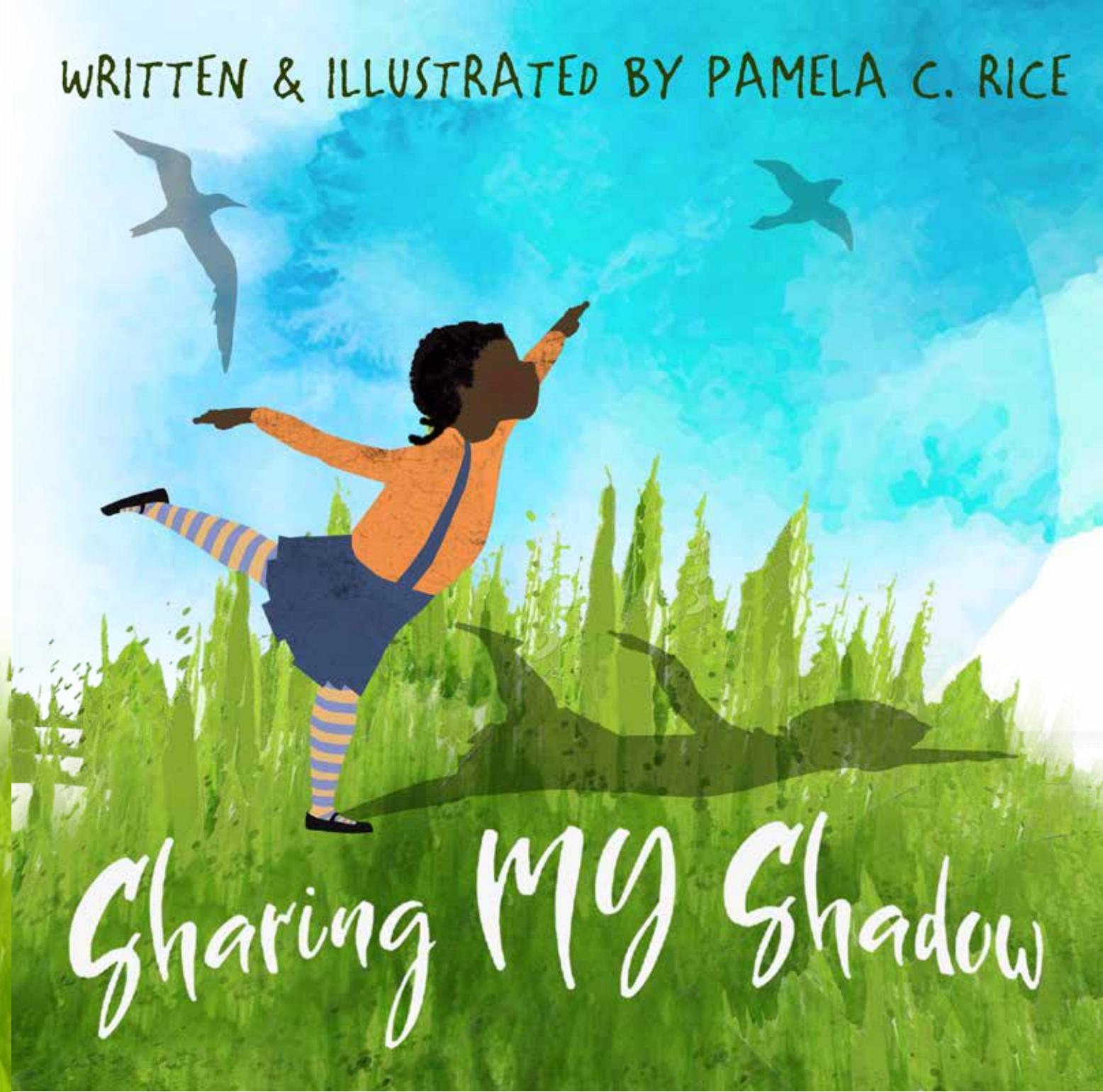




WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY PAMELA C. RICE



Sharing My Shadow

