



MATO AND THE WHISPERS OF THE WIND

A Night of Stories and Dreams
with Grandma



Mato and the Whispers of the Wind

A Night of Stories and Dreams with Grandma

AUTHOR

Lina Linden

GENRE

Children's & Young Adult Literature, Music for Children and Young Adults, Bedtime story

This edition is intended exclusively for personal use. Copying, reproducing, or distributing without permission is prohibited by law and may result in legal consequences.

Creation and distribution
Soundnotation as part of Sonovative GmbH
Hamburger Str. 180
22083 Hamburg
Germany
www.soundnotation.com

All rights reserved
© 2025 by Bambina Tunes

Table of Contents

Mato and the Whispers of the Wind	4
Lakhóta Lullaby	6

Mato and the Whispers of the Wind

Author: Lina Linden

In a small village surrounded by wide meadows and rolling hills lived a boy named Mato. Every evening, as the sun dipped behind the mountains and the sky turned deep blue, Mato snuggled up under his grandmother's warm blanket. Her smile was as soothing as the gentle wind that blew through the grasses. Mato loved those moments when he felt safe and loved.

"Grandma, why does the wind tell stories?" Mato asked curiously, snuggling even closer to her. He felt the warmth of her embrace and the faint scent of lavender wafting from her clothes.

"Because the wind carries the wisdom of the world, my love," she replied with a gentle smile that made her eyes shine. "Listen carefully, Mato."

"Once upon a time there was a little bird that lived in a big old tree. This tree stood in the middle of the prairie and was the oldest and wisest tree for miles around. The little bird loved to sit in its branches and listen to the stories of the wind.

Mato imagined the old tree, its branches spreading out over the prairie like protective arms. He could almost smell the scent of the wildflowers that gave off their sweet scent at dusk. "What did the wind say to the bird?" Mato asked curiously, his eyes bright with interest.

"The wind told of the adventures of the animals that roamed the prairie, of the flowers that bloomed in the spring, and of the stars that twinkled in the sky every night," his grandmother continued. Mato felt safe and secure as he listened to the gentle melodies of the wind like the little bird.

One night," his grandmother said with a mysterious smile, "the wind whispered a secret to the little bird: 'Cante waste, Hoksila laki istima,' which means that purity and innocence should dwell in our hearts. The little bird learned that it should look at the beauty of the world with a new heart."

PREVIEW



Lakhóta Lullaby

Music: Traditional

♩. = 66

Am C Em Am

Voice

Yah hee eh__ heh oh__ hee ey, Weh heh oh hee ey, Yah hee eh__ heh

Piano

Em

Dm

Am

Em

PREVIEW

