

John and the Kite That Sat Down



LITTLE
STORY MAGIC



On Clean Monday, John took his kite to the field with Papou, his grandfather. Julia came too. Papou had flown kites on this day when he was little. Now it was John's turn. His red kite had a yellow tail. It was going to be magnificent.



John held the reel. Papou lifted the kite.

“Ready?”

“Ready!”

Papou let go.

The kite sat down.

Right on its magnificent tail.



“Up, please,” said John.

The kite stayed down.

“Perhaps it didn't hear,” he told Julia.

“UP, PLEASE!”

A pigeon fluttered away.

“Wrong one,” said Julia.



**“We need some wind,” said Papou.
John took a deep breath.
He puffed.
The kite's tail twitched.
He PUFFED.
His cheeks grew enormous.
The kite did not.**



Julia held up the end of her scarf.
It hung straight down.
So did the kite's tail.
“The wind isn't ready,” she said.
John looked across the field.
Other people's kites were sitting down too.



Papou spread their picnic blanket.

“We can wait here.”

John sat beside his kite.

“I’m ready,” he whispered to the sky.

He waited.

A beetle climbed a blade of grass.

John waited some more.

The beetle came down again.



Then something brushed John's ear.
Julia's scarf lifted.
The grass shivered.
The yellow tail wriggled across the blanket.
John jumped up.
“Papou! NOW it's ready!”



Papou lifted the kite again.
John held the reel with both hands.
Julia watched the tail.
Up it lifted.
Up lifted the kite.
Papou let go.



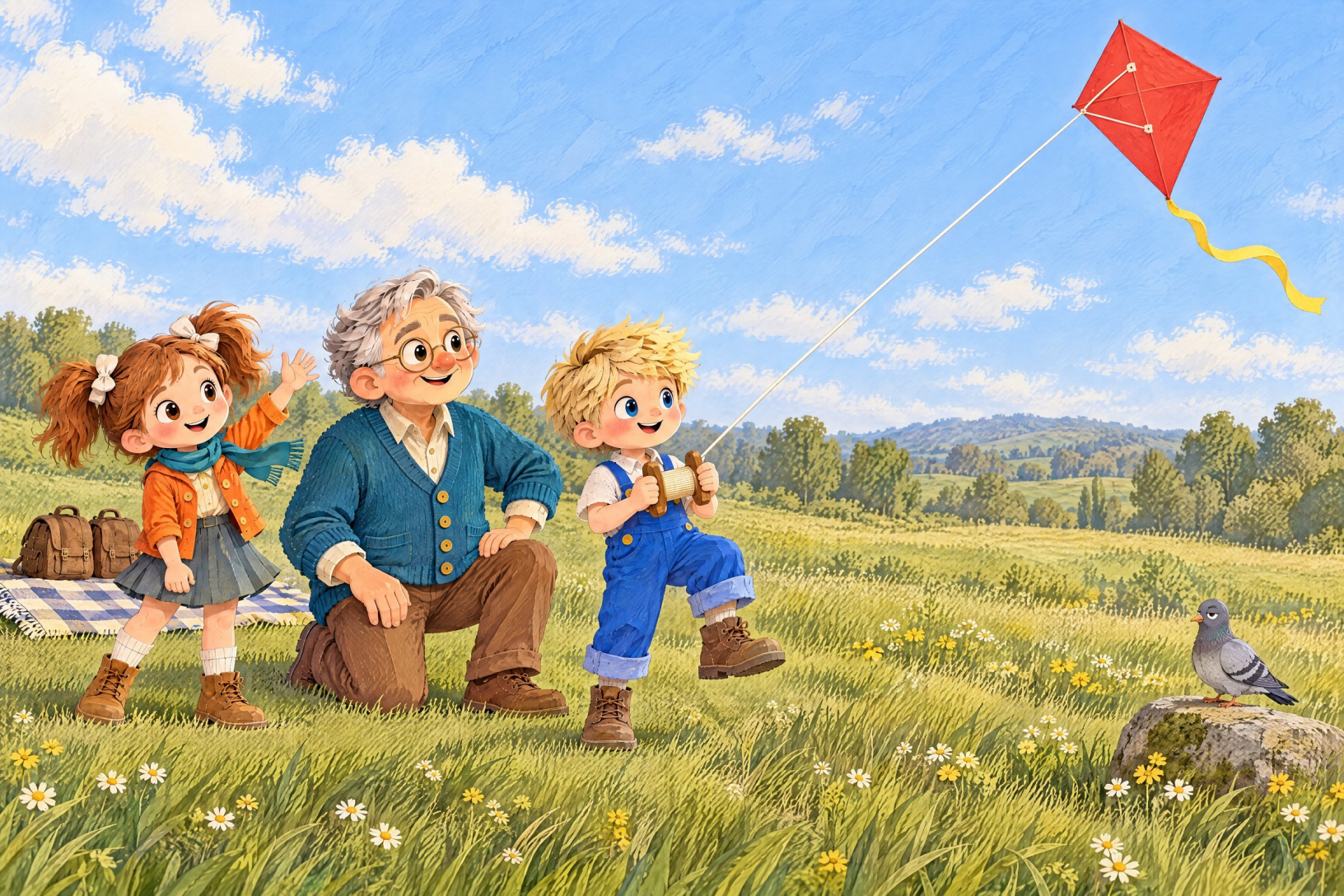
The kite dipped.
John held on.
The kite wobbled.
John held on.



