

Mentor Text 1

BANG BANG! CRASH. I knocked on the door, but he didn't answer. Mr. Vaslov was hard at work in his toolshed. Before I could knock again, I heard another CRASH! I wondered what was happening in there. Mr. Vaslov liked inventing things just for me, and I was curious if this time it was really the flying shoes I had asked for.

Two weeks later, Mr. Vaslov knocked on my door. "Here they are, Freddie! Flying shoes, just like you asked for." Wow! I couldn't believe it. They were bright blue with clouds on the sides. Mr. Vaslov smiled proudly, and I could tell he wanted me to be happy. I put them on, and next thing I knew, I was suddenly hovering above the ground. My heart was racing. The flying shoes worked!

But then, I floated up higher, and higher, and higher, and crashed right back down. BOOM! I tried again, but I still couldn't stay in the air. I didn't want to give up because I wanted to be a superhero, and I knew Mr. Vaslov believed in me too. I couldn't let him down!

Later, I ran as fast as I could to Mr. Vaslov's shed. "Help! These shoes don't work!" He took them, examined them, and sighed. "Freddie, I worked so hard to get these just right. Let's see what went wrong together." Then he looked closely and smiled, "Freddie, you didn't turn on the booster switch."

Finally, I flipped the switch. The shoes glowed. I rose into the air, smooth and steady. I grinned down at Mr. Vaslov, and he gave me a thumbs-up. He was glad his invention worked, and I was glad to have a friend who believed in me. "Thanks, Mr. Vaslov!" I shouted as I ran off, ready to soar.