For my two beautiful boys
F.C.

to Huang Ying, my best friend for life.
Y. R.

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THE BOY WHO LOVES TO LICK THE WIND



Written by Fiona Carswell

Illustrated by Yu Rong

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The boy next door loves to lick the wind.

I used to watch him from my bedroom window, wondering what he was up to.

So I asked his mum and she said, “He’s licking the wind. You should try it.”

And then she said, “Would you like to come to the beach with us? All the best winds are at the beach.”



The boy next door SQUEAKS and WHOOPS

and BOUNCES and FLAPS.

And when he sees the sand and the sea he ROCKS and ROLLS.





He doesn't always speak with words.





"Let's collect some shells," I say.



But the boy next door
just stares out to sea.

He reaches down, picks up a stone,
and launches it into the water.

"BIG SPLASH!"
he laughs.

So I look for ages until I find two smooth stones – the most perfect stones I can find. One is grey and one is brown.

The boy next door grabs the grey one.

"Gentle hands," his mum reminds him, quietly.

He hums loudly, staring at the stone, and then he flings it far out into the sea.