Papou helped him let out a little line.



Then the red kite climbed—
past Papou's head,
past the pigeon,
into the wide blue sky.



Its yellow tail danced.
John danced underneath it.
A little tug travelled down the line.
“It's waving!” he said.
Julia waved back.
The pigeon did not.



Papou settled beside John and helped him hold the reel.

“My grandfather flew kites with me,” he said.

John looked at Papou.

Then he looked up at their red kite.

“Did yours sit down first?”

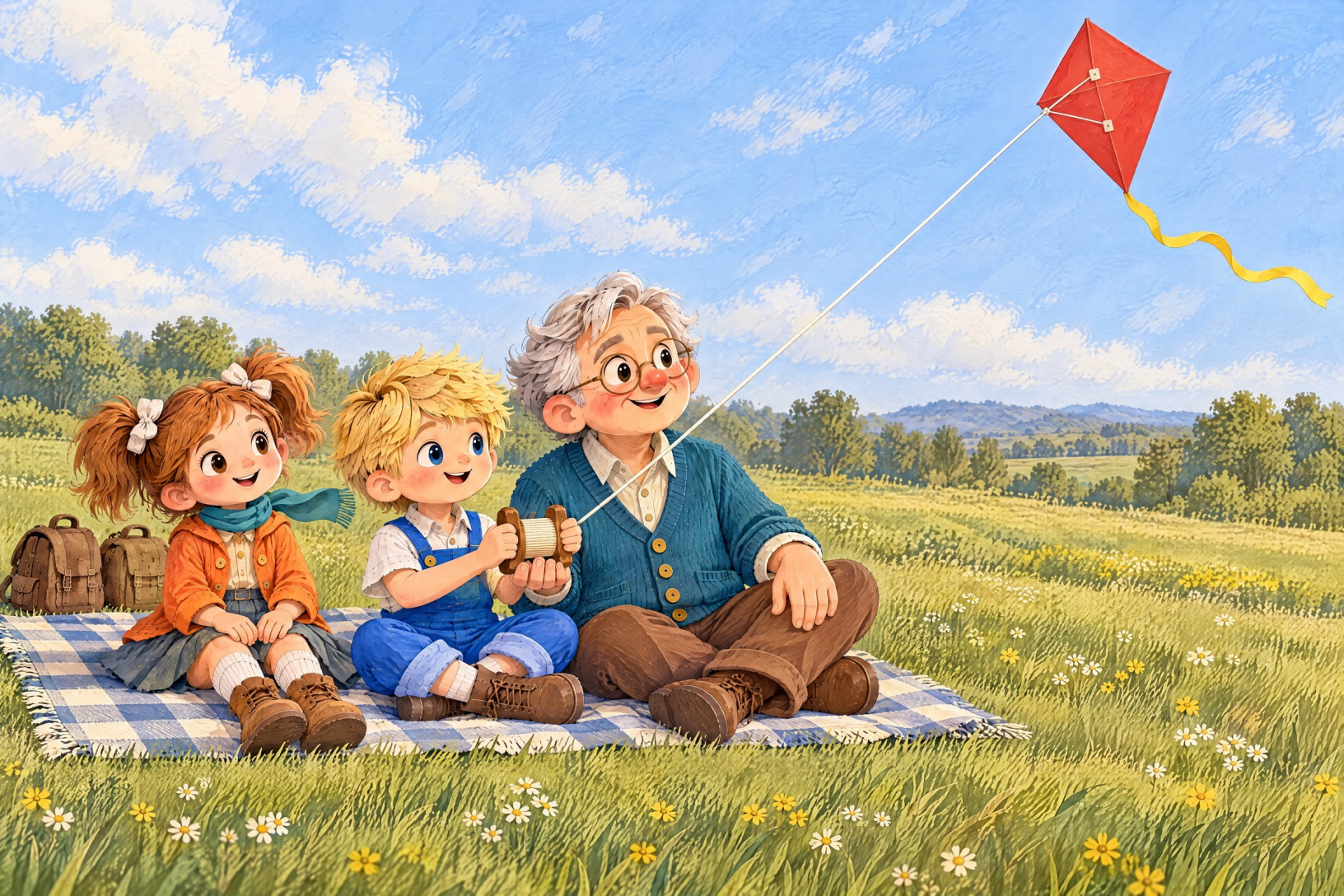
“Oh, yes.”

“Magnificently?”

“Magnificently.”



Julia brought the picnic blanket closer.



John sat down beside Papou, still holding the reel.
The kite stayed up.
“Your turn to stand,” John told it.
And all afternoon,
it did.

A little more to share

A day for kites

Clean Monday is associated with outdoor picnics and kite flying in Greece when the weather allows. John's outing is one fictional family's day. Greek families celebrate in different ways.

A magnificent puff

Puff along with John, or watch the kite's yellow tail. Papou helps with the reel while John enjoys the shared afternoon as well as the flying.

Made with care

Created by J. Ladis and Haley Dell for Little Story Magic. This digital reading edition uses manual picture turns and a separate read-aloud.

Hellenic Republic Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Greece in Cyprus