

FLY, MY KITE - FLY!

Children's concert piece

Music : Alf Hoffmann

Text : Monika Reimers

Music Nr. 1

Yesterday Selene was given a small, colourful paper kite with a long, funny tail.

That meant she could then take part in the big kite party that was due to take place on the beach the next day.

It seemed such a long time for her, to wait until the next day.

Selene could scarcely wait and would have loved to have given the time a powerful shove.

The little kite should at least be launched into the air once beforehand.

" A kite must fly like a bird" thought Selene as she danced and sang on her way to the beach. The kite twisted and turned, waving its long tail back and forth behind her.

Selene ran faster and faster along the beach and the kite soared higher and higher into the sky

Music Nr. 2

How beautiful and free it hovered high above Selene – but then the wind suddenly let go of the kite and it tumbled head over tail downwards till it lay sadly on the beach.

Selene ran to her kite, wondering whether it had survived the crash. Luckily everything was alright.

Selene adjusted the line on the kite and ran off once more.

Hey, what fun that was! The kite soared into the air rapidly and yet peacefully, higher and higher!

Music Nr. 3

"Fly, my kite, fly!" called Selene.

--- A powerful tug. The line had come to an end.

Selene looked upwards.

Music Nr. 4



How tiny the kite now seemed - but how powerfully
it tugged and shook the line!
Selene stretched her arm as high as she could - the kite
tugged more and more and suddenly –
She was unable to hold on any more.
"It wanted to be free" she thought sadly.
And yet she understood.
It had probably found some friends up there.
Two seagulls were circling around it and all
three were climbing higher and higher.

Dark thunder clouds were gathering, the wind began to howl, whirling
sand up into the air and whirling the kite too
with sharp thrusts even higher
until Selene lost sight of it.
What would happen to it up there ?

Music Nr. 5

Selene returned sadly to her holiday home at the forest lake
crouching under its protective roof.

Music Nr. 6 und Nr. 7



The sky had now darkened over. The first big raindrops
began to fall. The storm had grown worse
and lightning flashed over the heavens.
The thunder roared and it felt like the end of the world
was near.

Selene huddled tightly against the house and closed her
eyes, thinking over everything the little kite had to put
up with?
But then she was suddenly quite confident. Perhaps it
had flown away from the storm and was long since
hovering over the thick storm clouds beyond the reach
of the storm and rain.

Selene flies with her thoughts to the little kite.

Music Nr. 8

Or is she really flying ? ---
She is scarcely aware of her body any more -
she is growing lighter and lighter
Does she have wings?

She can see a grey, rocky mountain below her. With houses and an old church clinging to the slope. There are no trees to provide shade and protection. Just bare, rugged cliffs. How can people have possibly built houses there? Steep paths and narrow steps connect them. Selene can hear church bells peeling - but already the sound has been swept away with the wind.

The wind is the only thing that can be heard. It drives the sand before it, hot desert sand.

Music Nr. 9

A long caravan of camels comes into sight below.
Camels carrying heavy loads - others ridden by men in long white robes and strange headdresses.
The caravan moves peacefully over gigantic stretches of the country.
And suddenly disappears from Selene's sight as quickly as it had appeared

Music Nr. 10

Now Selene is hovering over a park with huge, venerable, old trees. Streams and lakes are glittering. Wonderful, delicately hung bridges lead from bank to bank. Everywhere Selene hears the sound of twittering birds. But the birds have all been caught and now sit in golden cages. Graceful young women with long, black plaits are caring for rare flowers and feeding the birds. Selene would love to spend some time in this magical garden.

A gong sounds and suddenly she finds herself in a palace, runs through colourfully painted halls, whose pillars are decorated with carved animal heads, funny faces and dragons and finally arrives at a large square surrounded by houses with upward curving roofs.

Music Nr. 11



The world is so colourful -- so beautiful -- so strange.
Many people are standing on the square, waiting.
Selene is waiting too.

Strange music strikes up and young men carry all sorts of different kites past the jubilant crowd into the middle of the square.
The annual Spring kite festival is being celebrated.

Music Nr. 12

Selene has never seen anything quite like it.
The crowd applaud in delight as the large and small works of art are carried by.
They utter „ohs" and „ahs" in awe as the kites rise one by one into the air and soar towards the heavens.
Silk butterfly-shaped kites dance like colourful butterflies and sway backwards and forwards in the wind.

Music Nr. 13

The sound of musical kites fills the air with strange, whimpering noises.

Music Nr. 14

But those other kites over there don't look at all welcoming. Rapid, arrowlike movements seem to indicate that you shouldn't make light of saw-line fighting kites.

Music Nr. 15

Centipede kites take off and join up to become flying wild life.
A centipede kite looks so funny in the air!
How superfluous its many feet suddenly look.

Music Nr. 16

Now something very special is being prepared for flight :
Six strong young men are wrestling with a gigantic kite

Music Nr. 17 which is not showing the slightest inclination to abandon the solid earth. Nevertheless they succeed in getting the gigantic dragon kite to rise up into the air. A sign of good luck for the future.



--- A sudden peal of thunder!

Selene jumped in fright - opened her eyes in wonder to sense once again the moist, warm earth.

The dark storm clouds rumbled away and the sun let its rays shine through the gaps in the clouds.

Music Nr. 18

The last few solitary drops of rain fell and the little kite, carried by the breeze sank slowly to the earth.

Music Nr. 19



Selene ran to meet it, speechless with joy, took the line and spun around and around with her kite.
The long tail wound itself like a garland around Selene until she finally sank to the ground on the wet grass dizzy and full of joy.

„ And tomorrow," whispered Selene blissfully, "we shall both go the big kite party on the beach."

Music Nr. 20 *Kite flying with harp - or piano cadence.*

Music Nr. 21

The End