Jelly

The Little Red Kite

LITTLE READERS



Mia finds a red kite
in the closet. It has
a long white string.



"Can we fly it today?"
she asks Dad. He looks
out at the trees.



The leaves are moving
in a gentle breeze.
“Let us try,” Dad says.



Mia carries the red kite.

Dad brings the string.

They walk to the park.



The grass is soft
and green. There is lots
of room to run.



Dad checks the kite.
"The string goes here,"
he tells Mia.



Mia holds the red kite
while Dad ties the string
in place.



"Are you ready?" Dad asks.
Mia nods. "I am ready
to see it fly!"



Dad holds the kite up.

Mia holds the string.

A little breeze blows.



Mia walks forward.
The red kite lifts
above Dad's hands.



It dips once,
then rises again.
“Look!” Mia calls.



The kite climbs higher
into the blue sky.
Mia smiles up at it.



Dad lets out
a little more string.
The kite dances in the air.



“It looks like a red bird,”
Mia says. Dad smiles.
“It does!”



Mia holds the handle
with both hands.
The wind pulls gently.



The kite floats over the green park. Mia walks beneath it.



Then a stronger gust
rushes through the trees.
The string pulls hard.



"Oh!" says Mia.
The handle slips
from her hands.



The little red kite
floats away. Its white string
trails behind it.



Mia watches it go.

“My kite!” she calls.

Dad stands beside her.



The kite drifts across
a little stream. It settles
on a low tree branch.



"Can we get it back?"
Mia asks. Dad points
to a path nearby.



"We can cross
at the footbridge," he says.
Mia takes his hand.



They follow the path
beside the stream.
The water sparkles.



Mia and Dad cross
the little bridge together.
The kite is still in the tree.



They walk up to the tree.
The red kite hangs
on a low branch.



Dad can reach it
from the ground. He lifts
the string gently.



“Careful,” says Mia.
Dad frees the kite
from the branch.



“Here it is,” Dad says.
He gives the kite to Mia.
She holds it close.



“Thank you, Dad!”
Mia says. She checks
the long white string.



The string is tangled.
Together, Mia and Dad
slowly straighten it.



Soon the string is ready.
Dad shows Mia how
to hold the handle.



"I will hold it tight,"
Mia says. She wraps
her hands around it.



They walk to an open
place in the park.
A gentle wind is blowing.



Dad lifts the red kite.

Mia takes a few steps.

Up the kite goes!



It dances over the grass.
Mia holds the handle
with both hands.



“You are flying it!”
Dad says. Mia looks up
and gives him a smile.



The little red kite
sails across the sky.
Its ribbons flutter.



Mia and Dad watch it together. The sun is warm, and the wind is kind.



“I am glad we found you,”
Mia tells her kite.
Dad smiles beside her.



What does Mia find
in the closet?
What color is it?



Who goes to the park
with Mia?
What do they bring?



How does the kite
get up into the sky?
Tell a friend.



What happens when
a strong gust blows?
Where does the kite go?



Where does the kite
come to rest?
How do they get there?



Who helps free
the red kite?
How does he reach it?



What do Mia and Dad
do with the string
before flying again?



How does Mia keep

hold of the kite?

Tell the story in order.



The End

