

### **Прочтения Текста Перед Началом Изучения Звуков:**

When I sit by the window of a moving bus, I always feel a shift deep inside me—like something small but true is moving. I look out and see people walk through quiet woods, over little hills, and into unknown towns. They carry bags full of food, books, and tools—each with a story tucked away like a souvenir.

The road twists through the countryside, looping between green fields and cool rivers. I hear the soft rush of water and the low hoot of an owl from the trees. The air smells fresh, and the mood is calm. I take a deep breath and feel new again.

Then comes the sea. The deep, blue view opens wide like a dream. Waves roll smoothly under the moonlight, cool wind brushing my face. It feels soothing and true. I close my eyes and listen: the whoosh of waves, the distant boom of thunder, and the gentle hum of nature.

We stop at a small village by the coast. A group of kids plays with balloons and wooden toys. They laugh, shout, and move in loops across the square. I grab a cup of soup from a street cook, sit on a wooden stool, and just look. Everything is simple, but full of meaning.

That's why I travel—not to rush, not to prove anything, but to feel those true moments, soft and blue, hidden in the corners of the world.