

ALLIN KAWSAY

Bedtime Stories

Ten Gentle Tales from the Sacred Valley

Allin Kawsay · English Edition

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Ten short tales for the end of the day.

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



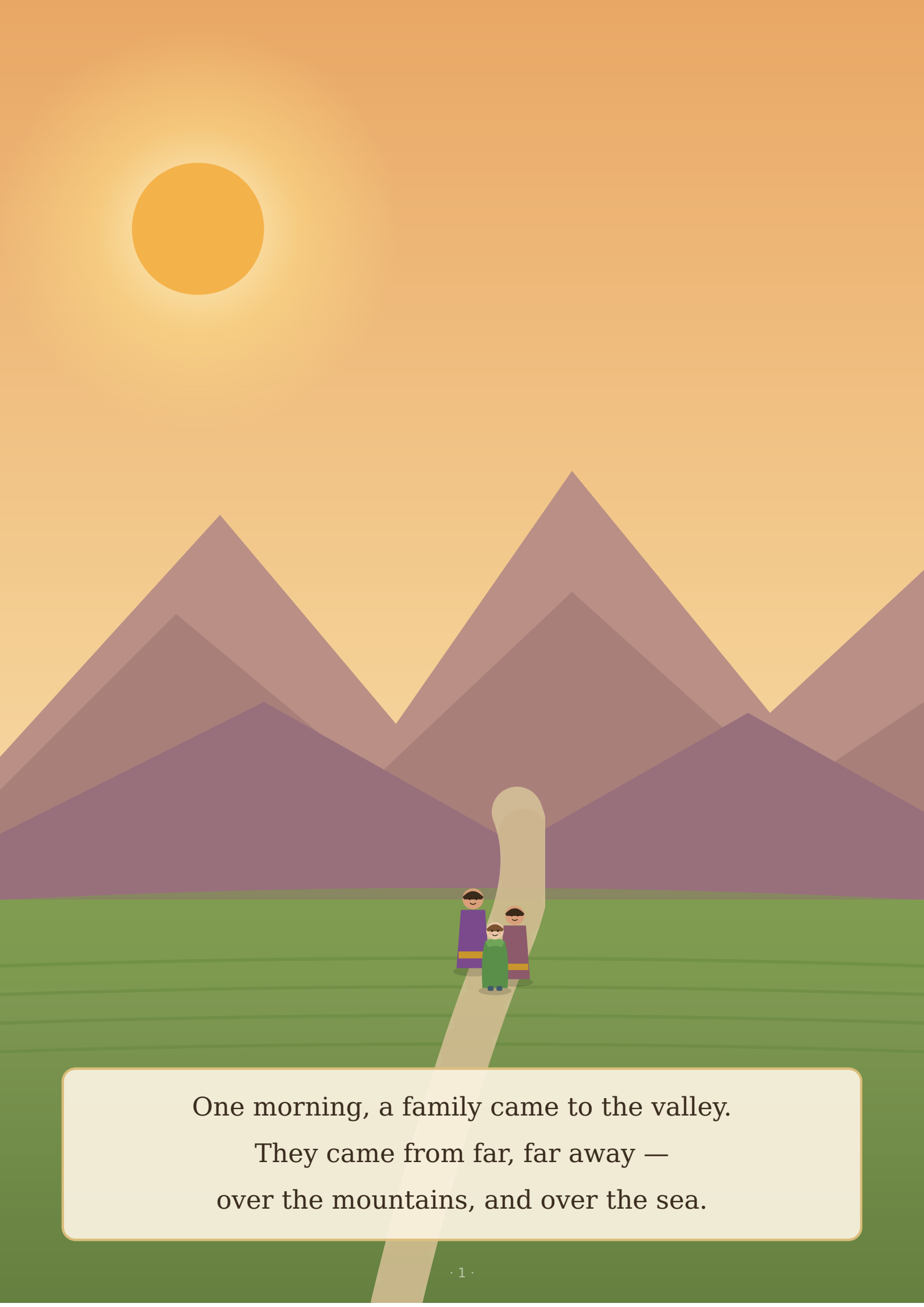
A BEDTIME STORY

The Traveler at the Gate

El Viajero que Llegó al Valle

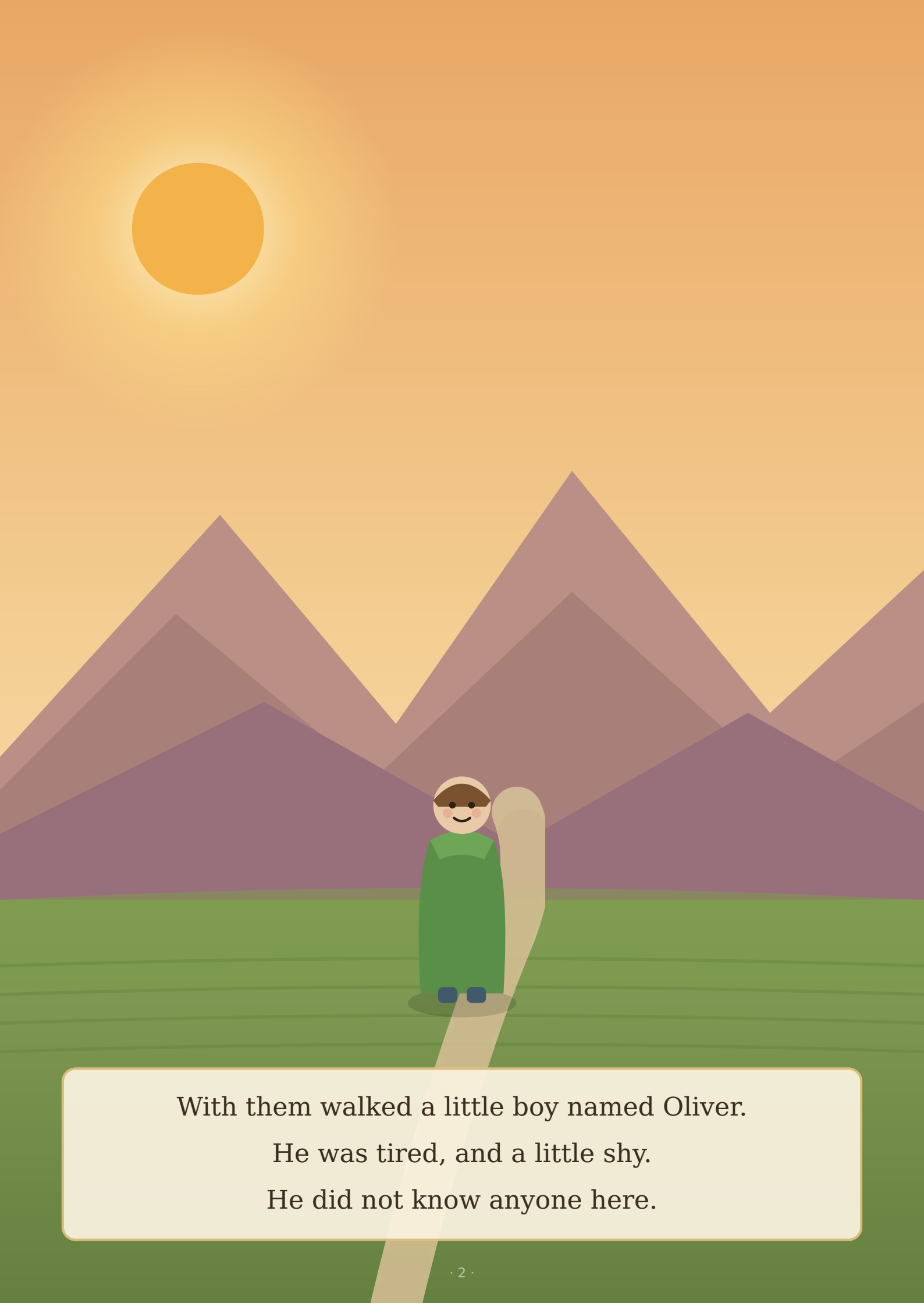
For every child who is far from home.

AMISTAD SAGRADA · YACHAY WASICHA · PISAQ · VALLE SAGRADO



One morning, a family came to the valley.

They came from far, far away —
over the mountains, and over the sea.



With them walked a little boy named Oliver.

He was tired, and a little shy.

He did not know anyone here.



In the plaza, a girl named Illa was playing
with her friend Kusi.

“Look,” said Illa. “Someone new.”



In the valley, a greeting is a gift.
So Illa smiled and said the old warm word:
Napaykullayki — hello, from the heart.



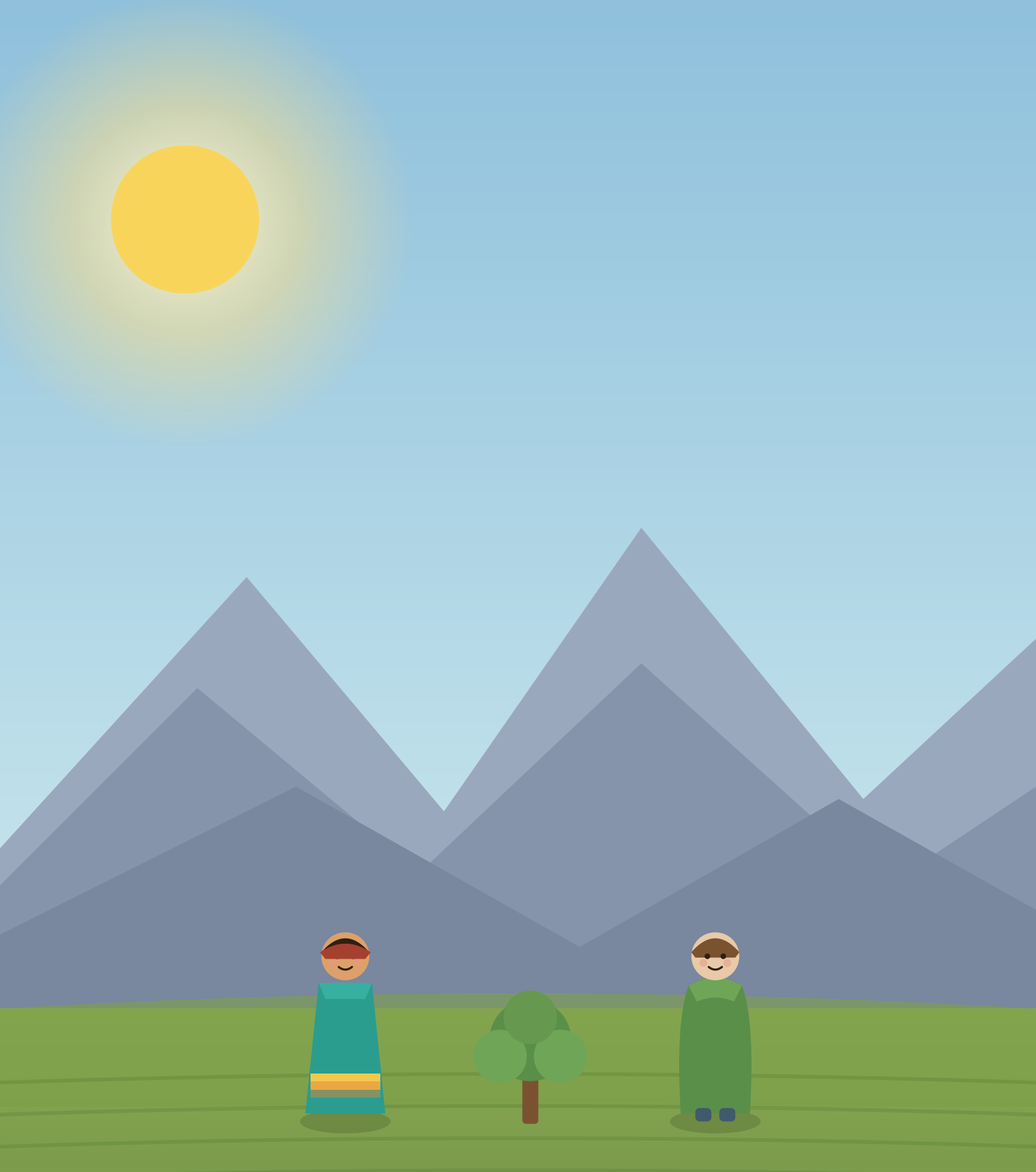
Oliver looked up. His eyes grew wide.
Here, high in the mountains,
a girl was smiling right at him.



