

—A NAVRITTO STORY—



A Hundred
Tries.

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A Hundred Tries

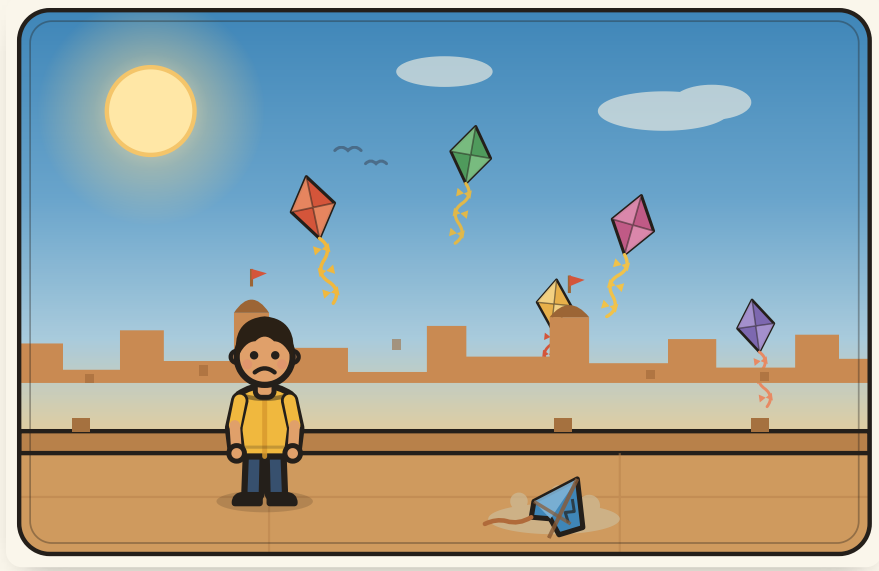
Written & illustrated by Navritto.

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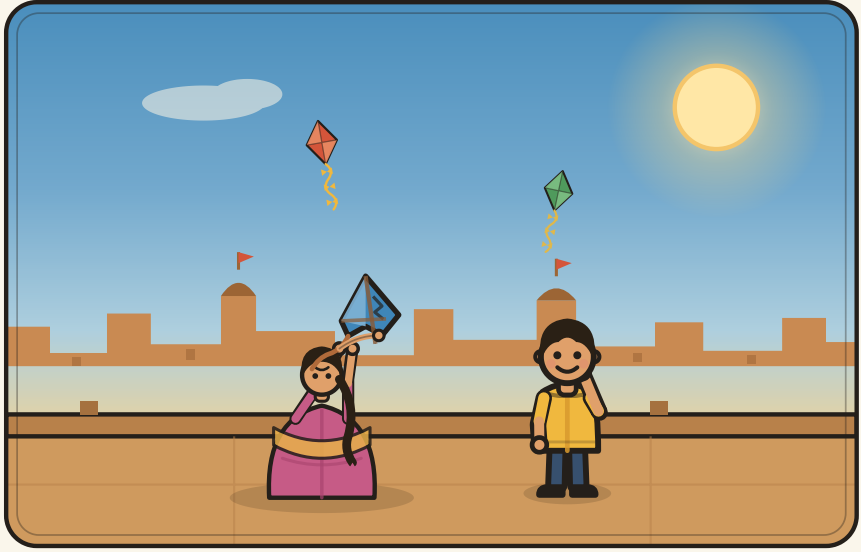
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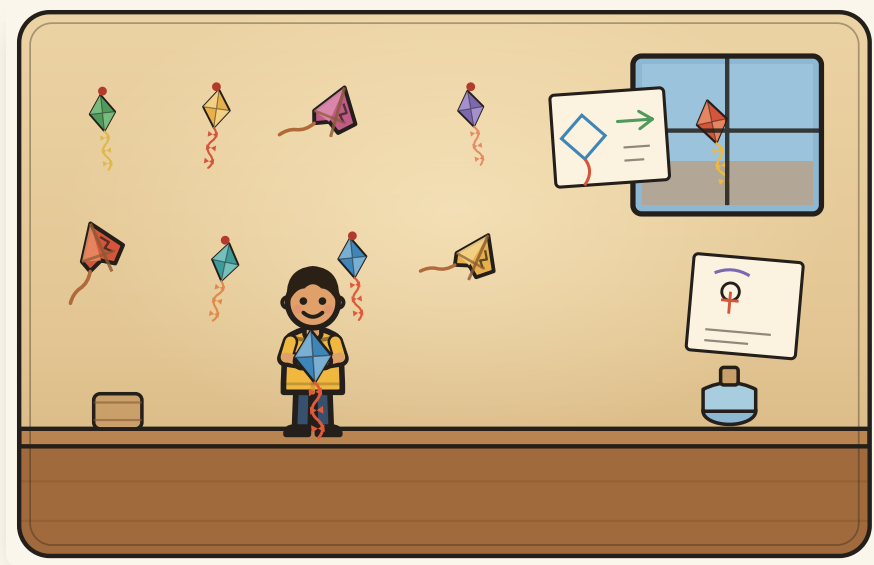
Every spring, the whole city looked up. On the day of the great kite festival the sky filled edge to edge with colour — diamonds of red and gold and green, their tails dancing on the wind — and more than anything in the world, a boy named Kabir wanted a kite of his own up there among them.

