

## LESSON 3

Dear Diary,

Last night I placed my head on my white pillow case. When I woke up this morning my silhouette was the only white on my pillow.

Last night there was another storm, but no rain. I heard the wind howling and shaking the windows. Even though my windows were closed tight, the wind pushed the dust in through invisible cracks.

The dust must have been so tired of the wind chasing it that it decided to lay itself down to rest on my bed and on me.

Outside, drifts reach almost to the window of the shed. No, it didn't snow; it was soil piling up outside the window. Good topsoil!

Usually good for growing corn and wheat and beans, but no good when the wind has it on the run.

If only it would rain. We keep putting seeds in the ground but the ground doesn't stay put! Yesterday morning there was so much soil in the air that it blocked the sun. Everything seems upside down.

Morning is like evening. The sky is filled with soil instead of rain.

Seeds are floating in the air instead of taking root in the earth.

If only it would rain. Rain would make soil and seeds lie down. If the seeds could just lie still long enough to sprout, their roots would hug the soil. All of us would be happy then. Tomorrow we will try again even though Pa says the seeds will most likely blow right on down the road with the soil. If these seeds don't stay, Pa says neither will we.