

Pol and the Moon Seed

Once upon a time, in Calella, a small seaside town, lived a three-year-old boy named Pol. He was a curious child with eyes as bright as stars and a smile that warmed the heart of everyone who met him. He was always accompanied by his faithful dog Coco, a Labrador with soft, golden fur, who never left his side.

One afternoon, while walking along the stream, they found a small silver seed that shone as if it were made of moonlight.

“What could this be, Coco?” Pol asked.

But before the dog could bark, a soft, mysterious voice came from the seed:

“I am the Moon Seed. If you plant me in the right place, I will take you to the Kingdom of Waves! But be careful, because the wicked Wind of Oblivion wants to steal me and make me disappear forever.”

Pol, excited, decided to find the perfect spot to plant the seed. Thus began his adventure in Calella.

First, Pol and Coco went to the main beach, where the sand was warm and soft. But when Pol made a small hole to plant the seed, a strong

wave pushed it back.

“Not here, Coco! Let’s find another spot!”

They ran towards the Calella Lighthouse, thinking that the seed’s light might shine even brighter from up there. But just as they were about to plant it, an icy wind blew so hard they almost lost it.

“The Wind of Oblivion!” exclaimed Pol, clutching his seed tightly.

Coco began sniffing the air and, with an enthusiastic bark, took off towards Dalmau Park. Pol followed, dodging the long shadows of the ancient trees. In the center of the park, they found an old oak tree with deep roots and a quiet corner where the wind couldn’t reach.

“This is the place!” “Here we go,” said Pol, digging with his little hands.

Very carefully, they planted the seed. Suddenly, the earth trembled slightly, and from within it sprang a bright sprout, which grew and grew until it became a ladder made of light and sea foam.

“It’s the path to the Kingdom of Waves!” shouted Pol, grabbing Coco’s paw.

Pol and his little dog climbed the ladder and found themselves in a world made of coral, water clouds, and flying dolphins. The inhabitants of the Kingdom of Waves welcomed them and offered them a treasure: a small golden shell that would forever hold the memory of this adventure, so that the Wind of Oblivion could not make it disappear.

When Pol woke up the next day, he was in his bed, with Coco sleeping at his feet. But on the nightstand was the golden shell, shimmering

softly in the morning sunlight.

And so, Pol understood that adventures are real for those who have their hearts open to the magic of the world.

And that’s the end of the story, Pol and Coco have returned delighted.