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The Naughty Breezes

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On a busy afternoon, Mr. North Wind had a great deal of work to do — knocking down old, dangerous branches in the woods before they could fall on anyone's head.

"Be good while I'm gone," he told his children, the young Breezes. "I haven't time to watch you."

The Breezes looked at each other the moment he left.

"Let's do some work too," said one.

"What sort?" said another.

"Let's go exploring and find out."

They drifted through the streets and past the open windows of offices, and one of the Breezes was just remarking that there didn't seem to be very much to do when a pile of papers on a nearby desk began to flutter and scatter.

The Breezes stopped and stared.

"Let's blow papers!" they cried.

And that was the end of any useful intentions for the rest of the afternoon. From window to window they flew, scattering papers from every desk they found, laughing while the clerks lunged after their documents. They had a marvellous time.

That is why every desk has paperweights. Someone had to invent them eventually, because the Breezes have never really grown up.



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