



### **The Kite Spreads Friendship**

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Age 5+

One fine day, a kite is born. This kite is over the moon about himself. And why shouldn't he be? He has big eyes that show him quite a lot, a mouth that lets him speak, and a tail of colourful ribbons that wave proudly behind him in the breeze. The kite doesn't like being tied to his master's string, so he decides to break free and explore. One new encounter after another show the kite how diverse the world can be and how many different beings live here. The discovery makes him consider who he really is, what he yearns for, and what's important in life.



## Translation sample

### *The Kite's First Flight*

A very important day had dawned in the kite's life. To be exact, it was the very first day of his life! He'd been assembled that same morning

The kite liked himself a lot. For one thing, he was a fun kaleidoscope of colors. On his face were very big eyes that could see absolutely everything. His face also had a big mouth for talking. In fact, all the kite had was a face! And attached to the bottom was a tail of three colorful ribbons. One could just imagine how beautiful they'd be when they streamed behind him in the air.

It was a sunny day and very windy—a perfect day for flying kites!

The kite's owner jammed him into the stuffy trunk of a tiny car, where he barely fit. He was very big and boxy.

Then, they drove to a flat, open area by the sea. The owner was going to waste no time putting him through a tough workout, as the kite was meant to win him oodles of awards at competitions.

The kite was tied to a long string that guided where he flew. However, the kite didn't like the string or being guided one bit! He wanted to be completely independent! He wanted to be as free as a bird! So, the kite hatched a surefire plan to escape.

And escape he did.

Soaring high in the heavens on such a windy day, he had no trouble finding a wild gust that yanked him off the string almost effortlessly. The string twirled away towards the ground and the kite was free!

The wild gust swept the kite away. They soared over the sea at a breathtaking speed. Oh, how amazing it was! The kite's ribbons fluttered above the frothy waves and the wild gust toyed with them until they were tangled and knotted.

"What are you doing?!" the kite exclaimed angrily. "Leave my tail alone!"

The wild gust just snickered and suddenly released him.

"Woo-hoo!" the gust squealed, disappearing as if it had never existed.

The kite started to fall, spiraling lower and lower through the swirling breezes. There was no firm ground in sight below; just the bare, broad sea. Swells rose and crested in the wind, which was getting stronger by the second. A storm was brewing.

The kite didn't want to stare straight at his demise as he hurtled into it! He wished he could squeeze his eyes shut, but unfortunately,

he hadn't been given eyelids—just two big wide-open circles that couldn't be covered. Thus, he was forced to watch a certain death growing closer and closer. Once in the churning water, the kite would become soaked, heavy, and break apart into pieces.

Fortunately, however, the kite wouldn't suffer such a terrible fate. He saw something big and dark suddenly surface in the water. The big, dark shape gave a friendly shout.

"Steer your way over here, little guy!"

So, the kite mustered all the skills he could and managed to land on the thing's back. The big, dark thing was a submarine.

A hatch opened right away.

"Hop right in, little guy!"

The kite glanced fearfully into the hatch, but then looked out over the raging sea and roaring waves around him. The spray had already gotten him rather wet.

The belly of the submarine appeared dark and dry.

"Come on, hop in!" it said encouragingly.

"I need to dive back down to the bottom. It's getting awfully stormy up here."

"To the bottom?!" the kite squealed.

"You bet! We'll get you all dried off.

After the storm passes, I'll get you back up to the surface again. That is, unless you start to like it in here!"

The old submarine certainly would have liked to keep the kite as a companion, but it wasn't a selfish submarine.

So, the kite sheltered out the storm in the belly of the submarine. Once it passed, the submarine took him back to the surface and let him fly away.

"You can come back to take cover whenever you'd like!" the old submarine called after him.

### *The Winged Stone Giant*

The kite was flying high in the sky. He paid careful attention to the different breezes and learned how to ride them. Soon, he was so good at it that not one little gust could push him off course! The kite could fly anywhere he pleased.

It was incredible! He felt like he was able to do whatever his heart desired.

All kinds of different landscapes swept by beneath him. The kite sometimes soared over forests, other times over lakes. Then he'd spy a city or a windswept swamp far below.

In one area, the kite noticed something strange on top of a hill. It was swinging its wings around as wildly as it could, but still didn't lift a single centimeter into the air.

The kite glided lower for a closer look. He would have gladly done anything he could to help.

But guess what he found! The strange thing had four huge wings, but they were attached to an incredibly thick and heavy stone body. Not even ten wings could have lifted something so hefty into the air, let alone four! What's more, the stone giant's foundations were firmly grounded.

"Hey, what are you doing down there?" the kite asked to strike up a conversation.

"Huh? I can't hear you."

The kite went even lower to be better heard, but one of his corners suddenly got caught on a wing! It continued swinging around and around, dragging the kite as it went. The wings were going in endless circles: at one moment the kite's ribbons fluttered in the air, and the next, then trailed over the ground.

"Let go!" the kite yelled.

"Let go!" the winged stone giant echoed.

"I'm not holding on to you!" the kite protested.

"And I'm not holding onto you, either!"

"Stop already!"

"Now, that's one thing I cannot do. The wind is what makes my wings spin."

Around and around the kite flew. All day long.

Luckily, the wind died down that evening and the wings came to a stop. The kite freed himself and tumbled to the ground. Oh, how worn out he was! His head was spinning like a carousel, and he felt utterly exhausted.

"Well, that's it for today," the stone giant sighed contentedly. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm a kite."

"Ah. I'm a windmill. I grind wheat to make flour. I got quite a lot of work done here today!"

"Oh. I thought you were trying to lift off the ground," the kite said.

"Where do you think I could fly to with this body!" laughed the windmill. "And even if I did make it into the air, I might just fall somewhere else and cause some pretty rough damage. Who needs that? There's always a demand for flour, though. And I have quite a good time grinding it."

The kite turned his big eyes up towards the windmill.

"Well, I for one like to fly around freely," he said.

"Sure you do!" replied the windmill. "Everyone's got their own likes."

The next morning, the kite rose into flight again.

"Farewell!" he called out, waving back at the windmill.

"You take care not to get caught on anything again!" the windmill shouted back, then got to work grinding out more flour.

