MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

Nia and Kai's Kite Stall



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A Big Idea

The street fair was on Saturday, and everyone who came into Grandma Rosa's shop asked the same thing: "Where did Kai get that wonderful red kite?" Nia's eyes went wide. "Kai," she whispered, "let's make kites, and sell them at the fair!"





Making Kites

All week they worked at Grandma Rosa's big kitchen table. Grandma Rosa cut the thin sticks, Nia folded the paper, and Kai painted stripes and stars. Kite after kite they made, in every colour of the rainbow.

What Should It Cost?

"How many coins for one kite?" asked Kai. Nia thought hard. "If it costs too much, nobody will buy one. If it costs too little, we won't have enough to buy paper for more." So they chose a price in the middle, and Kai put that many coins on a little saucer beside the kites, so everyone could see.





The First Customer

On Saturday, the fair was full of music and flags. A girl with a big smile picked a yellow kite. She counted out her coins into Kai's hand, clink, clink, clink. "Our very first customer!" Kai shouted.

Tap!

Next came a man with no coins at all. He tapped his card on Grandma Rosa's little card reader. Beep! Kai held the card reader up to his ear. "Hello? Is there money in there?" Nia giggled. "It's a message to his bank, silly. The money is still real."





Ding!

Then a girl in a bright purple jacket held her phone over the little square pattern taped to their stall. Ding! Penny leapt up to catch the sound. "Phone money," said Nia, "is real money too. Her bank's record goes down, and ours goes up."

A Shell for a Kite?

Later, a little boy stood looking at the kites for a long time. He held out a shiny shell. "Can I buy one with this?" Kai looked at Nia. Shells were money long ago, but not at the fair. Then Nia looked at their share jar, and smiled.





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The Share Jar

Nia took coins from the share jar and paid for the blue kite herself. Kai handed it to the little boy. "Keep your shell," Kai said. "It's special." The boy's smile was the biggest smile of the whole fair.

Every Coin Has a Job

When the fair was over, they counted their coins at Grandma Rosa's table into three jars. Spend: paper for more kites. Save: for the bank. Share: for whoever needs a little help next. Then Grandma Rosa opened her pop-up money box and put it into their hands. "You've met every kind of money," she said. "Now you can be the keepers of the box."





A Sky Full of Kites

At sunset, the field beside the fair was full of flying kites: yellow, blue, striped and starry. Up went the little boy's kite, and Kai's red one too. "Money is what people agree to trust," said Nia, holding the box tight. Kai grinned. "And what we do with it is up to us."

THE END

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