“My name is Illa,” she said. “What is yours?”

“I am Oliver,” he said.

“I come from far away.”



“Oliver,” said Illa. “What a lovely name.
What does it mean?”

“It is a tree,” he said. “A little tree from my land.”



Illa's face lit up like the morning.
"A tree! Then you are ***Mallki*** — our little tree."
Oliver laughed. He had never had a name
that felt like a hug.



“Come,” said Illa. “You can rest now.

Here, you are welcome.”

And the little tree from far away
had found a place to grow.



*Wherever you come from, little one,
there is a place that is glad you are here.
Rest now. You are welcome.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A BEDTIME STORY

Come, I'll Show You

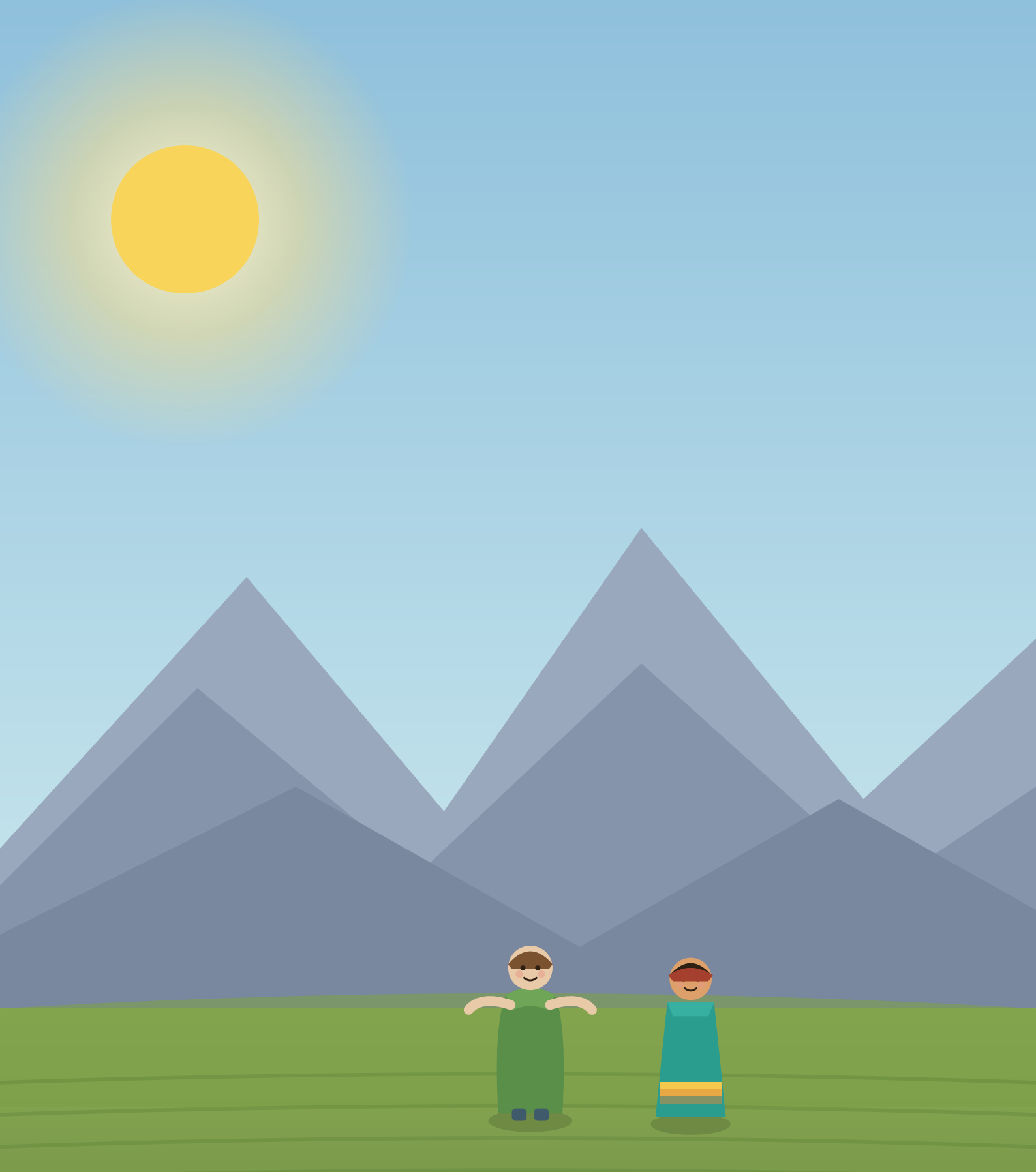
Ven, Te Muestro

For every child who loves where they live.

AMISTAD SAGRADA · YACHAY WASICHA · PISAQ · VALLE SAGRADO

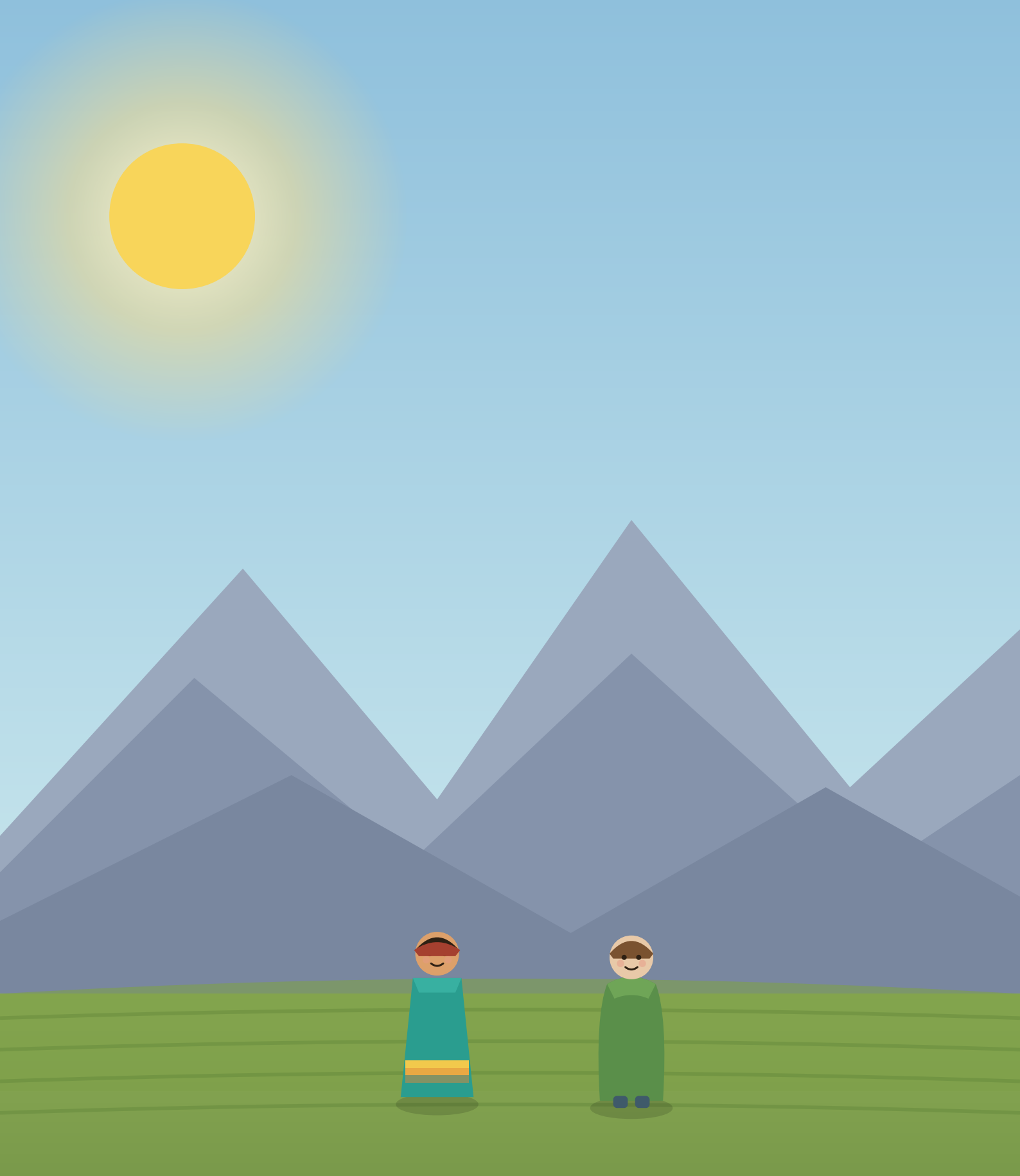


“Come, Oliver,” said Illa. “I’ll show you my valley.” And she took his hand.

