A Hat for the Wind

Some things cannot be dressed.

A short story to enjoy together



Read slowly. Pause to enjoy the pictures and the words.

A Hat for the Wind

READ TOGETHER

Polo made a paper hat for the wind. "It is always passing through," he told Gran. "It might like to look smart." Gran admired the carefully folded brim.

Polo held it in the garden. A breeze pushed the hat sideways. He held on firmly so it would not become litter. "The wind has not learned to sit still," he said.

He tried setting the hat on a low stump. It shifted again. Polo put a clean pebble beside it to keep it in place, then frowned. The wind had slipped away without wearing anything.

"We cannot see a head to put it on," Gran said. "But we can notice what moving air does." They watched leaves tremble and a securely fixed windsock stretch out.

A Hat for the Wind

READ TOGETHER

Polo drew the windsock in his notebook. Then he put the paper hat on his own head. It fitted surprisingly well for something designed for a breeze.

"I shall wear it on the wind's behalf," he announced. Gran bowed. Polo held the brim as they walked back inside, leaving no paper behind in the garden.

On the windowsill, his drawing showed the windsock pointing outwards. The hat rested safely on a peg. The wind stayed outside, entirely undressed, and seemed very happy with the arrangement.

LET'S TALK

What could Polo observe even though he could not see the wind itself?

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