



THE
STATUE
AND THE
WIND


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TINY
THINKER

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AND THE
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A morning in the park, so sunny.
Birds chirped from afar as they flew.
A friendship is told in this story,
The tale of the Wind and the Statue.

Above the mountain was a full moon,
Bright like diamonds in the afternoon.
The Wind and the Statue were in tune,
They would greet each other and commune.

"My best friend, Statue, my favourite.
I have one story, if you'll permit.
Would you now, perhaps, like to hear it?
Oh, you are going to like this bit."

"O Wind, you often go here and there,
yet you keep coming back anyway.
I eagerly wait for your stories, I swear.
Yes, time after time, day after day."



They watched the leaves soaking wet
In the dark, dark night drenched by the rain.
The Wind began the story he'd kept
of the streets and the cities again.



"O Wind, my best friend, I admire you.
How your stories fill me with envy.
I am nothing but a stiff statue,
Stuck here every day, never free."

"Oh dear Statue, please don't feel that way.
I didn't mean to spark any jealousy.
You see all kinds of things everyday,
Please feel free to confide in me."

Leafy trees, centre of the city
Standing strong and firm, a grand display.
Then the Statue started his story.
It was about a plain, boring day.



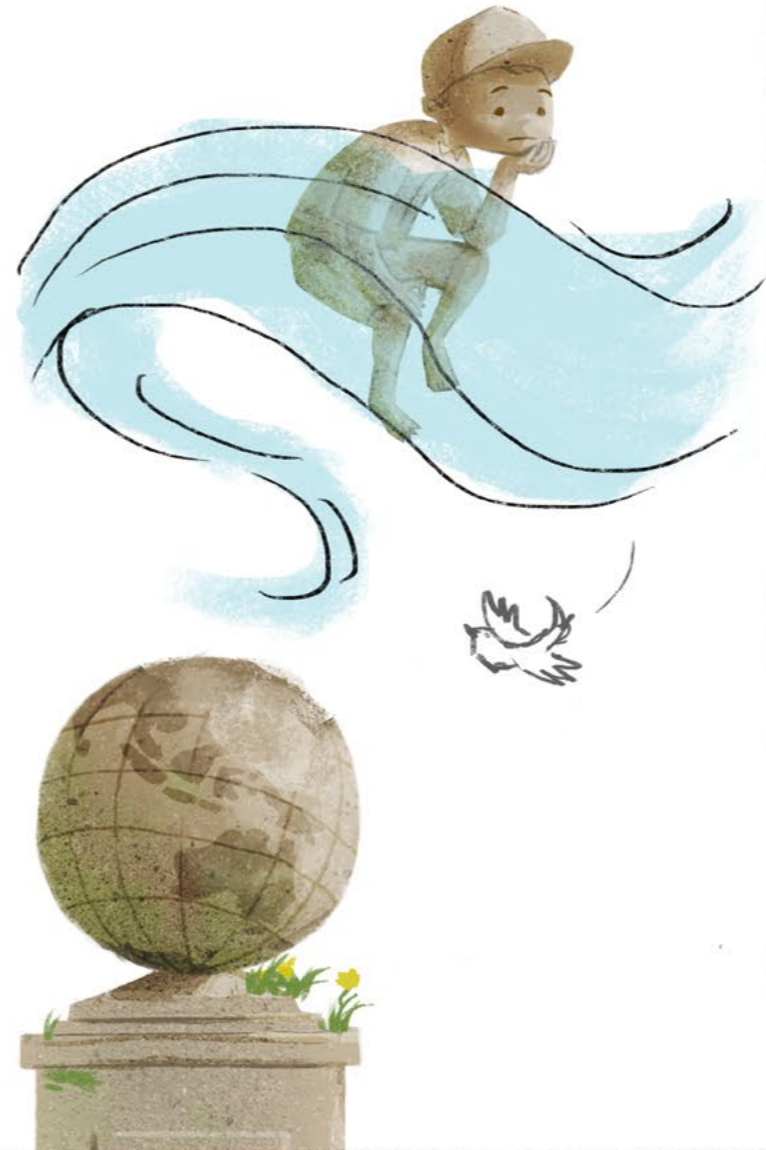


Rowboats, sailboats
floated by a while.

The waves came rolling,
then disappeared.

Suddenly,
the Wind had a wide smile.