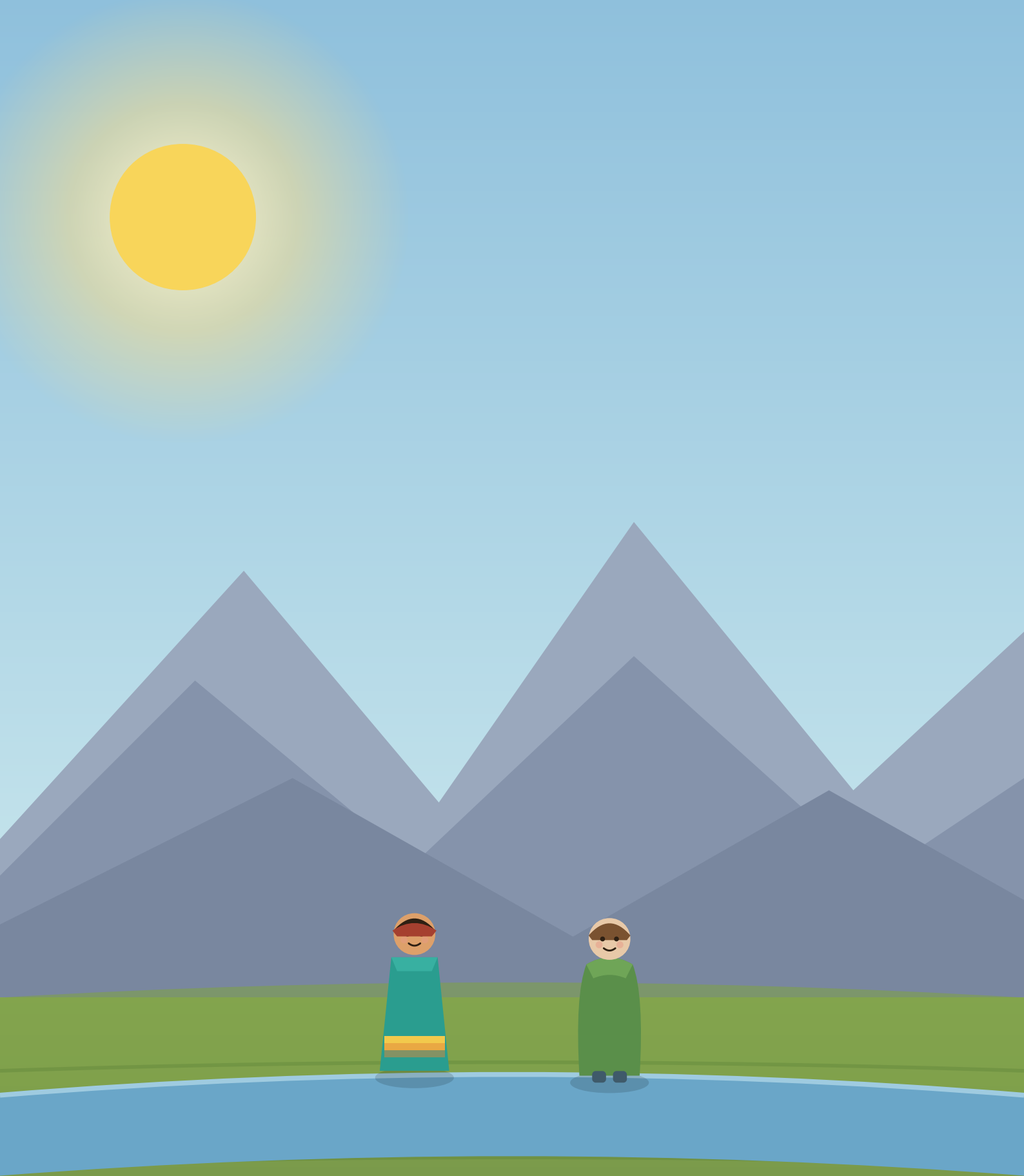


“Look at the mountains,” she said.

“We call them the *Apus* —
the old ones who watch over us.”



“And these are the terraces —
green stairways the grandfathers
carved a thousand years ago.”



The river ran below them, singing.
Oliver had never heard water so happy.



High above, a great condor turned.
“Beautiful,” Oliver whispered.
Illa smiled. She had never seen it so new.

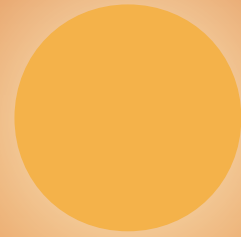


*The whole valley is your home, little one.
Close your eyes. The mountains are watching over you.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A BEDTIME STORY

This Is My Family

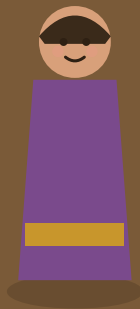
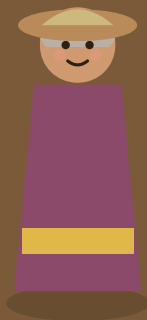
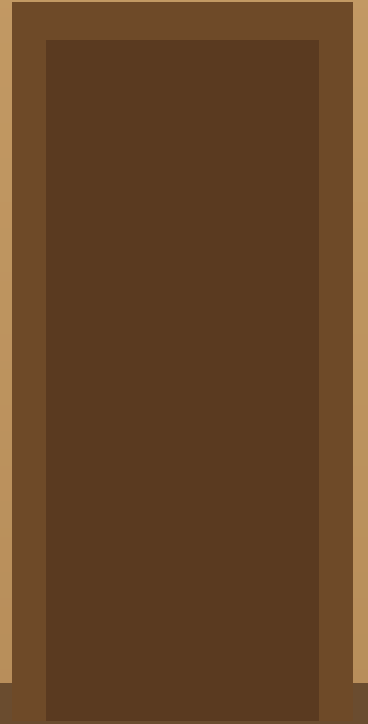
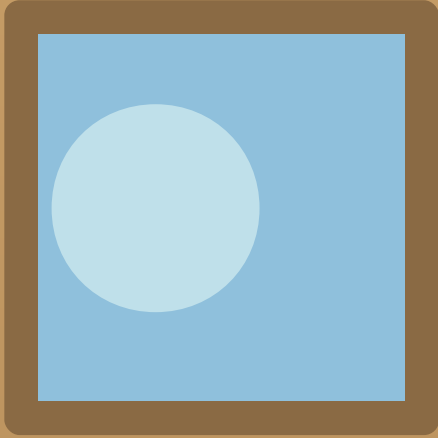
Esta Es Mi Familia

For every child who belongs.

AMISTAD SAGRADA · YACHAY WASICHA · PISAQ · VALLE SAGRADO



“Come and meet my family,” said Illa,
and led Oliver to a little house.



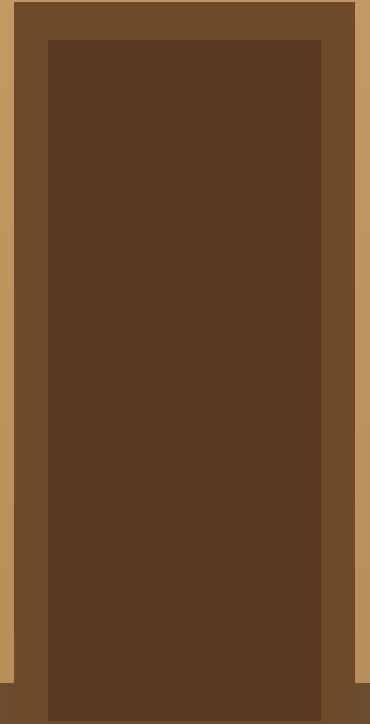
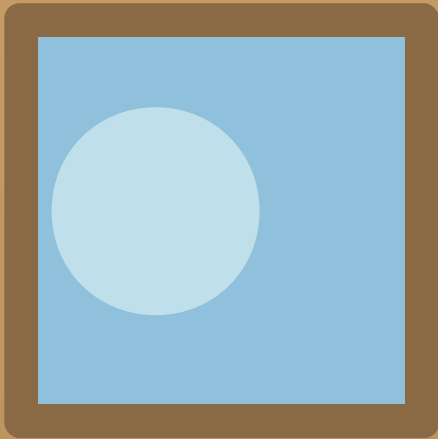
Inside, by the fire, sat the abuela —
the grandmother — with kind, deep eyes.



She poured a warm cup and held it out.
The first cup is always for the guest.



“But I’m a stranger,” said Oliver.
“Not here,” said Illa. “Here, family
is bigger than blood. We call it *ayllu*.”



And just like that, the little tree
from far away had a family again.



*You are part of something warm, little one.
You are never, ever alone.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A BEDTIME STORY

Run, Jump, Climb

Corre, Salta, Tropa

For every child with grass-stained knees.

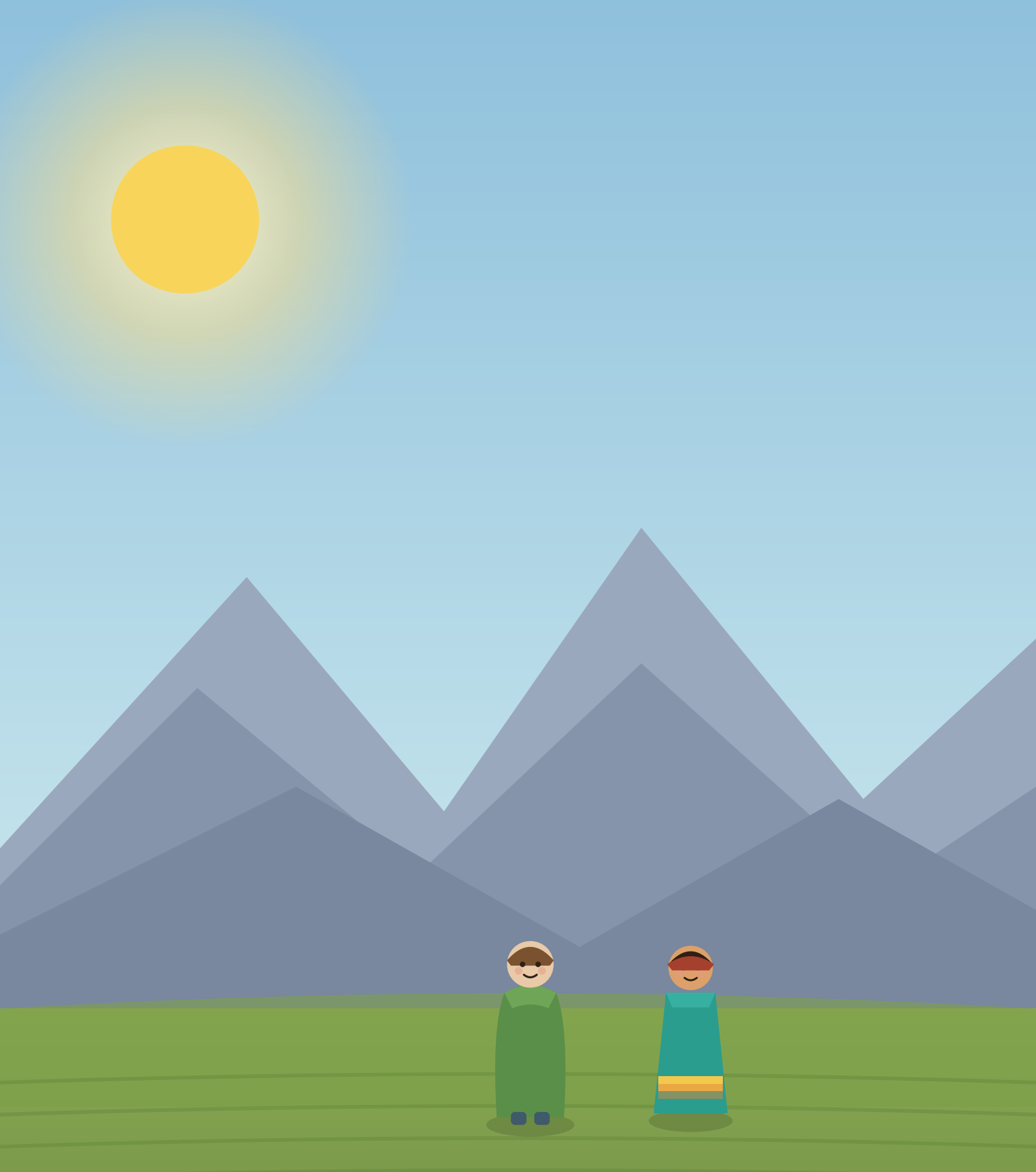
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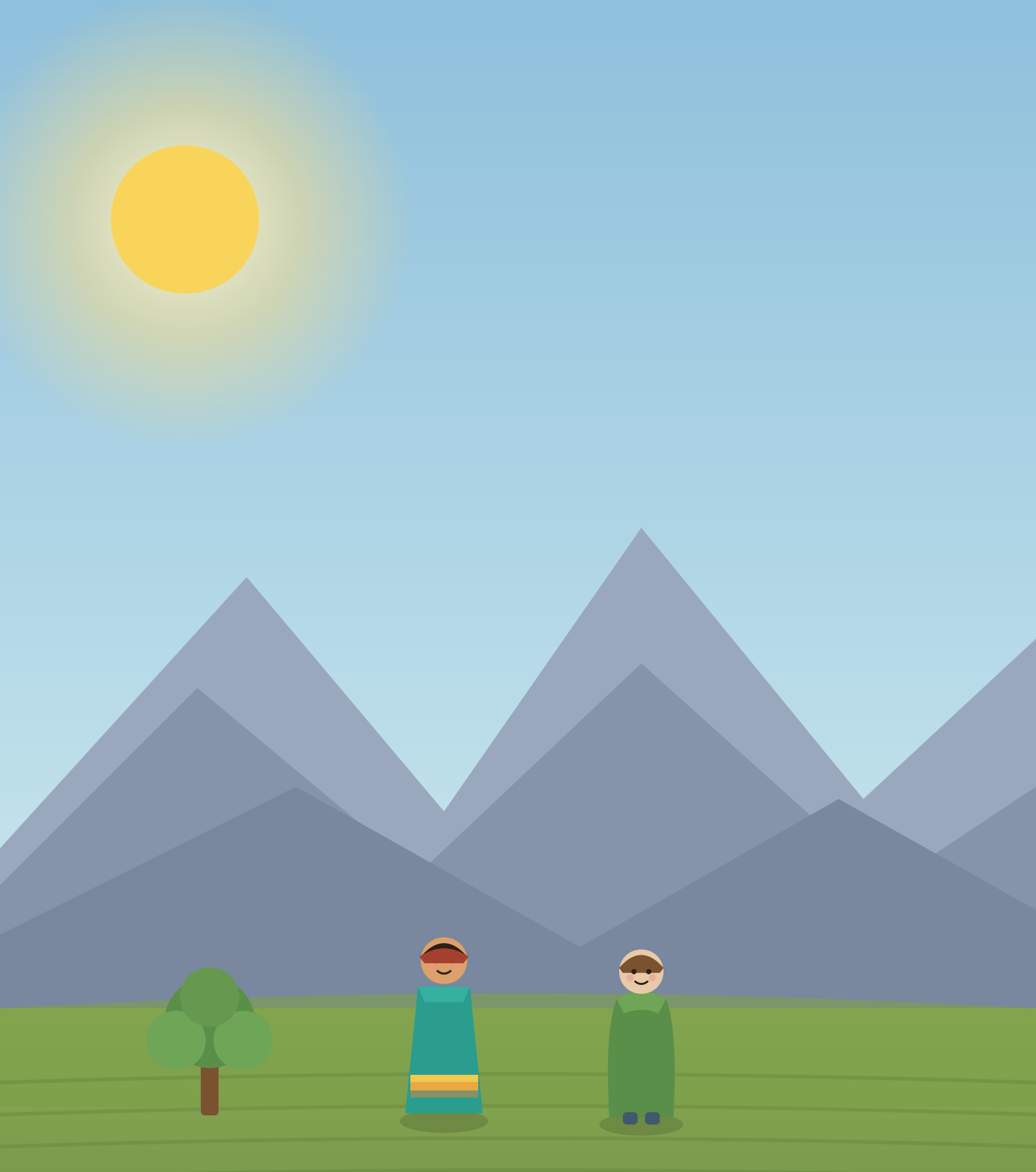
Out in the fields, the children played.
Run! Jump! Climb!



