

Name Klyner Harrell

Contact information: \_\_\_\_\_  
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By signing this release form, I authorize Jana Harper to use my name, picture, and cloud story.

Signature: Klyner Harrell

My Cloud Story:

When I was nine or ten and my sister was three or four, Mom was having to work two jobs so Dad was the one at home most of the time. So a lot of the time I was having to keep the little one entertained and so we would go out and look at the clouds. Okay...so...I'm one of those klutzy people. I'm gonna say this and am gonna have to explain immediately after: I stabbed myself in the arm making Kool-aid. I'm talking to my little sister and I go and stab myself in the arm. I'm kinda in shock for a couple seconds, and my little sister starts crying, and I'm like, "Dad? We need to go to the hospital." I was kinda nonchalant about the whole thing, but Bella was freaking out. So we were in the car driving there and I was trying to think of something to help calm my little sister down. I was like, "Bella...look...that cloud looks like a bird. That one looks like a cat." And it seemed to work. She managed to stop crying right when we got to the hospital. I don't know. I just remember I had a dish towel clamped to my arm and as we were walking into the hospital, my little sister was like, "Can we go back outside? I want to look at more clouds." But I managed to keep her calm with clouds. Now she's too cool to hang out with her big brother. But still, sometimes when we're at a park we'll look at clouds.