



Vayu, the wind

Madhuri Pai and Rohini

Nilekani

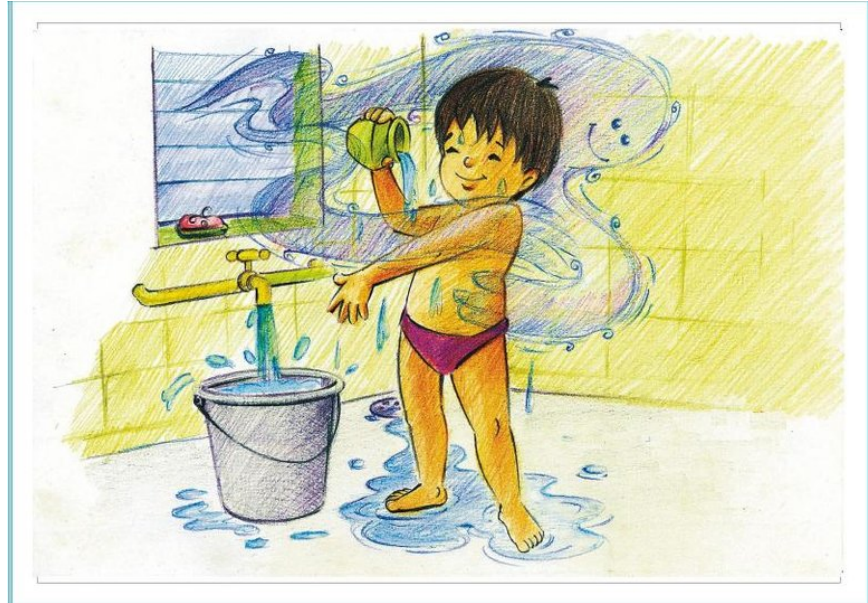
English

Everytime I finish my hot, hot bath.

My wet body feels so cool, cool
cool.

What makes that happen?

Vayu, the wind!





The milk in my cup - too hot, too hot.

But soon it is ready for me to gulp.

Who makes that happen?

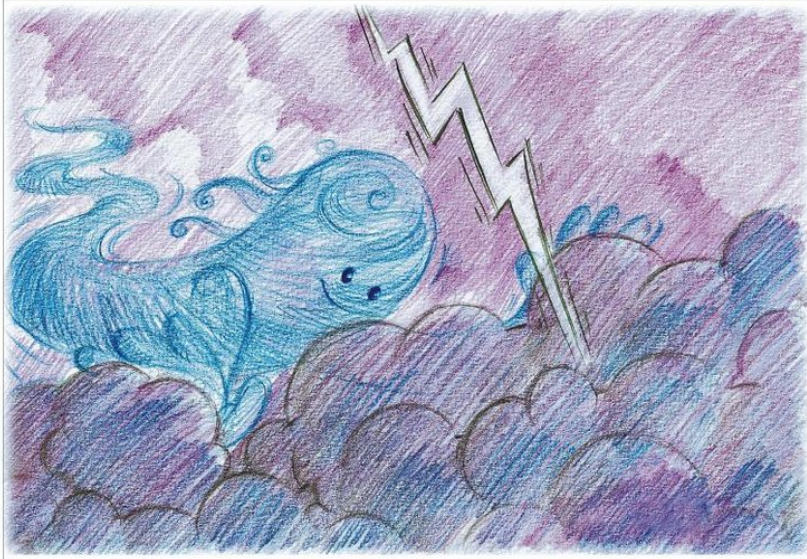
Vayu, the wind!

The window curtains flutter and
gently brush my face.

Who makes it happen?

Vayu, the wind!





A bolt of lightning far away.

Black clouds moving my way.

Who makes that happen?

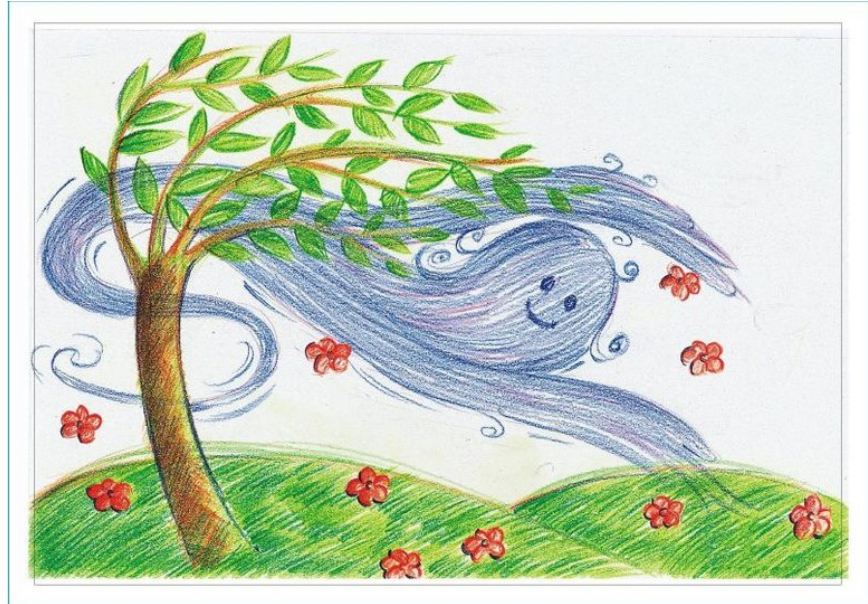
Vayu, the wind!

