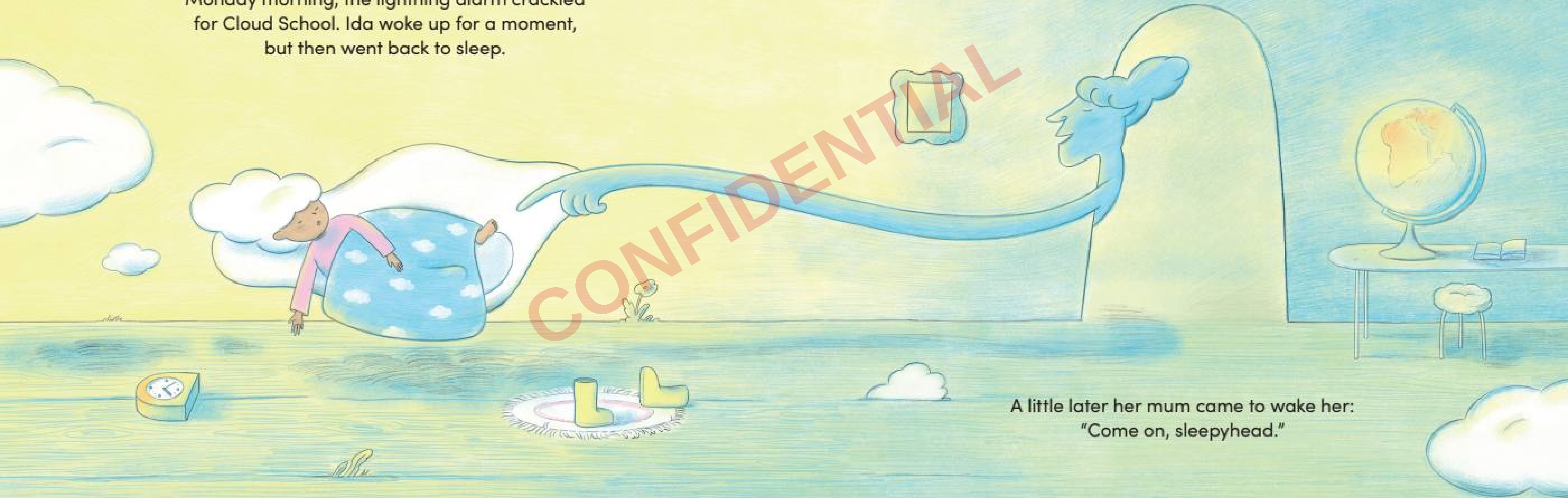


Fupe Publishing

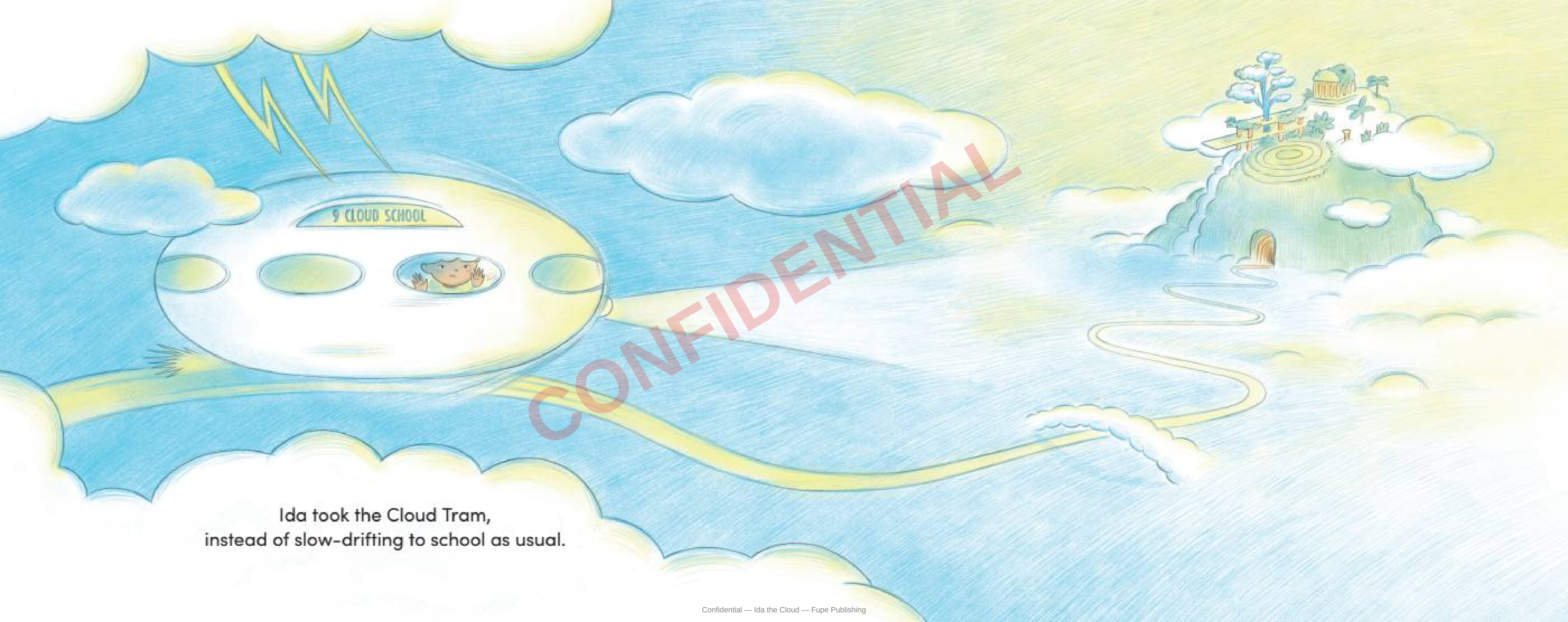
Ida was dreamy, even for a cloud.
She was always floating into school late.
Why watch the clock when you're basking
in a morning daydream?



Monday morning, the lightning alarm crackled
for Cloud School. Ida woke up for a moment,
but then went back to sleep.



