

The Leaf That Didn’t Want to Fall

In a village surrounded by golden forests, there was a **very old oak tree** that every autumn shed its leaves, as if taking off a coat after a long day.

But that year, one of the leaves, small and reddish, **didn’t want to fall**.

“I don’t want to leave!” cried the leaf, swaying on the branch.
“We all have to fall someday,” replied the other leaves, already fluttering on the wind like tired butterflies.
“But I want to see the snow! I want to know what winter is like!”

The wind, which heard everything, sighed softly and long:
“Little leaf, if you stay too long, the cold will hurt you…”

But the leaf wouldn’t listen to reason. It wanted to live longer, see more, be different.

In the village, a girl named **Laia** spent every afternoon by the oak tree. She liked to watch how the colors of the forest changed, as if someone were painting the trees every night. One day she saw that resilient leaf and thought:
“Look at it! It’s still holding on! It’s brave, like me when I go out

without a jacket.”

Every day, Laia said “hello” to the leaf, as if it were a friend. And every day the leaf trembled a little more, but it clung on tightly.

Until one morning, after a night of ice, the sun rose slowly and cold. The wind returned, very soft, and whispered:
—Now it’s time to rest.

The leaf, tired but calm, let go. It flew twirling through the sky, and—as if the wind had planned it—landed right at Laia’s feet.

She picked it up carefully and put it in her school notebook.
—Now you’ll really see snow,—she said—because you’ll come with me.

And so, the leaf that didn’t want to fall discovered that letting go isn’t losing, but finding a new place to live.