Sharing My Shadow

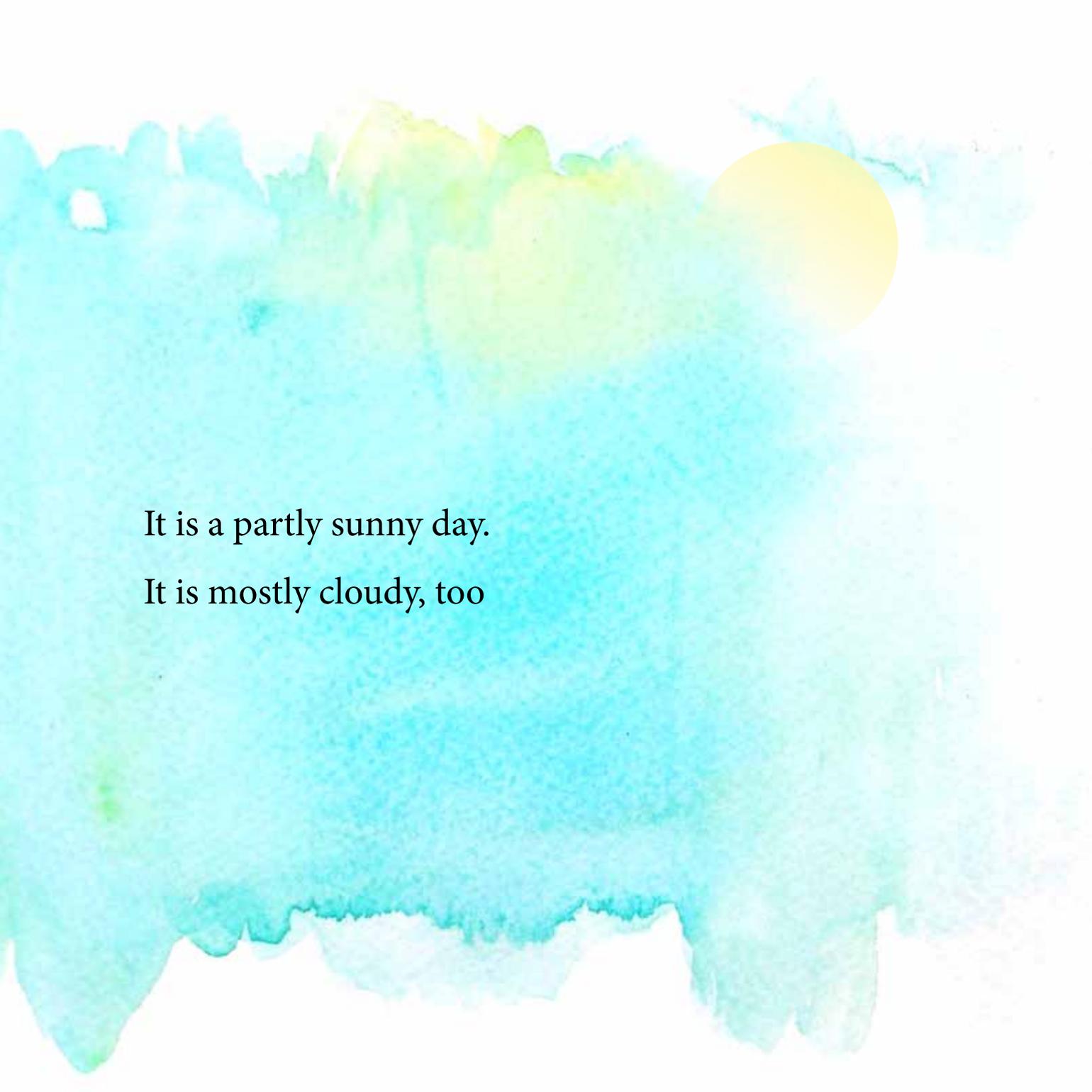
A story of LuLu,
a young girl who questions her shadow, Mimi.
Ages 4 - 8