A little later her mum came to wake her:
"Come on, sleepyhead."



Ida took the Cloud Tram,
instead of slow-drifting to school as usual.

Even so, she got there late.



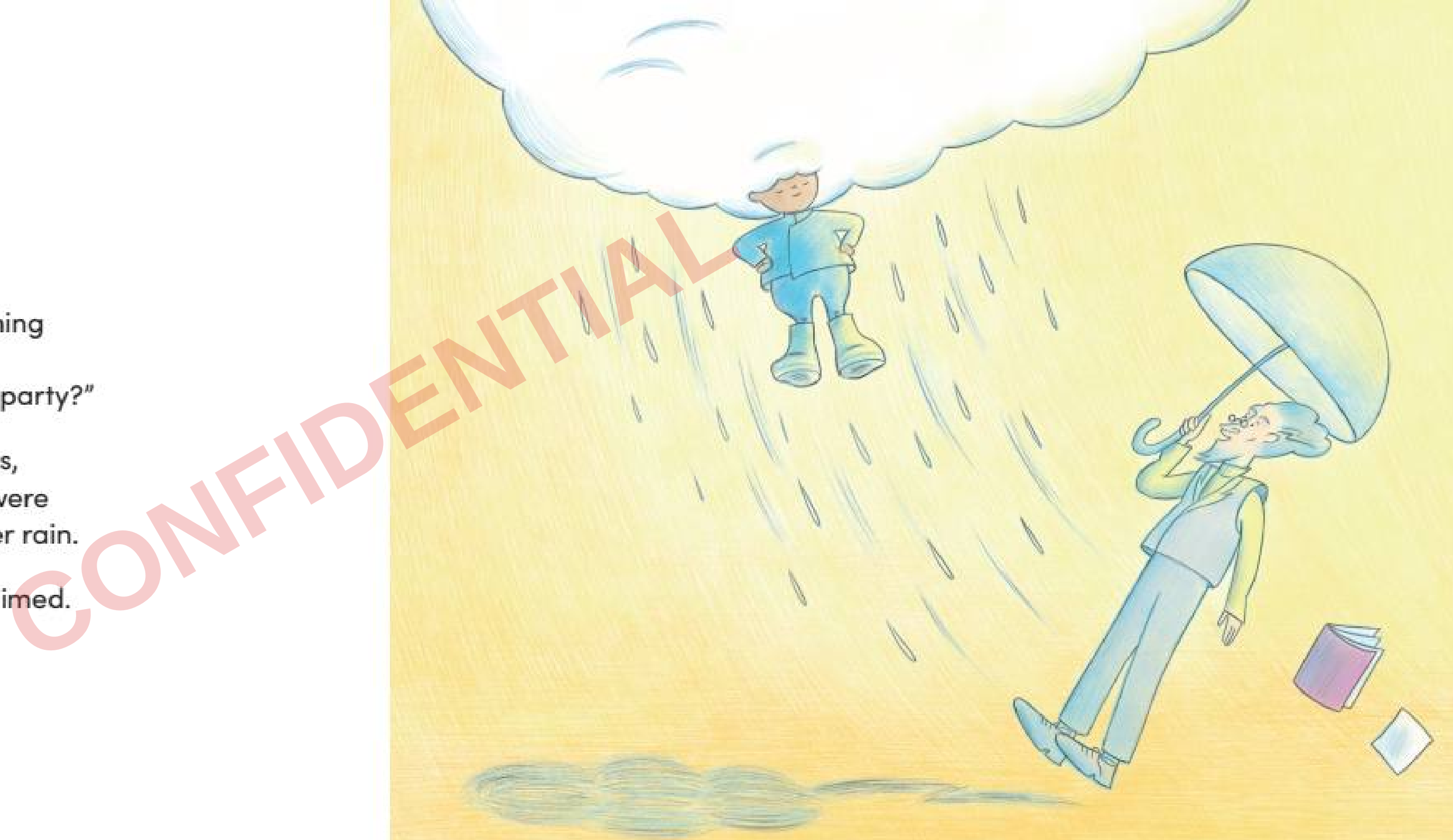
"Are you with us today, Ida?"
the voice of Mr Lightning Strikes
boomed across the sky.
"Or are you lost somewhere
in the mists of dreamland?"