So he built one. He glued and he trimmed and he tied, and then he ran with it as fast as his feet would carry him. But the little kite wobbled, tipped its nose, and dived straight into the dust, tearing as it fell — while every other kite climbed higher. Kabir's heart sank right down with it.



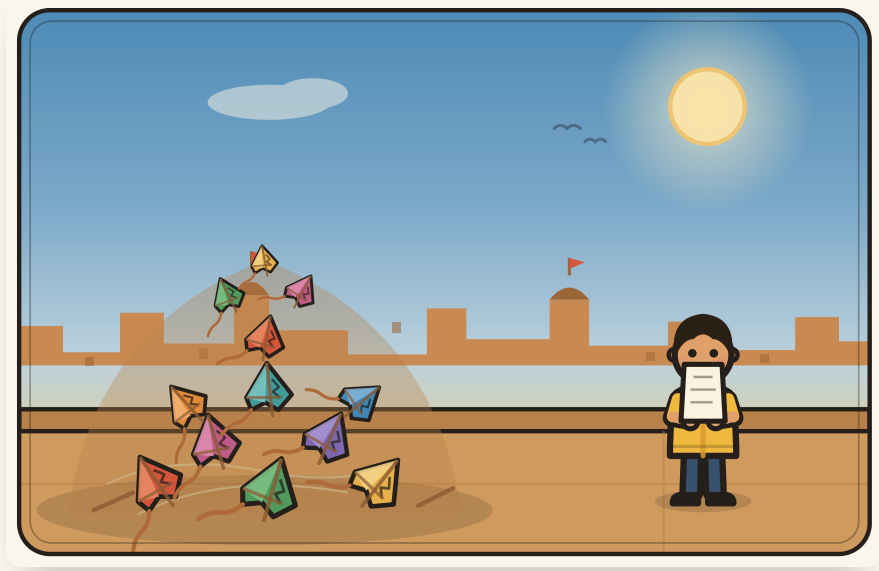
He was ready to give up for good. Then his older sister, Meera, knelt down beside him and lifted the broken kite gently in both hands. “A kite that crashes isn't a failure,” she said. “It's a kite telling you what to fix.”

Kabir wiped his eyes and looked — really looked — at the little wreck in her hands. The tail was far too short to hold it steady in the wind. So he found a strip of cloth, tied on a longer tail, and carried the kite back up to the roof to try again.