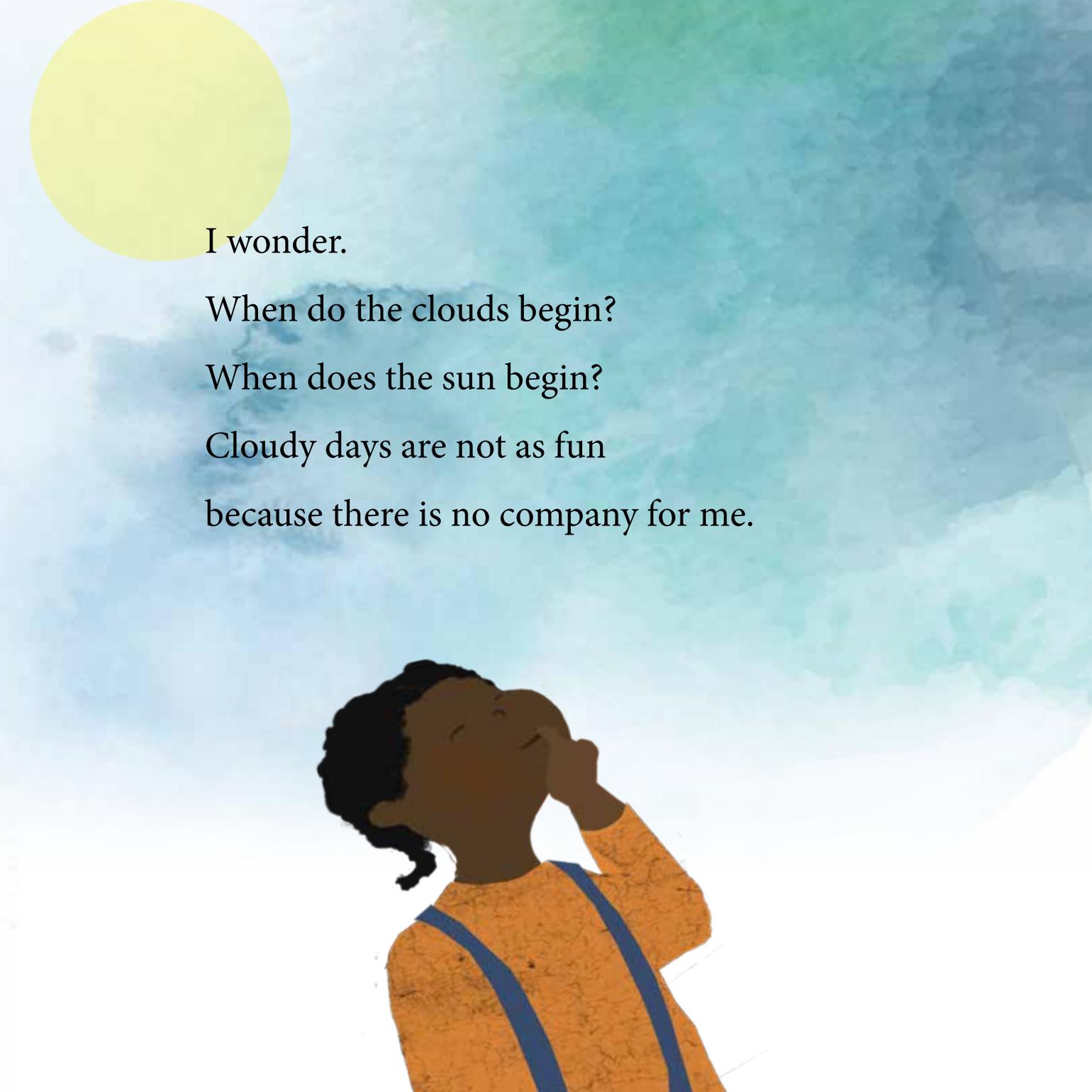
Copyright ©2022 Pamela C. Rice All rights reserved.
No parts of this book may be used in any form
without written permission from the author or publisher.



Published by www.pamricedesign.com | KidsShelf Books™
Written & Illustrated by Pamela C. Rice



It is a partly sunny day.
It is mostly cloudy, too



I wonder.

When do the clouds begin?

When does the sun begin?

Cloudy days are not as fun

because there is no company for me.

I wonder what is the color of shadows?

I see only light shadows or dark shadows.



The sun is out and

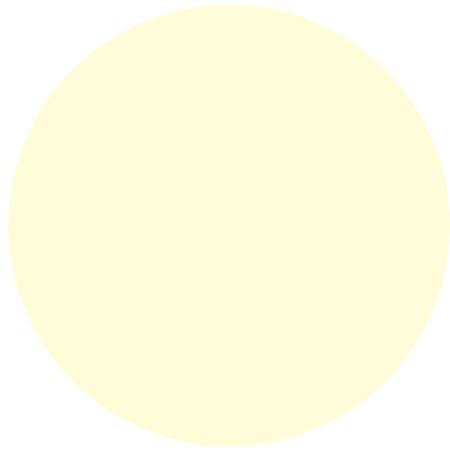
Mimi is following me.

