

A Day at Wandlebury Hills

“Next Sunday is going to be a really exciting day”, announced Reverend Andrews. “The children are going to make their own kites during Sunday Club. Then after the grownups have had coffee, we will all go to Wandlebury Hills to have a picnic and fly our kites”.

“Did you hear the announcement about the kite flying trip for the children next week?” asked Blume when people had left the church.

“Yes” said Hoppy. “The children will really have a great time.”

“And it’s not just for the children” Squeaky added. “Everybody who wants to go is invited.”

“Tell me about kites” begged Blume, who had never seen one. So Hoppy and Squeaky told Blume all about big diamond shaped kites with long tails rising in the wind, box kites and fish shaped kites, and all the other wonderful bright and beautiful kites they had seen sailing and dipping, swooping and soaring high over the nearby park.

“Oh how lovely” thought Blume as he dreamed about going to Wandlebury Hills on Sunday. Oh, if only he could!

When Sunday morning came, Mrs. Andrews stood up during the church service and talked about the history of kites, showing everyone two very big kites. Then she held up an envelope and drew out of it a teeny little kite with a long tail that she said was Blume’s very own kite and that he was coming to Wandlebury too. Blume couldn’t believe it. How thrilled he was. Of course his teeny kite would probably not really fly, not like the big ones everyone else had, but he wouldn’t mind just as long as he could be there.

After Sunday Club Matthew picked up Blume and carried him to a car where he sat quietly in a corner. It was very thrilling to race along the roads with wind blowing across him through the open window. Soon they arrived at Wandlebury and Blume was being joggled up enormous hills as Matthew raced and scrambled among the trees, laughing and shouting with his friends. A gentle breeze blew through the waving grasses, and made the trees whisper to each other by rattling their leaves. Butterflies and bees glided between the flowers and a few big white clouds drifted in the sky making the sunshine come and go.

When they came to a big clear space where there weren’t too many trees to get in the way of the kites, everyone spread out their blankets, brought out their picnics and began to eat. Matthew set Blume down on one of the blankets, ate his lunch quickly and ran off to play with some of his friends. Blume looked carefully at all the kites around him, but he couldn’t see his kite anywhere. “I wonder if Mrs Andrews remembered to bring it” he thought. “Oh well, even if she didn’t I can still have fun watching the others.”

Then it was time to start playing with the kites. Matthew held up a big blue kite while Megan held onto the end of its string. Then he started to run and Megan let go of the kite. Up and up it went, but then the wind dropped and down the kite floated again, bumping on the ground and lying still.

“Oh dear” said Reverend Andrews. “The wind isn’t strong enough to lift such a big kite. Let’s try one of the smaller ones that you’ve made today”.

So one by one the children ran with their kites, sometimes catching the wind for a while but soon watching their kites float down to the ground where they flopped about for a few seconds and then lay still. It was fun to run with the kites and they all looked very pretty, but none of them could fly for long on the gentle wind that puffed and stopped and puffed and stopped.

Suddenly Mrs Andrews remembered Blume’s kite. She took an envelope out of her handbag, drew out the tiny kite and tied the string around Blume’s arm.

“Help Blume to fly his kite” she said to Megan, who grabbed Blume and started to run with Blume clutched in her hand.



Up and up went his kite, tugging the string to unwind it as the wind lifted it higher and higher in the sky. It was flying, really really flying! How thrilled Blume was to feel his kite tugging against his arm and see it high up in the blue sky, nearly as high as the clouds, or so it seemed to him. Blume felt as if he

were up there with it, flying too in that great blue space, and he knew what it must feel like to be a bird. What happiness this was!

Finally his kite drifted slowly down, resting safely on the ground. Then Mrs Andrews wrapped Blume up in her blanket and he slept peacefully while the children ran about playing games for the rest of the afternoon.

When he got back home to the church, Blume told Hoppy and Squeaky all about the day and said happily “Do you know what? My little kite flew best of all.” And he sat at the front of the church with his kite placed carefully above him, its tail hanging down long and pretty for weeks afterwards. Best of all, Reverend Andrews has promised that he will take them all out again to fly their kites one day soon.

