

BETSY MCCALL



Adventure on a Windy Day

Clouds were hurrying across the sky. Treetops were swaying in the wind. Daddy looked out the window and said, "It's perfect kite weather. Let's go to the park, Betsy." First we stopped at the kite store. There were box kites, flat kites, fish kites, dragon kites, and loads of others. Daddy chose a big box kite, and I picked a flying fish with orange and yellow scales. Fish kites are lucky, Daddy said. The park was filled with people, and the sky was filled with kites, some of them so high up they looked like planes. Six boys got their kite strings tangled, and they were so funny trying to get them untangled that I pulled Daddy's sleeve to make him look. Suddenly, WHOOSH,

my kite slipped away. Up, up, it flew. Daddy grabbed for it and almost lost his kite. "It certainly is a flying fish, even if it didn't exactly bring you luck," he said. I was mad and sad, and I felt like crying. But my fish looked so gay and free, sailing in the sky higher than all the others, that I began to be proud of it, and I watched till it was out of sight. Later on, we drove home for lunch. I had just finished my soup when Mommy cried, "There's a big paper fish back there, caught in the dogwood tree!" Daddy exclaimed, "Well, I'll be a monkey's grandfather! It's Betsy's flying fish!" And it was, IT WAS! So I named it *Lucky*, and now it's on my wall, where it'll be forever and ever!



Betsy's green and white things are so comfortable to run in, so cozy when the wind turns nippy and cool

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