

## (1) The Secret of the Wind

In the southern part of Taiwan, there is a very beautiful place called Pingtung. It is a land of bright sunshine and blue seas. However, during the winter, something very special happens there. A very strong wind begins to blow from the mountains down to the coast. Local people call this the "Luo-Shan Wind."

A young boy named Ken lived in a small village near the mountains. Every winter, he felt a little bit afraid. The wind would blow so hard that the tall trees would dance wildly, and the wooden doors of his house would rattle all night long. It sounded like a giant was knocking on the door.

One sunny but windy afternoon, Ken went outside. He was trying to fly his favorite kite, but the wind was much too strong. The kite pulled his arms, and then it crashed into the grass. "Stop it, Wind!" Ken shouted at the sky. "You are being too loud and mean! You ruin my fun!"

To his great surprise, a soft, whistling voice came from the trees. "I am not being mean, Ken. I am just busy working," the wind whispered. Ken looked around, his eyes wide. "Working? What kind of work can a wind do?" he asked. The wind blew a warm, gentle gust against his cheek. "Come with me, and I will show you my secrets," the wind replied.

Ken followed the sound of the wind into a large field of green onions. He saw the farmers working hard, but they were all smiling. "Look at the onions," the wind said. "Because I blow so hard every day, the onions must grow very deep into the dark soil to stay safe. This makes them strong, juicy, and very tasty. People all love Pingtung onions because I help them grow better!" Ken touched the strong green leaves of an onion. "I never knew that," Ken said. "I thought you only wanted to blow my kite away."

Then, the wind took Ken further toward the big blue ocean. "I also help the land stay healthy and dry so the plants don't rot," the wind explained. "And look at the sea! I create big, white waves for the surfers at Kenting." Ken watched the beautiful waves crashing against the golden sand.

"But that is not all," the wind said proudly. "Look at the coastline." Ken saw many giant, white windmills turning very fast in the sky. "By pushing those big blades, I make clean electricity for everyone. This power lights up the streets and keeps your lamps glowing at night."

Ken was amazed. He finally understood that the plants and the people needed this winter breeze. "I am truly sorry for being angry," Ken spoke softly. "You are not a monster; you are a very helpful friend." The wind laughed and blew a playful breeze across Ken's happy face.

That evening, Ken sat on his doorstep. The wind was still blowing, but it did not sound scary anymore. It sounded like a beautiful song. "Thank you for the onions, the waves, and the light," Ken whispered. The wind gave a gentle whistle as if to say, "You are welcome, little friend." Ken went to sleep feeling very proud to live in Pingtung.