Sometimes Mimi is really tall.

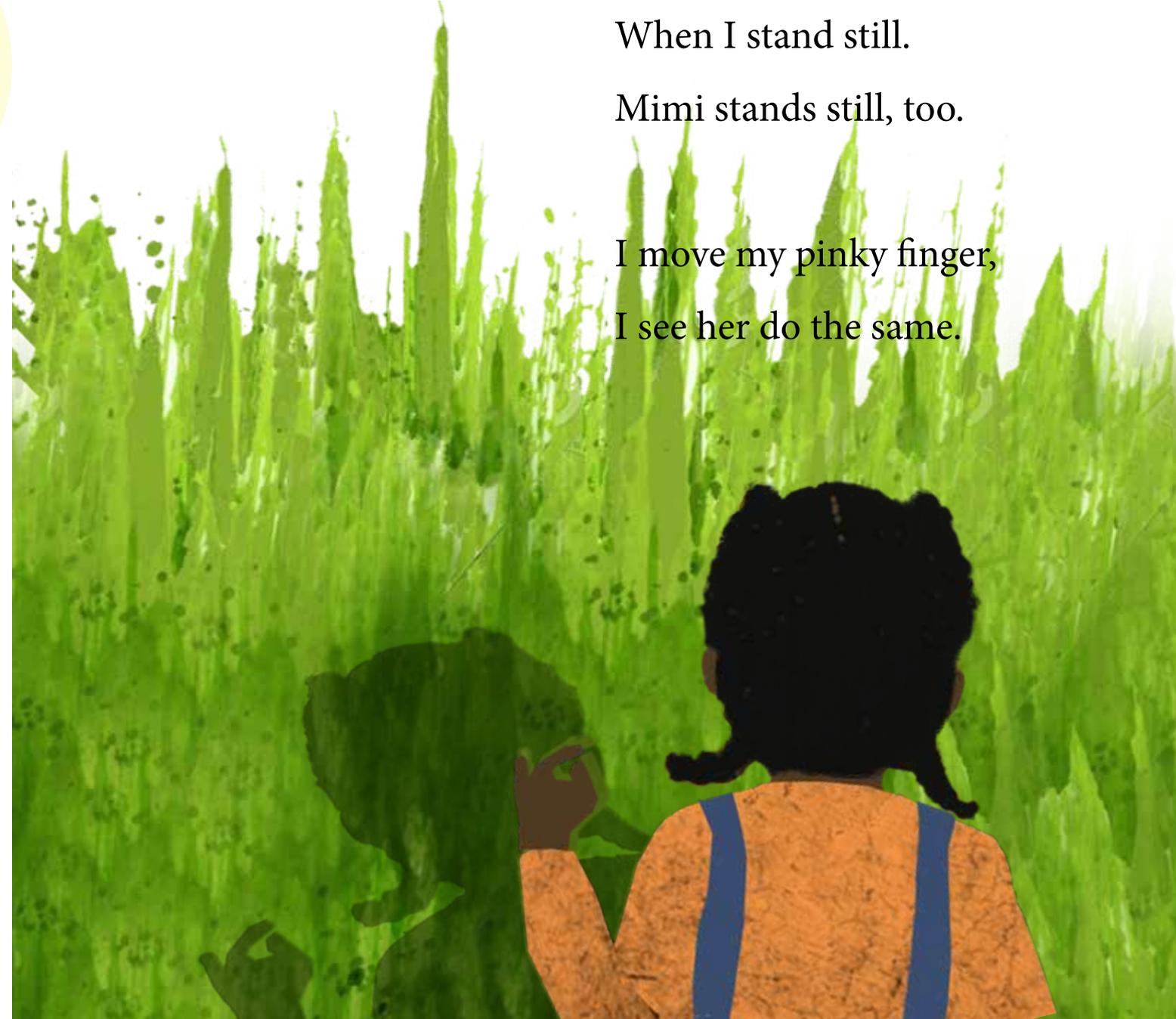
Sometimes she is short.



Out of the corner of my eye,
I look down and
Mimi is following me
this makes me happy!



