

The cold air balloon version 3.6

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Cover pending.....

Part 1.

Jacket Flower has a pretty good life. He was passionate about creating things and reusing items. He believes that we must make our planet live as long as it can. Even though it's falling apart... He also likes hot air balloons. His father showed him that it when he was a little boy; and he loved it ever since and it's still his favorite thing to do.

One day on he was flying in his hot-air balloon, and he burnt himself badly. As he was guiding himself down to his house, he was thinking... "I wish I didn't get burnt. It hurts so much!"

When he was safe and sound on the ground, he remembered his dad told him not to get too close to the fire or it would burn him.

A day later he started getting blisters on his hand. The next day, he had to seek medical attention, and fast. At the hospital they said, "You'll be fine. We'll just we will have to put a cast on your hand. We also have other bad news... It's your right hand!" Jacket left the hospital went to his friend Larry. "Jacket. What's up with the cast. It's, it's on your right hand! That's you hot balloon hand!" Said Larry. "Yep, it is. But at least it won't be on here forever. The doctors say that I won't be able to go on the hot-air balloon for a while; which means... No hot-air balloon ride for you!" Said Jacket chuckling.

"That's true. When your arm heals, you will have to give me a ride," said Larry in a cheerful mood. "Oh, and I forgot to tell you." Said Jacket. "They took my hot-air balloon so that I won't use it while I'm healing..."

"Really! You are telling me that they just grabbed your balloon and ran with it!" "Yep," said Jacket. "Will they give it back?" "I don't know. I just want my arm back." "Those things cost a fortune. Oh, oh do you have that?" Said Larry calmly. "No. I don't have a fortune. I work at Walmart. How can I have a fortune if I work there?" "Fair point." Said Larry. "It doesn't help that I borrow money from you all the time." "That's also true. But if they don't give the balloon back...." Jacket was thinking. "I'm hungry. Can we get food?" Said Jacket to get rid of the conversation.

"I work at Burger King." Said Larry "We can have food there. My boss lets me have free food from there if I get to work on time; and I do get there on time just so you know. So, let's go." As you can see, Larry works at Burger King; and Burger King pays worse than Walmart.

"This is very good," said Jacket, pleased. "Yes, indeed, it is very good." Said Larry

Larry Candlemaker was his full name. He was one of the few families to keep their old name. Larry was the one at Burger King that was the least paid, but his boss felt bad for him, so he gives him free meals when he comes on time. Larry wants to get money in any way he can. Sometimes he does, sometimes he ends up sleeping in Jacket's backyard.

When they were done, Jacket said, "Thanks Larry." and Larry said goodbye and they separated until the next time.

The next day, Jacket discovered that his hand was healed. "Hooray, my hand is feeling great! Praise to

the Lord! Praise To the Lord!” He said joyfully.

He felt so great that he went to the hospital to ask for his balloon back as soon as he got up.

When he got to the hospital, he got them to take the cast off, and he asked for his balloon. “Can I have my balloon back now, please?” “Why don’t you have it?” “Wait. Are you telling me you don’t have my balloon?” “Yes. Why would we have it?” “Okay... Thanks, I guess.” As he walked out the door.

“Aghh.” Said Jacket, “I leave my balloon for a day, and it gets stolen! Why! Why! Why did this happen? That was my dad’s balloon that he made himself! It is very, very special to me and it gets stolen. So sad.”

“You know what,” said Jacket. “I’ll make my own hot-air balloon. No. I’ll make a cold air balloon to make it so I never get burnt again; and I can make money from it! Also, I can pay for Larry’s pool that he’s always borrowing money for. It will be great! Let’s get to work.” So, Jacket sets out to buy parts. He went to a hardware store to buy some resistors, shocks, fans and other hardware; Then he went home and bought a balloon for a hot-air balloon and a basket for him to be in. He also got some other stuff for his safety. He drove from store to store closer to being done every time. Then he asked Larry for \$1543.99.

“What? You think I’m going to give you that?” “Yes. That’s how much you owe me.” Said Jacket, “Oh. I thought I ripped up your record paper...,” said Larry. “So, you did it. Lucky for me, I had it backed up from last time you did it.” “Ok.” Larry said, “This is why I can’t pay you... My credit card got stolen the other day. I haven’t bothered reporting it, though, because the thief spends much less than me. That’s my story. But I got over it.” Said Larry.

“Okay.” Said Jacket “Sorry for your loss. I’ll look for money from the bank instead. Take care.” He said as he left.

So now he needed money, and his friend was in practically bankrupt. All kinds of bad things are happening. Now Jacket wants to get to the bottom of this.

Jacket goes to the FBI and meets with Officer Squats.

“Hey Officer! Hey!” Said Jacket.

“Oh Jacket, something bad has happened.” Said Officer Squats.

“The perfect crime was committed last night. Someone broke into the police station and stole all the toilets, and the Police say they have nothing to go on; and all we know is that the thief wore blue gloves so that he wouldn’t get caught red-handed! Oh! Um. What’s your case?”

“Well, the thing is that somebody stole my hot-air balloon, and they said that it was so I wouldn’t use it while I was healing.” Said Jacket, waiting for an answer. “Well... it might be the Wet’s! They splash blue paint on your stuff.” “Oh, like my car that I had to wash. I was wondering who did that.” Said Jacket, disturbed. “Yep” said Squats. “That’s a clear sign of them. Oh! Do you have any other things of value at your house?” “Well, my frog puts his money in the riverbank. That’s all of value in my house.” “Okay.” Said Squats Smoothly, “That’s fine. Hey, can I go to your house sometime?” “Sure!” Said Jacket. “Oh, and also.” Said Squats, “My perfect soft sprinkle sweet dough sugar doughnut got stolen by a bird, too.” “Sorry about that. I got to go. Bye, see you at my house later.” “See you,” said the Officer.

