

High above the sky, feathery storks swooped across the soft clouds, dodging superior, fluffy baby makers. Flapping frantically, a stork soared down to a bleak, miserable cloud, filled with emotion, the depressed cloud, Gus, has made a lime green crocodile with razor sharp teeth. As the resilient graceful stork anxiously peered up and saw all the happiness happening, he anxiously glided to all the

In the distance, Gus as fluffy as candy gloss stood there, waiting patiently for his companion Peck in consignment. Suddenly, he spotted a stork as smooth as silk soaring through the endless blue, as he retorted, "Hi Gus, how are you doing with your creation?"

"Good, I have made something very interesting." Gus nervously muttered with a twinkle in his eye and a cheeky smirk on his face, filled with hope. Gus whipped out his dangerous animal, filled with sweat.

"A baby crocodile!" Gus bellowed, filled with pride as he glanced around with happiness.

"AHHH!" Peck screamed petrified, trying not to offend his soft companion Gus. Tearfully, Gus' grey face had a salty teardrop as wet rain, run down onto his thick, pussy chin, as his cheeks turned as red as the sunset. Carefully, Peck dropped the dangerous, bumpy crocodile in his silky, white bag and fearfully slapped away filled with gear and attend.

"Bye Gus, have a good day."

Hours past and suddenly Gus noticed a feathery stork as smooth as milk chocolate peacefully swooping in winters air. With a loud, thunderous boom, Peck landed with a heap. Deafened and blind, Peck's eyes gazed with teardrops as he nervously glided to all the kings and queens of the air.