



The Breeze and the Chimney

Once upon a time there was a cool Breeze, welcomed by everyone, anywhere he went. The trees would move their branches with joy; the blossoms would tenderly sigh and open their petals. The leaves rustled happily.



The people would look at the sky and guess from its color that the Breeze would soon pay them a visit. They would wait excited for him to cool them, sweeping with his blow all the heat and tiredness, taking away their cares and troubles. They loved him very much, thus he would play with them. He would blow the girls' long hair and dresses, the boys' short pants that were playing in the streets; the Breeze would softly caress the human bodies.



He would not however stay for long, for it was always in a rush, a true passer-by. He liked travelling and wanted to see the whole world. So, since he had no ties anywhere, the Breeze would blow and leave once more.

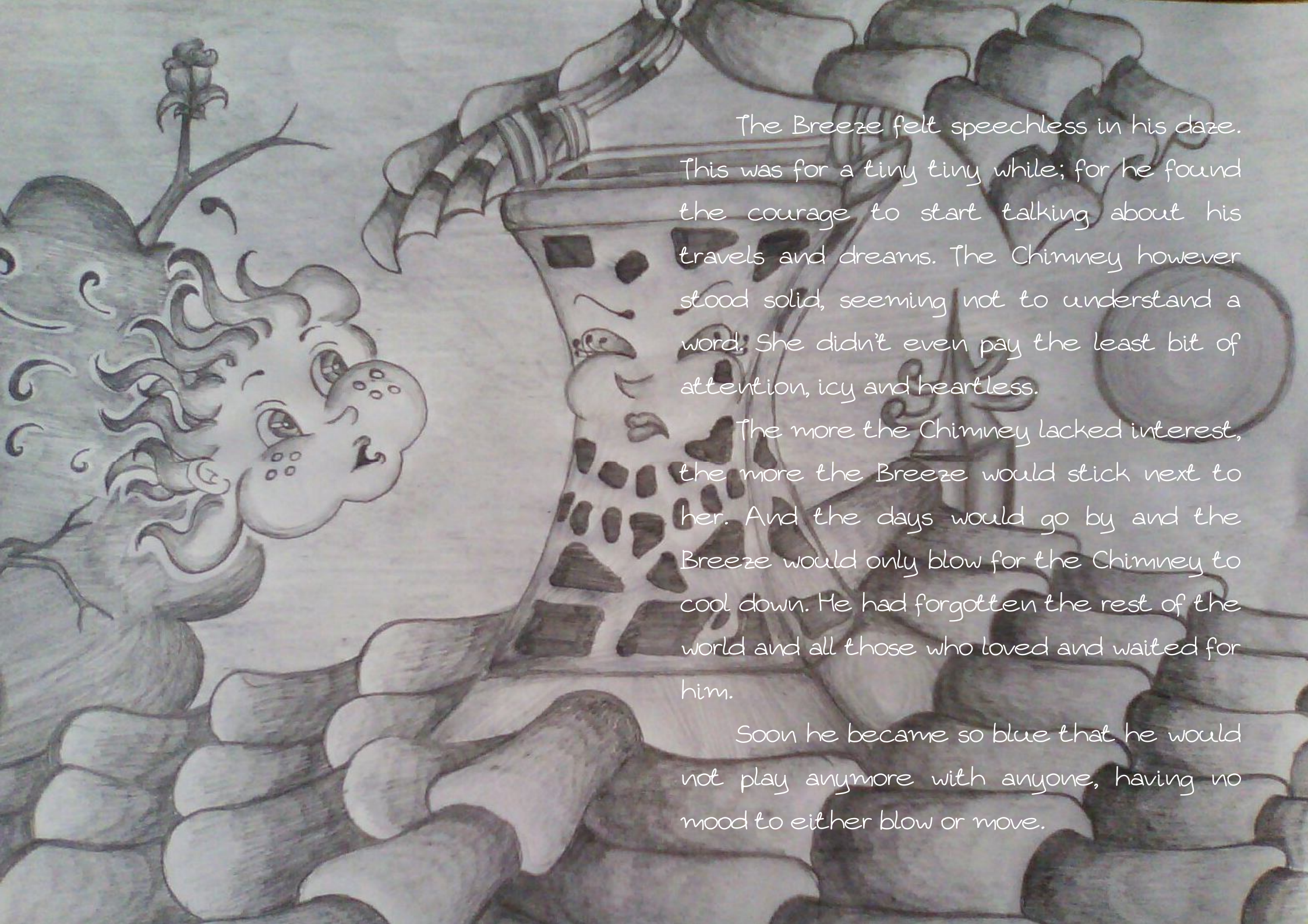


Until...

