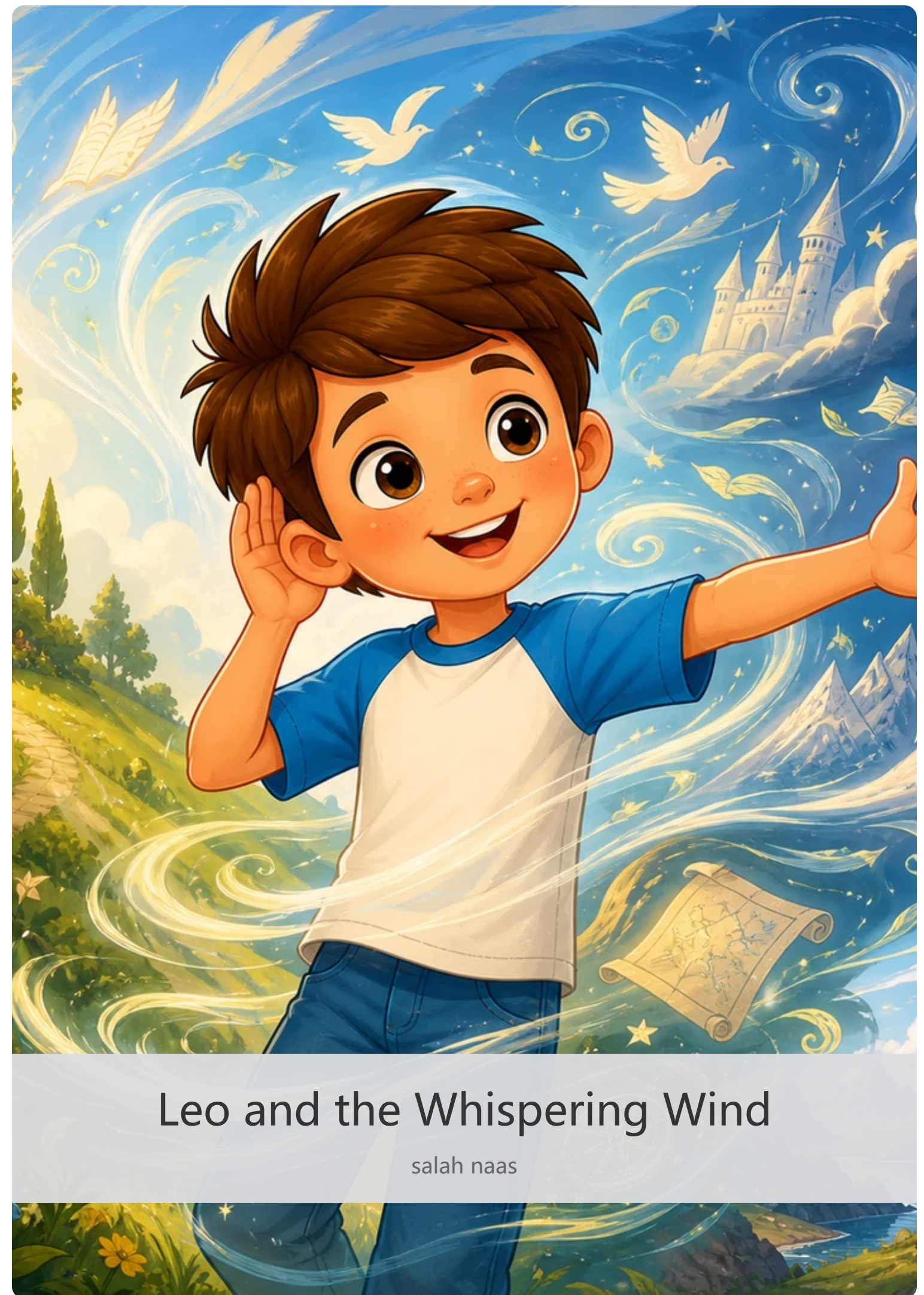




Leo and the Whispering Wind

salah naas



Leo was a boy who felt the wind differently. When others ran from gusts or buttoned up against breezes, Leo would spread his arms wide and listen. For him, the wind wasn't just moving air; it was a silent friend, a whisperer of secrets from far-off lands.



He knew the wind in all its moods. The soft morning breeze felt like a cool kiss on his cheek, bringing the scent of dew-covered flowers. But the fierce, wild wind of a storm made his heart race with excitement, promising adventures across the ocean.



On sunny afternoons, the wind would playfully tug at his shirt or send dry leaves dancing in circles around him. Leo would giggle and chase them, feeling the wind guiding his every step as if it were leading him to hidden treasures.



But the wind could also be powerful and unpredictable. During winter, it roared through the trees like a giant, bending the branches and making the windows rattle. Leo watched from inside, wondering what message the wind carried across the frozen landscape.



He spent hours wondering where the wind came from and where it went. He imagined it travelling from high mountains, across vast deserts, to the deepest oceans, picking up whispers of stories all along its way.



One day, a especially persistent breeze brought something unexpected. It dropped a beautiful, iridescent feather right into Leo's lap, a token from a bird that must have flown higher than anyone could see.



Whether happy or sad, the wind was always there. When he felt lonely, a soft rustle in the trees felt like a comforting hug. And when he felt joyful, the wind would lift his kite high, high into the blue sky.



Leo began to understand the language of the wind. A sudden cold gust meant rain was coming; a warm breeze from the south brought promises of long summer days. He learned to listen to its whispers and read its movements.



He shared his love for the wind with everyone. He taught his friends how to build kites and sail small boats on the pond, guiding them with the wind's gentle push. He showed them that the wind, though invisible, could create magic.



For Leo, the wind was a reminder that the world was vast and full of wonders. And every time a new breeze would touch his face, he knew another adventure was about to begin, carried on the wings of the wind he loved so much.