

For my two beautiful boys
F.C.
to Huang Ying, my best friend for life.
Y. R.

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Design by Andrew Watson

First published in Great Britain in 2024 by
Otter-Barry Books, Little Orchard, Burley Gate, Herefordshire, HR1 3QS
www.otterbarrybooks.com

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Street, London EC1N 8TS.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-9156-5915-6

Illustrated with watercolour and collage

Set in OpenDyslexic

Printed in China

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

THE BOY WHO LOVES TO LICK THE WIND



Written by Fiona Carswell

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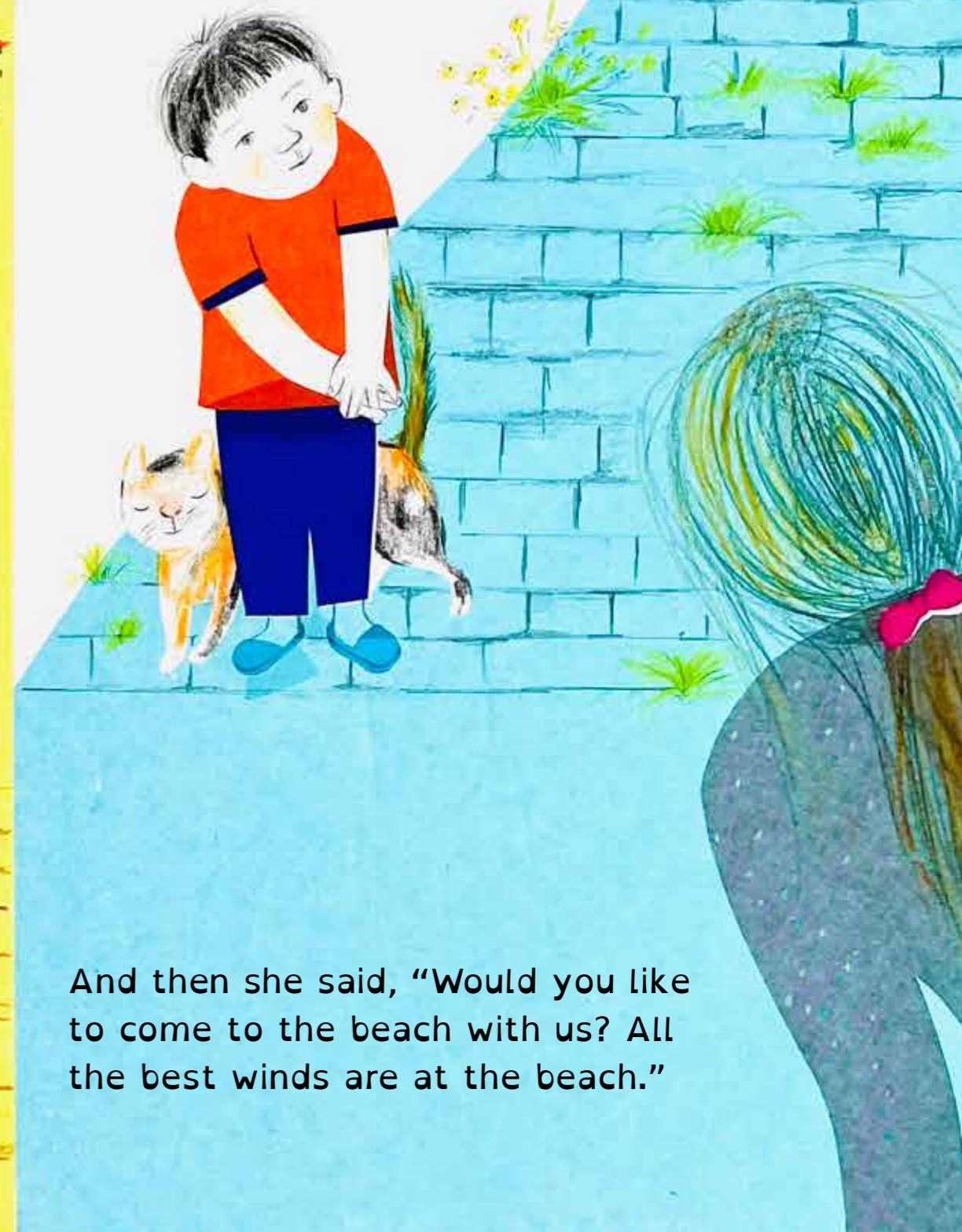

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The boy next door loves to lick the wind.

I used to watch him from my bedroom window, wondering what he was up to.



So I asked his mum and she said, "He's licking the wind. You should try it."



