



Wind

Ursula Nafula

English

The wind roars.

It roars past our home.





The wind is powerful.

It tears my kite from
my hand.

I run after my kite.

The wind blows me
away from the kite!





The wind becomes
a tornado.

It carries my kite
higher and higher.

The tornado
swallows me up!

I see nothing,
I touch nothing.





Where is my kite now?

Perhaps it is caught
in a tree.

Perhaps my kite is
still flying in the sky.





The wind finally
dies down.

I am still spinning.

When I stop spinning
I look around.

Where did the wind go?





I cannot see my
kite anywhere.

I cannot hear the
wind anymore.

Perhaps tomorrow
I will find my kite.





Now, I must go home,
before the wind starts
to roar again.

Wind

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