As Kat ran fast, her new kite flew up behind her. Soon it blew a few more yards up into the wind. Kat had a spool of string on the wooden stick in her hands. As she let that stick turn, her kite really took off. It unwound the spool of string higher and higher. It pulled at the stick as it did. Kat thought that was a good feeling.
Kat stood and looked as her kite zoomed up and down a bit in the bluest, blue sky. Then she sat on the ground and held the stick. Her kite looked as if it flew right over her school’s roof now. That seemed far!

Kat wished she could tie on another spool of string. Then her kite could go higher and farther out. Might another spool help it fly over the fruit trees and swimming pool south of her school? That would be cool! Might a third spool of string make her kite reach high over the zoo? Might more spools help her kite reach the moon?

Kat knew that could not happen. But she knew what was true. She enjoyed the thrill of flying her kite!

As her kite danced high over her, Kat thought about flying. When she grew up, would she fly? Would she cruise the skies as a jet pilot? Would she put on a spacesuit and push a crew to the moon and stars? And would Kat one day look down from high? Would she see what her kite sees? Would she see other kids flying their kites in the sky below her?

The spool of string shook a bit. The kite quickly flew up and down in the sky. Was that a clue? Was her kite saying, “Yes, Kat, you will fly high too!”