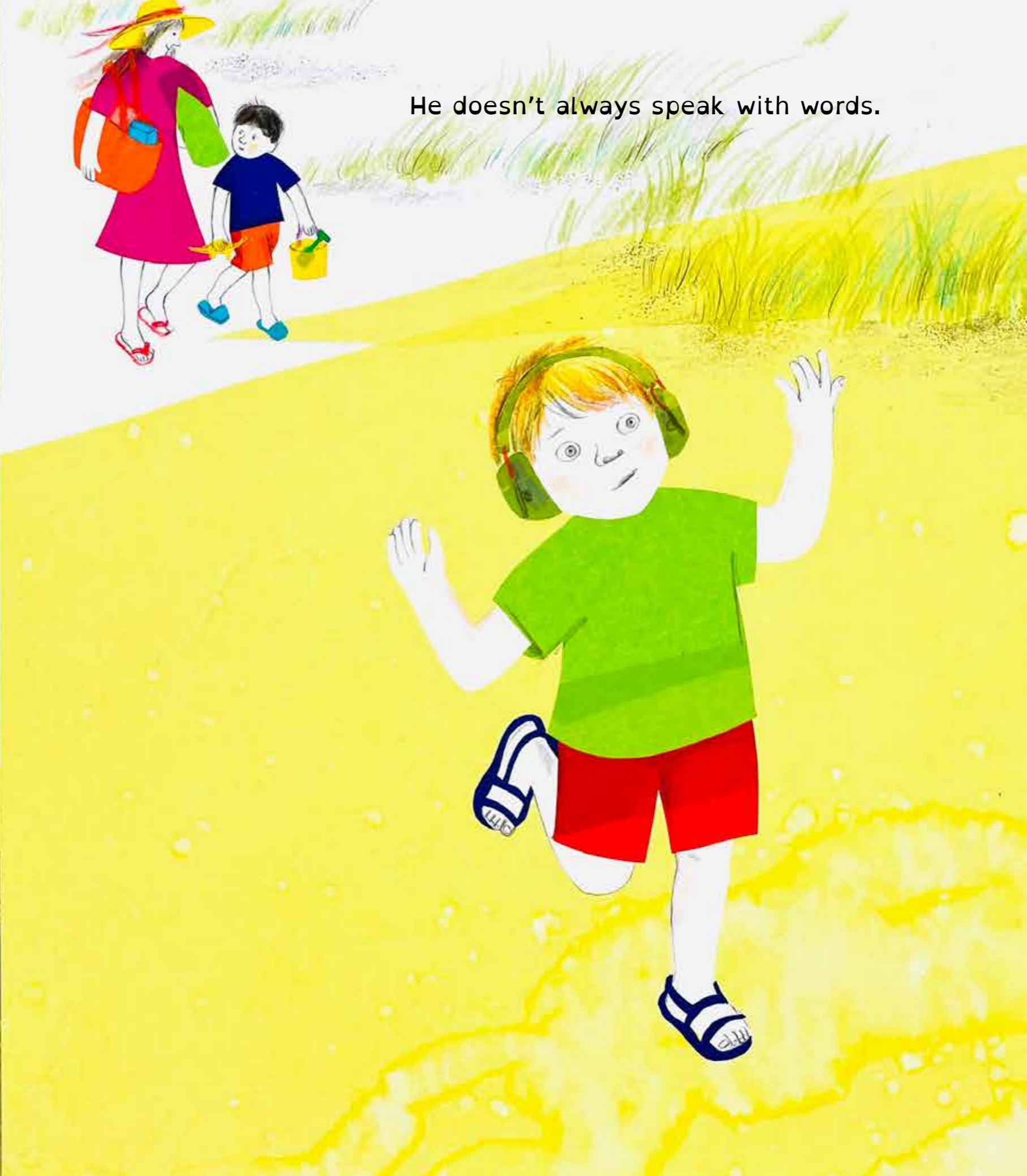
And then she said, "Would you like to come to the beach with us? All the best winds are at the beach."



He doesn't always speak with words.

The boy next door **SQUEAKS** and **WHOOOPS**
and **BOUNCES** and **FLAPS**.

And when he sees the sand and the sea he **ROCKS** and **ROLLS**.





“Let’s collect some shells,” I say.

But the boy next door
just stares out to sea.

He reaches down, picks up a stone,
and launches it into the water.

“BIG SPLASH!”
he laughs.



The boy next door
grabs the grey one.

So I look for ages until I find two
smooth stones – the most perfect stones
I can find. One is grey and one is brown.

“Gentle hands,” his mum
reminds him, quietly.



He hums loudly, staring at the stone,
and then he flings it far out into the sea.