"I am not lost, Mr Lightning Strikes,"
Ida said, "when I daydream,
my mind takes me to all kinds
of wonderful places."

"Perhaps you can put these daydreaming skills to use," he said. "How about brainstorming ideas for the New Year party?"

Ideas were the best kind of daydreams, and sometimes, when the conditions were right, they flowed from her like summer rain.

"I'd be delighted to help, sir," she exclaimed.





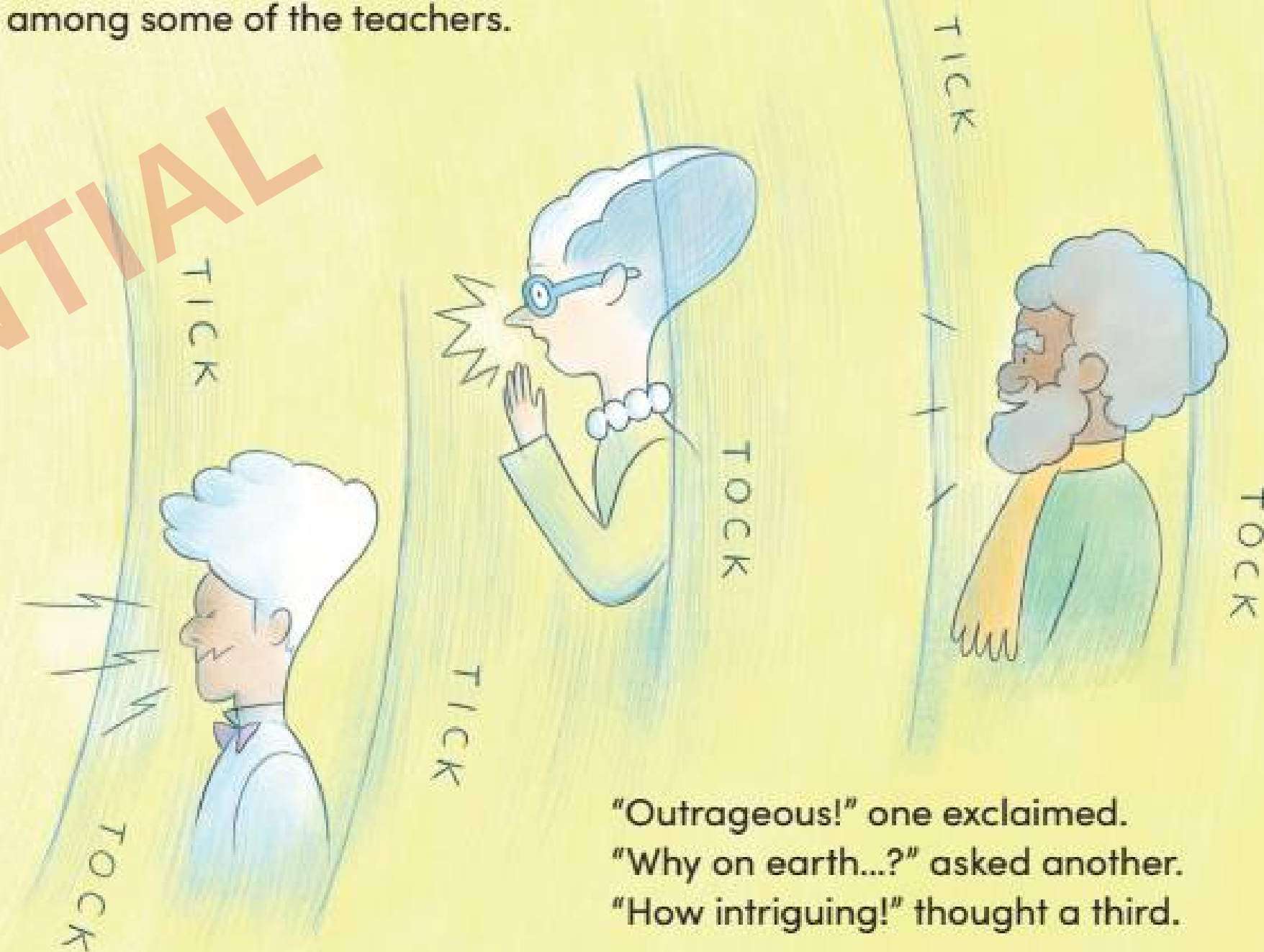
The Cloud School gathered for assembly;
everyone waited with bated breath for Ida's idea.

They never quite knew what she would come up
with next; she was always full of surprises.

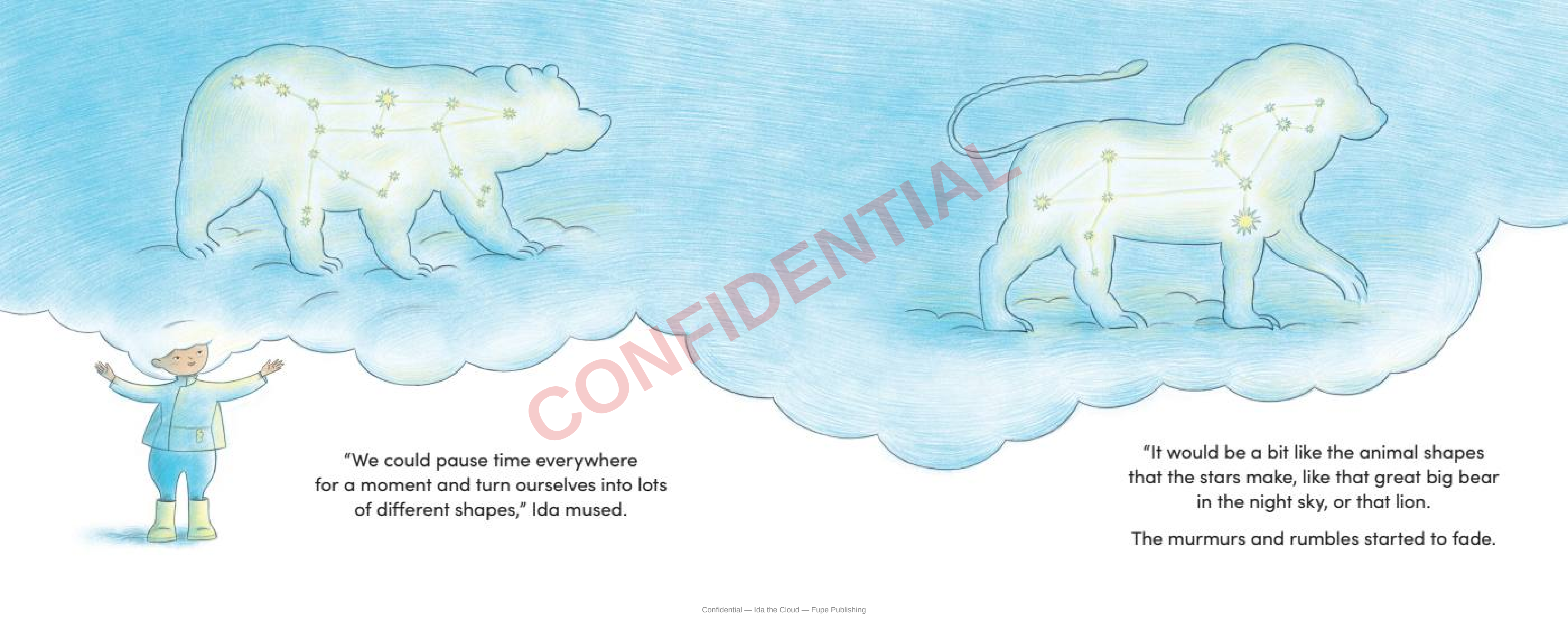
The ticking of the grandfather clock sparked something in Ida's mind. "Why don't we... stop time?" she said.



