



[WWW.AMERICANHILLERS.COM](http://WWW.AMERICANHILLERS.COM)

# Freddie Pernortner

FEARLESS FIRST GRADER<sup>®</sup>

Freddie



Darla



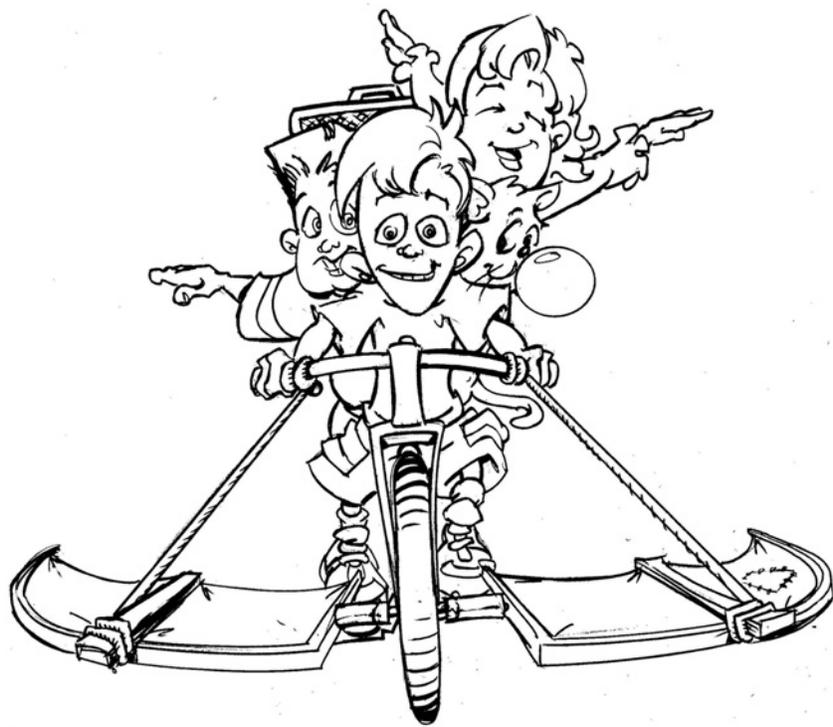
Chipper



Mr. Chewy



**THE FANTASTIC FLYING BICYCLE**  
BY JOHNATHAN RAND



# I

The story of Freddie Fernortner is a curious one. Oh, sure, he was in many ways a very normal first grader . . . with a few exceptions.

For one, Freddie was very, very smart. When he was just one year old, he could speak very clearly. At two, he knew his ABCs. And when he was only three, he knew the names of every single state in America.

His mother and father were quite

proud. His mother would often look at him and say, “My goodness, Freddie! You’re the smartest boy in the city!”

This made Freddie feel very good.

But Freddie Fernortner also had a very, very active imagination—a fearless imagination—which, unfortunately, often got him into trouble.

And not just him, either. You see, Freddie had three best friends: Darla, his next door neighbor; Chipper, his friend from across the street; and Mr. Chewy, Freddie’s cat. The cat was named Mr. Chewy because Freddie had taught the creature to chew bubble gum. Mr. Chewy could even blow bubbles!

Freddie, Darla, Chipper, and Mr. Chewy were the best of friends . . . which meant that when Freddie got into trouble, so did Darla and Chipper and Mr. Chewy.

And once again, Freddie, Darla, Chipper, and Mr. Chewy were about to find themselves in an awful lot of trouble. In fact, what was about to happen to Freddie and his friends would be one of the scariest things that had ever happened to them.

## 2

It was Saturday morning. Freddie was sitting on his front porch, watching a small bird chase a butterfly. Mr. Chewy sat at Freddie's feet, chewing gum and blowing bubbles. The sun peeked up over the trees, and the morning air was cool.

Suddenly, Darla called out from her bedroom window.

"Hey Freddie!" she said. "Do you want to go for a bike ride?"

Freddie leapt to his feet. “Sure!” he said. “Let’s see if Chipper wants to go, too!”

Seconds later, Darla emerged from her house and met up with Freddie and Mr. Chewy on the sidewalk that snaked along Fudgewhipple Street. The pair walked across the street and knocked on Chipper’s door. After a few minutes, the door opened. Chipper was there.

