

Kite Flying

By A. C. CANCELLER



Tito was flying his own kite in the field near his house. The wind was not blowing hard at that time, so he ran along holding the end of his kite's string. Soon the wind started blowing hard and then Tito's kite was up in the air. It looked like a pretty bird, its wings outstretched, flying gently.

Tito's friend, Juanito, was standing in the shade of a "malobago" tree. He was admiring Tito's kite as it gracefully swooped and soared in the wind. He wanted to own a kite like that of Tito's. But he was lazy to make one.

"Tito! Tito!" Tiang Juana, mother of Tito, called. "Buy *buyo* and *mascada* for me."

Tito heard his mother's voice. "Yes, mother, I'm coming," Tito answered as he tied his kite's string on their backyard fence. Then he ran toward his mother. The kite kept on flying for the wind blew hard against it.

Juanito approached the fence while Tito was away. He untied the kite's string and flew the kite himself. For a while he played with it. "I shall keep this for myself," he thought. He looked around. Then he pulled down the kite and ran home with it.

Tito returned to untie his kite, but it was no longer there. Looking around he saw Juanito running with it.

"My kite, that's my kite," he shouted aloud at Juanito. But Juanito did not mind Tito.

Juanito ran up the stairs of his house. Behind the *aparador* he hid the stolen kite. Juanito's mother who was washing clothes didn't see her son come up the house.

Soon Tito walked toward Juanito's mother, who was drying the clothes on the clothes line.

"My kite, Juanito got my kite, that's mine, my kite," Tito cried.

"Juanito, Juanito!" Mother called.

Juanito appeared, his head bowed. Fear and shame marked his face.

"Did you get Tito's kite?" his mother asked. Juanito could not answer. "Return it to Tito or else this stick, this stick . . ."

Juanito immediately left. He returned with the stolen kite dangling behind his back. He gave it back to Tito. Tito received it with joy.

"Thank you, how considerate you are," Tito said to Juanito's mother.

Then Tito ran back to the field and played with his kite. The next day, Juanito, with paper and bamboo sticks, was making his own kite, too.

