

Mei and the Mended Kite

A little care can lift a hopeful heart.



Mei’s kite was blue like a clear morning sky. Dad had helped her make it. She carried it to the park, holding its long ribbon tail carefully.



A breeze tugged the grass. Mei ran a few steps while Dad held the kite. Up it went, wobbling above them. Mei felt the string pull gently.



Then the wind faded. The kite drifted down beside a prickly bush. Dad lifted it free, but a small tear opened near its middle. Mei’s eyes filled.



‘It is ruined,’ she said. Dad sat beside her on the grass. ‘You worked hard on it. Shall we take it home and look at the tear?’



On the kitchen table, the tear looked smaller than it had in the park. Mei touched the smooth paper beside it. The wooden frame was still strong.



Dad found thin paper and safe glue. Mei chose a coral piece for a patch. ‘It will not match,’ she said. ‘But I like this colour.’



They placed the patch over the tear and smoothed it gently. Then they left the kite flat to dry. Mei watched a breeze stir the kitchen curtain.



Waiting was difficult. She wanted to try again immediately. Instead, she sorted ribbons for the tail, choosing soft yellow and coral to go with the new patch.



When the glue was dry, they returned to the open grass. Dad checked that the flying space was clear. Mei held the string and took a slow breath.



The wind caught the kite. It climbed past Dad’s head, then higher still. The coral patch shone brightly against the blue. Mei laughed and loosened more string.



Another child stopped to watch. ‘I like that bright patch,’ she said. Mei looked up. She had thought everyone would notice the tear. They noticed her colours.



At home, Mei hung the kite safely on its hook. The patch reminded her of a sad moment, a helpful hand and the joy of trying again.

The end

Something mended can still bring us joy.

What helped Mei feel ready to try again?

Little adventures. A kinder tomorrow.

An original MimoMango story for sharing aloud.