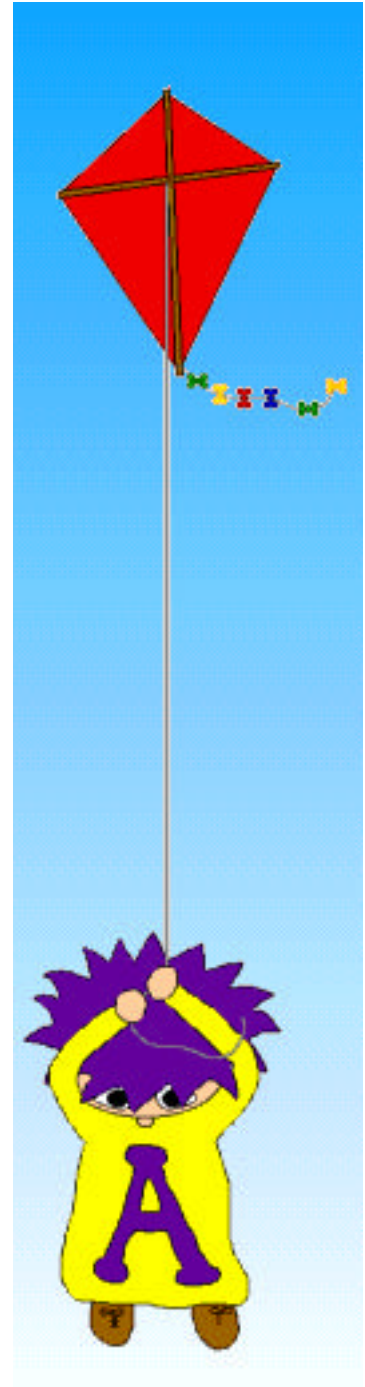


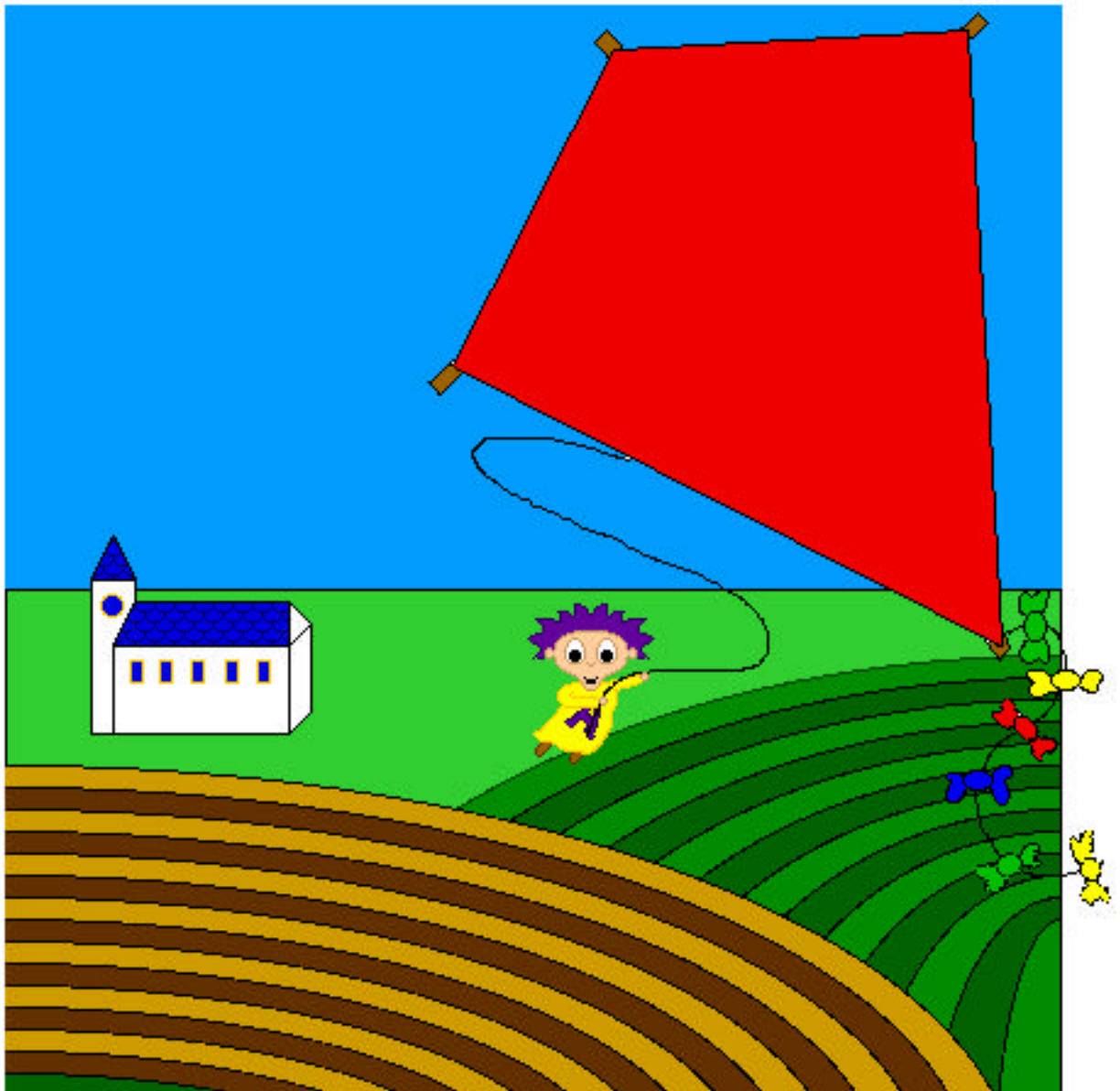
The Kite

by Artie!

One sunny spring day when the flowers were springing,
When bunnies were hopping and bluebirds were singing,
I couldn't go out! I was sorry and sad.
I had to stay in with my Mom and my Dad.
I stayed inside at my parents' requests.
That was the day we were having some guests.
Now some of you readers might need some explaining:
When grown-ups come over, it's not entertaining.
The day will be boring; it won't be much fun.
The day will drag on; it will never be done.
The grownups just talk! They sit in their chairs!
They sit and talk although nobody cares.
At least, I didn't care. I thought they were boring.
I sat and I daydreamed, politely ignoring.
I tried not to fidget; it's hard on a kid!
They told me to go fly a kite, so I did.
They didn't mean it for real, I am sure,
But I didn't stay—they might have said more.
I ran for the door without further approval.
(But passed by my closet for quick kite-removal)
I ran for the playground behind my back yard.
I ran really quickly and breathed really hard.
I was outside! I was free! It was cool!
I tied up my kite and I loosened the spool.
I was finally free, I was happily-hearted.
I ran through the breeze to help get my kite started.
The breeze was quite helpful, it picked up my kite
And carried it upwards in fun windy flight.
I let out some string, the kite took a lot.
It rose in the sky to a tiny red spot!
The birdies were singing, the sun was still shining,
I sat in the playground, content and reclining.
