

Willy had waited all week for the Wind Festival.

At Sky Lookout, kites and pinwheels would dance above the valley.

Willy and Lily had made a bright red-and-blue pinwheel. He tucked it into the basket of his blue mobility scooter.

“Today,” Willy said, “I’m going all the way to the top!”

Lily, Ben, Rosie, Grandpa, and Grandma came along.



At the forest entrance, everyone stopped.

Last night's storm had washed away the main trail. A sign pointed to two detours.

One climbed a row of steep stone steps. The other was covered with rocks, branches, and deep mud.

Willy looked at the steps, then at his scooter.

"This way doesn't work for me," he said. "Can we try the other one?"