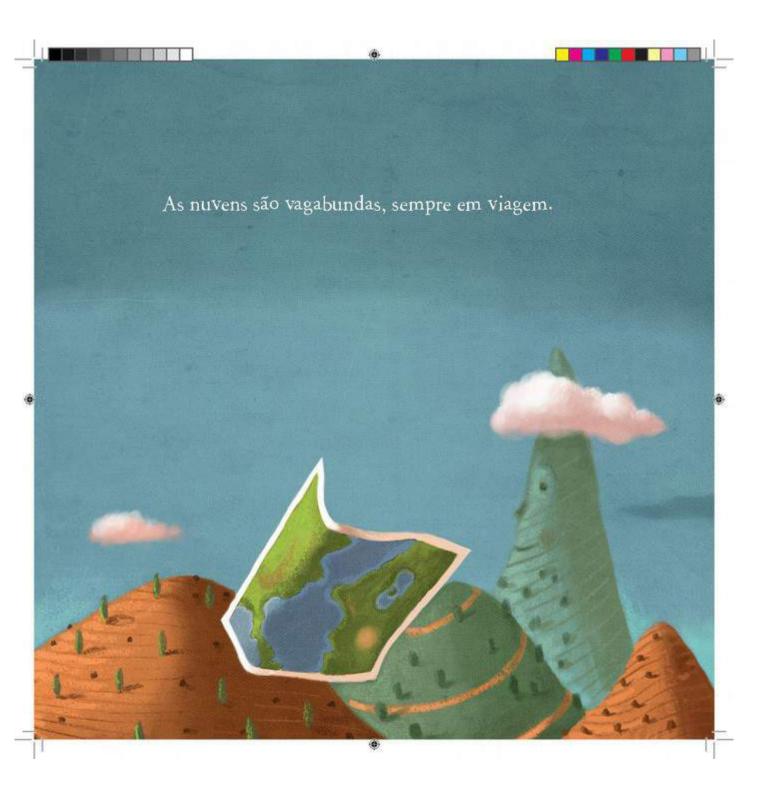


The clouds



Clouds are wanderers, always on the go.



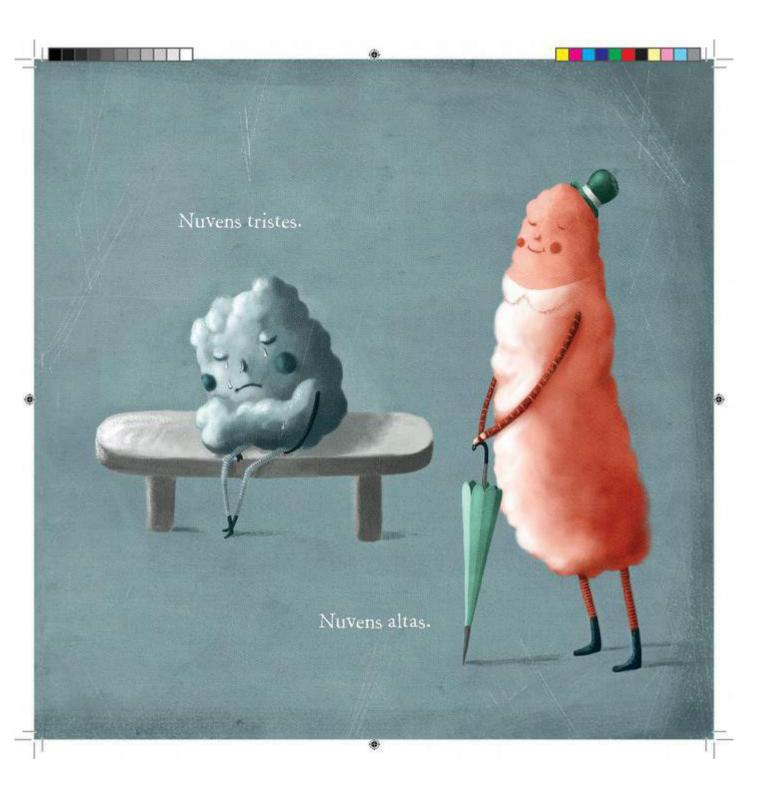
They can have days off when they are still and in other days burst out running across the sky



Happy clouds.

Low clouds.

Angry clouds.



Sad clouds.

High clouds.



Clouds have an enormous imagination. Sometimes, they are walking mountains.



Sometimes, hippos. Other, candy floss flakes.



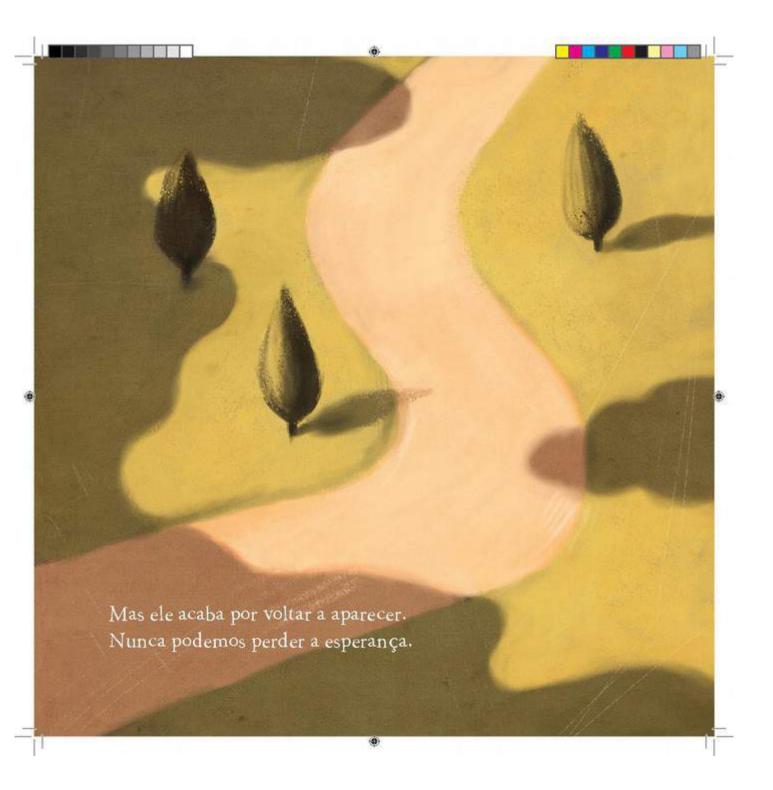
More than mere droplets suspended in the air, source of life and hope, clouds are poetry.

