

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

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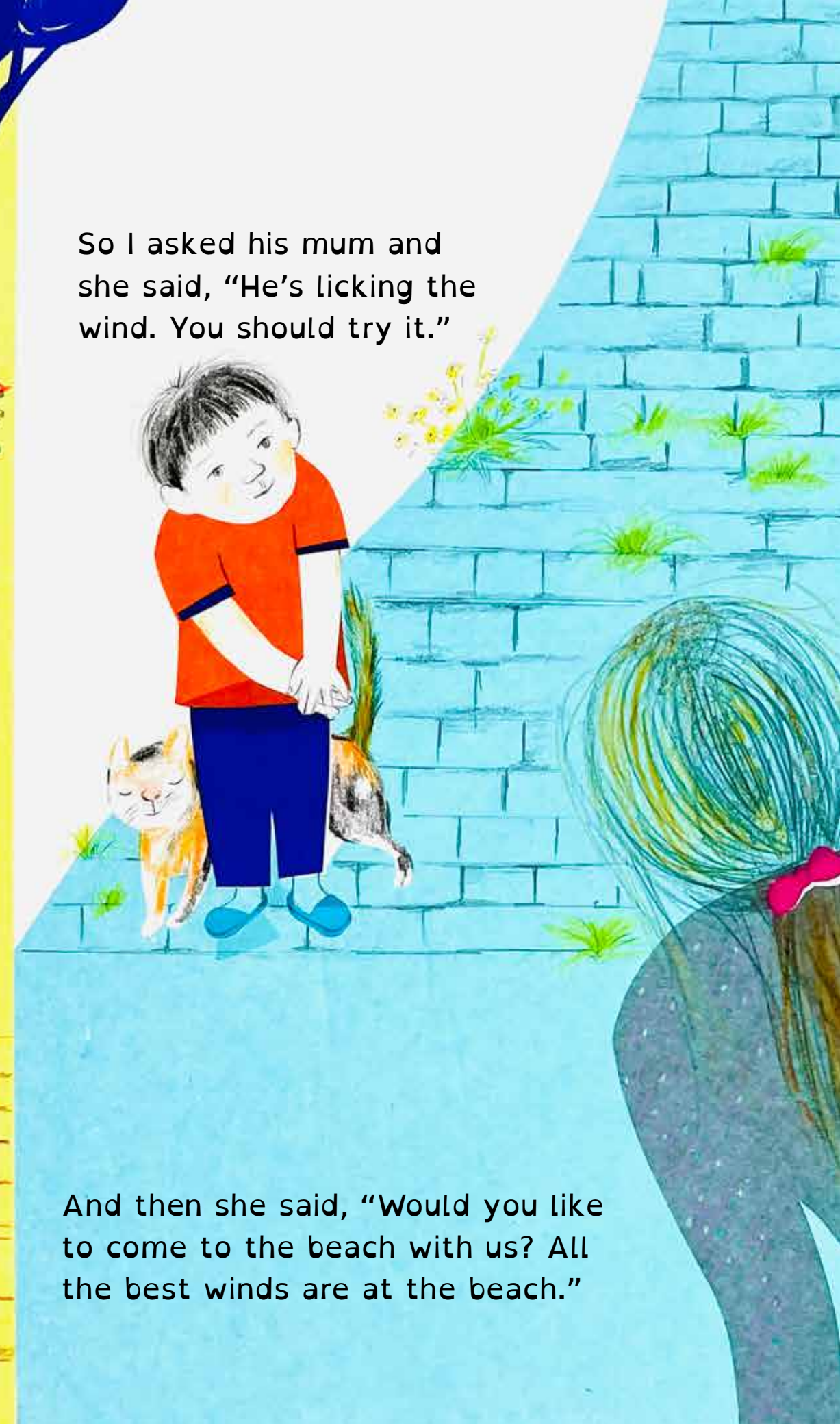

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The boy next door loves
to lick the wind.

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."



He doesn't always speak with words.

The boy next door **SQUEAKS** and **WHOOPS**
and **BOUNCES** and **FLAPS**.

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





“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.