

The Balloon Boy





I dedicate this
book to my faithful
friend Lulu. For
her help and
courage
throughout the
years. Thank you

I've always dreamed of living in the air or flying. Every day I would practise my jumps and measure them. Every day my sister would practise her ballet. She really, really wants to get into Paris Opera Ballet School. She's already tried out but she is waiting for a reply. Every day my little brother is playing with his lego.

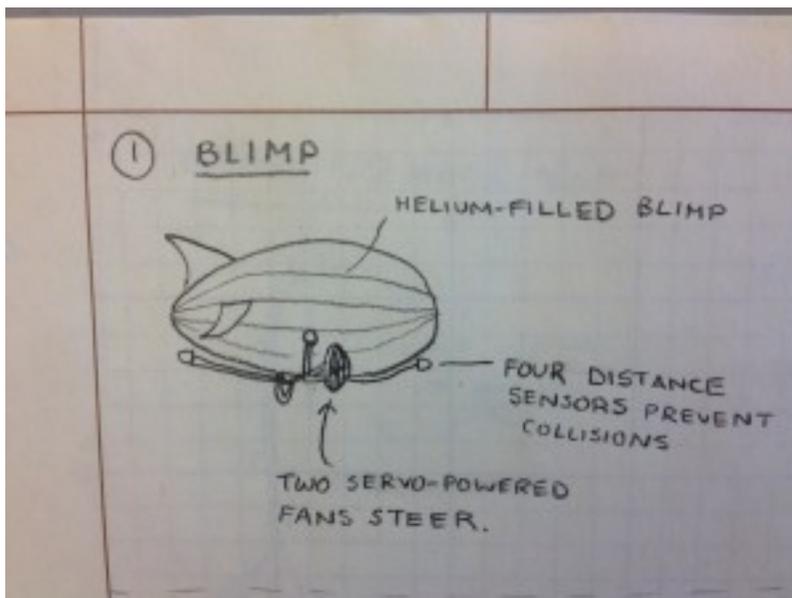


Kalee (my sister) has just followed her dreams. She left this morning. We are all sad. Though now I know that if you practice enough or dream enough your dreams will come true just like Kalee's did.

I'm eight and don't have any friends. I'm always in my room thinking of new ways of flying. My favourite place is the cliff it's where I go to test my inventions. When they don't work, I fall and get hurt. I've once broken my arm and leg before.



I've just finished my new invention. I call it the 'bird' because it's like a bird. I attach wings to my arms. It's sort of like a hang glider. I think this time it will work, I'm positive.



I'm on the way to the cliffs. As usual everybody's eyes are on me. Sometimes a group of people crowd around me and if I fail they all laugh at me and at school they never let me forget.

(A couple of years later)

I'm still trying. I never give up. Some has just invented a six person flying machine. They call it an air ballon because it's a giant balloons with a small basket for people to go in. I long to go in one.

(Months later)

I have just got to tickets for an air balloon ride for my birthday. I'm so elated. I can't think of anything better. My dreams are finally going to come true.



Finally the day is here. The day I'll fly. We hop in the basket. The conductors with us and we start to rise and rise. We are soaring through the air. The world below us is like little pieces of Lego.

Then it goes downhill, the ride is over. It's been an hour. My pleasures gone.

(Ten years later)

It's been along time since I last wrote in my diary. I've got an idea, I'm going to create an air house, I'm going to have a house in the air. I've bought a lot of food for my house and an air balloon. I've also had courses to learn to fly.

I hop into the air balloon, all looks good and there's no problems. I'm about to take off. This is going to be it the day my dreams will flare. I'm going to be a millionaire!

The air balloon rises and rises into the sky. The next part of my life is full of wonders. But that's another story.



A stylized illustration of a fire with yellow and orange flames. The fire is composed of several pointed, flame-like shapes in shades of yellow, orange, and red, set against a white background. The flames are arranged in a way that suggests a growing fire, with the largest and brightest yellow flames at the base and smaller, more pointed orange and red flames reaching upwards.

From a spark of an idea a fire grew.
- Harrison Lark