

# *Mani's Flight*

*by Vidhya B R*







In a quaint Indian village, nestled among rolling hills and whispering fields, lived a young boy named Mani. His world was painted with vibrant colours of kites, each a floating dream against the backdrop of the azure sky. Every year, as the village prepared for the grand kite-flying festival, Mani's heart swelled with anticipation.





Mani's grandfather, a revered kite-maker, had crafted a special kite for him this year. It was no ordinary creation; its silk canvas was a mesmerizing tapestry of leaping tigers and swirling galaxies, a spectacle of art and imagination. Mani, entranced by its beauty, often found himself lost in daydreams of triumphant flights and adoring cheers.





Mani, entranced by its beauty, often found himself lost in daydreams of triumphant flights and adoring cheers.. However, Mani overlooked a crucial aspect - practice. He rarely took his kite out to dance with the wind, to learn its quirks and how it swayed to the rhythm of the breeze. His dreams were vivid, yet his efforts were faint, a contrast that he failed to recognize until the day of the competition





On the day of the festival, the sky was adorned with kites of all shapes and colours. Mani's heart raced with excitement and nervousness as he finally launched his magnificent kite. But reality struck hard; the kite faltered and wavered, unable to compete with those steered by experienced hands. It tangled, struggled, and eventually plummeted to the ground, its silk torn, its magic dimmed.





As tears blurred Mani's vision, his grandfather gently consoled him. "Mani, even the most beautiful dreams need the wings of practice to soar. Your kite is a marvel, but without your guidance and effort, it cannot reach the heights it's destined for."





That night, under a blanket of stars, Mani and his grandfather painstakingly repaired the kite. Each stitch was a lesson in patience and perseverance. Mani's newfound understanding was clear - dreams are not just to be dreamt; they must be nurtured with dedication and hard work.





Next year, when Mani launches his kite, it will be more than beautiful. For in the ashes of failure lies a potent lesson: practice is not the enemy of dreams, but the fuel that propels them. It is the silent partner that whispers encouragement when doubt roars, the steady hand that guides us through the turbulent winds of fear and uncertainty.





"Mani's Flight" is more than a story about a kite competition; it's a life lesson. It teaches young readers the importance of preparation and the value of learning from failure.





Mani's journey from naive daydreaming to enlightened understanding mirrors the path that success is not just about talent, but also about the hard work behind the scenes.