

The Little Courage Kite



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Ben was a small boy with light brown skin and a shy smile. He had tousled chestnut-brown hair and big hazel eyes that often looked down at his red sneakers. He wore a sky-blue t-shirt with a little white cloud on it. Ben liked quiet games and staying close to home. New things made his tummy feel fluttery.



One sunny morning, Ben's mum handed him a surprise. It was a bright red kite with yellow stripes and a friendly painted-on face. 'This is the Little Courage Kite,' she said, her gold earrings twinkling. 'It's small and brave, just like you.' The kite had two round button eyes and a long ribbon tail with blue bows. Ben smiled. 'Hello, little kite,' he whispered.



Ben took the kite to the park. The Little Courage Kite fluttered in the breeze. 'Let's fly a tiny bit,' it seemed to say. Ben held the string tight. He ran a few steps, and the kite lifted off the ground. It wobbled and danced, just a little higher than Ben's head. Ben felt a tiny spark of pride. 'I did it!' he cheered.



The next day, Ben wanted to try again. He held the string and ran a bit faster. The Little Courage Kite soared up, higher than the bushes. Its ribbon tail with blue bows swished in the wind. Ben laughed as he watched it dance. 'You're doing great!' called Mum from a bench, her green cardigan wrapped around her. Ben felt warm inside.



Each day, Ben flew the kite a little higher. On Tuesday, it reached the treetops. On Wednesday, it flew over the swings. Ben's confidence grew with every small step. 'One more try,' he told himself. The Little Courage Kite smiled its painted smile. 'You're braver than you think,' it seemed to whisper. Ben stood a little taller.



One afternoon, Ben saw some children playing a game of tag. He wanted to join, but his feet felt stuck. The Little Courage Kite tugged at its string. 'Just take one small step,' it seemed to say. Ben took a deep breath. He walked over and asked, 'Can I play?' The children nodded and smiled. Ben's heart did a happy flip.



Ben started with small steps. He played tag for a few minutes, then ran back to his kite. The next day, he played a little longer. Each time, the Little Courage Kite flew higher in the sky, cheering him on. Ben discovered that trying new things wasn't so scary after all. His confidence was growing, one tiny step at a time.



Then Ben's class planned a nature walk. Ben had never been on one before. He worried about the woods and the bugs. But he remembered his kite. 'Small steps,' he whispered. He packed his green backpack and joined his friends. At first, he stayed at the back, but soon he was pointing out birds and laughing.



The Little Courage Kite flew above Ben's head as he walked. It looped and dipped, showing him the way. Ben found a shiny beetle and showed it to his teacher. 'Good spotting, Ben!' she said. Ben beamed. He felt proud and brave. The kite's ribbon tail with blue bows fluttered like a victory flag.



Next, Ben wanted to try the big slide at the playground. It looked so tall. His hands felt sweaty. But the Little Courage Kite hovered nearby, its button eyes twinkling. 'You can do it,' it seemed to say. Ben climbed the ladder, one step at a time. At the top, he paused. Then he slid down, whooshing to the bottom. 'Again!' he shouted.



Ben realized something important. Every time he tried something new and small, he felt a little braver. The Little Courage Kite had shown him that courage isn't about being fearless. It's about taking tiny tries. Ben hugged the kite. 'Thank you,' he said. The kite's painted smile seemed to grow wider.



One day, Ben's friend Sam asked him to join the school talent show. Ben wanted to say no. His tummy fluttered. But he looked at the Little Courage Kite on his wall. 'What's one small step?' he thought. He agreed to tell a joke on stage. He practiced every day, and the kite flew high above him, cheering him on.



On the day of the show, Ben's legs shook. But he remembered all the small steps he had taken. He walked onto the stage, took a deep breath, and told his joke. Everyone laughed! Ben felt a burst of pride. He had done it! The Little Courage Kite danced in the breeze outside, its ribbon tail with blue bows swirling with joy.



After the show, Ben's mum gave him a big hug. 'I'm so proud of you,' she said, her kind brown eyes shining. Ben smiled. He knew he couldn't have done it without his little kite. The Little Courage Kite had taught him that being brave starts with tiny tries. And those tiny tries add up to something big.



Now Ben flies his kite every day. It soars high above the trees, higher than ever before. Ben watches it and feels confident. He knows that new things will come, and he can face them. Because with every small step, he grows a little braver. The Little Courage Kite is always there, cheering him on.



Ben learned that confidence grows gradually, like a kite rising in the wind. Each small success makes the next challenge easier. So if you ever feel shy or scared, remember Ben and his Little Courage Kite. Take one tiny step. Try one small thing. You might just surprise yourself. Being brave starts with tiny tries.