They are the symbol of dreams where we lose and find ourselves.

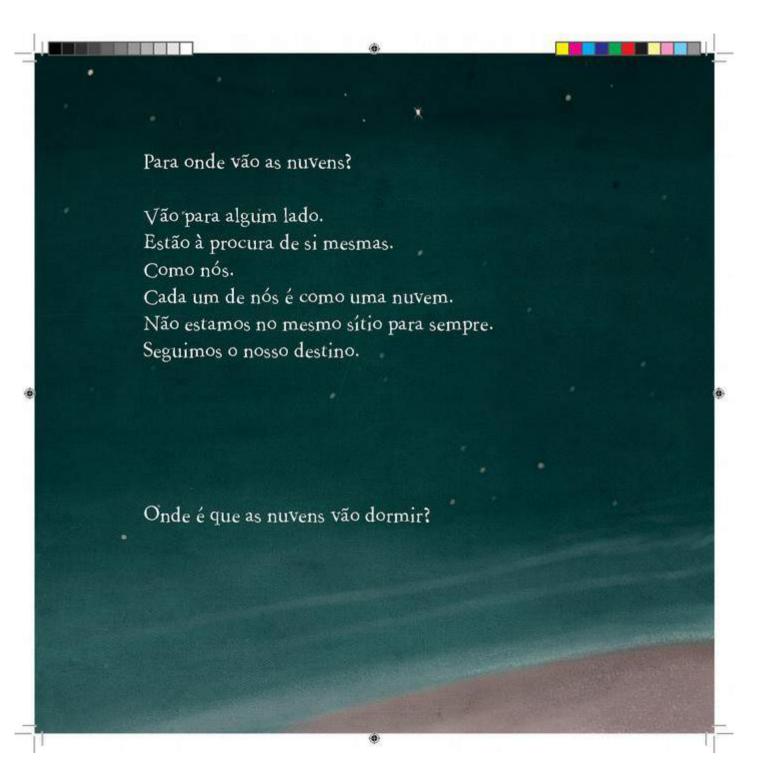
How many times have we been told that we have our head in the clouds? It happens whenever we are daydreaming.



And some times, in our lives, there are some clouds that make us unhappy.
We even think they will never let us see the Sun again.



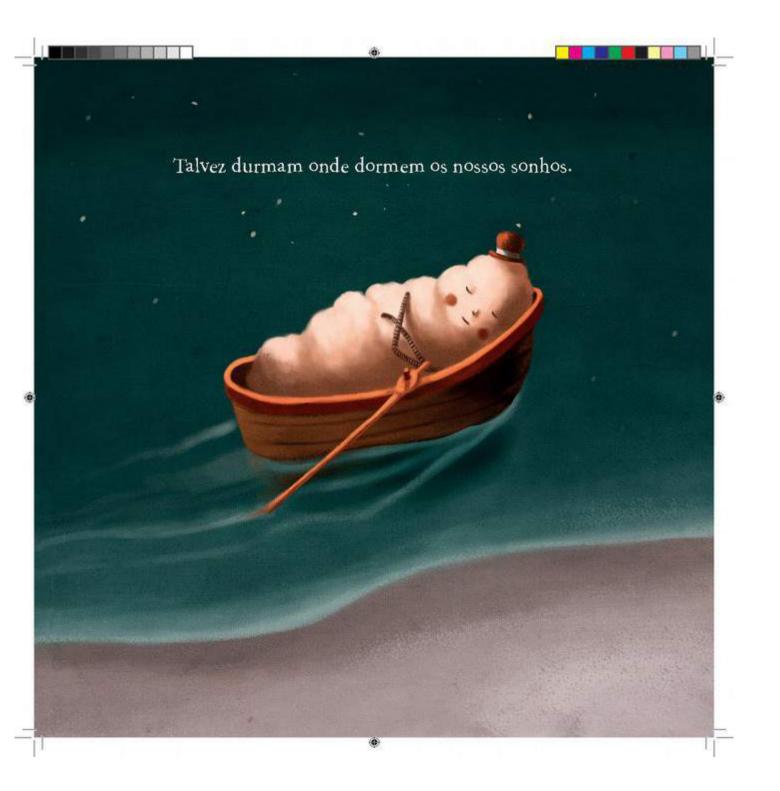
But the Sun always comes back. We must never lose our hope.



Where do clouds go?

They go somewhere.
They are looking for themselves.
Just like us.
Each one of us is like a cloud.
We are not in the same place forever.
We follow our own destiny.

Where do clouds go to sleep?



Maybe they sleep where our dreams sleep.