

# **Johnny Jetpack**

**Ethan Crownberry**

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**See you at [EthanCrownberry.com](http://EthanCrownberry.com)**

To my mother,  
a real American hero.

# **Johnny Jetpack**

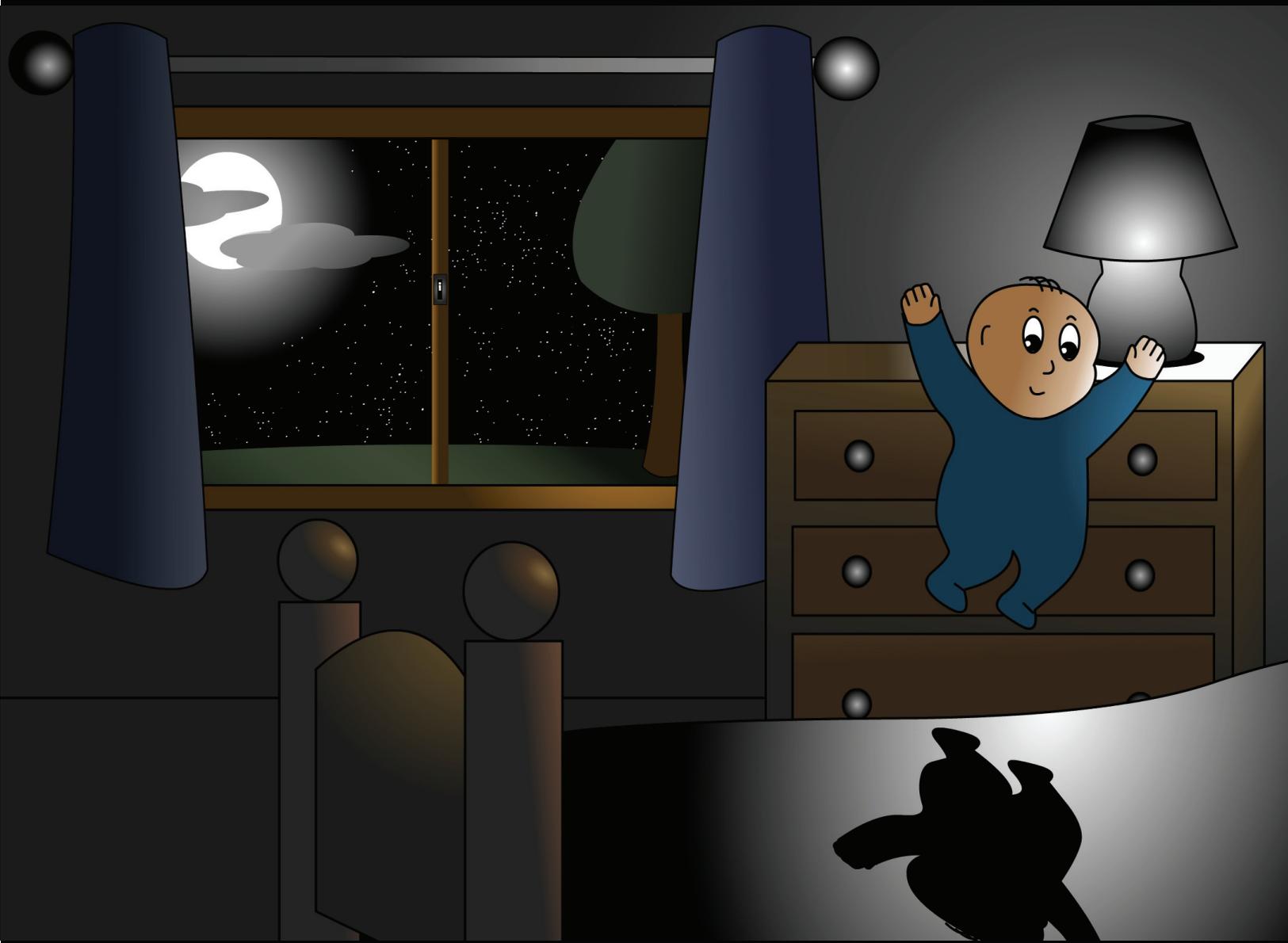
Ethan Crownberry

Johnny Johnson knew that one day he would fly among the stars—  
he dreamed of someday flying out past Jupiter and Mars.