They chased the wind up the green hill,
laughing, all the way to the top.



Then — a stumble. A tumble.
Oliver scraped his knee, and his eyes filled.



Illa found a small green leaf.
“*Pachamama* — the earth — grows medicine,
right here, for whoever needs it.”



The sting faded. The knee felt better.
And back they ran, into the golden light.

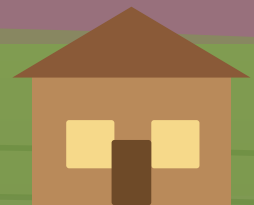


*You played, you fell, you rose again.
Rest now, brave one. Tomorrow you run.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



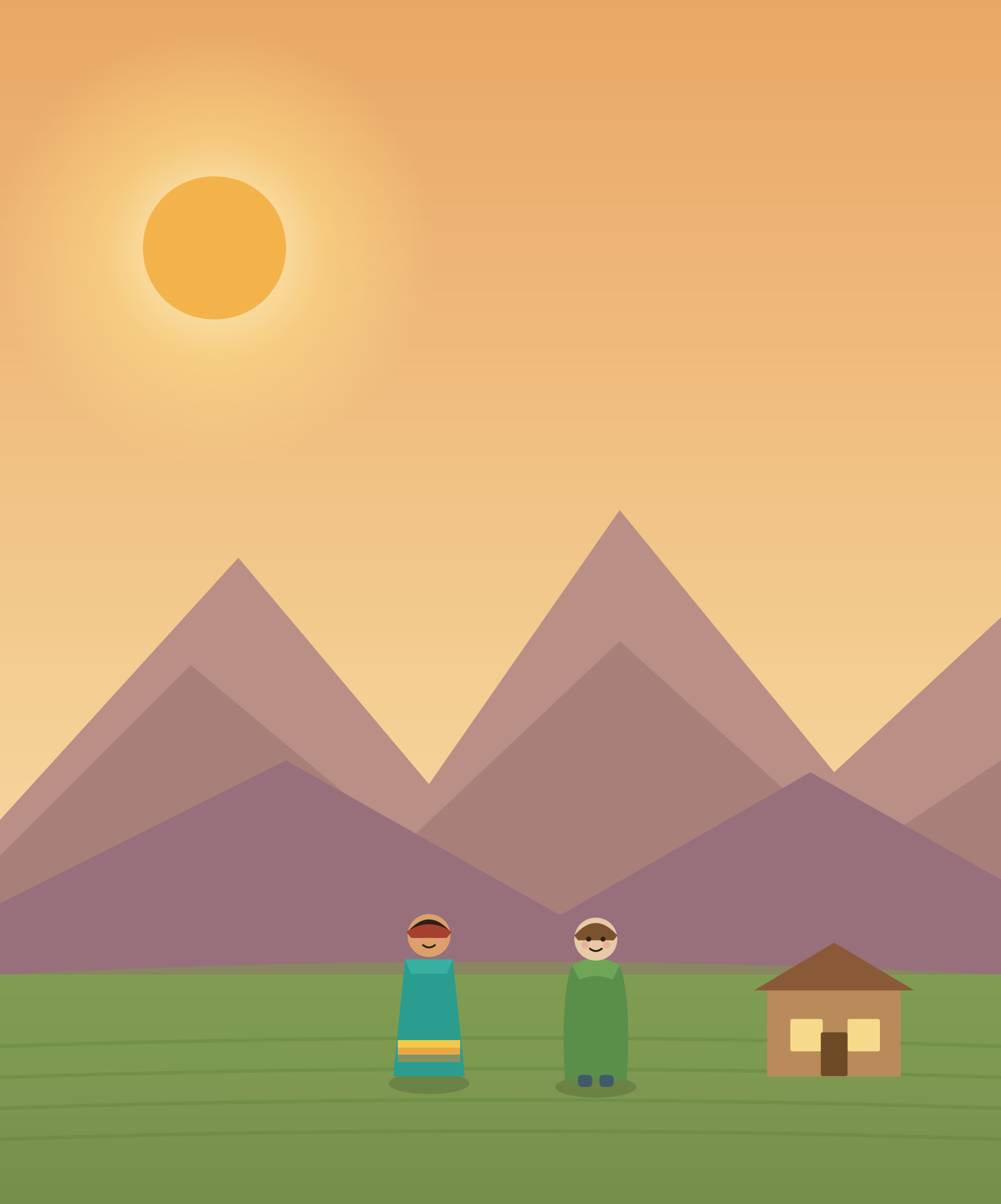
A BEDTIME STORY

A Day in the Valley

Un Día en el Valle

For every child from sunrise to stars.