Jacket went home to tidy up, and he found that his car had more blue paint on it. He hosed off his car, went inside, and finished tidying up and making food. When Officer Squats arrived, Jacket noticed that he was inspecting the house thoroughly. He also noticed that he was looking at his frog a lot, too. They sat down and had dinner and after that he asked him to come to lunch with him tomorrow. “Sure! I

would love to!" "Okay! Meet you at the police station!" Said Squats with a grin.

The next day, he went to the station. They talked for a while, but when he got home, he found some paint on his porch seat and his keys on the mat.

Right there, he knew that Officer Squats had something to do with this. "He was distracting me by taking me to lunch." He called Larry as soon as possible. "Larry. Meet me at the park now!" "Okay." Says Larry.

Jacket tells Larry all about what happened, and Larry almost jumps.

"Here. Take some of my cameras. Hang them up and wait for the thief." And so, he did and there were the thieves and this time they stole the BBQ...

They followed the thieves and there they were. At a thief's house. It looked like a dump. "There is a mess of cars and trash and... MY BBQ! Oh, I missed it. But no balloon? Where's my Balloon? My dad's Hot-Air Balloon?" But then they found Officer Squats behind them with a taser. They tried to run, but they were too late. They got tased and woke up in a cage. There was a smiling gang and a burning hot-air balloon that was almost completely gone. "You, you," Jacket sputtered. "You're burning my dad's balloon?" "Yes," says one of the criminals, "It isn't worth a lot. It's worth more to burn it. Oh, and we have your phone, so you can't call the police. Hahaha ha. This is all going to plan," That was the 'Doctor' that took his balloon. "Please let us out. Ill umm, give you my wallet and, my TV and umm, and my laptop too just let us out please!!!" "Okay" Said the cruel Officer "We will carry you to your house grab your stuff and leave, deal." "Deal, Deal!" Said Larry

From there they drove home, grabbed Jacket's stuff and the frog and left them there. But there was a new lock on the door. They were locked in the house.

Part 2.

Jacket didn't have any tools in his house and there were bars on the windows. There didn't seem to be a way out. He also didn't have a phone, because it was ripped out of the wall. There wasn't even any food in the house. "It might be voice activated! La, Laa, Laaaa, Laaaaa, Laaaaaa." Says Larry. "Hmm. Those people are dumb. What can I do to get-" "Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-" "Larry stop!" "Okay! Fine! What can we do then!" Said Larry, who was obviously scared but didn't want to show it. "Wait." Said Jacket, "What if... What if we just used a knife and cut around the bars. This is a wood house. I could cut thru it." "That's it Jacket! Where are the knives?" But the robbers took all the knives from the cabinets. "I have a secret knife in my closet!" Anounced Jacket, who was already racing for his closet, but he stopped in his tracks and said, "Larry, is that your camera?" "No, that's the kind of camera at the robbers house!" Suddenly, the doors opened and one of the criminals came in. "Where's the knife?" He spoke. Jacket showed him where the knife was, and he stole the knife and the frog food and walked away. "Aghh!" Said Larry as he pounded his head on the door. And it creaked open. The robber had forgotten to lock the door. Jacket ran through the door Larry following while wailing, "It hurts! OH, the pain!" They ran to the police station, and they ran into an officer, "Officer James here, what do you need?" Jacket Immediately replies. "There's a group of criminals at 523 Grub Street Virginia USA. "Okay, I'll go and round them up, and we'll bring them to your house to confirm the criminals. Also, it might be a while because I need to find a bathroom to go in." "Keep in mind that Officer Squats is one of the criminals and they owe me at least 10,000\$, a frog, and a special knife." "Okay." Said the Officer as he hopped into his police car and drove to a public restroom.

Jacket got his house phone fixed at 1:00 and at 2:00 he got a call from Officer James.

“Hey. I’ll be at your house at 3:30, okay?” “That’s fine,” said Jacket.

The moment he got there; Jacket recognized the criminals.

“Are these the ones?” Said Officer James “No, No! I’m I excellent Officer!” Said Officer Squats “Yes! They are the ones. You can take them away.” Said Jacket.

The criminals cried the entire way to the station. They moaned. They groaned, but that didn’t help. When they needed to go, they were given a bucket to go in because there weren’t any toilets. “Here Jacket. 10,000\$ just for you. Also, your frog passed away so here is a new one.” Said Officer James. “Thank you, Officer!” Said Jacket as he walked out the door.

“I can now build my balloon!” Said Jacket and so he did. When he finished, he told everyone.

When Jacket got home, he was full of sadness. You see, every time he told someone they looked like they were going to have a heart attack because a cold air balloon can’t be real.

But the next day he tested it...

“I’m flying in a cold air balloon,” said Jacket. “Everything is running smooth!” When he landed in Larry’s yard, Larry was surprised to see him. “Come in!” Said Jacket “Wow. Umm, okay, I will just let me get snacks.”

It wasn’t Larry’s favorite thing to do, but he enjoyed himself.

After everyone saw that all the people who had a hot-air-balloon people gave him money to make one!

Hundreds of dollars flew in, and he was soon rich, but Jacket's never forgot the robbers or very best friend, Larry.

The end.