
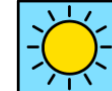













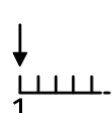
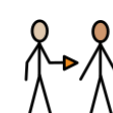
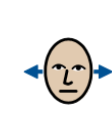












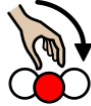

  is   am a     who   of




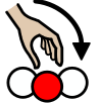



  becoming  an   Every day,   test

 fly  my  model  airplanes  in the  glorious  behind  my



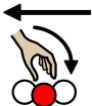




 +  every day,  they  crash.  Perhaps the  if  at



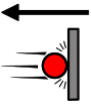



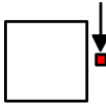
 first  you  don't  succeed  and  again  is my motto!


1  day,  after  yet  another  unsuccessful  flying  attempt,  I


 sat  gloomily at  a picnic table,  trying to  come up  with  new

 ideas. It  seemed  everything was  working  against  me - even the





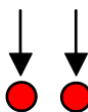
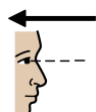



 blustery  wind  tried to  blow  my  plans  away.







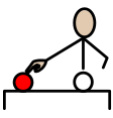



 Suddenly,  inspiration  hit  me  on  the head - literally. A  tiny











5  in  5-inch-tall  boy  and  his  fantastical  flying  machine  plunge  out of



 the sky.


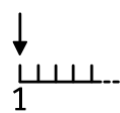



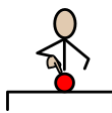

 I  couldn't believe  what  I  was seeing.  I  crept  towards the










 miniscule  boy  cautiously.  We  both  looked  up  at  the clear,

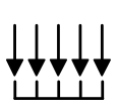


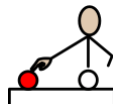


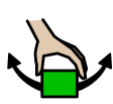
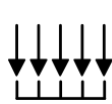

 serene  sky.  Uh-oh!  I  soon  realize  that  he  is  in trouble:








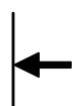

 his  flying  ship  is  broken,  and  the rest  of his  fleet  is leaving

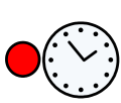


 without  him.



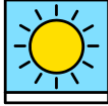



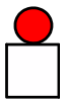
      
At first, I was bewildered. I didn't know what to do.



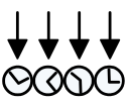

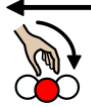



        
Unexpectedly, the miniscule boy flung his thin pencil at me.

        
All I know is that I must use every ounce of











        
inspiration I have to fly my new friend back home -

  
before it's too late!

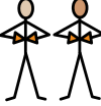

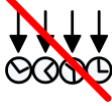





For  days   days, the minuscule  boy  I  worked  on











 our  plans. But,  every time  we  tried,  something  would  just

 go  wrong.  Nothing  would  get  my  friend  back  into  his






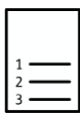


 magnificent  flying  ship.  We  sat  gazing  at  the  inky,  night





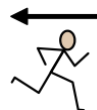



 sky  feeling  so  dejected.




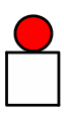



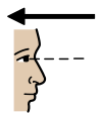

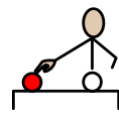
Nevertheless,  we  would  never  give  up!  I  had to  get

 my friend  home.  I  found  my  old,  wrinkled  plans  in  the







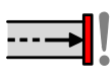

 back  pocket  of  my  blue,  tattered trousers.  This  would  work!

       
I tied the delicate string to the plans as quickly as I

       
could and ran and ran to the edge of the hill, feeling the

         
soft, cool breeze on my face. I looked up. That's it, the

       
little boy was flying! I felt such joy and relief as my

       
friend flew back to his fleet. I was finally an airplane


designer.