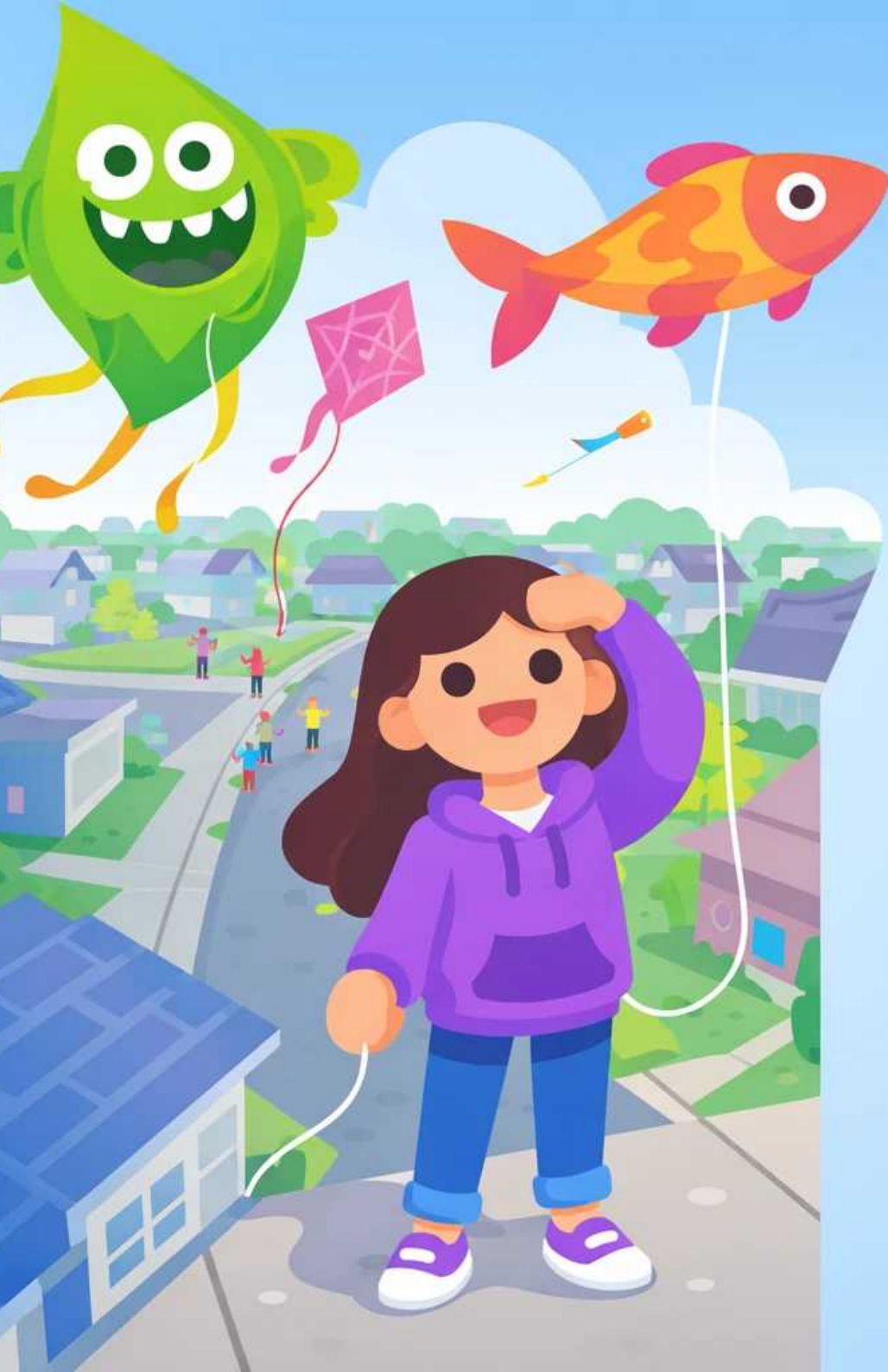


My Troll Queen Kite



Rain splashes my window all week. All. Week. Long. Every morning, I press my nose to the glass and stare at the sky. Even a **dreamer** like me can't wait for the sun **forever**. 'Come on, sun,' I say. But today the clouds crack open and the sun lights up the yard. I race out the door, past the pink tulips, and feel the breeze tug at my hair. Today is the day. My kite is going to fly at last.