But then came some BIG clouds, both windy and gray.
They blew my kite upwards and farther away.
I rolled in the spool and took in some slack.
The kite gave a pull, so I pulled right back.
But then it pulled harder and I started rising!
I thought this was scary and very surprising.
I pulled at the kite and I wiggled my feet,
But they were no longer attached to the street!



Immediately I rose up to the stratus
(That blue airy stuff up there, whatever that is)
I wiggled my toes and I tightened my grip
And found myself having a wonderful trip.
Who would have thought I'd be seeing such sights?
Maybe more people should fly some more kites.
I looked all around at the great panorama
And wished I had thought to remember my camera
I sailed over houses, I sailed over farms
The flight was delightful, though hard on my arms.
Upwards and onwards, I sailed with the breeze,
Over a steeple and over some trees.



The kite kept on sailing, the wind kept on blowing
While I kept on holding--so I kept on going.
I gathered some string and I tied a good knot
In case my small holding-on fingers forgot.
I tied a good knot in case I should fall
(That would no doubt be the end of it all).
I bumped into clouds! They were humid and airy.
I looked at the ground far away; it was scary,
But then I ran into a headwind and SMACK!
The wind changed direction and I headed back!
The wind changed direction! Backwards it blew,
Blowing me home to the playground I knew.
I let out the string until all was extended,
And as it rolled out to the end, I descended.

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