There were murmurs, even rumbles, among some of the teachers.



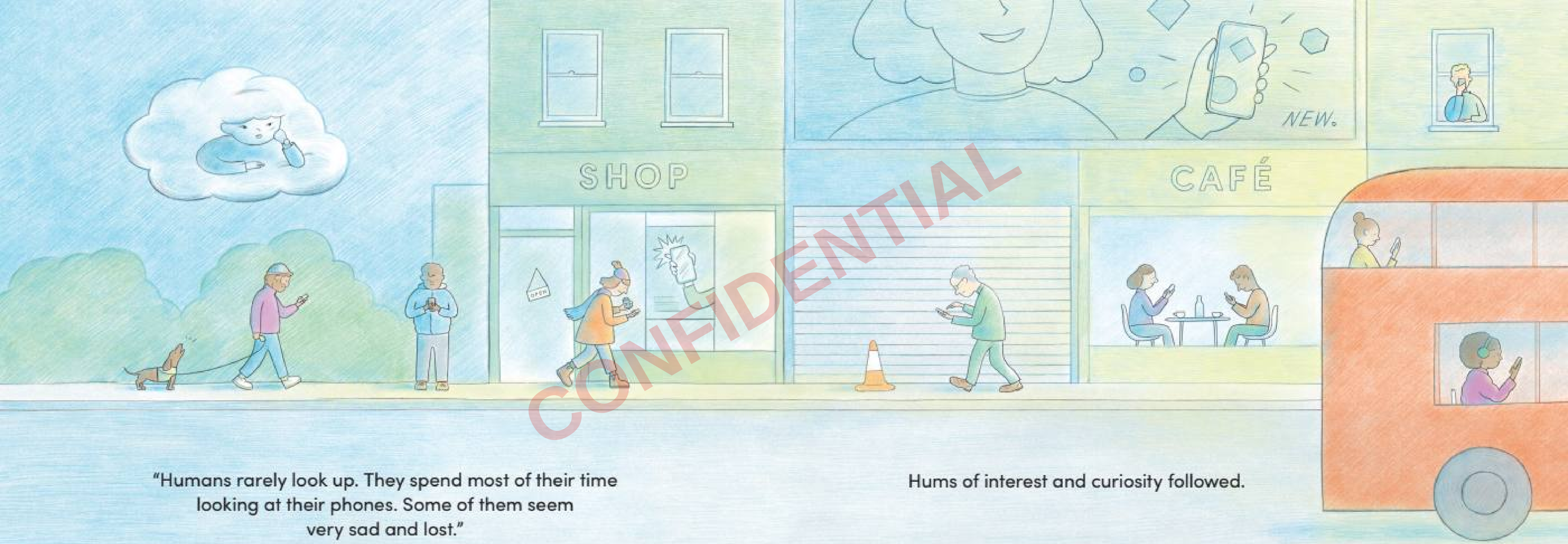
"Outrageous!" one exclaimed.
"Why on earth...?" asked another.
"How intriguing!" thought a third.



