

The Secret of the Segre River

In the city of La Seu d’Urgell, nestled among green mountains and cobblestone streets, lived a six-year-old girl named Bruna.

Bruna had brown hair, which was curly when she woke up in the morning, and very curious eyes. She always carried a small yellow backpack. Inside, she kept some very important things: a notebook, three colored pencils, a small magnifying glass, and a round stone she had found one day while walking along the Segre River.

Bruna loved to observe. She watched the ants marching in a line, the clouds drifting slowly across the sky, and the birds flying above the rooftops.

She also loved books.

But something curious happened to her.

When Bruna opened a book, sometimes the letters did strange things. Some seemed to turn around. Some of them shifted positions. And some, if Bruna stared at them for too long, seemed to start dancing.

Her teacher had told her with a smile:

“Bruna, you have dyslexia, and that’s why reading and writing might be more difficult for you. With support and practice, we’ll find ways to help you.”

Bruna thought about it for a moment.

“Oh! That’s why they do silly things!” she said.

The teacher laughed.

“That doesn’t change how intelligent you are. Besides, I’ve seen how well you observe details, imagine stories, and solve mysteries.”

And Bruna knew this was true.

One Saturday morning, the sun shone on the mountains surrounding La Seu d’Urgell. The air was fresh, and the river made that soft sound she loved so much.

Bruna put on her explorer’s backpack and went for a walk.

She walked along the cobblestone streets. Pigeons hopped around the square looking for breadcrumbs. The bells of the Cathedral of Santa Maria de Urgell rang: dong… dong…

Bruna always thought that cathedral looked like an old castle.

Then she continued walking until she reached the river.

The Segre flowed peacefully.

Chip-chap… chip-chap…

Bruna sat down on a large rock and took out her magnifying glass to examine some bird tracks.

Suddenly she heard a noise.

“Baa…”

Bruna looked up.

Behind a bush was a small goat. Its ears were drooping, and it looked frightened.

“Hello,” Bruna said softly. “Are you lost?”

The goat went again:

“Baa…”

Bruna looked around. There wasn’t a herd of goats.

A little further on, there was a wooden sign with an arrow.

Bruna went over to it to read it.

She frowned slightly.

The letters began to move a little, as usual.

“Hmm…” said Bruna.

She tried to read very slowly.

“Path… of the… woods… of… the… goat…”

Or perhaps it said something else.

Bruna laughed.

“Today the letters are doing their dance again.”

She thought for a moment. Then she said:

“It’s okay. We’ll figure it out another way.”

She took out her magnifying glass and looked at the ground very carefully.

And then she saw it.

Small footprints in the mud.

A broken branch.

And some white hair stuck to some leaves.

“Now I understand!” she said happily.

Bruna and the little goat began to walk, following the clues.

The path led between trees. The wind rustled the leaves. Sometimes a bird could be heard.

The little goat walked behind Bruna.

Suddenly, from the top of a hill, there was a sound:

“Meeeeeeee!”

The little goat lifted its head and started to run.

Bruna followed it up the hill.

On the other side, there was a green meadow with a herd of goats and a shepherd wearing a hat.

The little goat ran to its mother.

“Look who’s back!” said the shepherd, surprised.

“I think she got lost,” explained Bruna.

The shepherd smiled.

“This little one is very mischievous. Thank you for helping her find her way back.”

Bruna said:

“I followed the clues.”

“You have the eyes of an explorer,” said the shepherd.

Before leaving, the shepherd gave her a small bell.

“For the best goat detective in La Seu.”

Bruna put it in her backpack.

As she walked home, the sun began to set behind the mountains. The streets of La Seu d’Urgell were quiet.

Bruna looked at another sign.

The letters were still a little blurry.

But Bruna wasn’t getting angry anymore.

Because she knew something very important.

Perhaps reading was a little harder for her.

But her brain was very good at observing, imagining, and uncovering mysteries.

And this was also a great talent.

That night, before going to bed, Bruna opened her notebook.

Very calmly, she wrote:

“Today I found a lost goat.”

The letters weren’t perfect.

But the story was.

And as the bell jingled in her backpack, Bruna thought that perhaps the next day there would be another mystery on the Segre River.

And if something were to happen…

Detective Bruna would surely find out.

Story told, story finished.