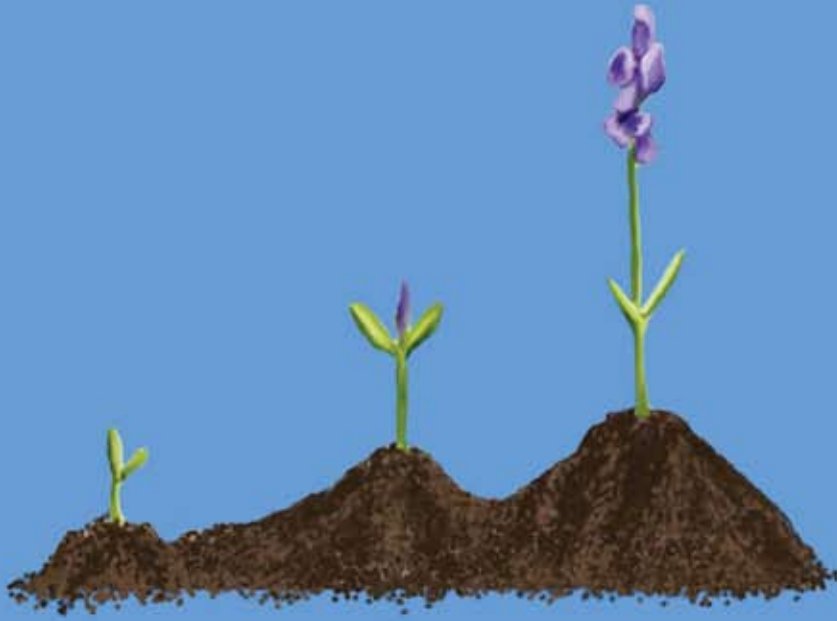


To all the amazing children at St Jude's  
and  
with many thanks to the staff  
for keeping my family whole.



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# The Argument

by

**Annie Harmon**



GENERAL

OPEN

cats and dogs  
on sale-  
Sudden overstock  
predicted!



umbrella  
blowout  
sale!



It was a cloudy, windy, sunny,  
mixed-up sort of day when  
Sara Hamilton marched out of  
the general store and ran smack  
into old Max McGregor.

Old Max said, "I see you just bought an umbrella."

Sarah nodded. "Mama says it's going to rain.  
But I think the sky's just foolin' us."

