

# Nimbu and the Not-Out Thunderstorm



— When a close gully cricket call brings out a tiny parking lot cloudburst, friends discover that kindness is the ultimate match-winner. —



Nimbu and the Not-Out Thunderstorm  
A Soft Weirds Gully Cricket Match



## Parking Lot Pitch

It was a bright, breezy morning in the apartment courtyard.

Bunubu set up three bright orange plastic wickets against a grey car parked in the shade.

Nimbu floated near the crease, his neon-yellow cloud body bouncing with excitement.



## The Big Delivery

Luluma took the soft red tennis ball and ran back to bowl.

Her braided pigtails flew high as she tossed the ball forward with a giant swing.

Bunubu stood ready with his wooden bat, his ears twitching with focus.



# The Wicket Strike

\*Thwack! Clack!\*

The ball skimmed past the bat and nicked the edge of the plastic stumps.

The wickets tipped over onto the concrete parking space.

“Out!” yelled all the neighborhood kids from the apartment stairwell.



## Not Out!

“Not out!” cried Nimbu, his watery blue eyes widening.

“The wind tipped them over, not the ball!”

His pale neon-yellow mist began to puff up tightly with worry, turning a slightly darker shade.



## The Static Stress

Nimbu got so stressed that his lightning hat gave a sharp \*crackle-buzz\*.

He didn't mean to be angry, but he wanted to play so badly.

Suddenly, tiny puffs of dark grey vapor began to escape from his yellow cheeks.



## Tiny Thunder-Blasts

**\*Rumble-bumble-POP!\***

A series of tiny, harmless thunder-blasts popped right over the cricket pitch. They sounded like miniature firecrackers, making the fallen wickets dance across the pavement. The other children stepped back into the lobby.



## The Rain Puffs

Nimbu's eyes filled with big, heavy droplets.

\*Drip, drop, drizzle.\*

A little rain puff broke out right over the batsman's line, making a small puddle on the concrete.

Nimbu hid behind his misty arms, feeling lonely and confused.



## Luluma's Approach

Luluma didn't shout about the ruined game.  
She walked right into the drizzle, her pink ribbons  
damp but cheerful.  
She held her open hands up to the yellow cloud  
toddler.



## The Fair Play Talk

“It is just a close call, Nimbu,” Luluma whispered in her soft, cozy voice.

“A game can be replayed, but our hearts need to stay connected.”

Nimbu’s gold lightning hat stopped buzzing, listening closely.



## The Slicker Umbrella

Bunubu hopped over, unbuttoning his sky-blue rain slicker.

He stretched it over the fallen stumps to keep them dry.

“If it’s too close to call, we can just do a friendly re-ball!” Bunubu cheered, his perky ear perking higher.



## Emotional Repair

Nimbu took a deep, soft breath.  
His dark grey vapor cleared away, and his body  
turned back to a beautiful, bright sunny yellow.  
“A re-ball?” Nimbu whispered. “That sounds very  
fair.”



## The Match Continues

Luluma stood back at the bowling crease, smiling wide.

Bunubu set the orange stumps back up on their base.

The neighborhood kids ran back down the stairs, cheering for the new delivery.



## A Sunny High-Five

This time, Bunubu hit the ball high into the air!

\*Whack!\*

Nimbu floated up and caught it with a soft, misty puff, then drifted down to give Bunubu a happy high-five.

Nobody cared who was out or not out anymore; they were just glad to be a team.



## Cozy Courtyard Sleep

That night, the apartment parking lot grew quiet and still under the moon.

Bunubu curled up tightly in his burrow bed, his bat resting by the wall.

And up in the bedroom, Luluma slept soundly while Nimbu floated right above her pillow like a soft, perfectly peaceful neon nightlight.



## About the Author

### Vijay Kukreja



Vijay is a creative writer, technologist, and storyteller who enjoys turning simple ideas into imaginative stories for young readers. His stories are shaped by his own experiences, observations, family life, and curiosity about how technology can support human creativity.

With the help of AI tools, Vijay explores characters, scenes, visuals, and story worlds in new ways. He uses these tools not as a replacement for imagination, but as a creative partner to help bring playful ideas to life.

His goal is to create fun, warm, and engaging stories that children can enjoy, parents can share, and families can read together.



# The End

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