

MR. CROCKET

BUILDS

A ROCKET

By John D. Boenke

For all future Astronauts

MR. CROCKET BUILDS A ROCKET

By John D. Boenke
Copyright March 1995
All Rights Reserved

Henry was as bored as a boy could be. He had played in his sand box, and played in his tree. But now he was done and just sat and stared. What new thing could happen, what fun could be shared? Something as happy as climbing his tree, but he just didn't know what that thing might be.

His dad and mom were out in the yard. If he went out to see them and cried real hard, perhaps they would tell him what new thing to do. Or maybe they wouldn't. That could happen, too.

He re-tied his sneakers (they were always undone), and taking his ball, went looking for fun. He first saw his dad working by the back fence. He was cutting the weeds. They looked very dense. Henry watched for a minute, then decided it best not to bother his dad. He looked quite a mess. Next he looked at his mom, who was raking some leaves. That wasn't fun either. They should stay on the trees.

Henry noticed a noise from the neighbor next door. It started out little, but then it grew more. It sounded unusual like a grunch and a scree-e-e. He went to his fence and crawled up to see what was making the grunch and high pitched screeeee - eeee.

Mr. Crocket, an inventor, was working alone. He had some plastic and metal and stone. There were pieces of junk and a desk and a tire. Some nails, nuts and bolts, and even some wire. When he hammered the metal to form it and shape it, the grunch of a noise was glad to escape it. His motorized cutter did much of the work, but it screeeed as it spun, it was a strange quirk.

Henry watched for a minute then called to the man, "Hey Mr. Crocket, what'cha doin'? I'll help if I can." Mr. Crocket looked up; took a wrench from his pocket.

"Hi! there Henry, come on over. I'm building a rocket."

Henry was over the fence in half of a flash, and landed on the metal with a resounding crash. He picked himself up, (he was purty durned tough), and started in looking at all the good stuff. "Hey Mr. Crocket, this is neat and exciting. What's next to be done? And what's all that writing?"

"Those are the plans, and here's what we're doing. That wood over there needs some cutting and gluing." The two set in working on metal and wood. By the end of the day it began to look good. The rocket took shape and stood firm and strong. The work went quite quickly. It didn't take long.

"That's enough for today, we'll finish tomorrow. I've got enough stuff, I won't have to borrow. Tomorrow after breakfast, you come on outside, we'll finish her up and go for a ride." That evening tired Henry went right straight to sleep, he slept long, and quiet, and certainly deep.

The next day was sunny and just nice for soaring. Henry knew right away, it wouldn't be boring. Mr. Crocket was working when Henry got there. His whistling and singing were filling the air. "Well Henry, are you ready? Let's go while it's cool. I just need to finish putting in all the fuel."

They climbed in the rocket, and fastened the snaps, on their seats, and their goggles, and even their caps. And then they were off in a swoosh and a glide, and Henry looked out and could see far and wide. He could see his own house, but not many people, though right straight ahead was the downtown church steeple. "Look out! Mr. Crocket. Turn right or turn left!" But the rocket went straight and the steeple was cleft.

They went out of control and tumbled around, and next they were bumping along on the ground. "Wow," said Henry, "what happened up there? We gave the church pigeons a truly great scare." Mr. Crocket replied, "The turn-thing came out. We can't fly without it, of that there's no doubt."

"Don't worry or fret," assured Mr. Crocket. "I've got the rocket socket right here in my pocket." With a few quick twists, he knew what to do, and shortly the rocket was as good as brand new. So then they went off. Rose again to the sky, but they didn't go far nor yet go too high.

They had a nice ride and zoomed over town. By now a crowd watched as they zipped up and down. They flew up the river and circled the park and had a great time till it began to get dark. Then they finally went back to land their great rocket. But midst the junk in the yard, it was not easy to dock it.

So Henry went home to eat and to sleep. He slept all the night not making a peep. The following day Mr. Crocket and he went off to the church as good as could be. At the church they climbed up, and fixed the church steeple. They did it so well, they pleased the church people. And Henry remembered the rocket and Crocket, whenever he flew or used a large socket.

Published by John D. Boenke
180 Bailey Blvd.
Hardy, VA 24101