

# Soar

I launched my rocket into the pale blue sky, positive it was going to work this time. Its propellers juttred in the wind and it nosedived into the leaf covered ground. Upset that it had not worked I slouched over to the bench where my blueprints lay. Annoyed that I could not figure out what was wrong I decided to start thinking of a new plan.

Suddenly, a blue pouch bounced off my head onto the table. Confused, I sat upright and looked around. Then just as I was going to open the pouch a small wooden box flew past my head. I recognised it instantly, it was a tiny airship. Unexpectedly, the tiniest man I had ever seen appeared to be untangling himself from the wreck of the airship.

Intrigued, I tried to get a closer look, but the small man stumbled backwards onto the bench. The expression on his face screamed worry. He quickly ran towards the blue pouch and wrapped his miniature fingers around the shiny silver handle. As much as he tugged, it did not seem that he could move it. He gazed up at me and held out my pencil, pointing it at me, defending himself! My mind blown at how small he was, I pulled out my phone and took a photograph of the bizarre little man. He pulled the blue pouch across the bench and turned his airship over to find that the propeller was severely damaged. He stared into the sky while holding one of the pieces.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the most mesmerising thing I have ever seen; hundreds of tiny airships identical to the one that had crashed (but all different in their own way) flew into the sunset. I could feel the urgency of the situation and looked down to the small man who clearly thought I was dangerous.

An idea came into my head, so I pulled the pencil from his hands and started to try and fix his broken propeller wing.

As I finished fixing it, I motioned to him to get on the airship, he signalled back to me to send him upwards into the sky. He smiled at me just before the whole propeller burst into the air and rolled down the hill stopping in front of my disastrous previous attempt of making a plane.

My mind racing, I strapped his damaged propeller onto my plane and sent him soaring into the sky. A smile appeared on both of our faces as it seemed to be working, but at the last moment, FAILURE he came crashing down onto the hill. Worryingly, he looked at me as if time were running out. The other ships flew off into the distance. I sat down, defeated and out of ideas! Suddenly, a blueprint from a previous design blew straight into my hands.

Determination filled my body; I instantly knew what to do. Using the blueprint as a parachute, I attached a string to his airship, and it worked; he set off into the sunset joining his friends. I had finally done it.

As I stood gazing up the night sky it filled with thousands of twinkling stars just like diamonds. My heart pounded with joy and accomplishment. My first ever plane had fulfilled its journey and what a journey it was!