

Hailing rain, flashing lightening,
and booming thunder pounded the door,
inviting themselves in for the blessed event.

She (the infant) took ahold of that lightening,
rolled it into a ball, and set it above her shoulder,
while the thunder echoed out over the other.

Overcome with that love, they (ma and pa) lifted
their voices in song, an old song and a melody so
sweet and true—a lullaby passed down from the
ages, echoing since the beginning of time.

"I'll register it here at the bull's-eye set in the
center of my heart, and see what I can do with
it one day!" (said Rose).

And true to her word, Rose did *more*
than grown good and strong.

She (Rose) constructed a thunderbolt as black as pitch to punctuate her name.

The mighty sun was draining the moisture out of every living thing it touched.

Suddenly a rotating column of air came whirling and swirling around, picking up everything in its path.

Oh, this riled Rose so much, she became the only two-legged tempest to walk the western plains.

And Rose realized that by reaching into her own heart to bring forth the music that was there, she had even touched the hearts of the clouds.