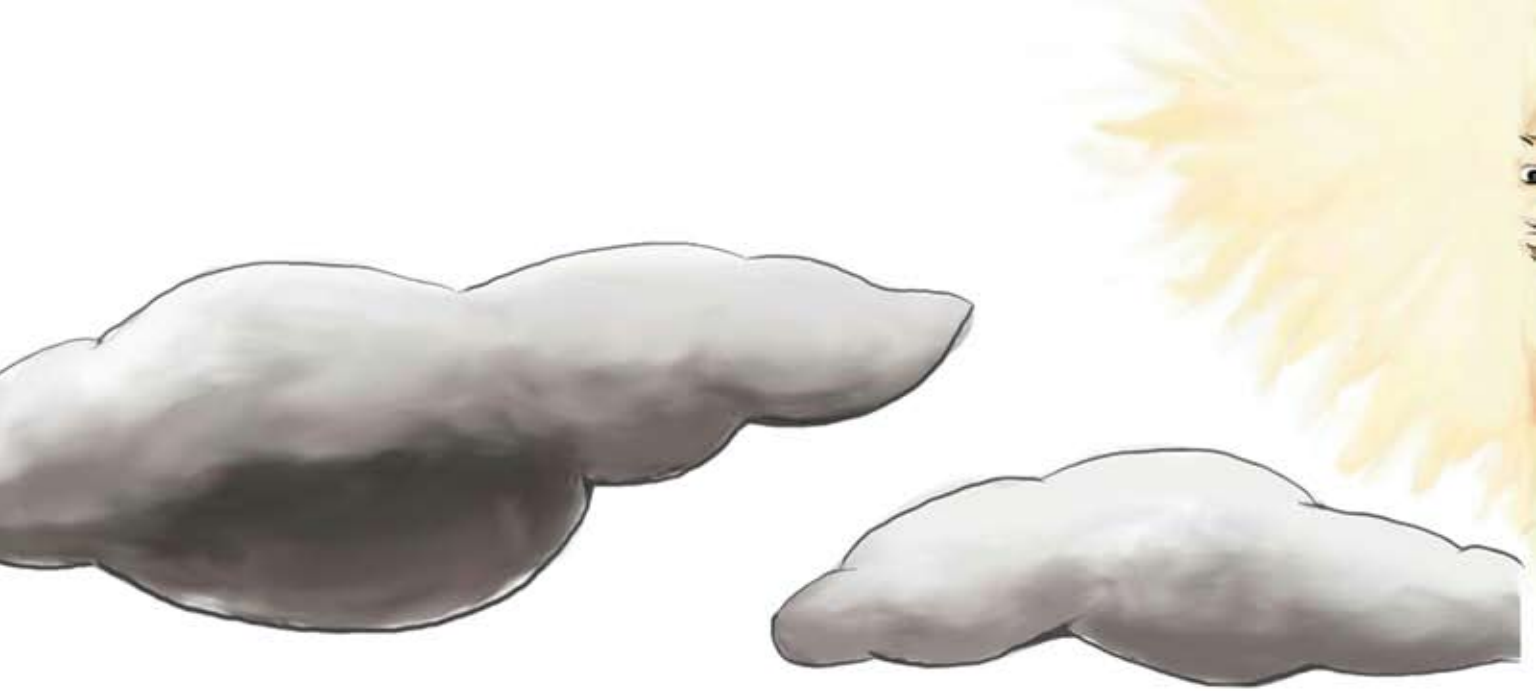
"Could be," old Max said.  
"You never can tell who's going to win the argument."

