**ICBD 2024 Message - English translation**

Stories travel, riding on wings,
Longing to hear the joyful beat of your heart.

I’m a traveling story. I fly anywhere.

On wings of wind, or wings of waves, or sometimes on tiny wings of sand. Of course, I also ride the wings of migratory birds. And even those of jet planes.

I sit beside you. Opening the pages, I tell you a story, the one you want to hear.

Would you like a strange and wondrous story?

Or how about a sad one, a scary one, or a funny one?

If you don’t feel like listening right now, that’s fine too. But I know someday you will. When you do, just call out, “Traveling story, come. Sit beside me!”

And I’ll fly right there.

I have so many stories to share.

How about a story of a little island tired of being alone who learned to swim and set off to find a friend?

Or the tale of a mysterious night when two moons appeared.

Or the one about Santa Claus getting lost.

Oh, I can hear your heart. It’s beating faster.

Flitter-flutter, thumpity-thump, pitter-patter, bumpety-bump.

The traveling story has jumped inside and set your heart racing.

You’ll become one yourself next, spreading your wings to fly.

And so, another traveling story is born.