

## Wind Ursula Nafula English



The wind roars.

It roars past our home.



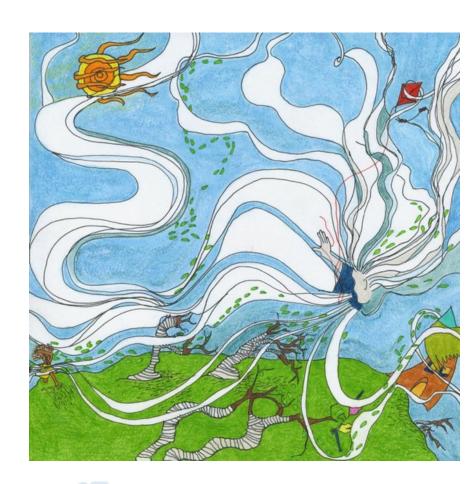


The wind is powerful.

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

Writer: Ursula Nafula Illustration: Marion Drew Adapted By: Ursula Nafula Language: English



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