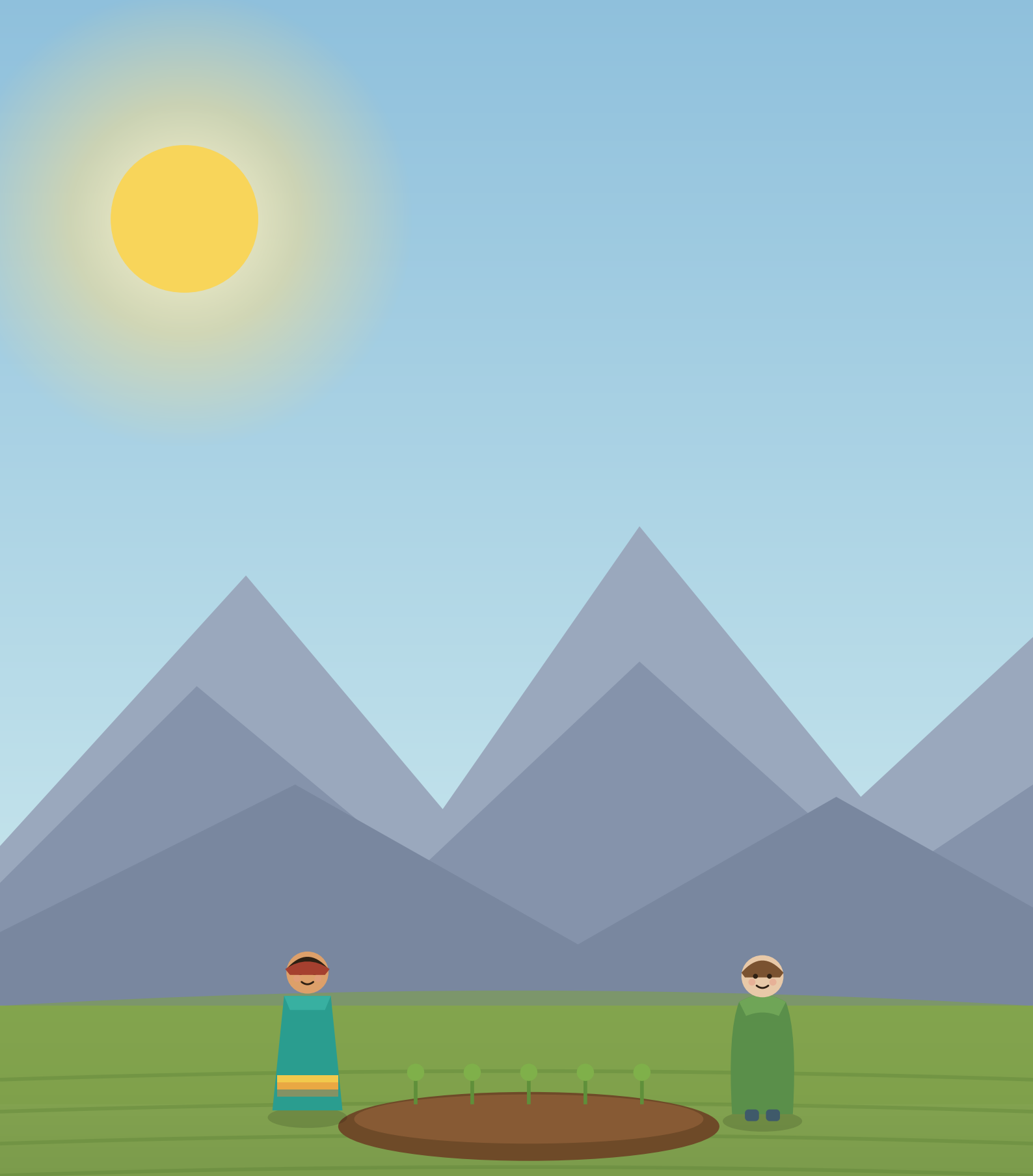
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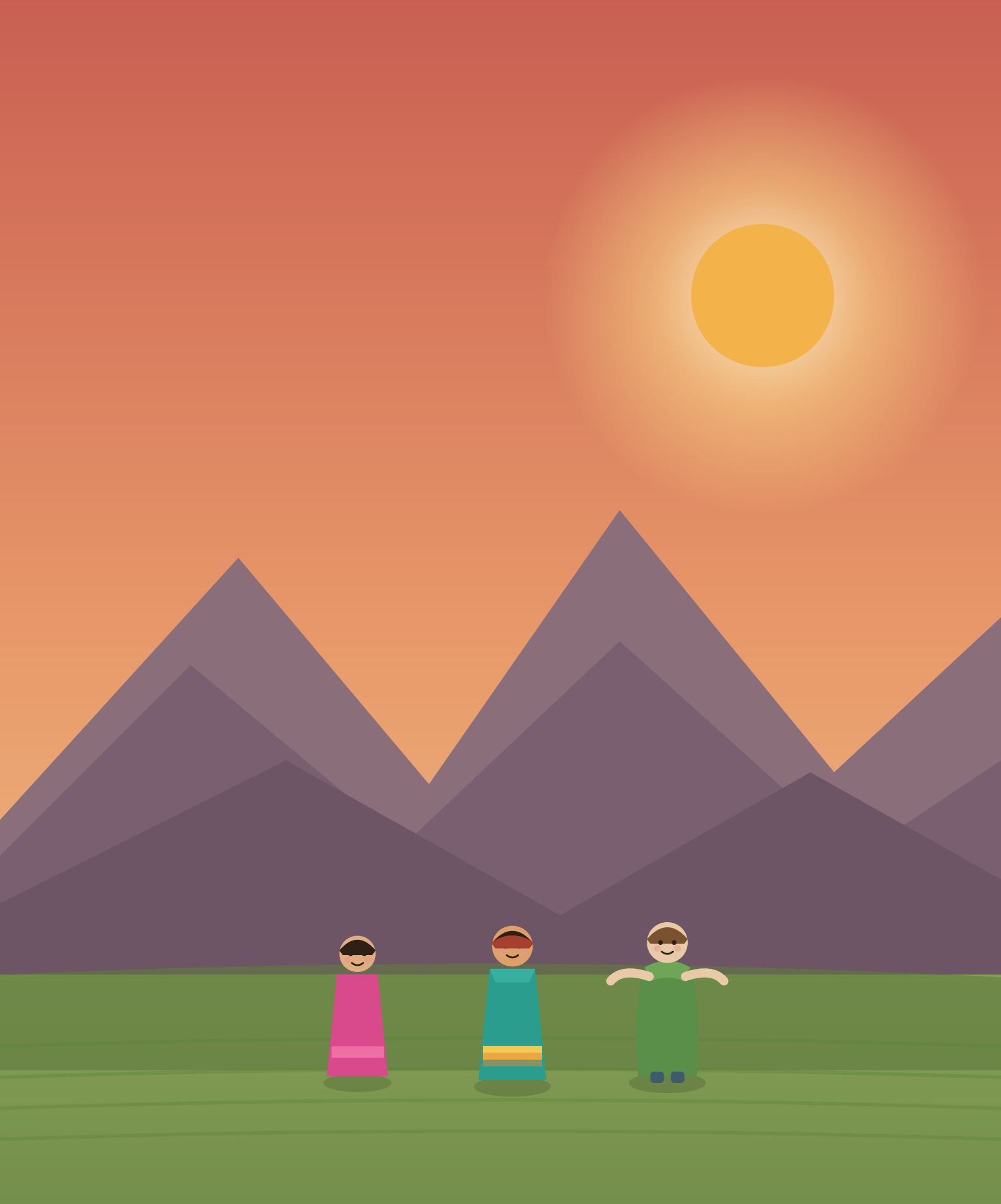
The sun climbed over the mountains.
“Allin p’unchay,” said Illa. “Good day.”



In the morning they fed the llamas
and carried water, and worked, and sang.



At midday, they ate from the garden —
food still warm from the earth.



The afternoon was for playing,
until the sky turned to gold and rose.



And when the stars came out, one by one,
the whole valley whispered goodnight.

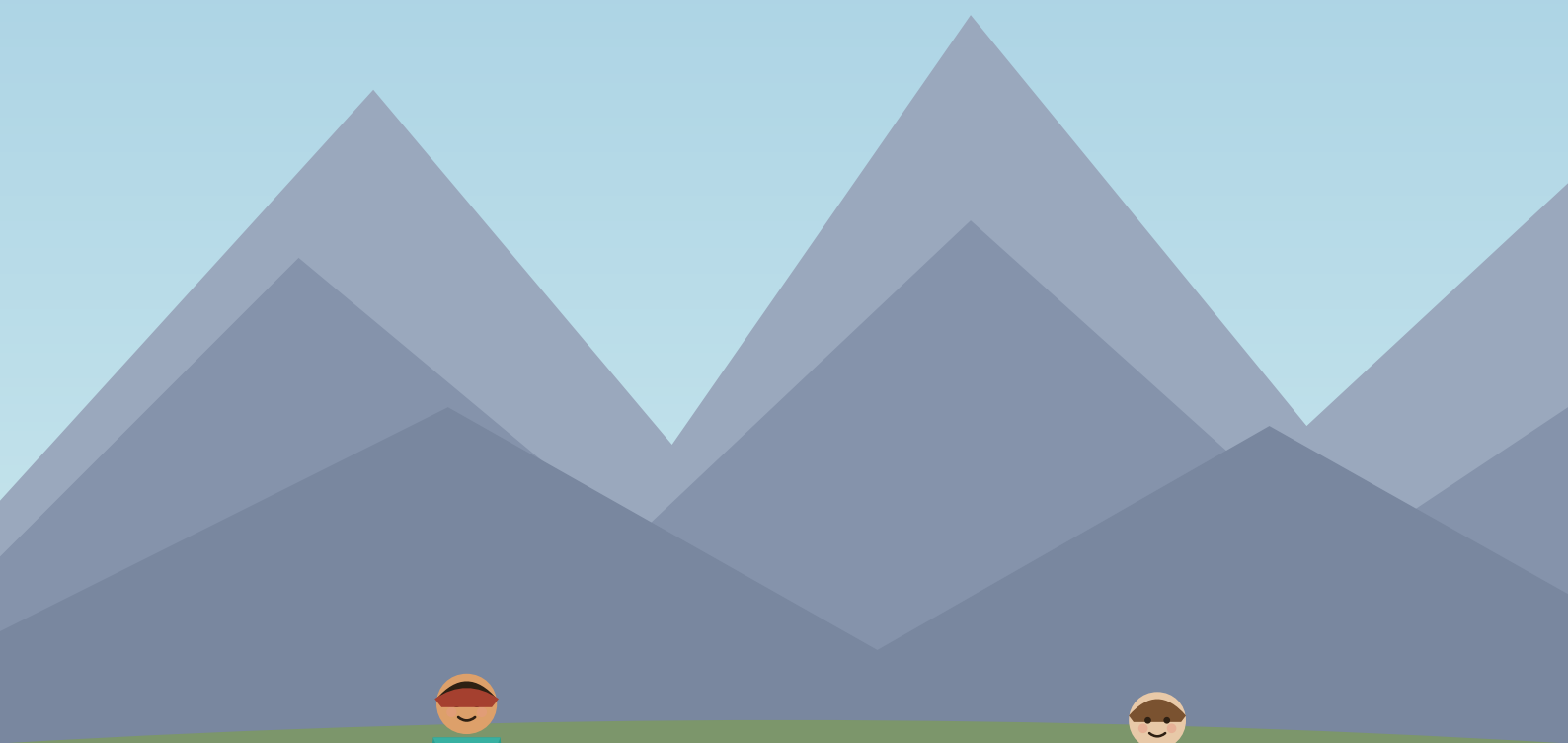


*The day is done, and it was good.
Sleep now. The stars will keep the valley.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A BEDTIME STORY

Taste This

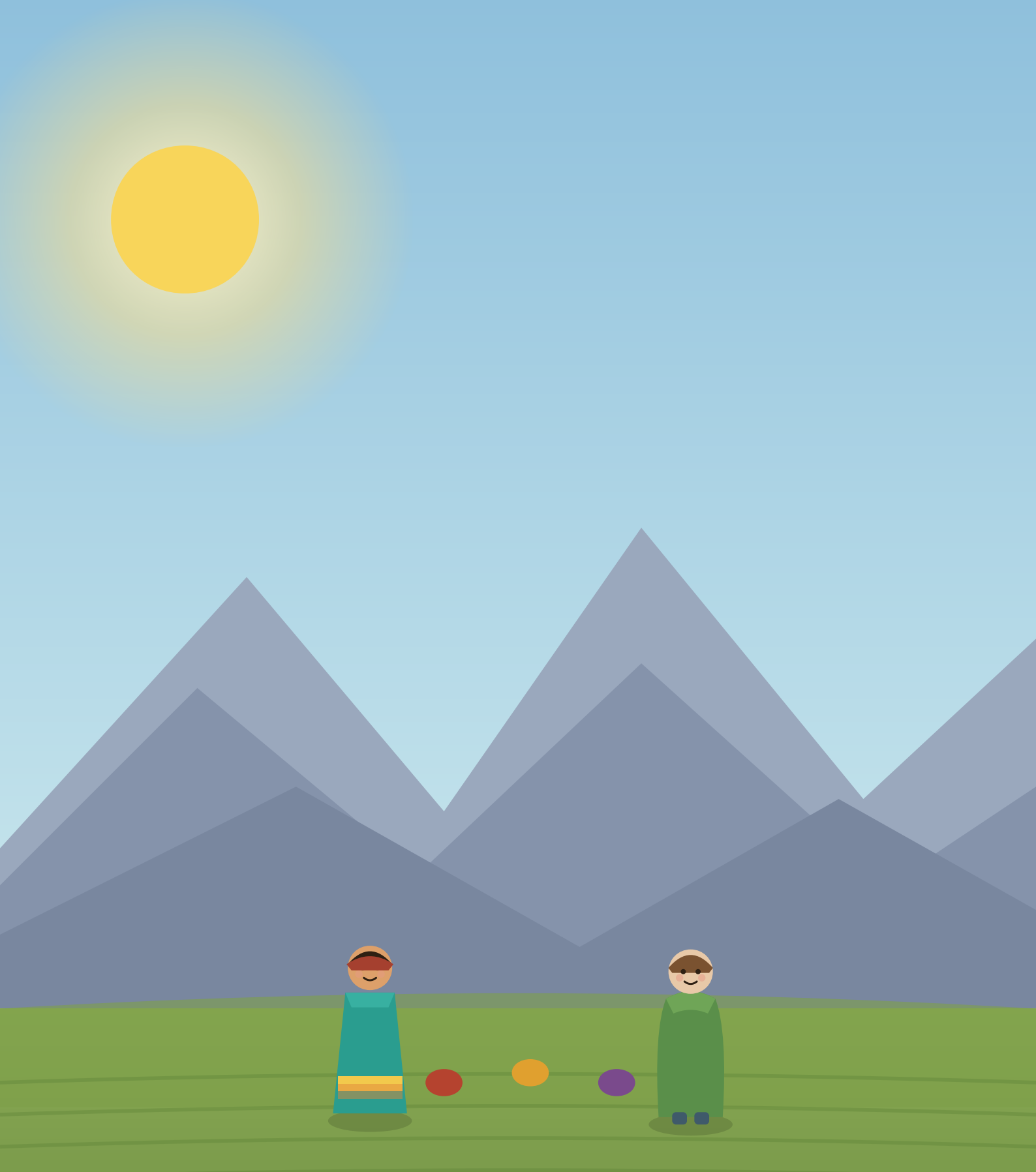
Prueba Esto

For every child fed by the earth.