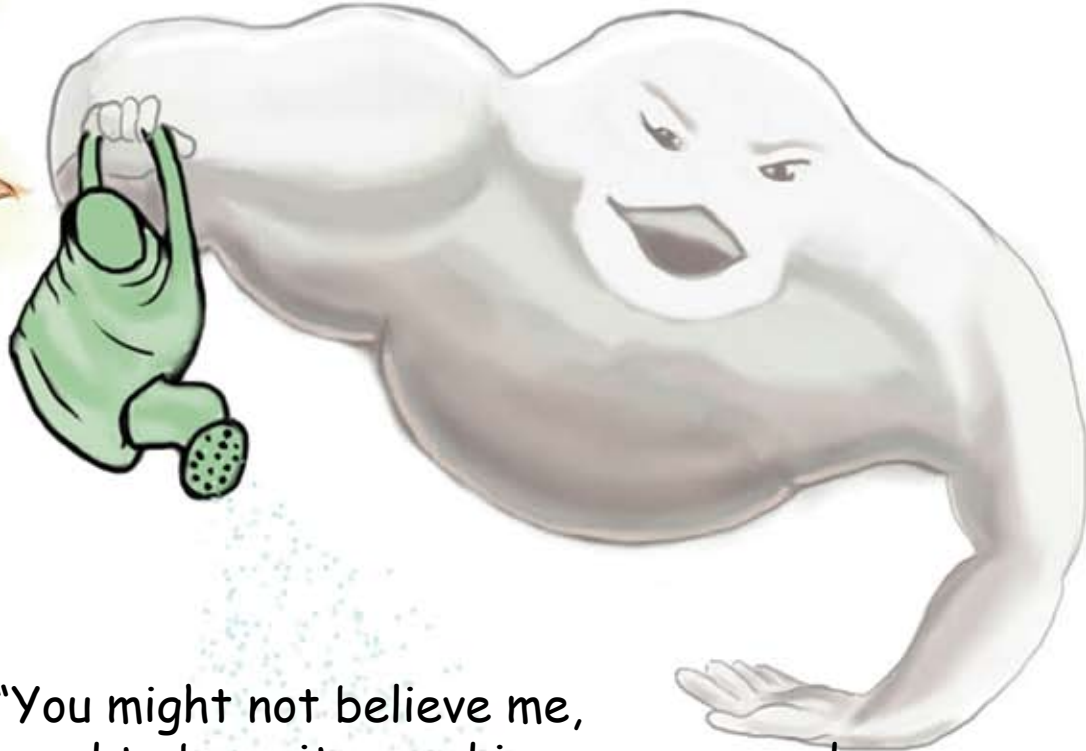




"Argument?" she asked. "Who's arguing?"

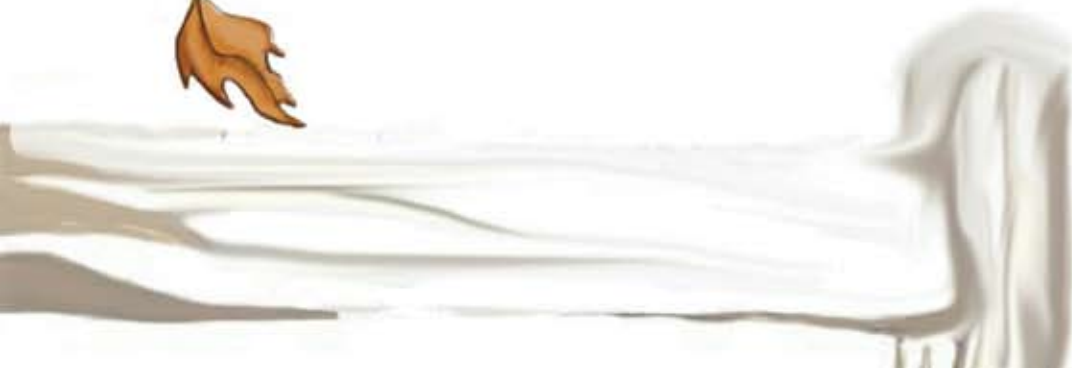
"Why, **THEY'RE** arguing, of course,"  
Max nodded toward the sky.






"You might not believe me,  
but my hearing used to be quite good in my younger days.  
And one day I heard the rain bragging  
to the sun because he could make the seeds sprout.

And don't get me wrong, he could.  
The rain came down like  
a velvety curtain and  
softened the dirt.  
Next thing I knew,  
a little seed was sprouting up."







Then the sun pushed those rain clouds out  
of the way.

I am more  
powerful,  
he said.