“But how am I to do this?” Johnny said, and scratched his head,  
then he leapt down from his dresser and bounced high up off his bed.

And for nearly two whole seconds, Johnny felt like he could fly,  
‘til he flopped down on his backside without really knowing why.

“I will fly someday—I swear it! I’ll be up there someday soon,”  
Johnny muttered as he stared out through his window at the moon.





Then soon came Johnny's birthday; it was finally here at last.

He was older now, and wiser. He was growing up quite fast.

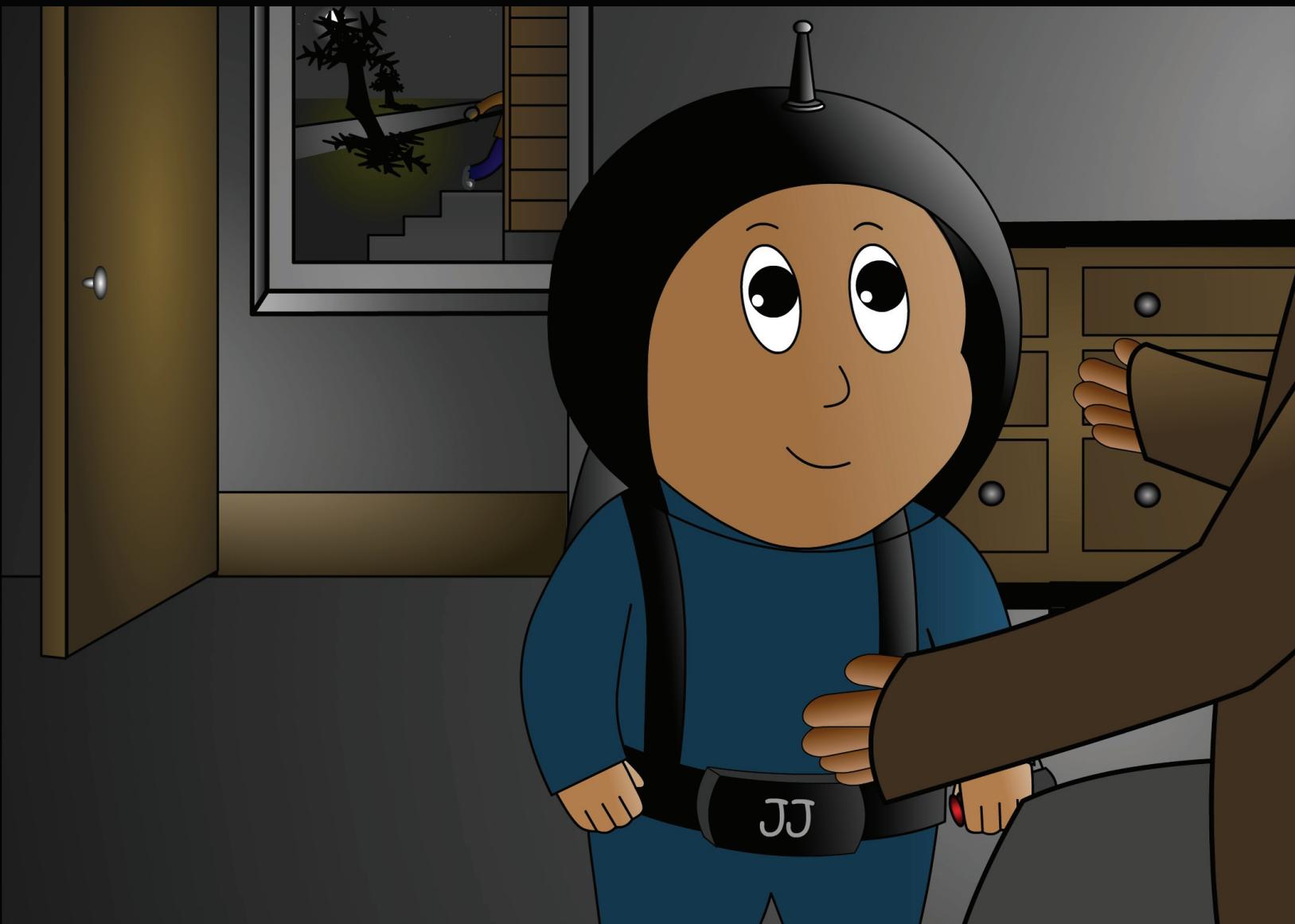
And later on that night, his grandpa came by for a spell,  
and he brought with him a present he had wrapped up very well.

