

"I heard what you were talking about the other day with the alchemist," the wind said. "He said that everything has its own destiny. But people can't turn themselves into the wind."

"Just teach me to be the wind for a few moments," the boy said. "So you and I can talk about the limitless possibilities of people and the winds."

The wind's curiosity was aroused, something that had never happened before. It wanted to talk about those things, but it didn't know how to turn a man into the wind. And look how many things the wind had known how to do: it created deserts, sank ships, felled forests, and cities filled with music. It had no limits, yet here was a boy saying that there were other things the wind should be able to do.

"This is what all love," the boy said, seeing that the wind was close to granting what he requested. "When you are loved, you can do anything. When you love, there's no need at all to understand what's happening because everything happens within you. And even men can turn themselves into the wind. As long as they are loved."

The wind was a proud being, and it was becoming irritated with what the boy was saying. It commenced to blow harder, raising the desert sands. But finally it had to recognize that, even knowing its way around the world, it didn't know how to turn a man into the wind. And it knew nothing about love.

"If I go around the world, I've often seen people speaking of love and looking toward the heavens," the wind said, curious at having to acknowledge its own limitations. "Maybe it's better to ask them."

"Well, then, help me do that," the boy said. "Fill this place with a sandstorm so strong that it blots out the sun. Then I can look to heaven without blinding myself."

So the wind blew with all its strength, and the sky was filled with sand. The sun was turned into a golden disk.

At the camp, it was difficult to see anything. The men of the desert were already familiar with that wind. They called it the *simum*, and it was worse than a storm at sea. Their horses cried out, and all their weapons were filled with sand.

On the heights, one of the commanders turned to the chief and said, "Maybe we had better end this!"

They could barely see the boy. Their faces were covered with the blue cloths, and their eyes flowed fear.

"Let's stop this," another commander said.

THE WILL OF THE WIND WITHIN

Teach me to be the wind,
So I can talk about the limitless possibilities,
And things the wind knew to do.

It created deserts, sank ships, felled forests and cities with music,
It had no limits.

Yet here was a boy saying,
There were other things the wind should be able to do.

Seeing the wind close,
You can do anything,
Because everything happens within you.

- TWAIN FERNANDES

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