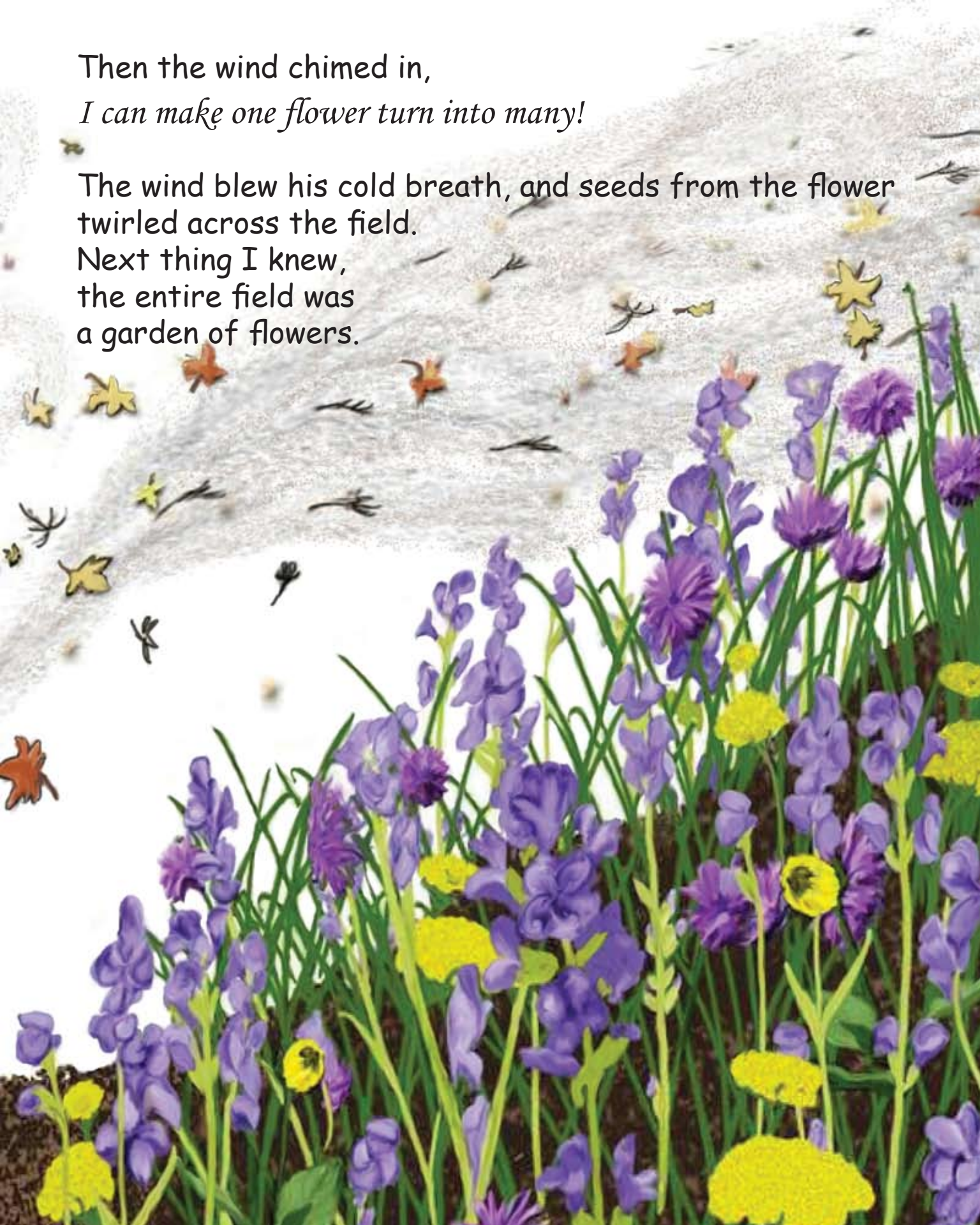
The sun shimmered over the ground,  
and the little sprout stretched into a  
beautiful flower.

See?  
The sun smugly announced,  
I have made it grow.



Then the wind chimed in,  
*I can make one flower turn into many!*

The wind blew his cold breath, and seeds from the flower  
twirled across the field.  
Next thing I knew,  
the entire field was  
a garden of flowers.





"About that time, my sister Emma came out of the house. She saw the pretty field of flowers growing, ran right over, and started picking them.

"Now she never could hear as good as me, so I don't s'pose she heard what was said after she picked all those flowers. But I did."

