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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Windy the North Wind

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, where white fluffy clouds played hide and seek with the sun, and the northern lights danced to the tune of the midnight melody, there lived a sprightly wind named Windy.

Windy was not your everyday wind, he was the North Wind, the harbinger of the winter season.

One day, the sun woke up late, yawning and stretching lazily across the sky. It seemed to have forgotten its duty to warm the earth. Taking this as a sign, Windy knew it was time to bring in the winter. "It's time to visit my friends down in the valley," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

As Windy blew across the lands, his cold and raw breath touched the earth. Trees shivered, and leaves rustled, whispering, "Winter's on its way." Windy's journey was long and tiring, but he had an important task to complete. He was determined to make the land ready for winter.

One morning, early when the rooster's crow was barely heard, Windy reached the valley. All was still and quiet. The grass, the trees, and the hills, everyone was sleeping. He chuckled, "Wake up, my friends! Winter's here," and blew a gust of icy wind that swirled around the valley. The valley woke up with a start and looked around, confused.

The hills, standing tall and mighty, were the first to feel Windy's cold touch. "Brrrr!" they shivered. Their green coats vanished, replaced by sparkling white capes of snow. They looked so beautiful, standing there, covered in a thick blanket of frost and snow, like giant guardians dressed for a royal ball.



The valley, which was green and blooming till yesterday, was now painted white. Everyone was surprised but realized that Windy, the North Wind, had visited them. "Winter's now come fairly," they all said, looking at their snowy attire. The children in the valley were the happiest, for they knew, with winter

came the fun of snowball fights and ice sledding. Thus, every year, Windy's arrival marked the beginning of the festive winter season. He brought with him the joy of the holidays, the beauty of the snow, and the warmth of the hearth. Even though his touch was cold and raw, Windy held a special place in everyone's heart because, without him, winter would not come at all.