

## The kites

Mike, Kyle and Inez are triplets. On Friday, each child got a kite as a gift from Mum and Dad. Inez chose to buy a bright red box kite. Kyle got a green striped, fighter type kite and Mike's kite had a black and white diamond design.

Sadly, it was still and there was no wind until night time. Then it was time for homework. Inez said, "Let's skive off now and go fly the kites!" "Please, please, please can we?" Kyle whined. But Mike said, "You can't fly a kite at night! It might hit a power line. You might die."

Saturday, when the time was just five to nine, it was finally fine and windy. They felt the wind bite their cheeks as they rode along on their bikes. "I'm going to ride to the top of the highest hill to try and fly my kite," said Inez.

"Yes!" Kyle cried. He was excited and riding right behind her. Mike was getting kind of tired of them. He just sighed and said, "Alright."

Inez stuck up her kite and ran with all her might. Her skin went bright pink! But her kite did not fly. It got stuck tight and began to wind around the wide trunk of a tree.

Kyle dropped his kite off the side of the hill. It climbed up a tiny bit, then dropped out of sight. He felt like he was going to cry.

Mike just sat down, nice and calm. He liked to take his time. He counted to ninety-nine. The wind died down a bit. He made up his mind, "Now it might fly. It might be just right." He held his kite up high and ran, holding on to its line, nice and tight. It began to rise, up and up, almost out of sight. Mike's kite flew high up in the sky. It was up quite a long time.

Inez and Kyle smiled, trying to be nice, "Mike, can we have a go on the black and white kite?" Mike just sighed and said, "Alright."

