

BROTHER

NATURE



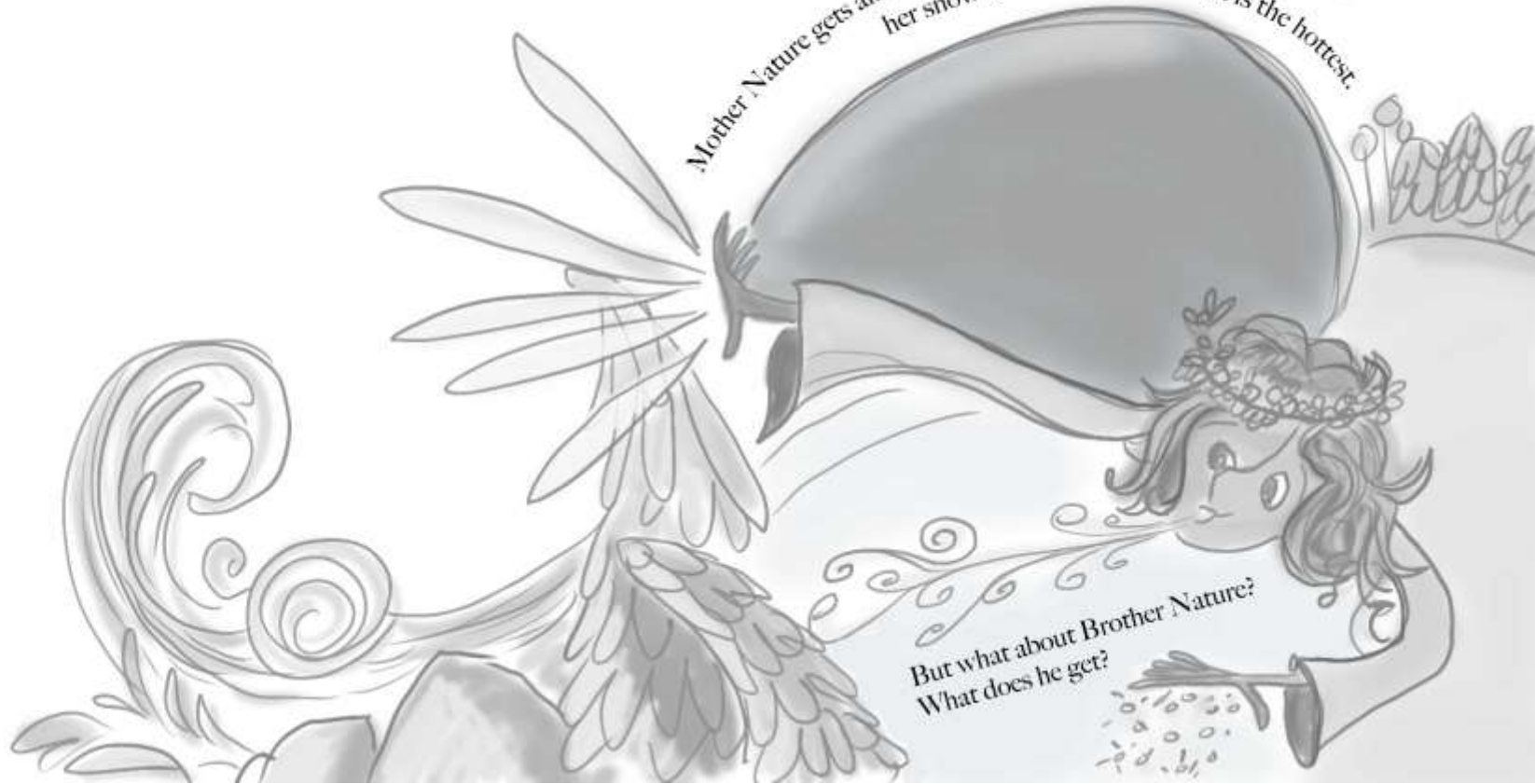
PATRICK * GUINDON



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BROTHER NATURE

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*Mother Nature gets all the credit. Her winds are the wildest,
her snow is the coldest, her heat is the hottest.*

*But what about Brother Nature?
What does he get?*



Nothing. He gets nothing.

No attention,

no accolades,

no credit.

How do I know?

Well, I **am** Brother Nature.



Now that Mom's retiring,
Sister Nature is next in line for
the job. She may be older,
but I'm better.



I can handle the job.



Sister Nature just follows me around all day, reporting everything
I do to Mom. If she's going to do that, I'm going to make it worth
her time ... and mine!

