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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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## The Lull In The Wind

Once upon a time, there was a grand old Hall, that stood tall and proud among the towering trees. The Hall had seen many seasons change, its stone walls weathered, but it stood firm.

One evening, a fierce storm began. Oo-oo! How the wind blew! It swept around the Hall, causing the doors to slam and the windows to shake. A dead tree limb fell to the ground with a loud crash, and the big branches of the trees surrounding the Hall creaked and moaned. The wind did not stop there. It rained down dry leaves like a stormy shower, making the ivied towers of the Hall shiver. It howled down the chimney like a wild beast trapped inside. Oo-oo! How the wind blew! Suddenly, the tempest's roaring fury turned into a whisper, a sigh, giving a brief moment of calm. But before anyone could breathe a sigh of relief, it came rushing back, as fierce and as strong as ever. Oo-oo! How the wind blew!

Inside the Hall, a group of guests sat, their hearts beating in tune with the storm's rhythm. Amid the storm, the Aunt's Scottish Maid entered the Hall on an errand. But as she stepped inside, she seemed to forget why she was there. Her eyes had a dreamy glaze, as if she was somewhere else entirely.

You see, the Maid was from Scotland, where she had grown up listening to the lullaby of the wild winds. The

gusts took her back to her childhood – roaming the moorlands and rugged hillsides, accompanied by the wind. By the fire made of peat in her home, she would sit and listen to the eerie tales told by her mother, the stories that would come alive in the roaring wind. Recognizing the Maid's entranced state, the Aunt proposed a suggestion. "Let the Maid stay and tell us a tale, if none object." The Squire, agreeing, said, "Indeed, let the Maid stay." And so, as the wild wind died down to a sudden lull, her voice filled the silence.

The guests sat enraptured, the wind's wild lullaby providing a rhythmic background to the tales of the past. The Scottish Maid wove a tale of a brave child and a kind king, her voice rising and falling with the wind's tune. And thus, a stormy night became a magical evening of tales and shared memories, the wind's lullaby resonating in their hearts long after the storm had passed.