“Do you want to go for a bike ride?” Freddie asked.

“That would be fun!” Chipper said. “We can race each other to the park. Why, I can pedal so fast that I can almost fly!”

Which got Freddie thinking.

“You know,” he said as he turned and stared up into the bright blue sky, “I bet we really *could* fly. I mean . . . if we worked really hard.”

“What do you mean?” Darla asked.

Freddie was getting more and more excited by the second.

“We can put wings on my bike,” he explained. “And we can hook up a fan to the chain! The fan will power the bike, and we can steer with the wings!” Freddie stretched out his arms like a plane and ran around in circles. “It’ll be a fantastic flying bicycle!” he exclaimed.

Chipper scratched his head. “Do you really think it’ll work?” he asked, raising one eyebrow.

“Yeah,” Darla said. “It sounds scary.”

Freddie stopped running around in circles. His arms fell to his sides. “It won’t be scary!” he said. “We can make wings out of wood! And my dad has an old fan in the garage! We can make it work!”

And that was that. Freddie, Chipper,

and Darla went to Freddie's garage and got to work on the fantastic flying bicycle. All the while, Mr. Chewy sat nearby, watching, chewing gum, and blowing an occasional bubble.



Two hours later they were finished, and the three friends stood around the

fantastic flying machine. A big house fan was mounted behind the seat. Wings made of wood were connected to the handlebars with ropes, so the craft could be steered by turning left or right. Freddie attached a small leather tool bag beneath the fan, in case they needed to make any adjustments or repairs.

“It looks cool,” Darla said.

“Super cool,” Chipper agreed.

“It looks super-duper cool,” Freddie said. “Who wants to be the first to try it out?”

“Not me,” Darla said, taking a step back. “I’ve never flown before.”

“Me neither,” Chipper said, shaking his head. “It was your idea, Freddie. *You* try it out.”

Freddie shrugged. Then he looked up at the blue sky. Several large, puffy, white

clouds loomed in the distance. There was a sharp, snapping sound as Mr. Chewy popped a bubble.

“Looks like a good day to fly a bike,” Freddie said.

He hopped on the fantastic flying bicycle.

He started pedaling.

The fan blades started whirring.

Faster.

Faster still.

The bike began moving forward.

*Faster . . . .*

Question was: would it really fly?

Freddie Fernortner, fearless first grader, was about to find out.

# 3

The fan blades on the back of the bike whirred, pushing the bike faster and faster down the street.

“Come on, Freddie!” Chipper shouted, thrusting his fists into the air. “Let’s see you fly!”

“Yeah!” Darla cheered. “You can do it, Freddie!”

And suddenly, it happened.

The front tire of the bicycle left the

ground.

Freddie pedaled faster.

“He’s going to do it!” Chipper exclaimed in disbelief. “He’s really going to do it!”

The rear wheel of the bike left the ground.

*Freddie was flying!*

The bike rose into the air. In no time at all, Freddie and the fantastic flying bicycle were above the trees, soaring like an eagle above Fudgewhipple Street and over the neighborhood.

Darla cheered. Chipper cheered. Mr. Chewy sat next to a tree, chomping on a wad of gum, watching the strange flying machine circling above.

“See!?!?” Freddie exclaimed, his voice booming down. “I knew it would work! I just *knew* it!”



Freddie began pedaling slower, and the fantastic flying bicycle began to lower. Freddie landed on the sidewalk and the bike coasted up to his friends.

“That was cool!” he exclaimed. “Do you want to try it, Chipper?”

Chipper looked wary. “I don’t

know,” he said, glancing up into the air.  
“I’m afraid of heights.”

“Darla?” Freddie asked.

Darla, too, was a little nervous. “I will,” she said, “but only if you go with me, Freddie. Do you think we both could ride it?”

“I think so,” Freddie said, scooting forward on the seat. “Hop on.”

Darla swung her leg up and sat on the seat behind Freddie. She wrapped her arms around his waist.

“Hang on tight!” Freddie ordered.  
“We’re going to fly!”

And he started pedaling . . . not knowing that disaster was about to strike.

We hope you enjoyed this  
preview! To order this  
book, call toll-free:  
1-888-420-4244  
or visit  
[www.americanchillers.com](http://www.americanchillers.com)

***WWW.AMERICANCHILLERS.COM***