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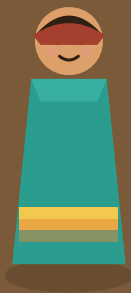
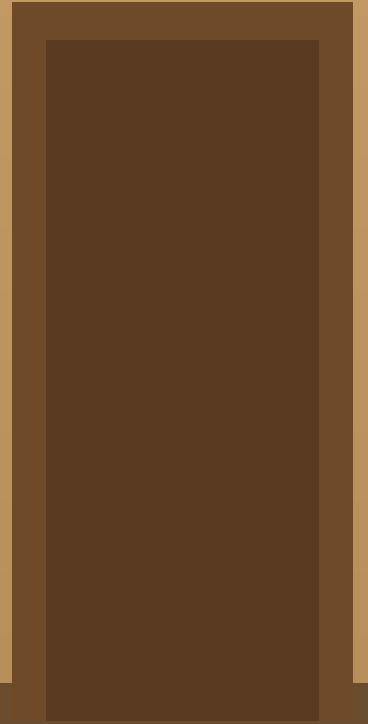
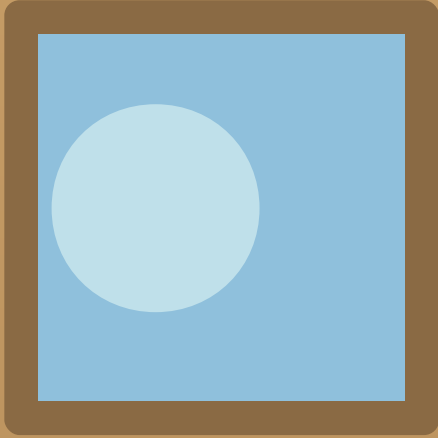
Illa knelt and pulled from the ground
potatoes — red, gold, purple, blue.



“Where does the food come from?”
asked Oliver. Illa laughed and pointed down.
“From here! From *Pachamama*.”



They cooked it over the warm fire,
and the little house filled with good smells.



“Taste this,” said Illa. Oliver tasted.
His eyes went wide.



“It tastes of the sun,” he said softly.
“It tastes of the earth. It tastes of home.”

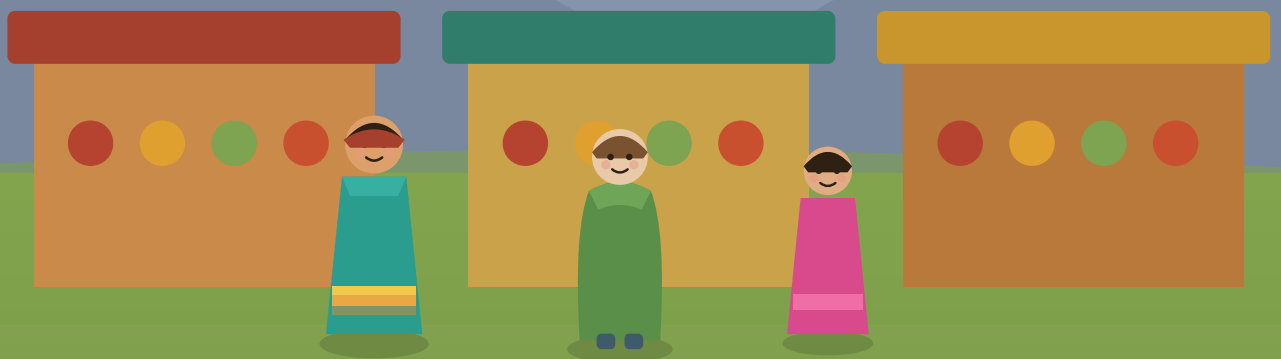


*The earth fed you today, little one.
Sleep sweet, and grow like the little seeds.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



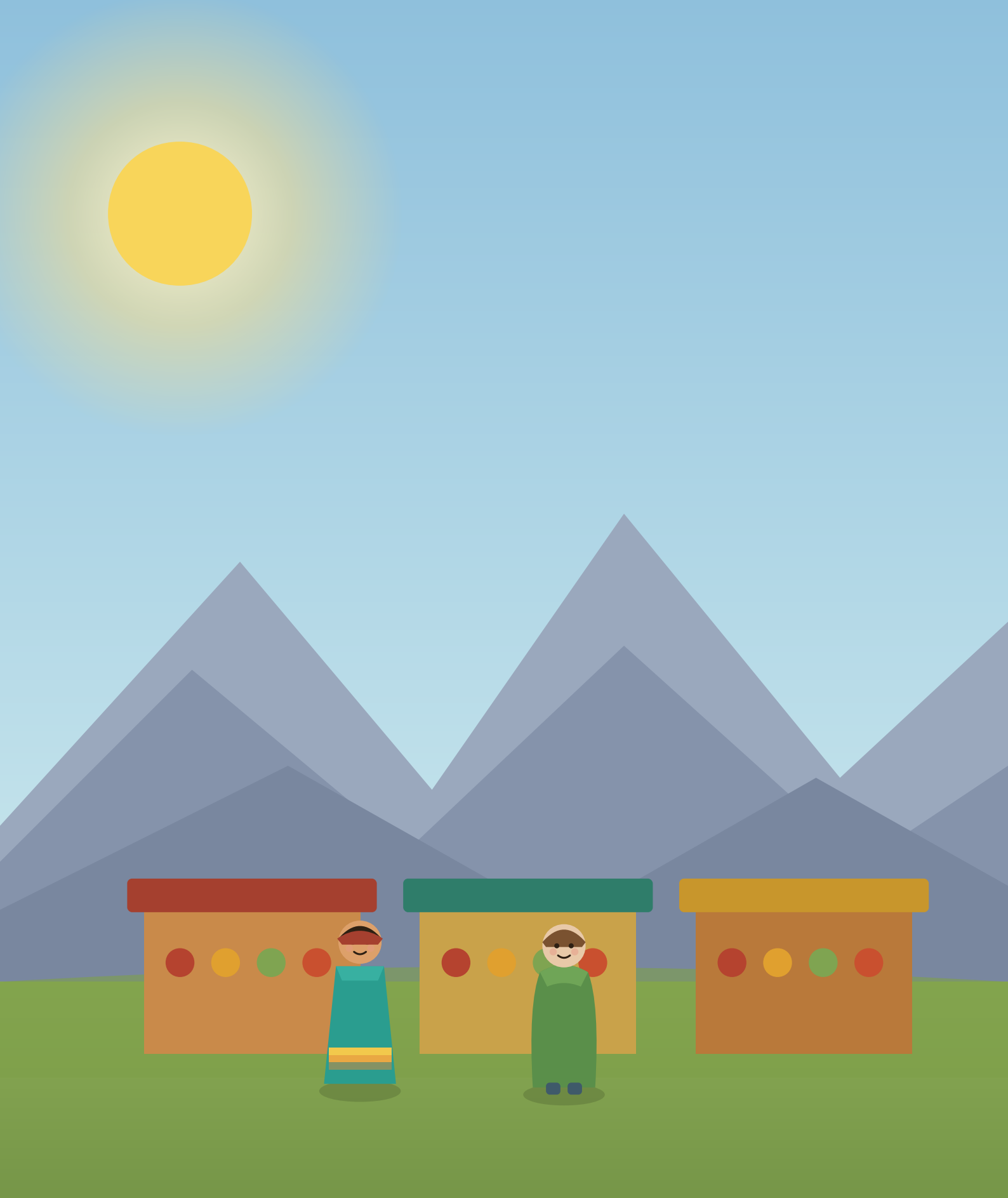
A BEDTIME STORY

At the Pisaq Market

En el Mercado de Pisaq

For every child who knows a gift when they get one.

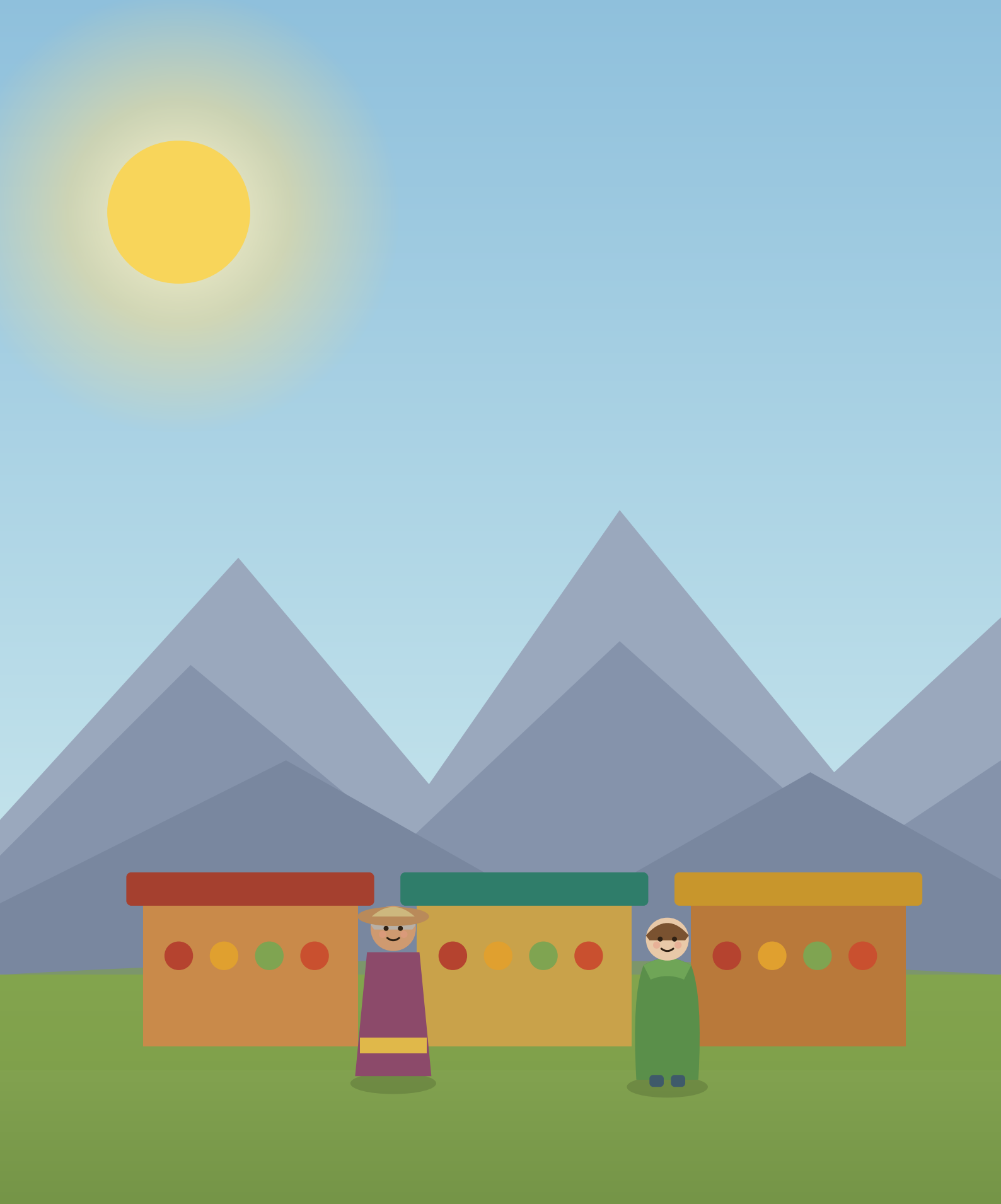
AMISTAD SAGRADA · YACHAY WASICHA · PISAQ · VALLE SAGRADO