And when Johnny opened up the box, he found a great surprise;  
it was something so fantastic, he could not believe his eyes.

"Oh, thank you!" shouted Johnny as he hugged his grandpa tight,  
then he grabbed the box, ran up the stairs, and disappeared from sight.

Then down the hall he ran, into his room, and closed the door,  
where he quickly dumped the contents of the box out on the floor.  
And there it was—the thing he needed most to help him fly;  
it was a jetpack with two jets to help him soar up through the sky.  
And with it came a helmet, and a black utility belt,  
which he quickly wrapped around his waist to see how snug it felt.  
Then he put the helmet on his head, and next, picked up the pack,  
and with a shoulder through each harness, strapped it tightly to his back.  
When behind him, rather suddenly, his door swung open wide,  
and his grandpa, who had come to talk, took three short steps inside.  
Then ol' Grandpa slowly knelt, and asked for Johnny's full attention,  
for it seemed he had some things he thought were quite well worth a mention.





“I am sorry I can’t stay,” he said. “I have to catch a flight. I am flying home to Portland on the last plane out tonight.

But before I left, I wanted you to know a thing or two ‘bout the jetpack that I built, and all the great things it can do. It can take you all the places that you’ve pictured in your mind. It can even save your life if you should find you’re in a bind.

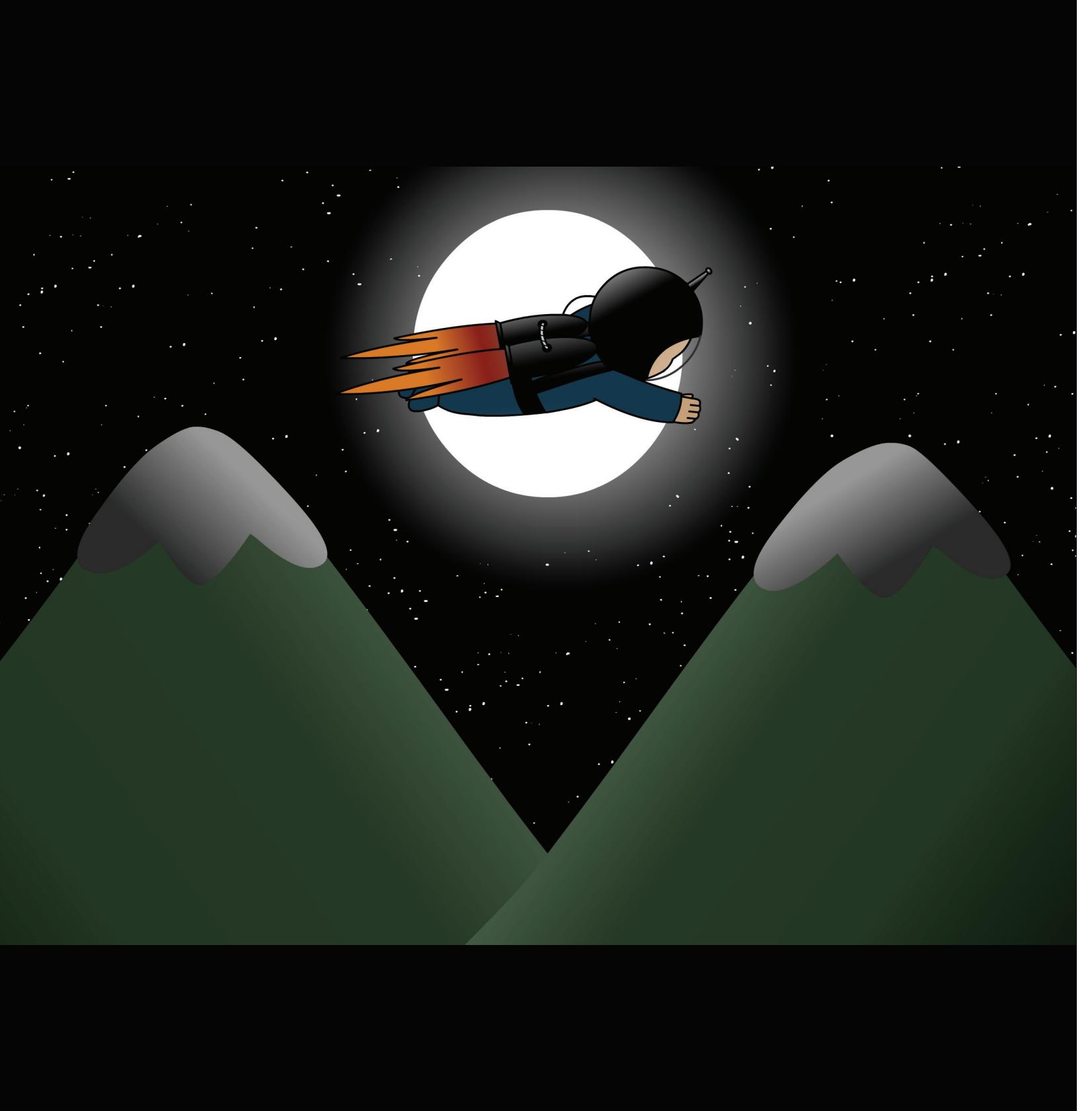
This jetpack is unique—there is no other of its kind. But be warned, the fuel it runs on is quite scarce and hard to find.

