



## Ben's Broken Kite

Penderlyn E. Binay-an

THE WINDY QUEST



Ben held his favorite kite tightly, its bright red diamonds shimmering in the morning sun. He had spent all week preparing for the perfect windy day to take it to the meadows.



The wide, grassy field was alive with the sound of rustling leaves and whistling wind. Ben ran across the hill, feeling the cool breeze pull at the colorful tail of his kite.



With a quick toss, the kite leaped into the sky, dancing higher and higher above the trees. Ben laughed as he let out more string, watching the red shape soar like a bird against the blue clouds.



Suddenly, a powerful gust of wind roared across the field, tugging violently at the line. With a sharp snap, the string went limp in Ben's hands, and the kite began to tumble out of control.



The runaway kite drifted toward the edge of the woods and became hopelessly tangled in the high branches of an old oak tree. It hung there, its long tail fluttering sadly in the wind.



Ben stood at the base of the giant tree, looking up at his trapped kite with a heavy heart. He tried to reach for it, but the branches were far too high for him to touch, and he felt a tear come to his eye.



His friend Ana noticed him from across the field and came running over to help. She searched the ground until she found a very long, sturdy stick that could reach into the thick leaves.



Together, they carefully poked at the branches, guiding the kite through the wooden maze. After several careful tries, the kite finally broke free and floated gently down into their waiting hands.



They sat on the soft grass to examine a small tear in the kite's wing. Using some tape and string from Ana's pocket, they worked side-by-side to mend the damage until the kite was strong again.



As the sun began to set, Ben and Ana watched the kite soar once more into the golden sky. Ben smiled at his friend, knowing that a little help and teamwork had saved his favorite toy and made the day even better.