

Sam Usher

STORM



Grandad said, "It's the perfect day to fly the kite!
But we'll have to find it first . . ."

I said, "Grandad! We could do kicking up the leaves,



swooping and flying



and leaning in the wind."





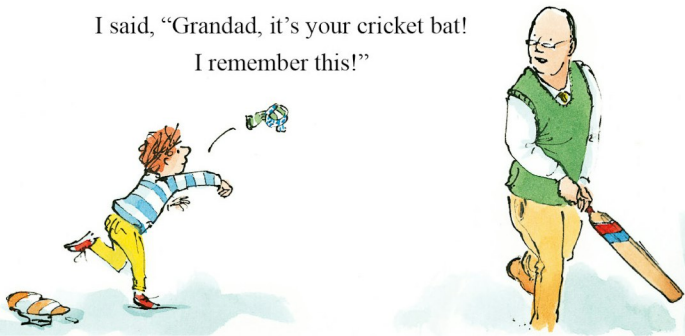
Outside the wind blustered and blew.



We looked for the kite in the cupboard.



I said, "Grandad, it's your cricket bat!
I remember this!"



Grandad said,
"So do I!"



But we didn't find the kite.



And the wind huffed and howled.