

## Soar

Devastated, I fell down to the ground: so many failed attempts. What was I doing wrong? I hung my head in despair. I knew I could design and build a fantastic aircraft. I was on the brink of success. I stood up, dusted myself off and straightened my back. I would not be defeated! I sat down at the table and started to plan again. Now – why did the last attempt fail? How could I make the aircraft a success?

OUCH! What was that? An odd, midnight blue, velvet case was sitting on the table. It had fallen from the sky and hit me on the head. I carefully reached out to touch it. It was soft, smooth and decorated in tiny, embroidered stars. I tried to open it, but it was fastened with a silver lock. I didn't know what to think; I didn't have time. CRASH!

A tiny aircraft plummeted into my table and I jumped up in amazement. A tiny figure emerged from it. He was wearing strange, tattered clothes and had on an old-fashioned pair of flying goggles strapped to his forehead. Bewildered, I took out my phone and took a photograph. He stumbled back as he noticed me, grabbed my pencil and waved it at me like a spear.

“Hey there little fella!” I grinned at him, as I reached for the pencil. “No need to be afraid!”

“Get back!” he stabbed his weapon in my direction.

Then he noticed my plans. “Are you an engineer?” he asked, placing his hands on his hips, still trying to look fierce.

“Not yet... one day though! I'm an apprentice!”

“Can you help me?” he asked, smiling sweetly now. “I have to fix my plane and get back to work.” He pointed up towards the dusky sky and I noticed hundreds of strange, tiny aircraft flying overhead.

“I'll do my best.” I replied. “Pass me my pencil.” An idea had popped into my mind.

Lucas and I worked together to try to fix his plane; it was no use. Crash, after crash, after crash. I fixed the propeller with my pencils. No joy. I taped up the hole in the side. No joy. I even used components from my own plane but I still could not get his aircraft to fly. I slumped down, feeling disheartened and glanced across towards Lucas. He was gazing longingly at the sky and looked sad and defeated. Suddenly, the wind whipped one of my designs into my lap. I studied it carefully and wondered again what I was doing wrong. Then suddenly I had an idea...

I used the plan to make a sail. I held my breath as I launched Lucas one final time into the darkening sky. Guess what? The plane flew! I couldn't believe it. He waved goodbye as he soared into the evening sky. I watched him until he joined up with the others and eventually disappeared into the horizon.

What a strange, but successful, day it had been. I had finally made an aircraft fly but no-one would ever know. Suddenly, the dark sky lit up with bright stars. The biggest star twinkled. I smiled as I made my way home.