

## *SOAR*

As I tightened the propeller onto my newest model, I was sure that it would work. I stood on the little mound of grass, looked out across the horizon and hoped. With all my might, I thrust the plane in front of me. To my surprise it actually flew; well flew then crashed.

I sat back down at the faded wooden picnic bench with a huff. There was something wrong with my blueprints but what. Before I was able to look back over them something hit my head. “Ow” I exclaimed. On the table was a navy, velvet bag. Zoom! Crash! A miniature aircraft flew past my head, nearly hitting me, and crashed against the old oak.

Out of the little plane, a boy came tumbling out. He ran towards me and jumped over the bag as if he was protecting it. In a rush, he grabbed my pencil and started jabbing towards me. I was standing there wide eyed and open mouthed. Was I hallucinating? Just to check, I reached into my pocket and brought out my phone. Whilst staring, I clicked to take a photo.

The little boy was staring at the sky. My mouth opened when my eyes laid upon the hundreds of aircraft zooming across the sky. There were so many. Some of them glided whilst others had propellers.

I suddenly had a brilliant idea. I took the yellow pencil out of the boy's hand and picked up his plane. The pointed end of the pencil I shoved in with great force and I repeated that until the machine was full. There was some sellotape by me so I used that to bind two pencils together.

It was finished. The boy clambered in. We went to the mound of

grass and I pulled the string. Our mouths curved upwards simultaneously; but it quickly went back down as there was a rumble and the propeller spun off.

It landed by one of my tries to make a plane. I had another idea that was sure to work. After a minute of hard work the two machines were joined. As I did before, I stood on the hill and thrust my arms in front of me. It floated for ten seconds then plummeted nose first into the ground.

The boy climbed out and looked at me hopefully. I shook my head. He stared up into the sky longingly. I didn't know what to do. Slowly, I sat down with my back facing toward the rock.

The wind was whipping up leaves and carrying them. One of my blueprints had been caught up in the wind and was brought to my feet. I had an idea...

I worked for five minutes straight. Finally, it was done. The blueprint was attached like a sail on a ship. By the time I had finished the sun was about to go down. The little boy climbed in and I used the airship as a kite until it caught onto some wind. I let go and of he flew into the sunset.

Soon, the sun had gone down, the sky was a dark, navy blue. All of a sudden, all the stars had come out to play. The brightest star was flashing as if someone was trying to communicate. I realised who it was. It was the boy.



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