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.
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