

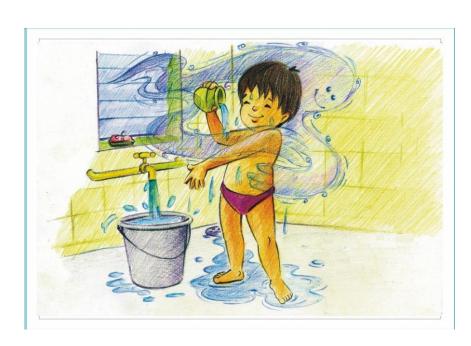
## **Vayu, the wind**Madhuri Pai and Rohini Nilekani English



Everytime I finish my hot, hot bath.

My wet body feels so cool, cool cool.

What makes that happen?





The milk in my cup - too hot, too hot.

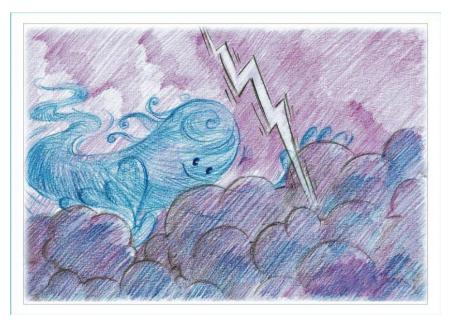
But soon it is ready for me to gulp.

Who makes that happen?

The window curtains flutter and gently brush my face.

Who makes it happen?





A bolt of lightening far away.

Black clouds moving my way.

Who makes that happen?

Branches sway and leaves tremble.

Flowers gently fall.

Who did it all?





Far from the house, we are playing, yet, I can smell the sweets mother is preparing.

Who makes it happen?

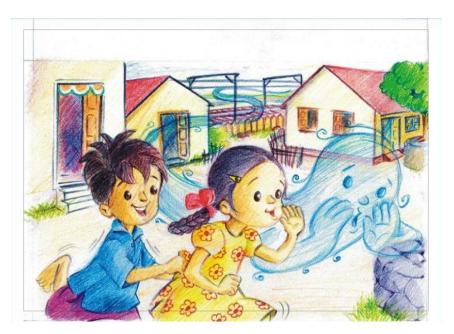
A glass tumbler on a windowsill, crashes on the ground.

I am glad I was not around.

Who played this mischief?

Of course, it was Vayu, the wind!





A whistle blows. A train rolls in.

I cannot see, but hear its din.

Who makes that happen?

Cannot be seen.

Cannot be heard.

Does all the work without a word.

Who can it be?

Of course!

The wind!





## Vayu, the wind

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