

## KITE KRAZIES

By Kathy Warnes





Papa taught Kostia and Lena to fly kites on a hill near their home in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. When the Nazis bombed Zagreb, Papa and Mama and Kostia and Lena escaped to Italy. From Italy they traveled to Jenkins, a small town in New York to live with Aunt Sophie. A large grassy field spread out like a blanket in front of Aunt Sophie's house.

"The wind is the same here as it is a home," Lena said to Kostia. "Let's see if we can make a kite and fly it!"



Kostia and Lena waited until Papa came home that night. "Papa! Papa! Let's build a kite!" they shouted when he came in the door.

Papa looked sad. "The wind no longer lifts my kites," he said.





Kostia and Lena were sad because Papa was sad, but they still wanted to build a kite. So they did. Lena made a red kite and Kostia made a yellow kite. They could hardly wait for the winds to blow so they could fly their kites.



Mama watched Kostia and Lena working on their kites. "I wish Papa wasn't so sad," she said. "He didn't even want to come on a picnic with us. There must be a way to make the wind fly his kites again."



Mama thought about the problem. "I know what we can do," she whispered to them.

Kostia and Lena laughed and did what Mama whispered.



Kostia and Lena finished their kites. They walked past Papa carrying the kites. They watched Papa out of the corner of their eyes. Would he notice them?

## Papa noticed them!

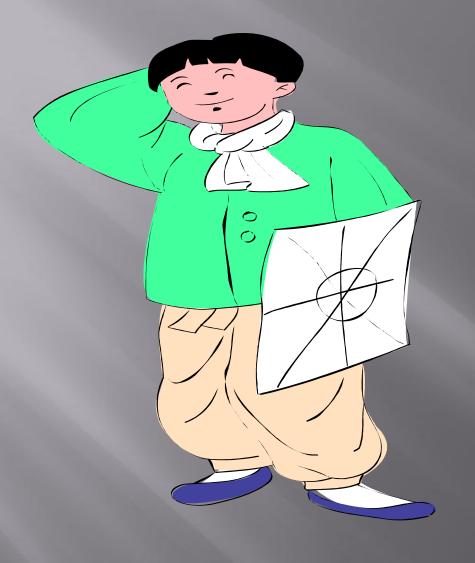
He followed Kostia and Lena down to Lake Jenkins.





Kostia and Lena tried to get their kites up in the air, but since they had done what Mama whispered, the kites wouldn't fly.





Kostia and Lena
peeked at Papa
from around the
kites as they tried
to fly them.



"It is not surprising that your kites won't fly right," Papa told them. "You need to put a tail on them, otherwise they spin and get the Kite Krazies!"

Papa and Kostia and Lena took the kites home and put tails on them. Papa made a kite and put a tail on it.





Mama winked at Kostia and Lena. She whispered, "I knew leaving the tails off the kites would convince Papa he had to help. He always wants to fix "Kite Krazies!"

They all went back to Lake Jenkins to try the kites again.



"The wind is lifting my kite!" Papa shouted happily.



Kostia, Lena, and Mama had helped the American wind lift Papa's kite. They helped the American wind lift their own kites too!