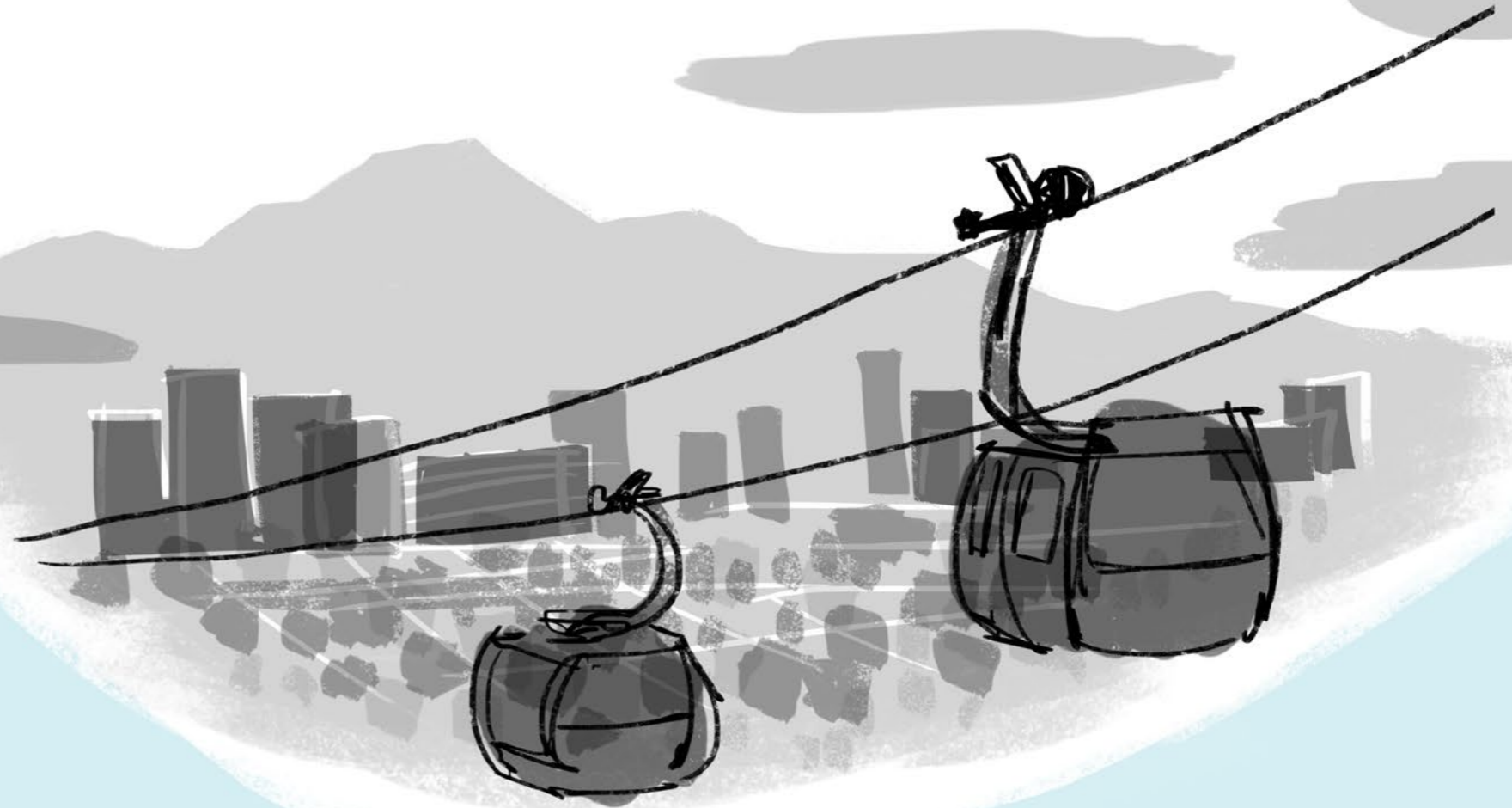
With a bright idea,
he cheered.



Overpasses, suspension bridges
The daily traffic that drove through.
Floating overseas, passing ridges,
The Wind flew carrying the Statue.

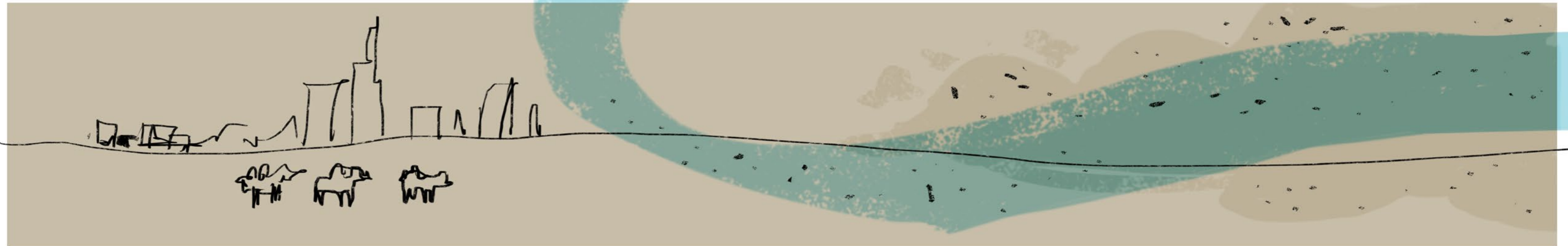


Look, a fertile land without an owner.
Look, a truly beautiful sight to see.
The Statue asked to fly even faster.
Then they swooped low above the city.





Snow fields engulfed by the cold alone.
Deserts surrounded by heat and sweat.
The Wind and the Statue carried on.
The adventure was not over yet.



They continued to fly while singing
And then they were merrily dancing.
Cities both cheerful and calming.
Tidy cities, lovely and blooming.



"Hey, look at that!" The Statue shouted.
A vibrant street festival.
"Hey, look at that!" The Wind shouted.
They saw a marvellous carnival.

There were spruces on the riverside.
Various wild animals lived there.
The Statue was overjoyed outside,
Seeing such a big world and all its flair.



"Thank you, kind Wind. You took me flying.
We had quite an adventure!
Now look at the sky, it is drizzling.
It's time to go back, that's for sure."



"Alright. Then we shall return, Statue,
To the plinth you usually stand on.
I hope you are happy, I really do,
And your boredom is all but gone."





There's hope and there's opportunity.
Do not feel lost, keep fighting fiercely.
And when they made their return journey,
The Wind and the Statue sang with glee.

A morning in the park, so sunny.
Grasshoppers ate a plant eagerly.
A friendship was told in this story.
It surely will last eternally.