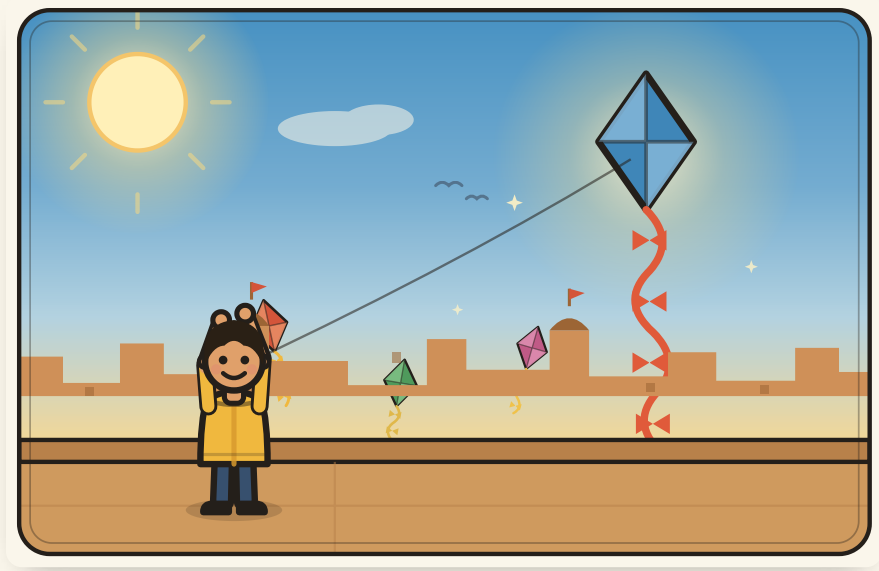
It dived again. So he fixed one more thing, and tried again. Try after try, each crash taught him something new: the string was too heavy, the paper too stiff, the little bridle knotted all wrong.

He mended one thing each time, and each time he learned a little more. Soon the wall of his room was covered in kites and quick sketches — arrows and notes and crossed-out mistakes — a hundred small tries, every one a lesson pinned up where he could see it.



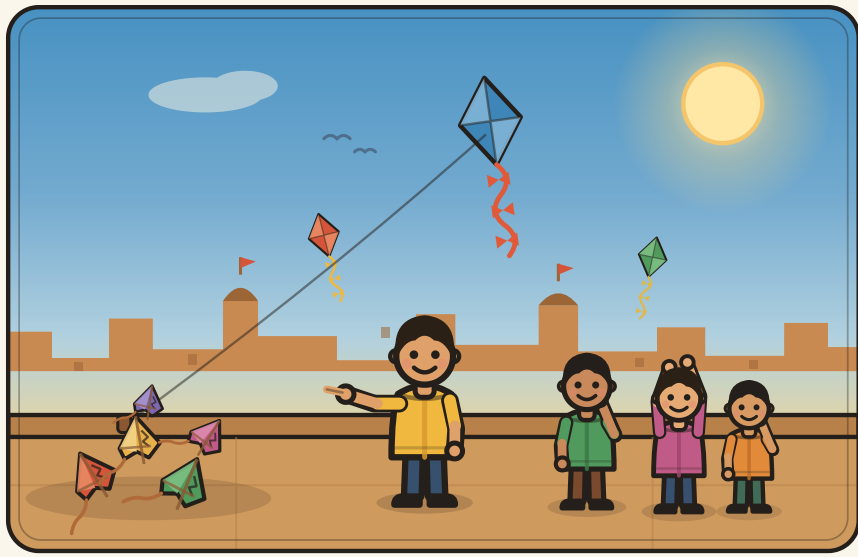
Some days were hard. The pile of broken kites in the corner grew taller than he was, and Kabir slumped down beside it, wanting to quit for good.

But then he remembered what every torn kite had shown him. Not one of them had been wasted — each had taught the next kite to fly a little longer. So he wiped his hands, picked up a fresh sheet of paper, and built one more.



On the hundredth try, the festival sky was bright and wide, and Kabir let out his string. This time the little kite did not wobble. It caught the wind, tugged hard at his hands, and began to climb.

Up and up it went — steady and sure, higher than any other kite in the sky, its long tail dancing like a ribbon of light. Kabir laughed out loud, the string humming warm against his palms.



The other children came running. “How did you make it fly so high?” they asked, shading their eyes to watch it soar. Kabir just smiled and pointed to the tall pile of crashed and crumpled kites behind him.

“Those taught it,” he said. Because every mistake had been a lesson, and every fall had shown him how to rise. You don't learn to fly by never falling — you learn by getting up, and trying again.

✦ THE END

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