"We could pause time everywhere for a moment and turn ourselves into lots of different shapes," Ida mused.

"It would be a bit like the animal shapes that the stars make, like that great big bear in the night sky, or that lion.

The murmurs and rumbles started to fade.



"Humans rarely look up. They spend most of their time looking at their phones. Some of them seem very sad and lost."

Hums of interest and curiosity followed.

"Why don't all the cloud schools across the world come together and create the best shapes that have ever been seen?" she mused. "Then, everyone will put down their phone and look up instead."

CONFIDENTIAL



"But how do we start?"
asked Strato.



"I like animal shapes,"
said Nimbus.



"What if, in each country,
we create the shape
of the animals that live
there?" suggested
Cumulus.



"Why don't we mix in some colours,
too?" asked Cirrus. "Great idea,
Cirrus," said Ida. "Then we could
have a unique combination
of colours for each cloud."



"I remember once turning
myself into an elephant
and making children laugh
by moving my trunk,"
said Alto.





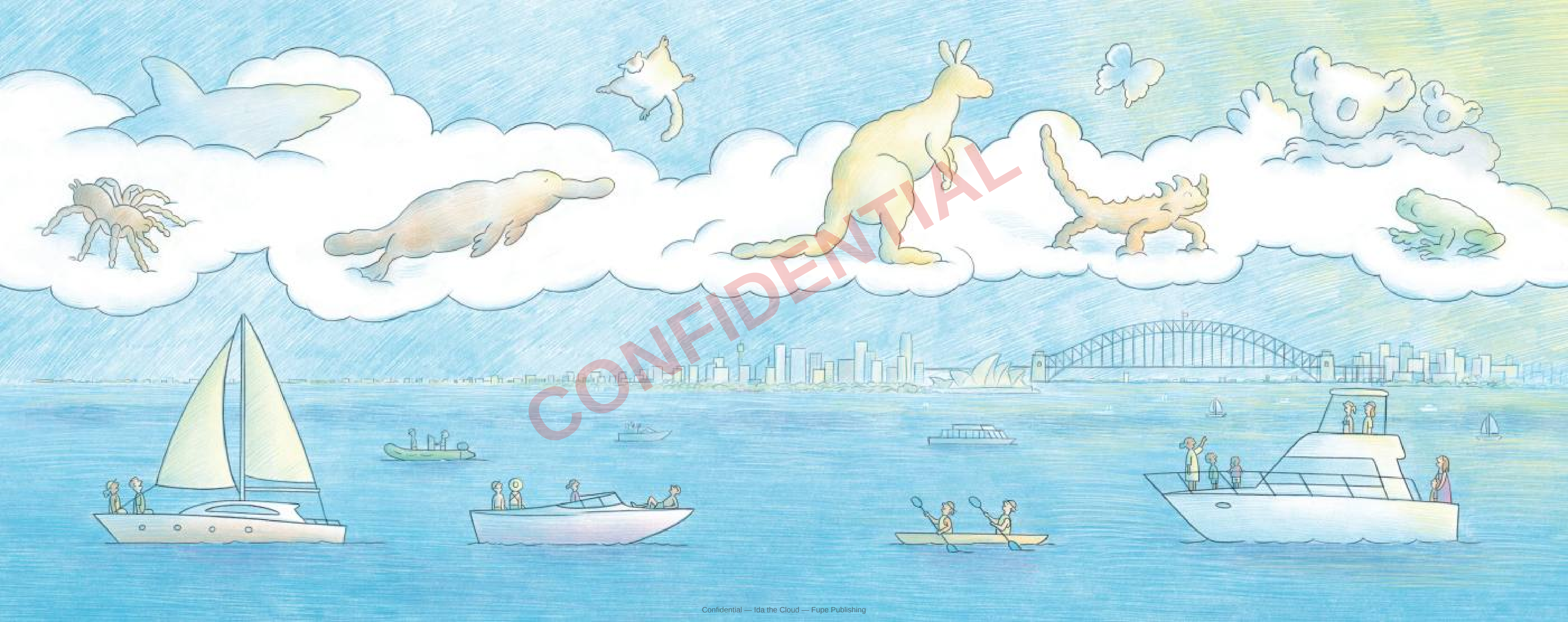
Mr Lightning Strikes was proud and impressed.
"Well done, all of you. These are wonderful ideas," he said.

