

Ruby Salkeld is 11 and goes to a British school in the United Arab Emirates. She is half British and half Australian, and loves reading (particularly *Lottie Brooks* books), writing, all animals and hedgehogs in particular! She loves setting up businesses with her friends, to make and sell things to raise money for charity and their school.

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**Air Makes Life**  
**by Ruby Salkeld**

High in the clouds, wind turbines reached up into the sky, pushing electricity down and blowing the air away. If you sat on top of one, a great current of joy would hit you. Rays of rose-gold and bright yellow would fill your eyes to allow you to see how big the world really is. You would feel the chilled fresh air fall onto your face and hear morning thunderclouds above you.

A few years earlier, there were no turbines. Not even the warm glow of the sun. Instead, the air was polluted and underneath the brown, murky sky was a beach. It was bustling with people and children, who would run into friendly waves. If you stuck your nose up, you could just about smell the salty, sandy water as it flew over you. The air tasted like the sea, full of wonder and curiosity. People visited every day as a village was just a few yards away.

Later, the pollution was gone, but the village remained, with a field and a forest leading to wind turbines, conducting electricity and turning through the wind. The village was called Sandy Winds, and it was visited every day by passers-by. The local market, lined with stalls, sold unique spices, expensive wood and so much more. Houses were modern, with enough room to fit five people. Little kids ran down to the woods, giggling with glee and trying to blow onto the towering turbines that blew on them. Everyone had the electricity they needed as it was just next door, made by the living air.