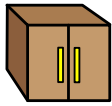




In

a

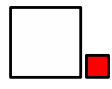


closet



lives

a



little



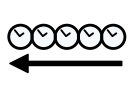
blue



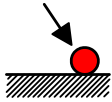
kite.



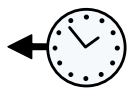
Once



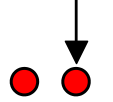
upon a time,



there



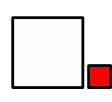
was



another



kite.



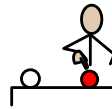
Little



Kai



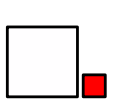
loved



this



kite.



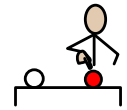
Little



Kai



flew



this



kite

so

much

its

newness

quickly

faded.

Branches

of



majestic



trees



tore



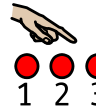
the fabric.



Kai



lost



count

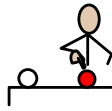
of



how many



times



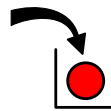
this



kite



smacked



into

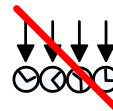


the ground.

But



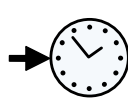
Kai



never

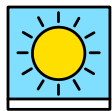


quit,



until

1



day

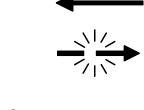
an



awful



thing



happened:

a



great



roar



split

the



sky



and the

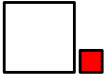


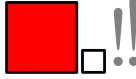




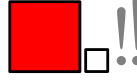
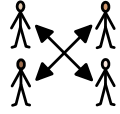


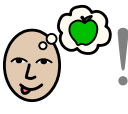
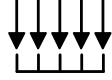
thread


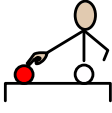


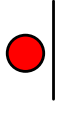
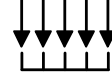
...











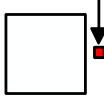
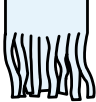
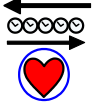


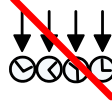
snapped.





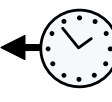







 For little Kai, it was as if an immense monster too



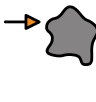






 immense for anyone to name and hungrier than all




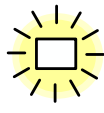



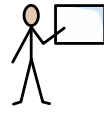






 the emptiness that haunts the space between all







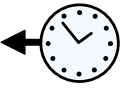








 the stars had devoured his spectacular kite.


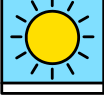
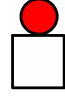



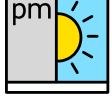









 Not one itty-bitty shred survived. Kai had never





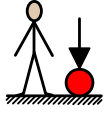
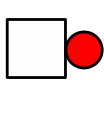







 felt so devastated. To lose the kite was to




 lose joy itself.









 Fortunately, at his new school, Kai had a teacher










 he liked very much. Her name was joy Penseons.









 One day, on one particularly grey afternoon, Ms

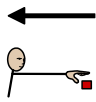







 Penseons asked Kai to stay after class.



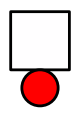
Ms



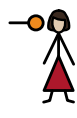
Penseons



reached



beneath



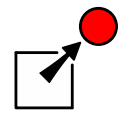
her



desk



and



took out



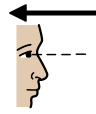
a brown



paper bag.



Kai



peered



inside



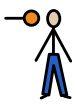
and



oh



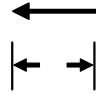
how



his



eyes



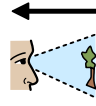
widened



when



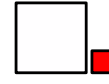
he



saw



the



little



blue



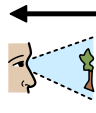
kite!



Kai



never



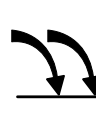
saw



Ms



Penseons



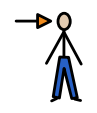
again



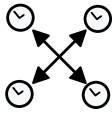
nor



did



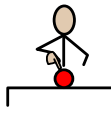
he



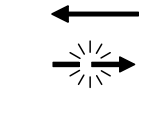
ever



find out



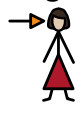
what



happened



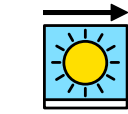
to



her.



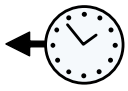
The



next day



she



was

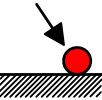

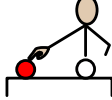
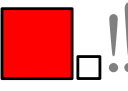


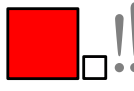


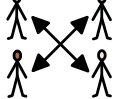



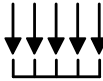

just

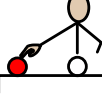

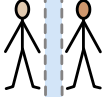
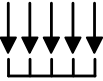




gone.

         
And then for the second time in Kai's young life,

        
there appeared that immense monster too immense for

       
anyone to name and hungrier than all the emptiness

       
that haunts the space between all the stars. Only

         
this time, instead of a kite, it had devoured Ms

  
Penseons.