"Let's get magical," everyone cried, "and enchant the world!"

And so, on New Year's Eve in Cloudland,
Ida and her friends, and clouds all across
the world, moved in harmony, putting
on a magical display.



One by one people started looking up.
"Look at the clouds!" they cried.
"They're out of this world!"

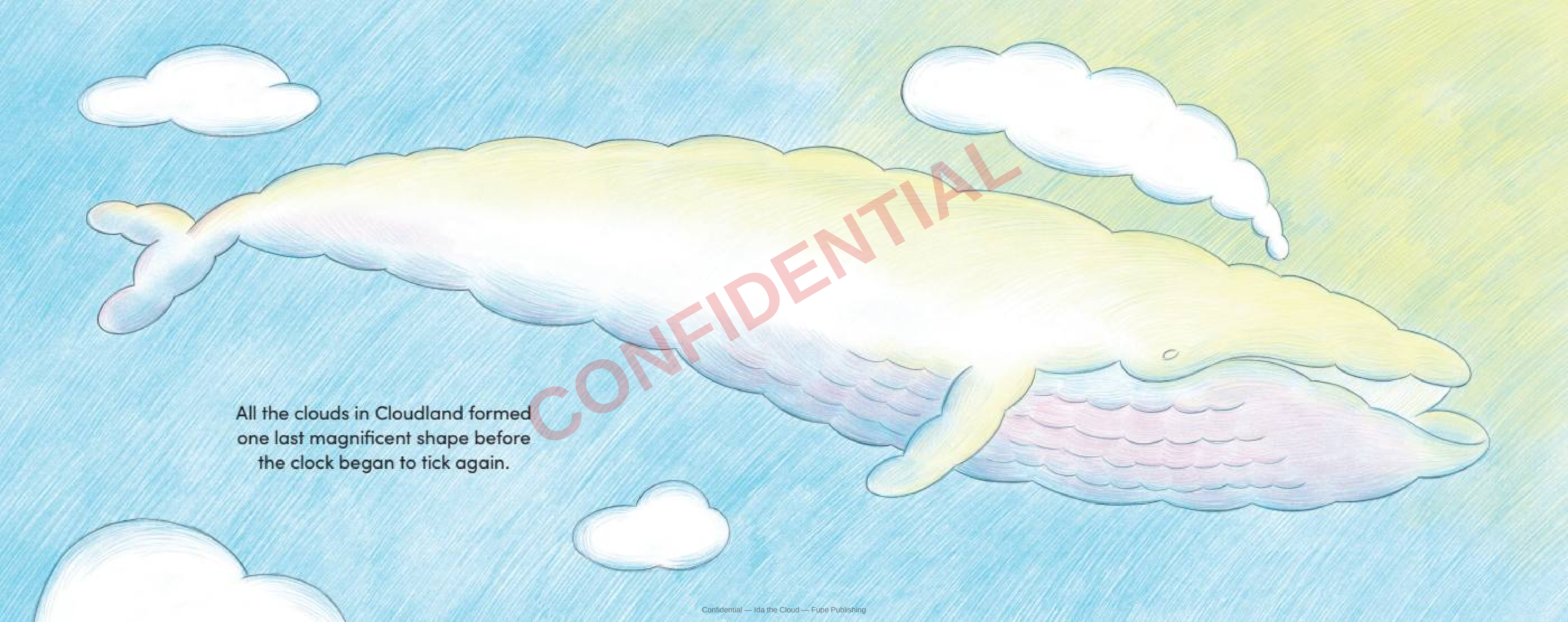




Ida broke into the widest of smiles.
“After today, people will never forget
to look up at the sky,” she thought,
“now that they have seen how
beautiful it can be!”