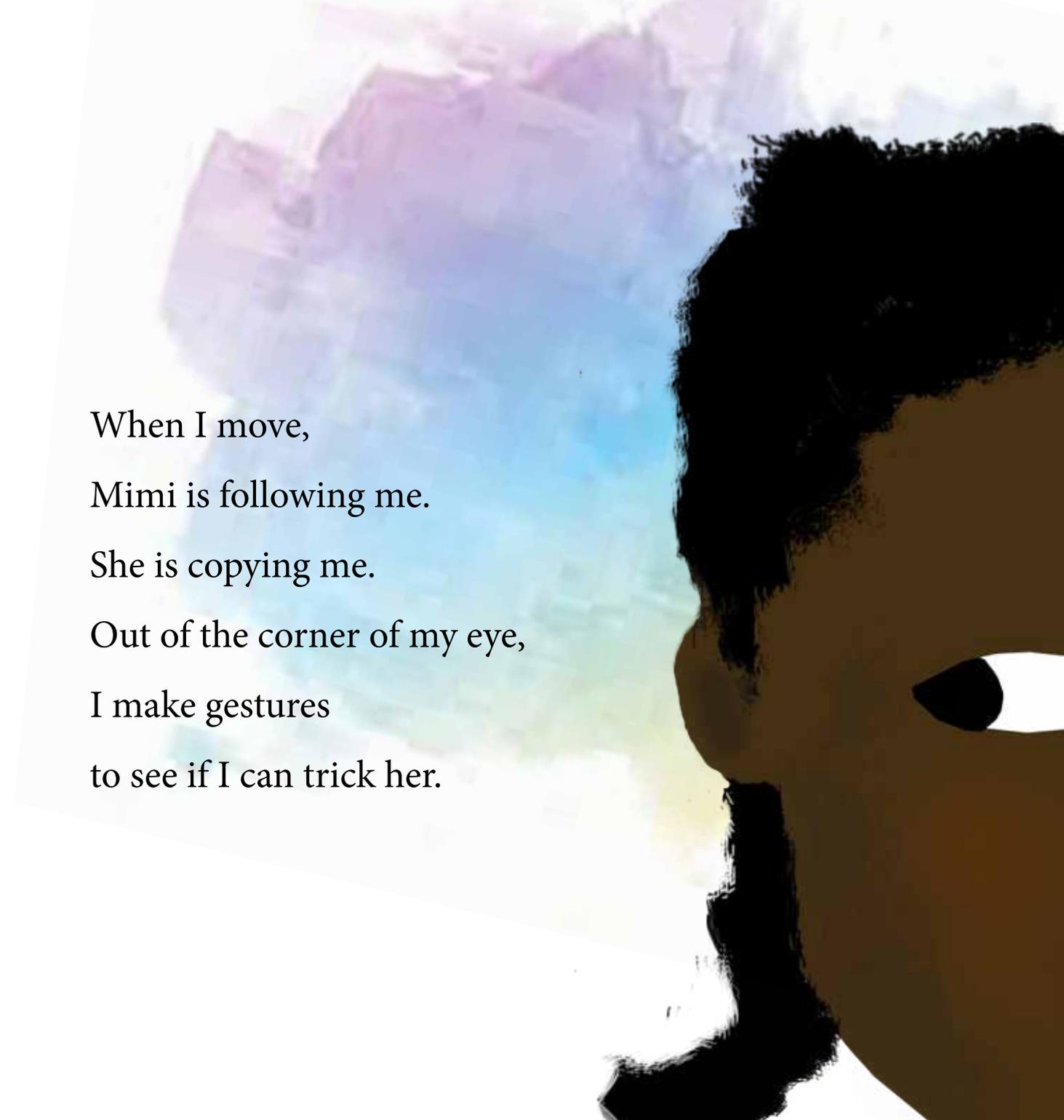
When I stand still.
Mimi stands still, too.
I move my pinky finger,
I see her do the same.



When I take a big step to the left slowly and
drop my foot down *fast* and *heavy*,
Mimi does the same.



When I move,
Mimi is following me.
She is copying me.
Out of the corner of my eye,
I make gestures
to see if I can trick her.



My friend begins to fade away.

