

The Boy Who Loved Windows

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Billy who loved windows. He loved the way the sunlight streamed through them, casting beautiful patterns on the floor. He loved the way the raindrops danced on them, each one leaving a tiny rainbow in its wake. And he loved the way the snow glistened on them, turning the world outside into a winter wonderland.

Billy's parents didn't understand his love of windows. They thought it was strange that he would spend hours staring out of them, lost in his own world. But Billy didn't care. He knew that the windows were more than just openings in the wall. They were portals to other worlds, full of wonder and beauty.



The Boy Who Loved Windows: Opening The Heart And Mind Of A Child Threatened With Autism by Patricia Stacey

★★★★☆ 4.7 out of 5

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Enhanced typesetting	: Enabled
Word Wise	: Enabled
Print length	: 332 pages
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One day, Billy was looking out the window when he saw a group of children playing in the street below. They were laughing and running, and they looked so carefree. Billy wanted to join them, but he knew that his parents

would never let him go outside. He was too young, they said. He had to stay inside and be safe.

But Billy couldn't bear the thought of being cooped up inside all day. He longed to be free, to run and play with the other children. So he decided to sneak out the window.

Billy carefully opened the window and climbed out onto the fire escape. He then made his way down to the street below. He was free! He could do whatever he wanted!

Billy ran and played with the other children all day. He had so much fun that he forgot all about the time. When he finally realized how late it was, he started to panic. He knew that his parents would be worried sick about him.

Billy ran back to the house and climbed back in through the window. He was relieved to find that his parents were not home yet. He quickly changed his clothes and went to bed.

The next morning, Billy's parents were furious with him. They had been searching for him all day. They grounded him for a week and told him that he was never to leave the house without their permission.

Billy was disappointed, but he understood why his parents were angry. He knew that he had disobeyed them. But he also knew that he could never stop loving windows. They were a part of him, and he could never imagine life without them.

From that day on, Billy continued to look out the windows every day. He watched the world go by, and he dreamed of all the places he would go and

all the things he would see. And he knew that one day, he would finally be free to explore the world beyond the windows.

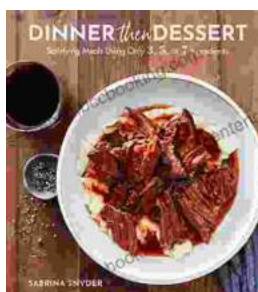
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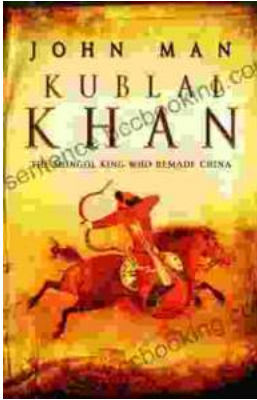
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