

<p>“Grandfather” said Ravi, “what is the <u>wind</u> like in India?”</p> <p>“When she blows from the western desert lands she is strong. Like a wild horse, she stamps and snorts. She snatches children’s kites and storms away with them, beyond the hills and over the ocean.</p> <p>“Sometimes the wind is a gentle one. Then she pit pats all through the trees, hushing the leaves to sleep”</p>	<p>“What is the <u>rain</u> like?” asked Ravi, as they sheltered under the trees.</p> <p>“The monsoon rain is like a curtain, silver like bangles on your wrist. It cascades like a waterfall from the sky, making many mirrors on the ground.</p> <p>Raindrops scurry back and forth like little silver fish. When the sun and rain meet, they make a rainbow, stretching over the sky.”</p>