Branches sway and leaves tremble.

Flowers gently fall.

Who did it all?

Vayu, the wind!





Far from the house, we are playing,
yet, I can smell the sweets mother is
preparing.

Who makes it happen?

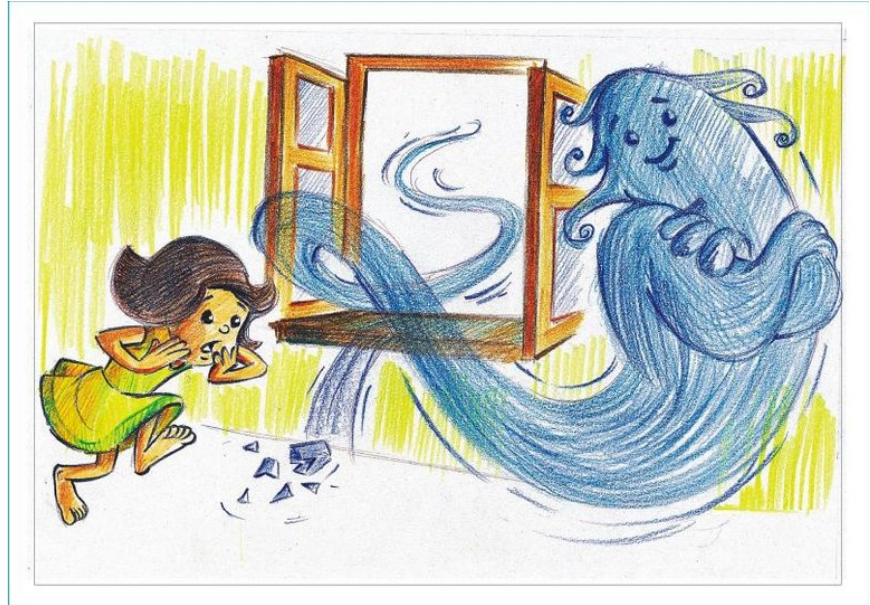
Vayu, the wind!

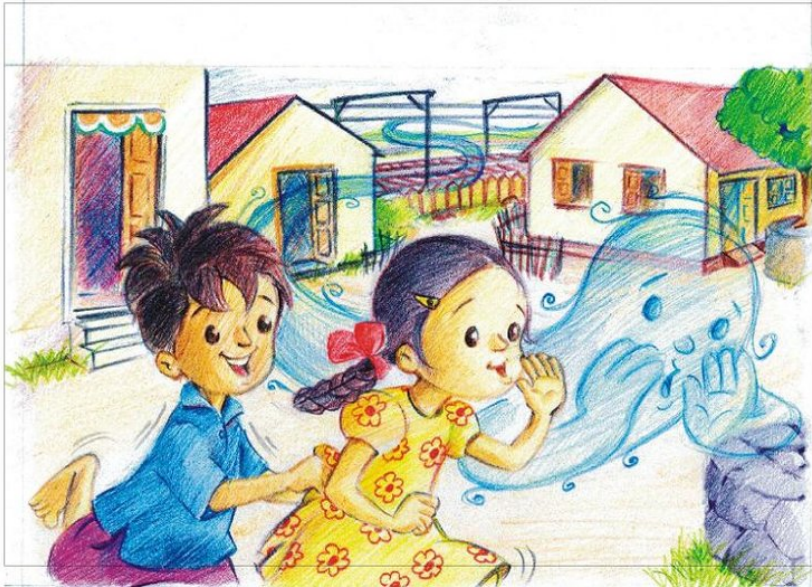
A glass tumbler on a windowsill,
crashes on the ground.

I am glad I was not around.

Who played this mischief?

Of course, it was Vayu, the wind!





A whistle blows. A train rolls in.

I cannot see, but hear its din.

Who makes that happen?

Vayu, the wind!

Cannot be seen.

Cannot be heard.

Does all the work without a word.

Who can it be?

Of course!

The wind!





Vayu, the wind

Writer: Madhuri Pai and Rohini Nilekani

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