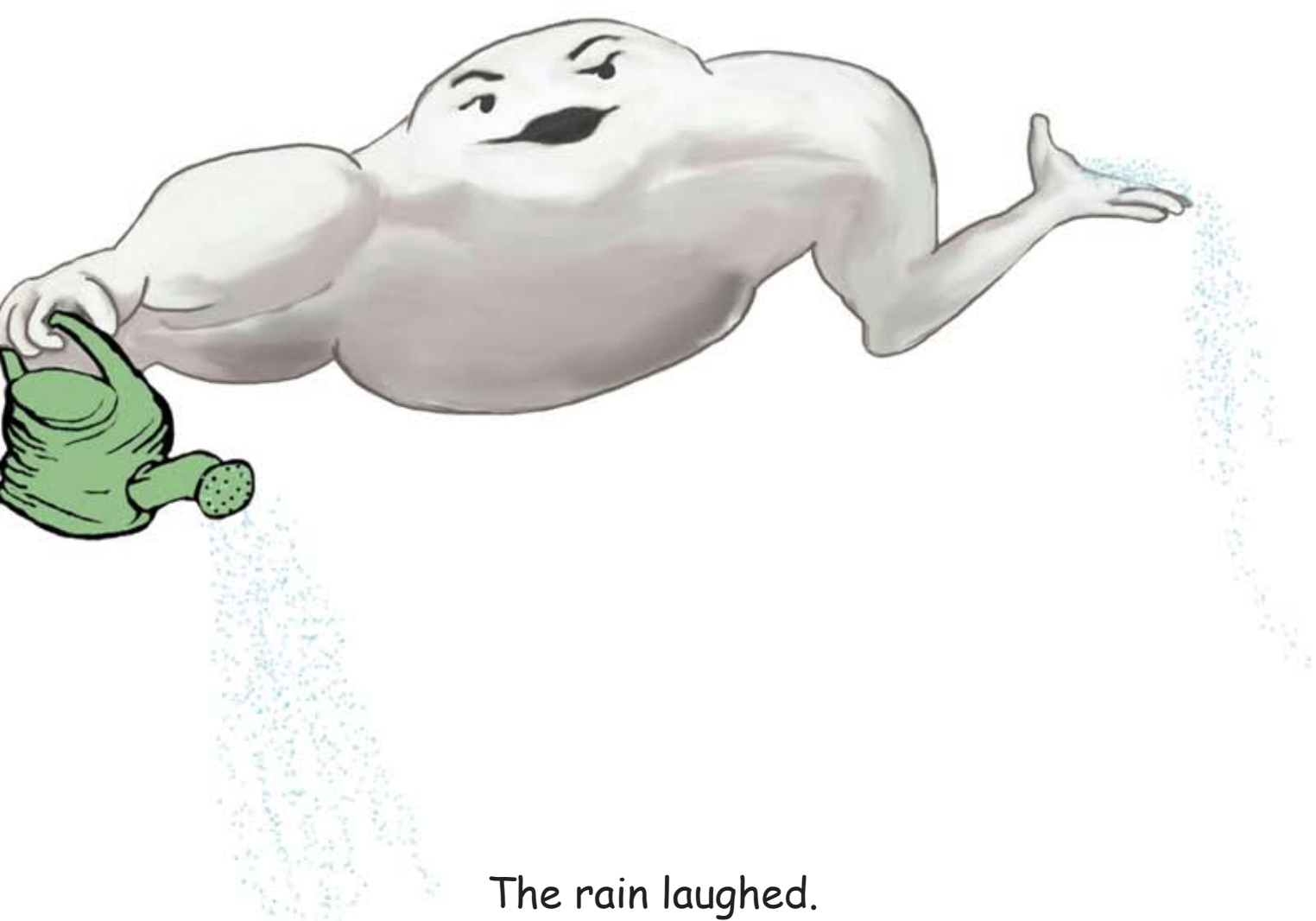
It was the sun who spoke up first:

Look!

What we have made, the little girl has taken. She must also be powerful!







The rain laughed.

If I can make her sprout  
then she is no more powerful than the flowers.

The rain kissed her shoulders with soft,  
wet drops and Emma was tickled with joy.  
She started jumping up and down in the puddles.

See!  
the rain exclaimed when he saw her rise up,  
Look at how she sprouts!



After that it became a contest.

The sun said,  
What you can make sprout,  
I can make grow.  
And he shined brightly down on Emma.

Emma stopped jumping around  
and held her hands up into the air,  
trying to reach the rain that was no longer there.

That was all the sun needed to see.  
He turned and gloated.  
See! I have made her grow tall!





It certainly must have looked that way  
because the wind bellowed,  
*What you can make grow, I can spread across the field.*

He blew his cold breath over Emma.  
What cold breath it was!  
Emma huddled down to keep herself warm,  
but it wasn't long before she gave up  
and ran back into the house.

The wind calmed, and turned to the rain.  
*Yes! I am powerful. I made her fly across the ground.*



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