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# Junior Runaway

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A misunderstood boy dreams of flying into outer space.



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The original work of this book was made possible through the generous support of the All Children Reading: A Grand Challenge for Development (ACR GCD) Partners (the United States Agency for International Development (USAID), World Vision, and the Australian Government). It was prepared by Asafeer Education Technologies FZ LLC and does not necessarily reflect the views of the ACR GCD Partners. Any adaptation or translation of this work should not be considered an official ACR GCD translation and ACR GCD shall not be liable for any content or error in this translation.





“Junior, you’ve made a big mistake by neglecting your math homework,” said dad as he furrowed his brow. “You were so busy observing the twinkling stars in the sky with your telescope that you seem to have forgotten everything else!” huffed Mom.



Grandma said, “And look at you...you waste so much time just sorting and organizing your hundred pairs of socks.” Junior gulped and he wondered just how his parents already knew about the math test.



Dad firmly said, as he took away Junior's encyclopedia, "No more reading about space until your grades go up." Mom carried away his telescope, saying "And you can't use your telescope."



Junior hurried to his dresser and starting hiding his extra socks before his grandma could take them away too. He just can't stand wearing the same sweaty pair of socks for more than an hour. Junior felt so sad and misunderstood and thought to himself, "I'll run away to a place where no one will take away my things and I can do what I want. But just where should I go?"



Then he got an idea. He'll run away to space. How? In a space ship that will take him up and away from Earth's gravity and everyone that is upset with him. He won't find this space ship in any showroom or a garage. As a matter of fact, Junior will just have to make it himself.





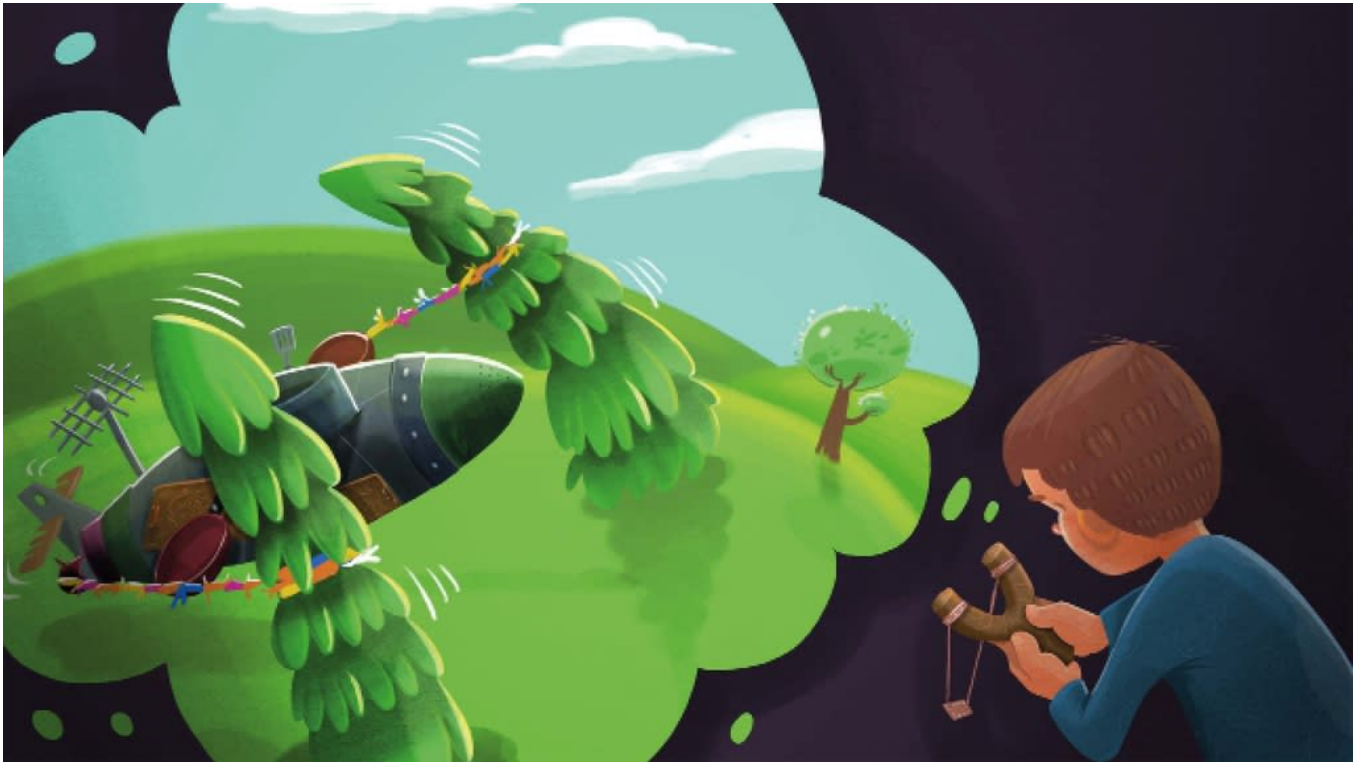
He ran to the kitchen and attic, collecting any metal items that he could find. He gathered pots, utensils and other scraps - even an old television antenna! He glued everything together until it was finally secure and ready for take off.



He thought, “Now, to break through Earth’s gravitational field, I’ll have to accelerate at sixty thousand kilometres per second. How could I possibly do that?” He knew he needed a ton of energy, but where could he find it? Even if he used all the batteries they had at home, it wouldn’t be enough. And the tank he built on the roof couldn’t possibly hold all the fuel he would need.



Junior opened the window for some air. As he began to think, he noticed what looked like two arrows in the backyard. He laughed and said, "Eureka! I'll build a catapult!"



He remembered the catapult he'd made to throw tiny pebbles at pesky flies. Now, he'll simply make another one using all his socks and the trees. He'll make a giant catapult to blast off in his space ship.



He didn't wait for long. He took his space ship outside near the garden and started working on his plan. At midnight, everything was ready. He pushed his space ship on the rope he tied together with all his socks and got in. Then he let go. The space ship blasted into the air, and through the clouds and atmosphere. Before he knew it, he passed the moon and was finally in outer space.



The space ship continued to soar right towards a spiral galaxy. It looked as if milk was poured into it. He was sure he read about this before. Yes, it was the Milky Way! He reached Andromeda next. He had never felt so happy before and wondered why he hadn't tried this earlier.



It was time to return to his home planet, but as he broke through the earth's atmosphere, the space ship started to lose power. What was happening? Earth's gravitational field started pulling him down faster and faster! He closed his eyes so he wouldn't see his impending doom. Then, suddenly, he crashed!



Maybe

What a terrible landing! He opened his eyes to find himself on his bedroom floor, his blanket under him and no space ship to be found. No holes in the ceiling either. It was a dream. He picked up his blanket up and went back to bed. As he thought, he decided that it would be better to postpone his trip to space until he figured out how to maintain the speed and power of his space ship. Maybe math would come in handy, after all.





He looked at the night sky and softly whispered, "Good night."



The End