

My name is Mara, I am a thirteen-year-old girl who dreams of

1 one day becoming an airplane designer. Every day, I test

fly my model airplanes in the glorious fields behind my

house + every day, they crash. Perhaps the saying if at

↓ first you don't succeed try + try again is my motto!

**1** One 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 boy + his fantastical flying machine plunge out of

the sky.

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

minuscule 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

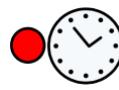
without him.

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

 Unexpectedly, the minuscule 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 and days, the minuscule boy and 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, the 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.