



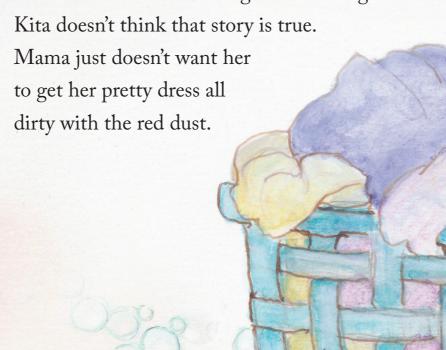


Mama tells Kita not to make red dust clouds.

Mama says if the red dust cloud grows,

it will become a Dust Eater.

Dust Eaters swallow little girls in one big bite.



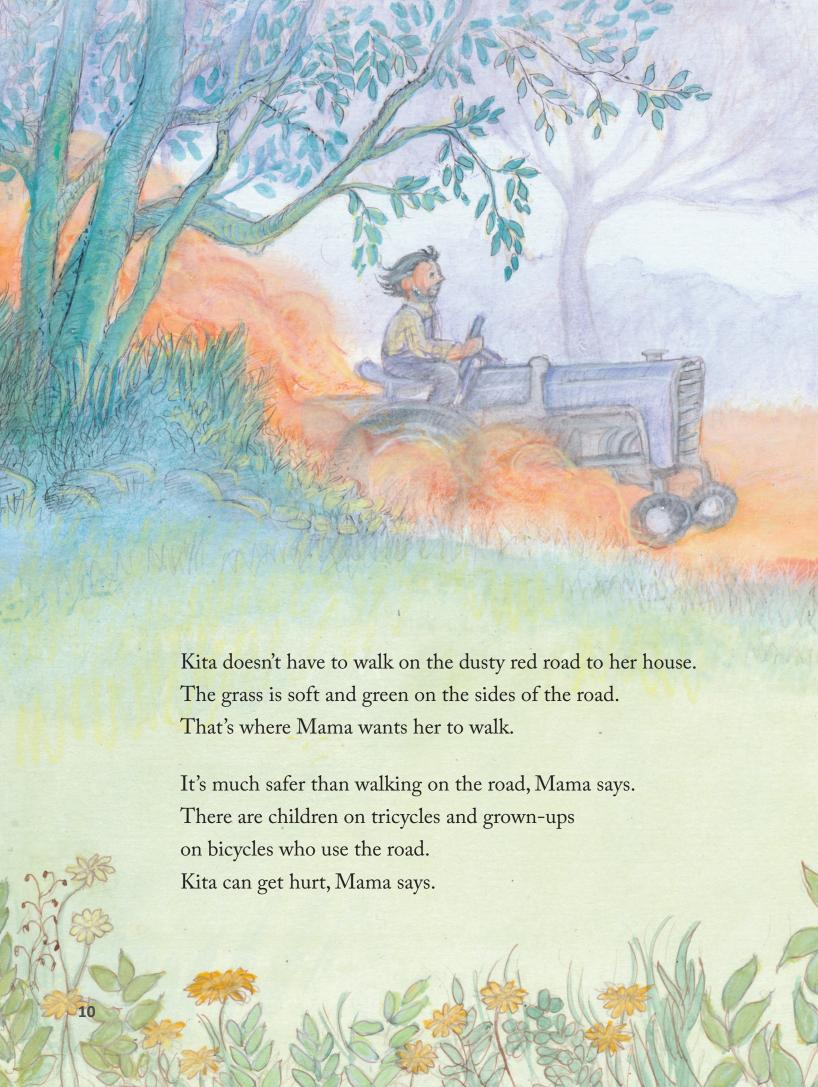


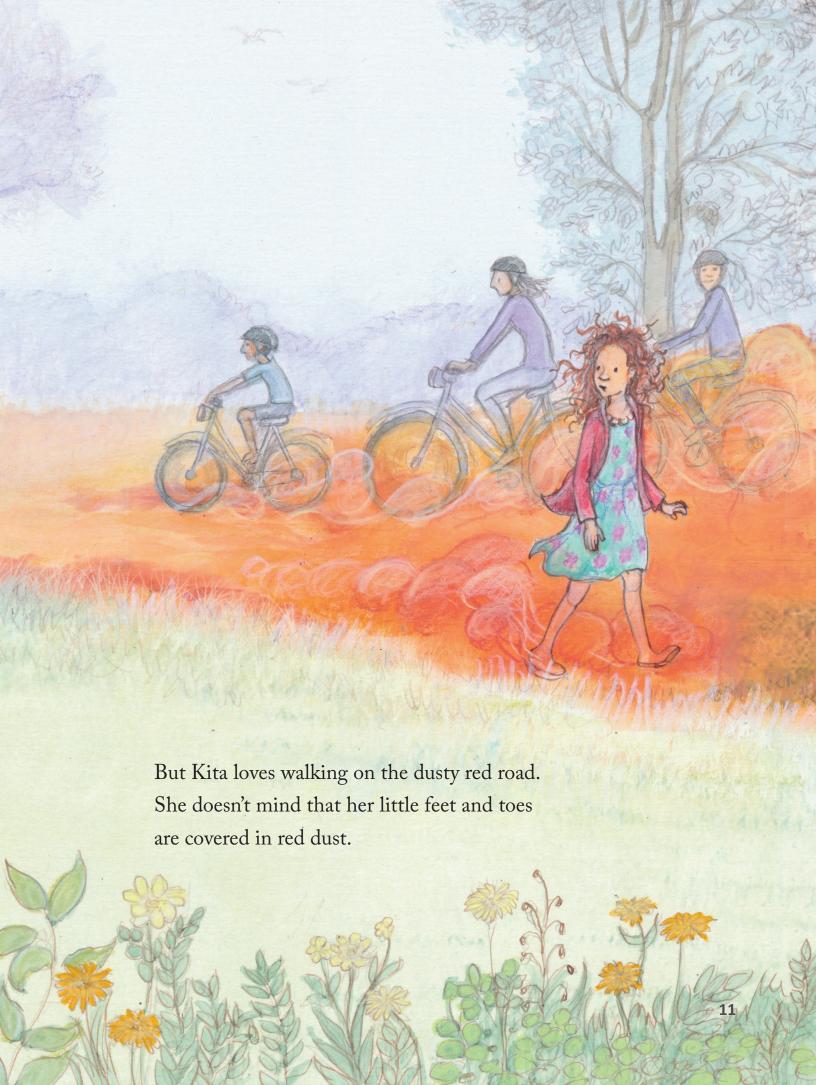


She stomps down her right foot.

DOOF! POOF!

The red cloud doesn't get bigger. Her feet just turn redder as she kicks up more dust.





Kita doesn't like the red road after it rains. Then it's not dusty anymore. Then it is all muddy.

Then the path to Kita's home looks like a line of wet red paint, and there are little red puddles along the way.

If Kita steps into a red puddle, it sploshes up her legs, past her knees and sometimes makes red blobs on her pretty dress.

She doesn't like that. Mama doesn't like it either.

It means Mama has to scrub her dress twice as hard to get the red mud off.