

Briefly I say the tale of a girl, shaped a doll, and made up of some pottery soil. she was too silent to speak aloud; too calm that anyone would think she was dump. She was full memories taking her many years ago. She just laughed when it rained. The poet asked her in a letter why she was so happy after raining. she just smiled and wrote nothing but posted some mud via a letter. Our poet couldn't understand why she had sent some mud.

The doll's owner was a 16 years old girl, who liked her doll more than anything else. She decided to rub on her potter _ made doll's clothes some wet wheat seeds. Then she put her doll out of the window' behind the frame

of her room window. she made her doll a pretty song, "You'll be green, my bride!

You'll sit in 7 - siins sufrah on Eve!

Be sure! This is the last night that you remain outside alone!"

The girl soon fell asleep.

All night long it rained and rained ceaselessly. The potter - made doll ruined and just left some wheat seeds which were hewly at sunrise got green.

Tomorrow when the girl woke up, the doll had gone!

As if the rain song was more heartfelt than the girl's.

Potter Made Doll

Translate this passage and send us. The best traslation will have a prize!

