

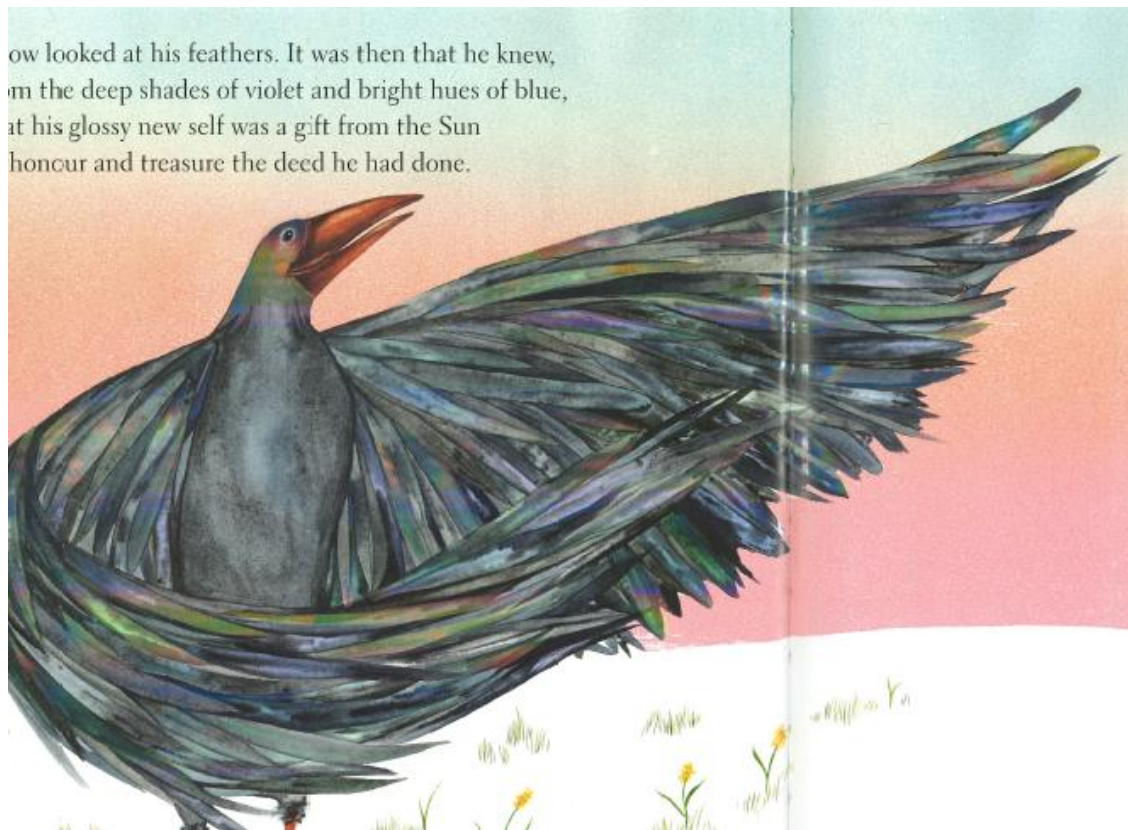
Before the Storm



In the storm brave Crow quickly flew,
snow blurred his vision and the wind –
ew!
closer he came to the Sun,
troubles and trials had only begun.

Through the blizzard, then to his delight
Sun's kingdom of dazzling bright light.

After the Storm



Crow looked at his feathers. It was then that he knew,
in the deep shades of violet and bright hues of blue,
that his glossy new self was a gift from the Sun
in honour and treasure the deed he had done.