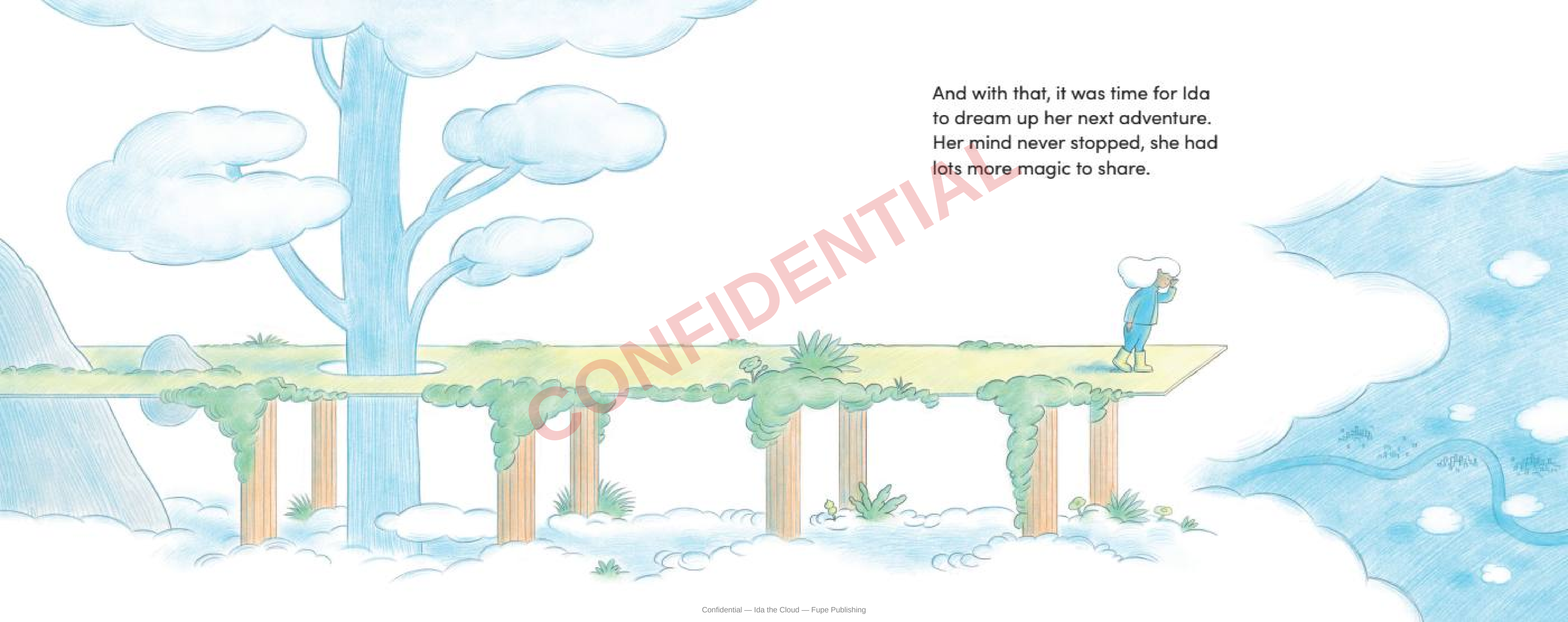
CONFIDENTIAL





All the clouds in Cloudland formed
one last magnificent shape before
the clock began to tick again.

And with that, it was time for Ida
to dream up her next adventure.
Her mind never stopped, she had
lots more magic to share.



In memory of my friend David Knowles,
and our conversations about the hues of blue in the sky.

For Verity and Joseph.

Fupe Publishing
Weesperstraat 107,
Amsterdam

First Published by Fupe in 2026
Printed in Hong Kong

Original text © Damayanthi Ponnuthurai 2026
Illustrations © Anna Nicolò 2026

All illustrations in this book were created without the use of AI.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored
in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic,
electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, taping and recording,
without prior written permission of the publisher.

Library?

Add typography details

ISBN XXXXXXXX

www.fupe.wtf