It was a sunny day and the Breeze run across the country, daydreaming. He thought of places far away and about its next journey to be, maybe in Africa, perhaps in Australia. So, while going forward, he crashed in all his speed on a Chimney.



Dizzy, it took some time for the Breeze to come around. And when he recovered, he marveled at the most beautiful Chimney he had ever met. She was a hot red, made of bricks in odd shapes, and on her top there was a nice triangle made of black roof tiles that shined as if they had just been polished. At day time she would sparkle under the sun; at night, she would bathe tenderly under the moonlight.



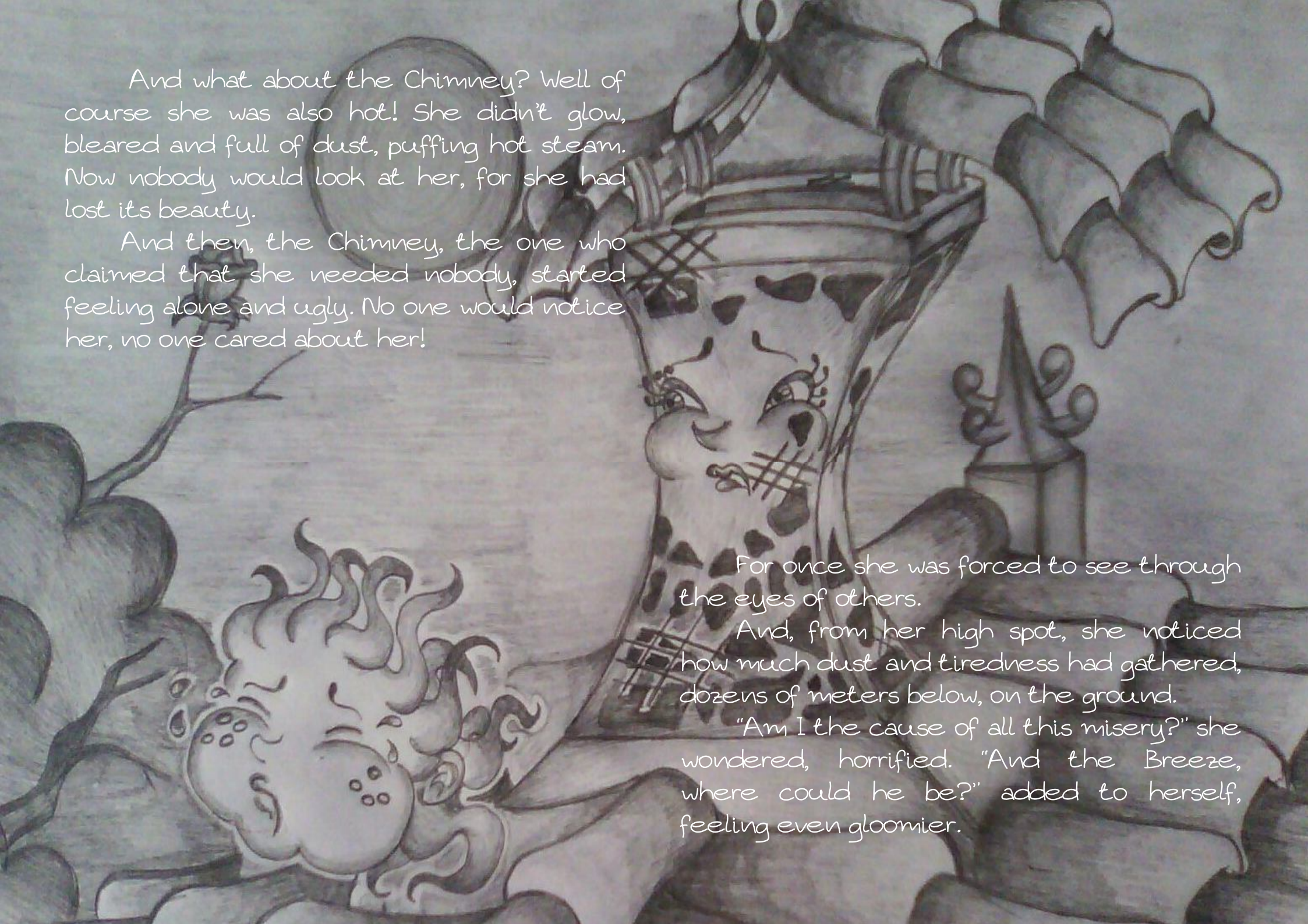
The Breeze felt speechless in his daze. This was for a tiny tiny while; for he found the courage to start talking about his travels and dreams. The Chimney however stood solid, seeming not to understand a word. She didn't even pay the least bit of attention, icy and heartless.

