
– Young master! Young master, where are you? - Armando ran down the street again. - Where had he gone again?

An old woman passed by.

– Oh, Armando! Good afternoon!

– Good afternoon, Mrs. Vella.

– I see Pelio has run away from you again. - Vella laughed.

Armando sighed heavily.

It was a warm, sunny day. The rays of the sun were breaking through the leaves of the trees.

A boy was walking along a thin path in the forest. He held a stick in his hand and sometimes swung it like a sword, hitting the low bushes on his way. The boy frowned every now and then looking around. He seemed a little lost, though he didn't want to admit it to himself.

Suddenly, he heard a strange sound in the trees ahead. It didn't sound like a bird singing. It sounded more like some kind of strange whistle or blow. The boy hurried to the sound and soon came to a small clearing. Among the flowering plants, on some fallen tree sat a blonde-haired girl. She was crafting something passionately.

"What is she doing? And even in a place like this?"

The boy walked curiously in her direction, looking around.

"I didn't know there was such a place..."

– Hey! What are you doing here? - He called out to the girl, slowly walking towards her.

– Hm? - The girl raised her eyes at him. - Sitting...

– Sitting? In the middle of the forest?

The girl smiled back at him. The boy curiously sat down next to her and looked at what she was doing.

– My name is Pelio, what's yours? What are you doing?

– Uh... - The girl wondered if she should answer him. - A flute.

– A flute? I thought that was hard to do. - Pelio said skeptically.

The girl smiled again, and then, more enthusiastically, continued:

– An ordinary flute is hard to make. But my uncle showed me a way. If you take a branch and carefully peel off its bark. - She carefully began to show him, wielding a small knife. - And then make some holes here. And then pull it down a little bit like this. - She puffed for a few minutes, trying to move the bark covering half of the hole.

– Here, let me help. - Pelio took the wand from her, and with a little effort was able to move it just as the girl had said. - Like this?

– Yes! Now you need to blow here.

She held out her wand to him and showed him where. When Pelio did so, there was the same sound he had heard before finding this place.

– Wow, it really worked! - He was surprised since he was sure it wouldn't work. - Although it sounded more like a whistle.

– Yeah. But if you cover those holes with your finger, you can get a different sound and you get a melody.

– Just a couple notes, huh. But it's still great! I didn't even know you could do that! - Pelio handed the whistle back to the girl.

– Keep it, golden hairs boy. I have my own! - The girl giggled.

– Hey, what did you call me?! - Pelio didn't expect to get such a strange nickname. But to his indignation, the girl only replied with a smile again. - Why did you make it if you're giving it to me?

– Uncle showed me how to make it, and I wanted to do it myself to see if I could do it. But since I did, I thought I'd give it to you. Because you helped me make it.

– Well, thank you. - Pelio was a little embarrassed. - But don't call me that again!

– Let's see whose is louder. - The girl suggested enthusiastically.

They started blowing the loudest sounds as hard as they could. Then they talked and joked a lot. They easily found a common language and did not even notice that the sun began to set slowly.

– By the way, how did you end up here? I'm ashamed to admit it, but I think I got lost... a little. But I don't remember there being any other villages nearby, and I didn't see you in Ordan! How did you end up here?

– Hmm... I don't know. - Smiling, the girl shrugged her shoulders. - I was just walking around, looking for a suitable tree. - She thought for a moment. - I think it's getting late, I should go home. I'll go already, it was nice to meet you, golden hair boy.

– I told you not to call me that!

The girl giggled back at him again.

– I hope to see you again! It was nice to meet you. Maybe if you go that way, you'll get home faster. - She pointed in a direction that was a little to the right of Pelio's original course.

– Absolutely not! It's not my first time in this forest, and I'm sure Ordan is in the other direction!

– Is that why you're lost? What if it's the forest that's deceiving you?

– Don't be silly! The forest can't deceive.

– You're so grumble. But as you wish, I'm going home. - At these words, the girl got up from her seat and waved to him and walked briskly in the opposite direction from Pelio. At the border between their clearing and the forest, she turned around again. - Golden hair boy! Don't throw away the whistle.

– I am Pelio!

The girl disappeared from sight among the trees.

"She never said her name!"

Pelio looked at the whistle in his hand, then hid it in his pocket and followed the direction the girl had given him. He was sure it was the wrong way, but since he was lost anyway, he decided to take his chances.

It was already dark. The stars began to appear in the sky, and frogs were singing in the ditches along the road.

Armando could not find his place. Suddenly he saw a familiar silhouette in the distance. Frowning and tired, Pelio was walking towards him.

– Young master! Where have you been?! - Armando exclaimed, running up to him. He began to examine if he was all right, pulling twigs and leaves out of Pelio's hair.

– I'm fine, Armando. Just a little lost. - He answered with a yawn.

On the way home, Pelio told Armando where he had been. He told about his unusual encounter with a girl in the forest, and showed him a homemade whistle. Armando listened to Pelio with interest, noting to himself that in their forest, there could not be such a clearing, and certainly not the trees from which the whistle was made. But he kept silent, and decided not to disturb the child with unnecessary thoughts.

Pelio, after that day, never met the girl again, nor could he find that mysterious place in the forest.

It is said that sometimes, when walking through the forest, you can find yourself in completely unexpected places that you have never seen before. Perhaps the trees themselves are amusing themselves, or maybe it's the tricks of fairies who play tricks on people. They lead travelers to unknown paths and magical places. No one knows how or why. It just happens sometimes. Who knows, maybe the encounters made in these moments are sent by fate itself?

The end.