When I stop,

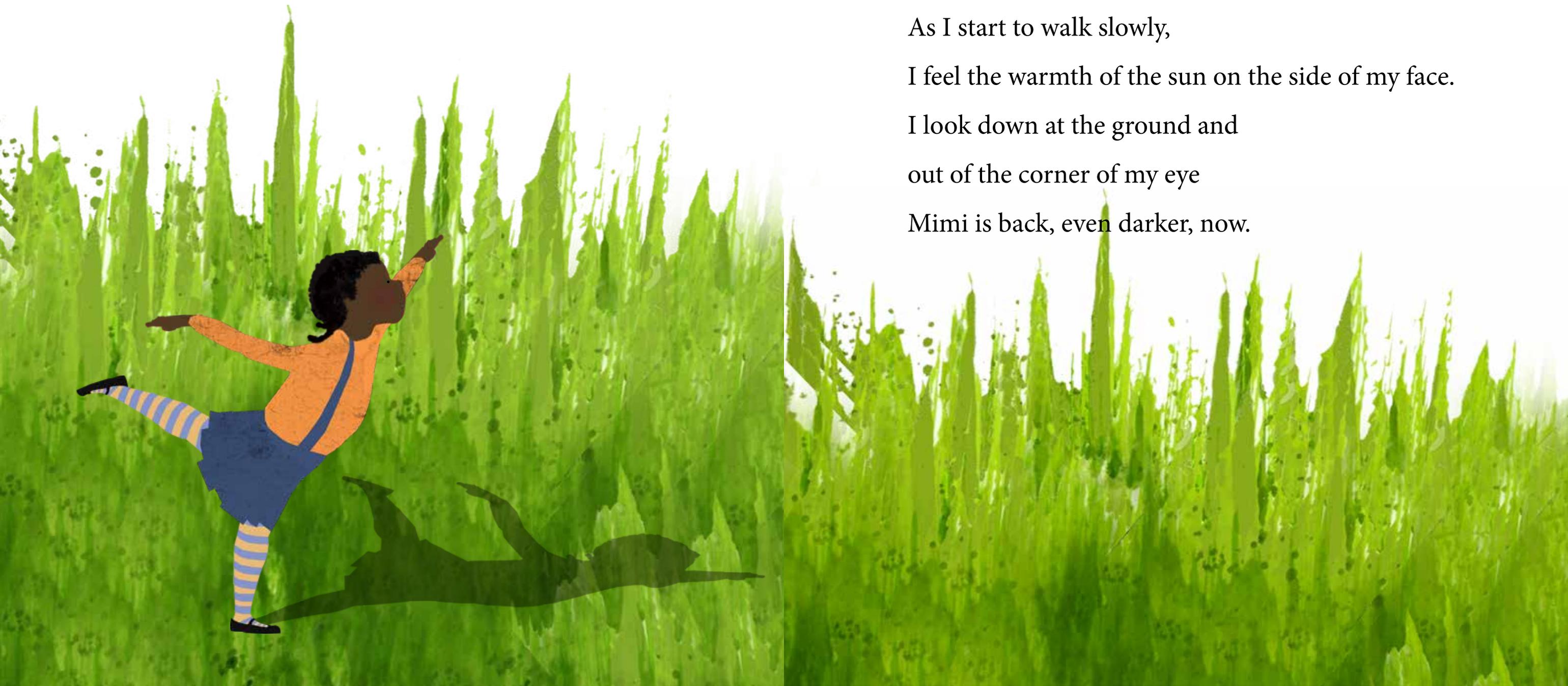
Mimi is gone.

When I twirl around and
look out of the corner of my eye,
she is still not there.

I am sad.



The sun slid behind a cloud
on this partly sunny, mostly cloudy day
and my friend slid away from *me*.



As I start to walk slowly,
I feel the warmth of the sun on the side of my face.
I look down at the ground and
out of the corner of my eye
Mimi is back, even darker, now.

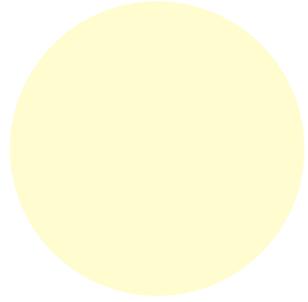
If I separate us,

what would I do?

If I chase her, would I be able to catch her?

I think it is better *the way it is*.





I stoop down in the tall grass,
and pluck a perfect dandelion, full and puffy.

Slowly, I protect it.

The wind might blow my dandelion apart.



I stand.

I turn to the side to see

Mimi out of the corner of my eye.

I hold the dandelion high,

tilt it to my lips, and blow.

All of the flower's white seeds take to the air.





The seeds blow away from Mimi and from me.

We shared the wind on this partly sunny, mostly cloudy day.