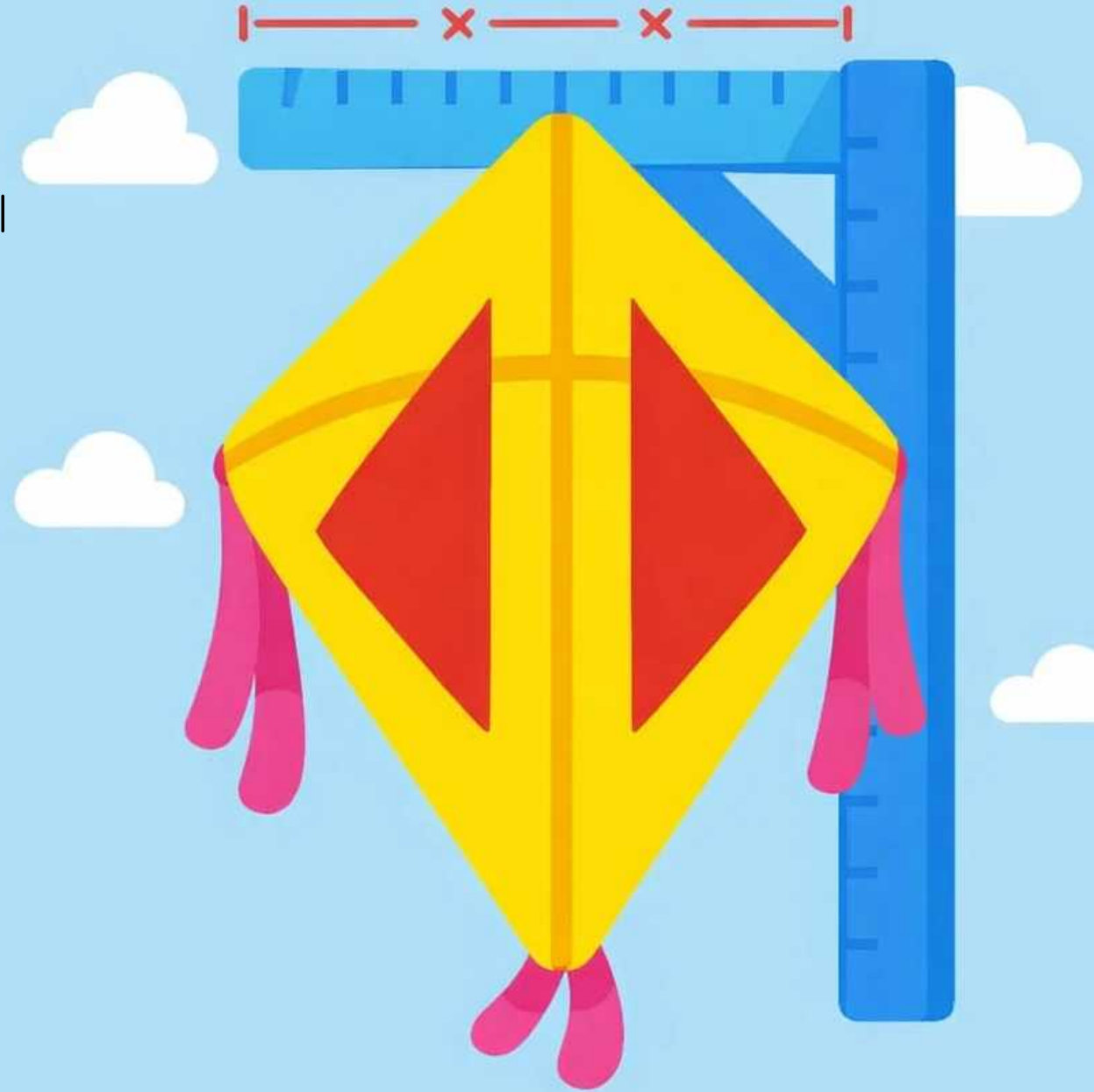


Out on the street, kites fill the sky from one end to the **other!**

A big green **monster** kite with sharp teeth snaps in the wind. A shiny fish kite darts and dives like it is alive. What a **flier!**

'Those are pretty good,' I say, shading my eyes from the bright sun. Then I smile. 'But not one of them has a troll queen.' My kite is not just any kite. It has a secret weapon. But first, let me tell you how I built it.

Rule **number** one of kite building: every side has to match. Exactly. I am a careful **maker**. I check the left side. I check the right side. I check them both again. Then one more time, just to be sure. If one side is even a tiny bit **longer**, do you know what happens? The kite spins out, drops, and splat. Straight into the dirt. No thank you.





I start with sketches. Lots of sketches. Every **artist** needs a plan before picking up the **scissors**. Then I grab all I need: **paper, scissors**, tape, glue, and more tape. Because you can **never** have too much tape. I cut the shapes out with care. **Paper**, not wood. Not metal. Not bricks. **Paper!** A kite has to be light enough for the wind to carry. You would not throw a brick into the sky and hope it floats. Would you?

Next comes the string. I unroll it across my bedroom. Then down the hall. Then through the kitchen, past the big plant, around the dishes, and almost out the back door. 'This string goes **forever!**' I yell, racing down the hall. I feel like a **runner** in a big race. The **longer** the string, the **higher** the kite can go. And my kite? My kite is going to go **higher** than the rest.





Now, this is the best part. The secret weapon. I climb up to the roof, hold my kite high, and let the wind take it. Right on the face of the kite, there she is: my troll queen. Big eyes. Bigger smile. And a golden crown on her head. I am no **painter**, but she looks just right. 'Troll Queen,' I say, 'fly **higher** than every single kite on this street. That is the job.' The troll queen just smiles. She looks ready.

Back on the street, I watch the kite dip. No! It wobbles left. It wobbles right. It drops so low I can almost touch it. 'No no no no no!' Then a big gust of wind scoops **under** the wings, and my kite shoots into the sky. Past the rooftops. Past the **monster** kite. Past the fish kite. Past every single kite on the street! I jump up and down. I am the biggest **shouter** on the street. 'Go, Troll Queen, go!'





And she goes. She goes so high she is just a tiny yellow diamond against the sunset, with her crown and her smile and her pink ribbons trailing in the wind. The queen of the wide sky. Hey. Do you want to be a kite **maker** too? Grab some **paper**, some tape, and a really, really long string. Fold some strips to make your frame, then draw something brave on it. Then send it up and see what happens.



My Troll Queen Kite

Rain has kept the girl inside all week, but today the sun finally breaks through and it's time to test her homemade kite. The street is already full of kites, but none of them have a troll queen painted on front, and hers has a secret weapon she built with careful hands. Will the troll queen fly higher than every other kite on the street? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 121: -er, -or, -ist), this book practices words like 'maker', 'flier', 'higher', 'monster', 'forever'.

Phonics Focus: -er, -or, -ist

artist, dreamer, flier, forever, higher, longer, maker, monster, never, number, other, painter, paper, runner, scissors, shouter, under

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