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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

The Wind

Once upon a time, in a small village nestled between hills and valleys, the children were curious about the wind that blew through their land. They often asked each other, "Which way does the wind come? Which way does he go?" Nobody seemed to have an answer, so they decided to find out for themselves.

The wind, a mysterious and playful force, rode over the water and the snow. It would sweep through the village, rustling leaves and making the wind chimes sing. The children, fascinated by its presence, decided to follow the wind on its journey.

As they ventured beyond the village, the wind led them through woods and valleys, and even over the heights that the agile goats could not climb. The children marveled at the wind's strength and grace as they continued to follow it.

They noticed that the wind would often rage and toss in every bare tree, creating a symphony of whispers and rustles. The children would look up and watch the wind dance among the branches, enchanting them with its mysterious ways.

But as they traveled, they soon realized that finding out where the wind came from and where it went was no simple task. No matter how far they ventured or how many questions they asked, the answer always seemed just out of reach. One day, they met an old scholar who had spent his entire life studying the wind. They eagerly asked him



about the wind's origin and destination, but even he admitted that he didn't know the answers. "There is never a scholar in this world that knows," he told them. Although the

children were disappointed, they soon realized that the wind's mystery was part of its charm.