So fly it anywhere you’d like—see all that you can see. Do the things you’ve dreamed of doing, and be all that you can be.

Just remember that this jetpack comes without a warranty, and will certainly stop running when the gas gauge points to E.”

And so Johnny nodded twice as if to say he understood.  
Then he hugged his grandpa one more time as tightly as he could.  
Good ol' Grandpa took his leave, and Johnny quickly turned about;  
he just could not wait a second more to try his jetpack out.  
And so up onto his dresser Johnny climbed with little fear,  
where he made one final check of all his newfound flying gear.  
Then he took one giant leap out toward his bed and hit the switch,  
and the jetpack, as expected, fired up without a glitch.  
And instead of falling downward, Johnny hovered in midair.  
It was working! He was flying! And he seemed no worse for wear.  
And so back and forth he went across his room a time or two,  
'til he finally got the gist, then out the window Johnny flew.





And he climbed and climbed and climbed, 'til all the rooftops disappeared,  
'til the height had made him dizzy, and his stomach felt quite weird.

Then Johnny leveled off, and with his jetpack burning bright,  
swung a left, hit the gas, and shot out straight into the night.

He flew up over buildings, down through alleys, and over trees.

He flew up over mountains, down through valleys, and over seas.

He flew completely round the world, then Johnny finally stopped.

Then he quickly checked his gauge to see how far his fuel had dropped.

But the needle hardly moved. Yes, he had fuel to spare it seemed.

It was time to fly up into space, just like he'd always dreamed.

But he barely moved an inch before a sound had caught his ear;  
it was someone crying out for help, their voice quite full of fear.

It was coming from inside his helmet, odd as that may sound;  
he was picking up a signal somewhere down along the ground.  
“I can hear you,” shouted Johnny. “You are coming in quite clear.  
I can help you, but I’m not sure which direction I should steer.”  
Then he looked into the distance, and the sky was filled with smoke.  
And the voice inside his helmet started coughing as it spoke.  
Putting two and two together, Johnny took off like a shot,  
and he soared across the landscape with his jetpack burning hot.

And in less than fifteen seconds, he had come across a town,  
with a building plainly filled with smoke and quickly burning down,  
And inside the burning building was a girl about his size.

She was standing in a smoke-filled room and rubbing both her eyes.

She was somewhere on the fourteenth floor—the highest floor of all—  
and the firemen could not reach her, for their ladders weren't that tall.

She was trapped behind a window painted shut and locked up tight;  
it just simply would not open,  
though she'd tried with all her might.