I've decided to use this opportunity
to showcase my skills.



Maybe YOU can help?

I've got a plan.

It's a wild plan.


A clever plan.

A serious and
secret plan.

Are you in?

You are? Excellent. Let's get started.





Here's the deal: we're giving Sister Nature a winter storm.
Enough to freeze her tattling tongue and impress
Mother Nature. We'll start with a breeze ...

Could you blow on Sister Nature?

Now let's increase that breeze to a gale.

Blow
as **hard** as
you can.





Nice! You're doing great.
Next, we'll turn down the heat.
Go and put this book in the freezer.

Just kidding! We actually need to make it snow. Can you
shake the book to make the snow fall?



We'll need some freezing rain to show her this storm is serious. Freezing rain is best if it's really noisy.

Pat your hands against your lap, over and over and over, faster and faster and faster.



I think we've got enough snow and ice on the mountain. Time for an avalanche. Flip the book around and knock on the sides to get things moving.

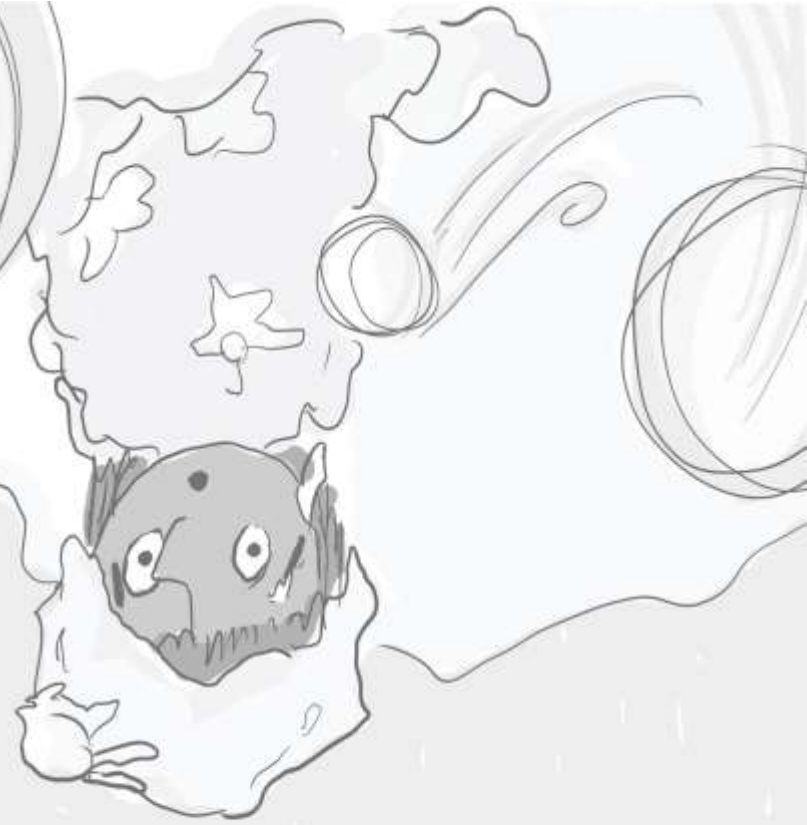
We're just about done, but let's give her one final taste of winter.
Toss some snowballs her way!




Quick! Flip the book back around!
Mom!
Oh no.



I SEE YOU'RE HAVING
A GOOD TIME.





I know I said I wanted to show her what I could do, but ... did you ever do something and realize maybe it wasn't the best idea?

Why did you encourage this wild plan, anyway?


YOU CAN'T BE STARTING RANDOM WINTERS.
WHAT ABOUT THE FLOWERS? WHAT ABOUT THE TREES?
THE BEARS AND THE BUGS AND ALL THE BUSY BEES?
NOW THEY'RE CONFUSED.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR SISTER? SHE'S FREEZING!
NOW CLEAN UP THIS MESS.

I don't know why **I** have to do all of this.

You **did** play a part in it!





I'm really sorry, Mom. I just wanted to show you what I could do.

I can manage Spring! No - I can manage all four seasons! Oh! I know. I could be responsible for all four seasons, the oceans and moving avalanches! And I could -

MAYBE WHAT YOU NEED IS A JOB. SOMETHING TO FOCUS ON. SOME RESPONSIBILITY.

LET'S START WITH THE OCEAN SHORES. YOU CAN MANAGE THOSE.

Mother Nature may still get all the credit ...

... but at least I get to have some fun.

Psst! Could you tip
this book just a
little for me?