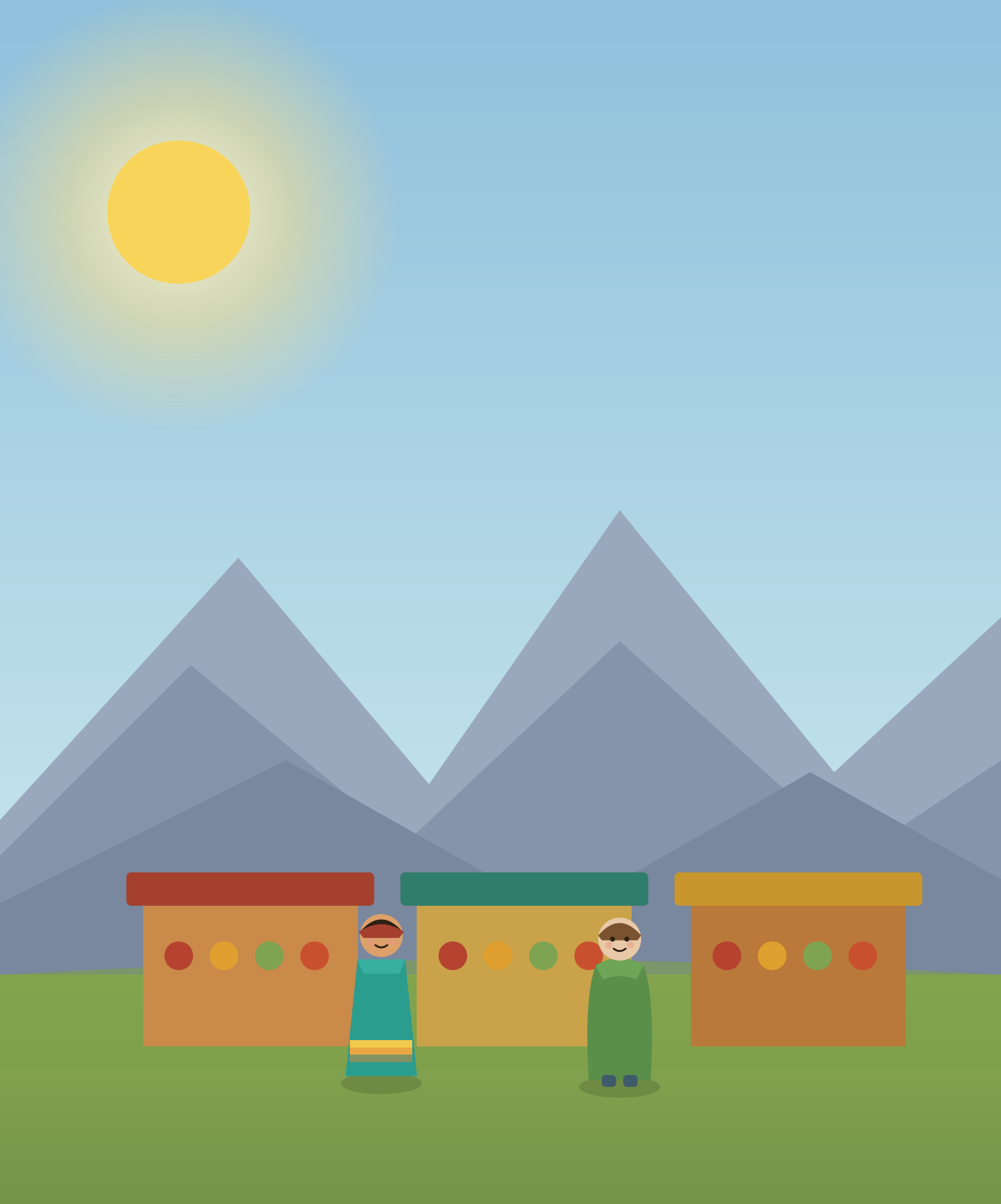
The market of Pisac was full of colours —
weavings, fruit, and busy, happy voices.



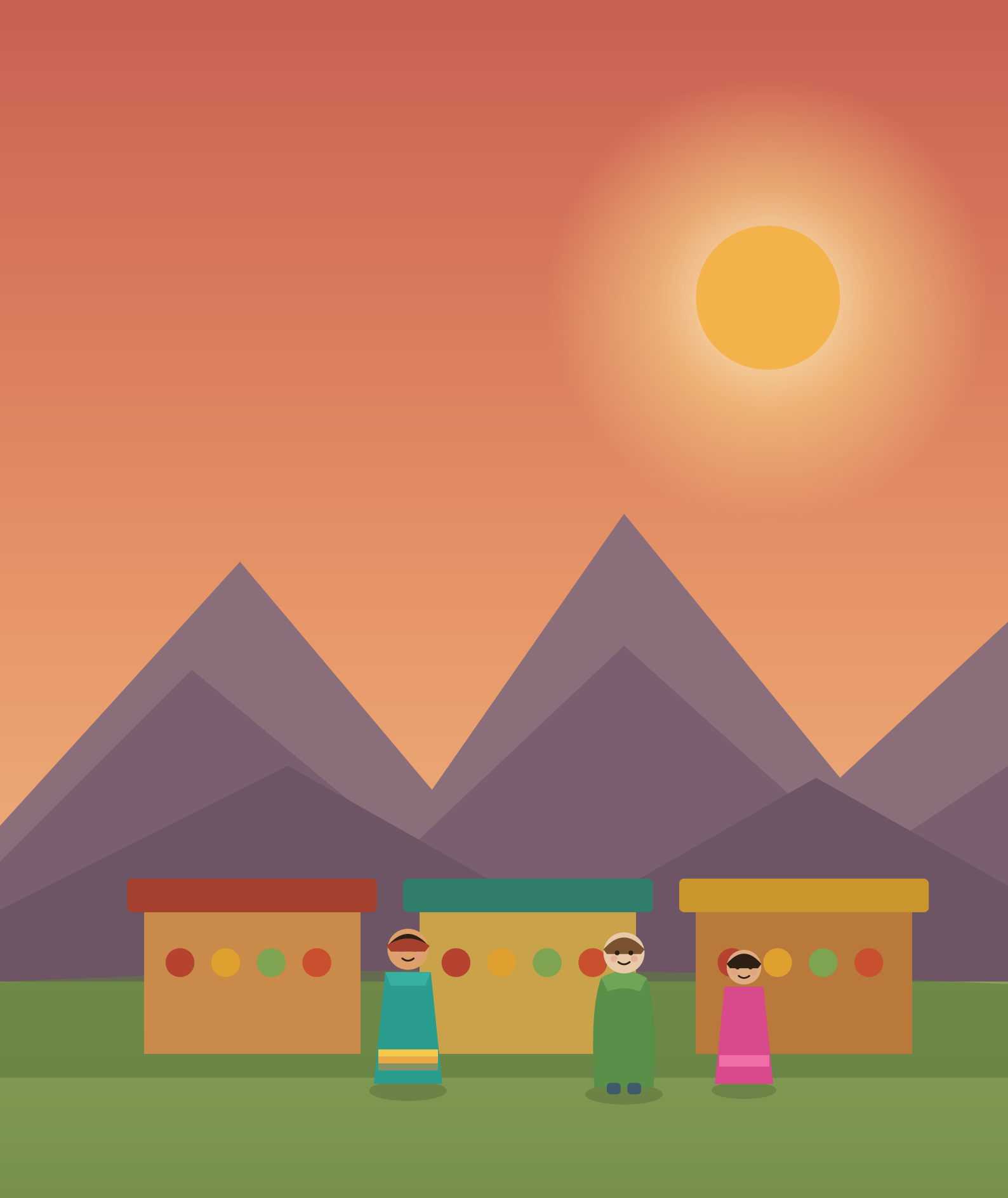
Illa chose some fruit and paid a fair price.
The seller smiled — and then did something more.



She dropped one extra fruit into the bag.
“What’s that?” asked Oliver.



“The *yapa*,” said Illa. “A little extra,
given with love. Here, we always give a little more.”



Oliver held the little extra fruit
and felt the whole warm market inside it.



*The market was full of colours and kindness.
Sleep now, with your hands full of gifts.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



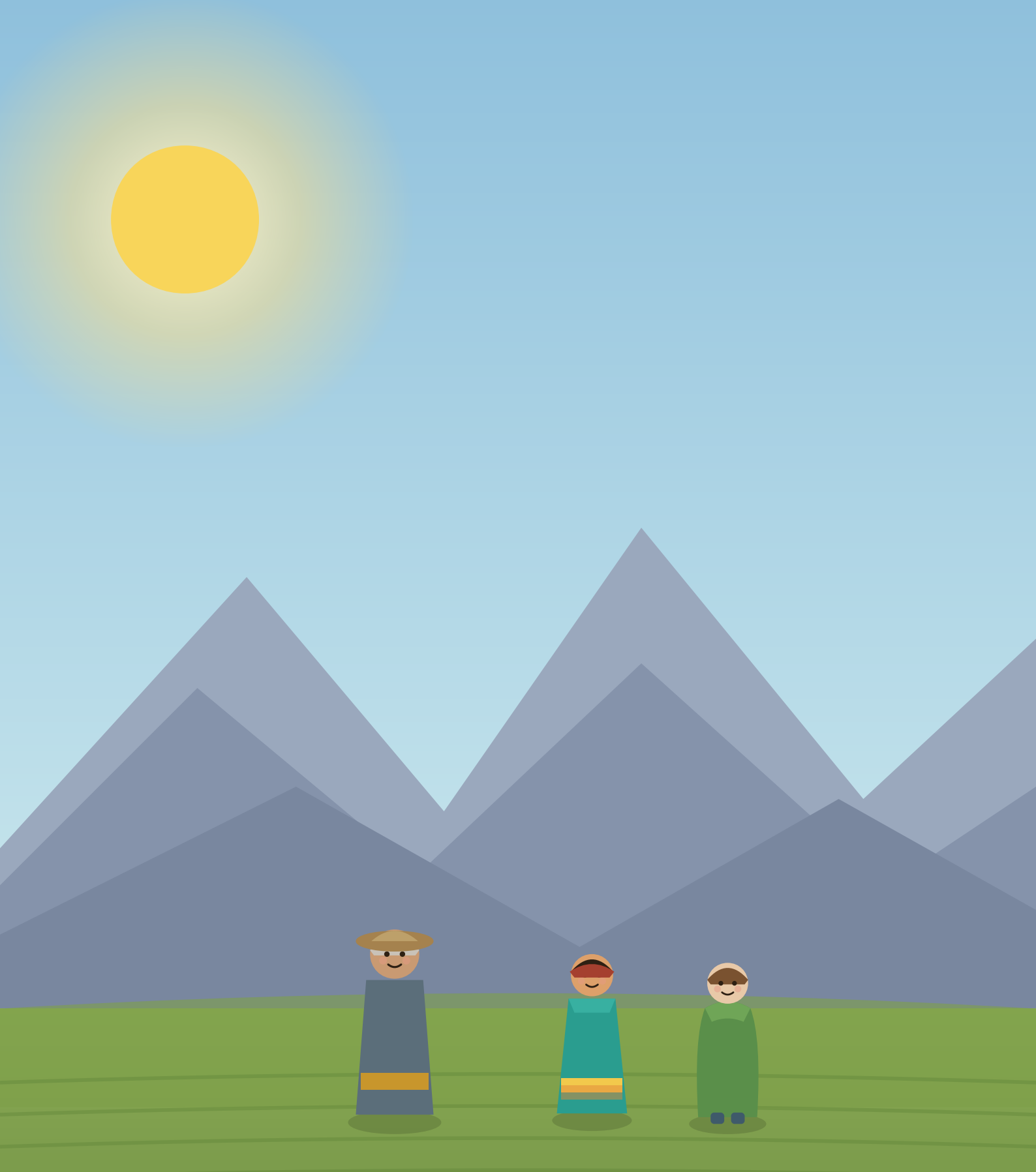
A BEDTIME STORY

The Mountain Sky

El Cielo de la Montaña

For every child who learns to read the sky.