The more the Chimney lacked interest, the more the Breeze would stick next to her. And the days would go by and the Breeze would only blow for the Chimney to cool down. He had forgotten the rest of the world and all those who loved and waited for him.

Soon he became so blue that he would not play anymore with anyone, having no mood to either blow or move.



In the meantime it was mid summer and the heat was insufferable. Trees and flowers alike had their dusty branches facing towards the ground. The spring waters would gurgle no more, for they only made a muffled sound as they flowed lazily. Even the children didn't play in the alleys and the yards. All felt tired, shaking their heads, saying the Breeze had forgotten about them. Everyone was chocking, hopeless for a bit of cool.

A whimsical illustration in a muted, greyish-blue color palette. In the center, a tall, decorated chimney with a face of closed eyes and a sad expression looks down. To its right, a small, pointed-roof structure also has a sad face. In the bottom left, a fire with a face is crying, with large tears falling from its eyes. The background is filled with stylized, dark, swirling shapes representing smoke or clouds.

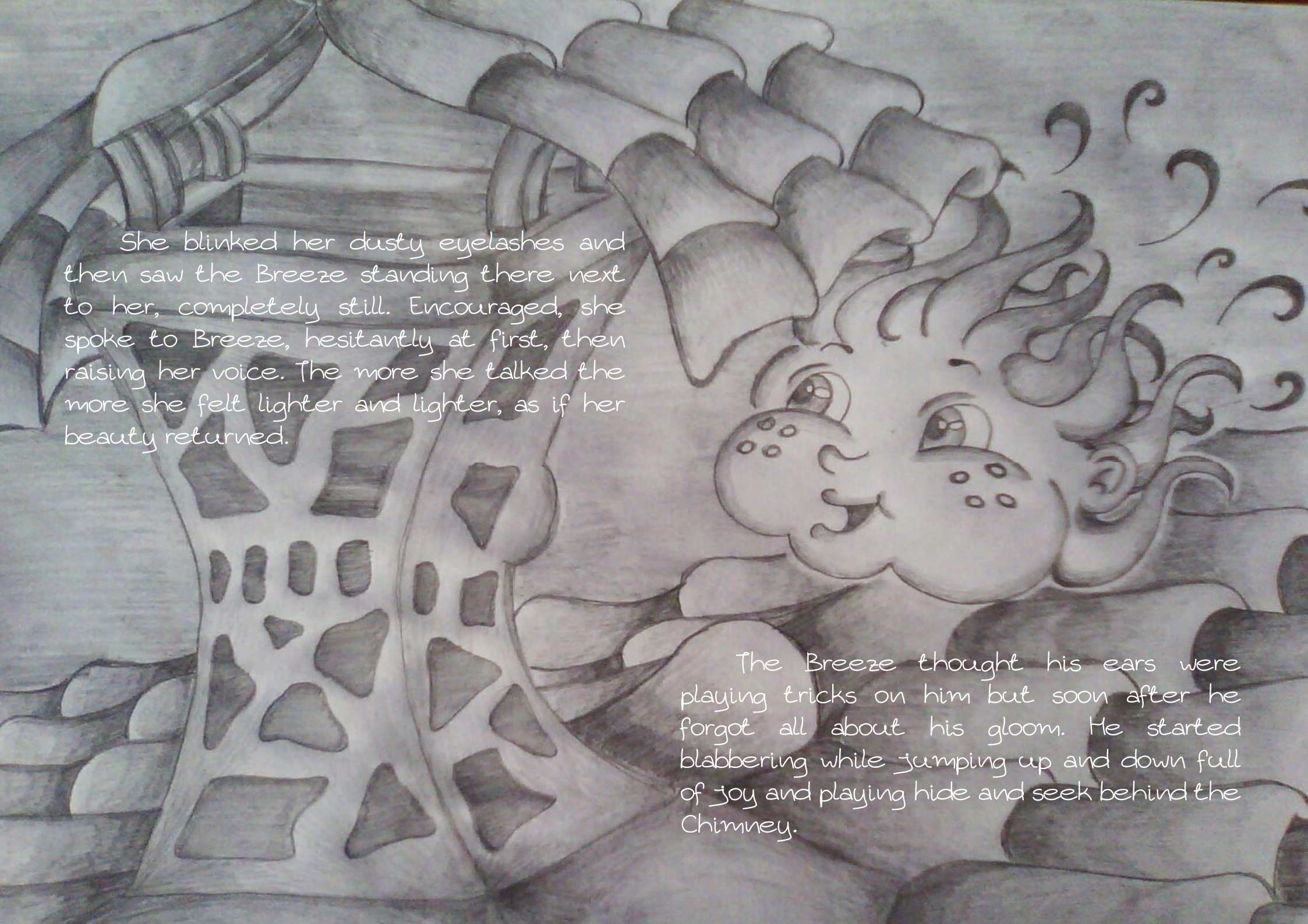
And what about the Chimney? Well of course she was also hot! She didn't glow, bleared and full of dust, puffing hot steam. Now nobody would look at her, for she had lost its beauty.

And then, the Chimney, the one who claimed that she needed nobody, started feeling alone and ugly. No one would notice her, no one cared about her!

For once she was forced to see through the eyes of others.

And, from her high spot, she noticed how much dust and tiredness had gathered, dozens of meters below, on the ground.

"Am I the cause of all this misery?" she wondered, horrified. "And the Breeze, where could he be?" added to herself, feeling even gloomier.



She blinked her dusty eyelashes and then saw the Breeze standing there next to her, completely still. Encouraged, she spoke to Breeze, hesitantly at first, then raising her voice. The more she talked the more she felt lighter and lighter, as if her beauty returned.

The Breeze thought his ears were playing tricks on him but soon after he forgot all about his gloom. He started blabbering while jumping up and down full of joy and playing hide and seek behind the Chimney.

Afterwards he blew with might all the dust that had gathered on her. And after that he rushed to blow for his old friends and all was again as it was, or rather, even better than before.

You may have also heard this story. Maybe in those cold winter nights when the air hums loudly through the chimneys. Or maybe in warm evenings when you and all your friends gather in front of a fireplace...

The End