AMISTAD SAGRADA · YACHAY WASICHA · PISAQ · VALLE SAGRADO



It was a bright day. But old Abuelo
looked up, and read the mountain sky.



“Rain is coming,” he said. And soon
the clouds gathered dark over the *Apus*.



Down came the rain! They ran for shelter
and watched it drum upon the roof.



Then the sun returned — and a rainbow
arched right across the washed-clean valley.



“The mountain always tells us,” said Abuelo,
“if only we remember how to listen.”

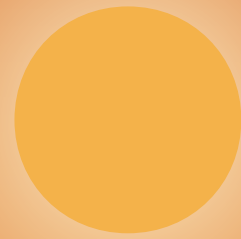


*The storm passed, and the sky washed clean.
Sleep now. Every night gives way to morning.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

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Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A BEDTIME STORY

My Friend from Far Away

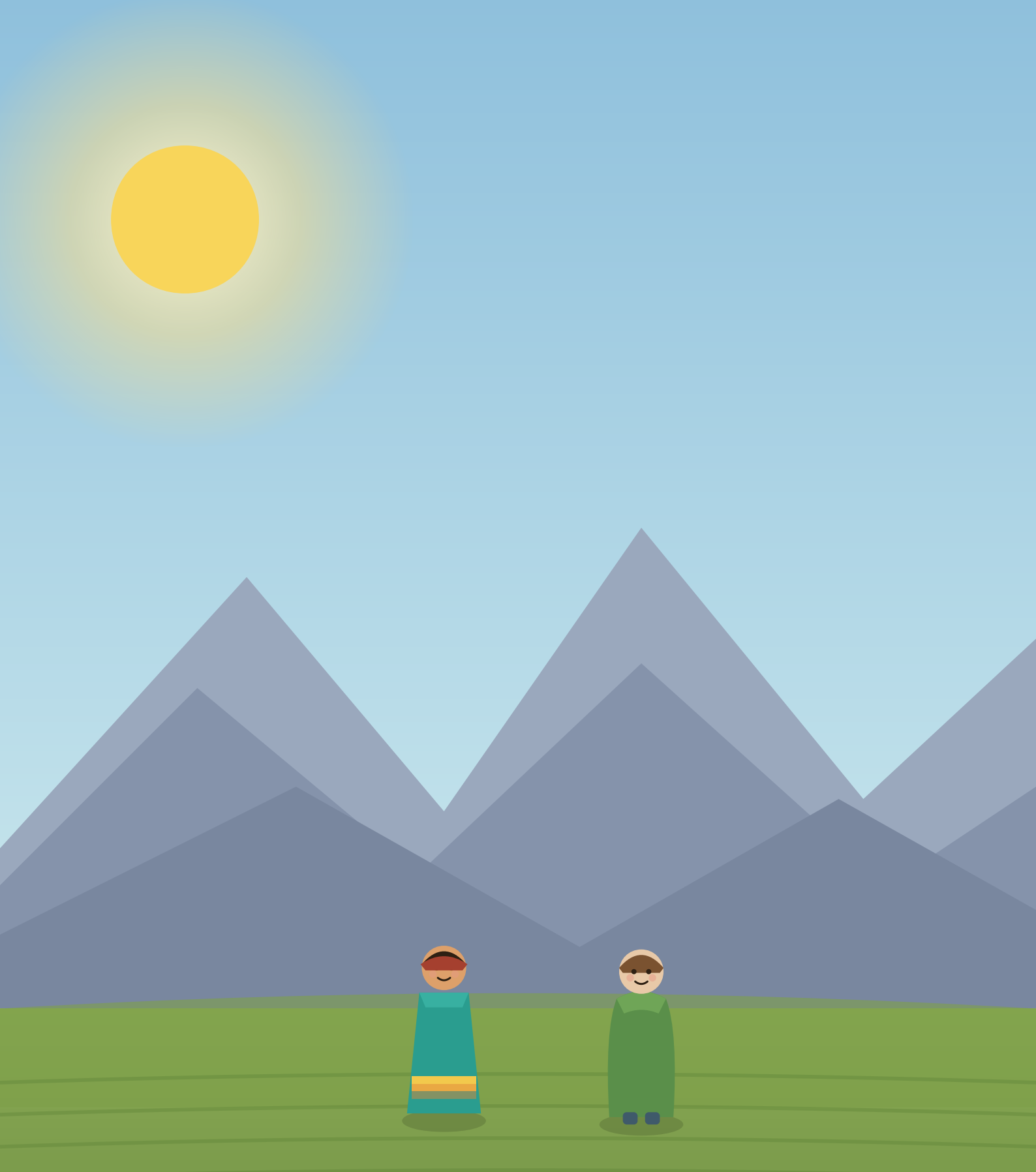
Mi Amigo de Muy Lejos

For every friendship that leaps across the world.

AMISTAD SAGRADA · YACHAY WASICHA · PISAQ · VALLE SAGRADO



Illa and Oliver came from far-apart lands,
with different words for everything.



At first it was hard. She said a word;
he tilted his head. He said one; she laughed.



But they played. And ran. And laughed.
And the friendship grew right past the words.



Two rivers, born on faraway mountains,
meeting into one stream. Illa knew the word:
tupay — where two become one.



Best friends now — from two ends of the earth,
and no distance big enough to matter.

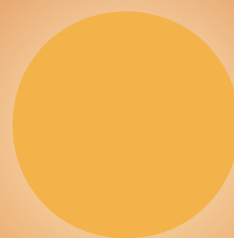


*Somewhere across the world, a friend loves you.
Sleep now, held by a friendship without end.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley

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Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A BEDTIME STORY

Everyone Is Welcome Here

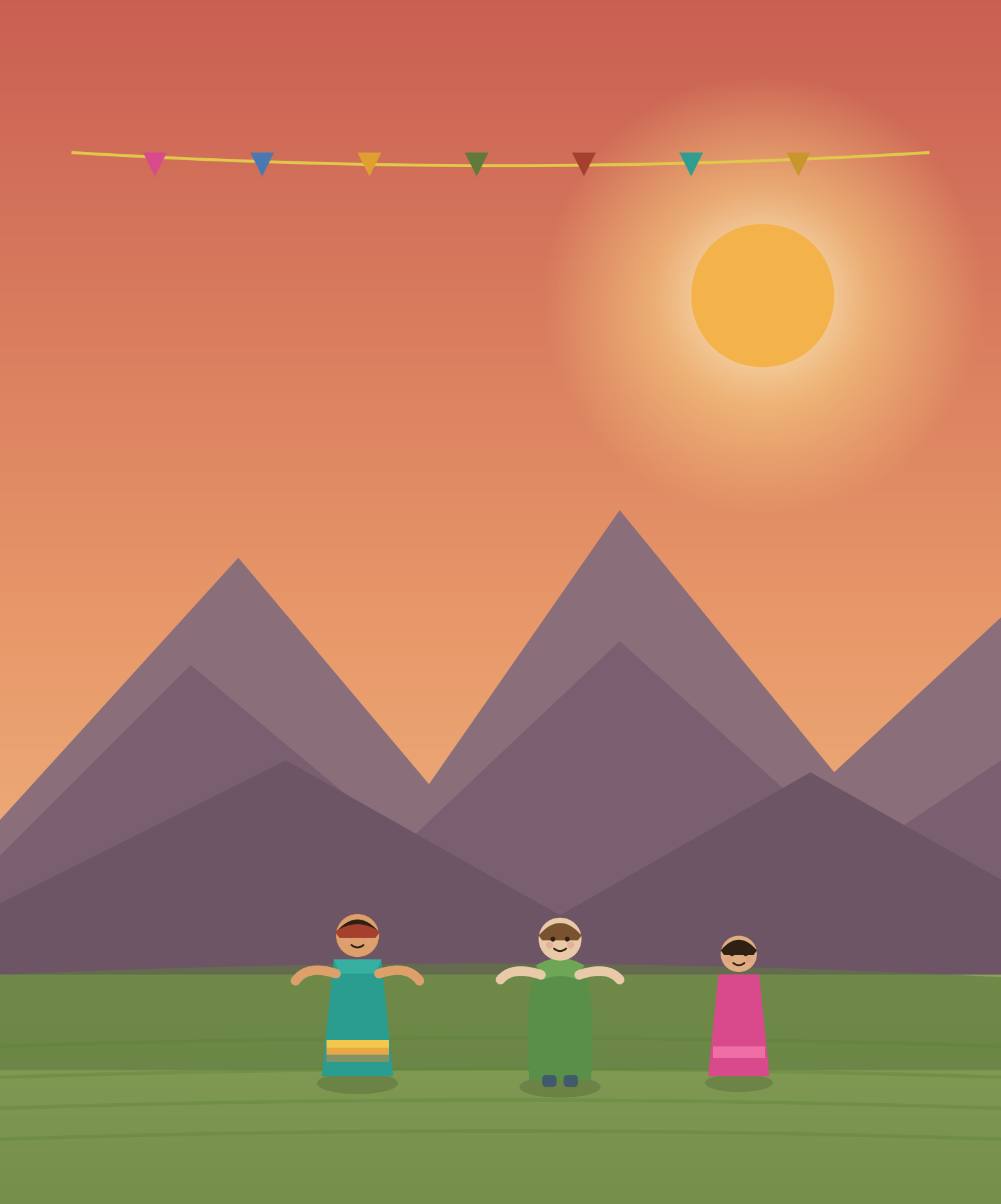
Aquí Todos Son Bienvenidos

For every child, and everyone they will ever welcome.

AMISTAD SAGRADA · YACHAY WASICHA · PISAQ · VALLE SAGRADO



The whole village gathered in the plaza,
with music, and food, and dancing feet.



Everyone welcomed Oliver — the little tree
who had come from across the sea.



They shared everything, and counted nothing.
“This is *ayni*,” said Illa — “love, given and returned.”



And watching Oliver's happy face,
Illa saw how precious her home truly was.



“Everyone is welcome here,” she said.
And under the stars, everyone was.



*You are welcome here. You always were.
Sleep now, little tree. You are home.*

With love, from Amistad Sagrada & Yachay Wasicha · Písaq, Sacred Valley