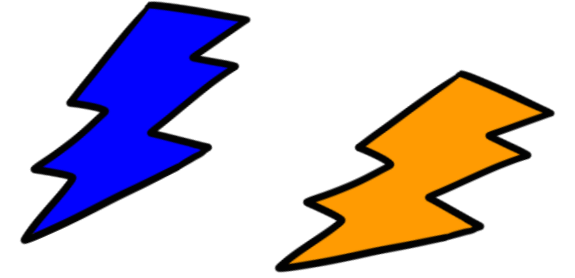


# Superino



By Matthew Hogg and Alice Lin

The Ranterino in...

# Superino

A story for Middle to Upper Primary  
Word Count: 718

[www.theranterino.com](http://www.theranterino.com)

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# Part 1

The other day the Ranterino thought he would

Like to be a superhero, if he could.

‘I want to have super powers.

I want to be strong

And most importantly,

I want to fly

All day long.’



**I want to fly  
all day long.**

**super-duper  
super powers**



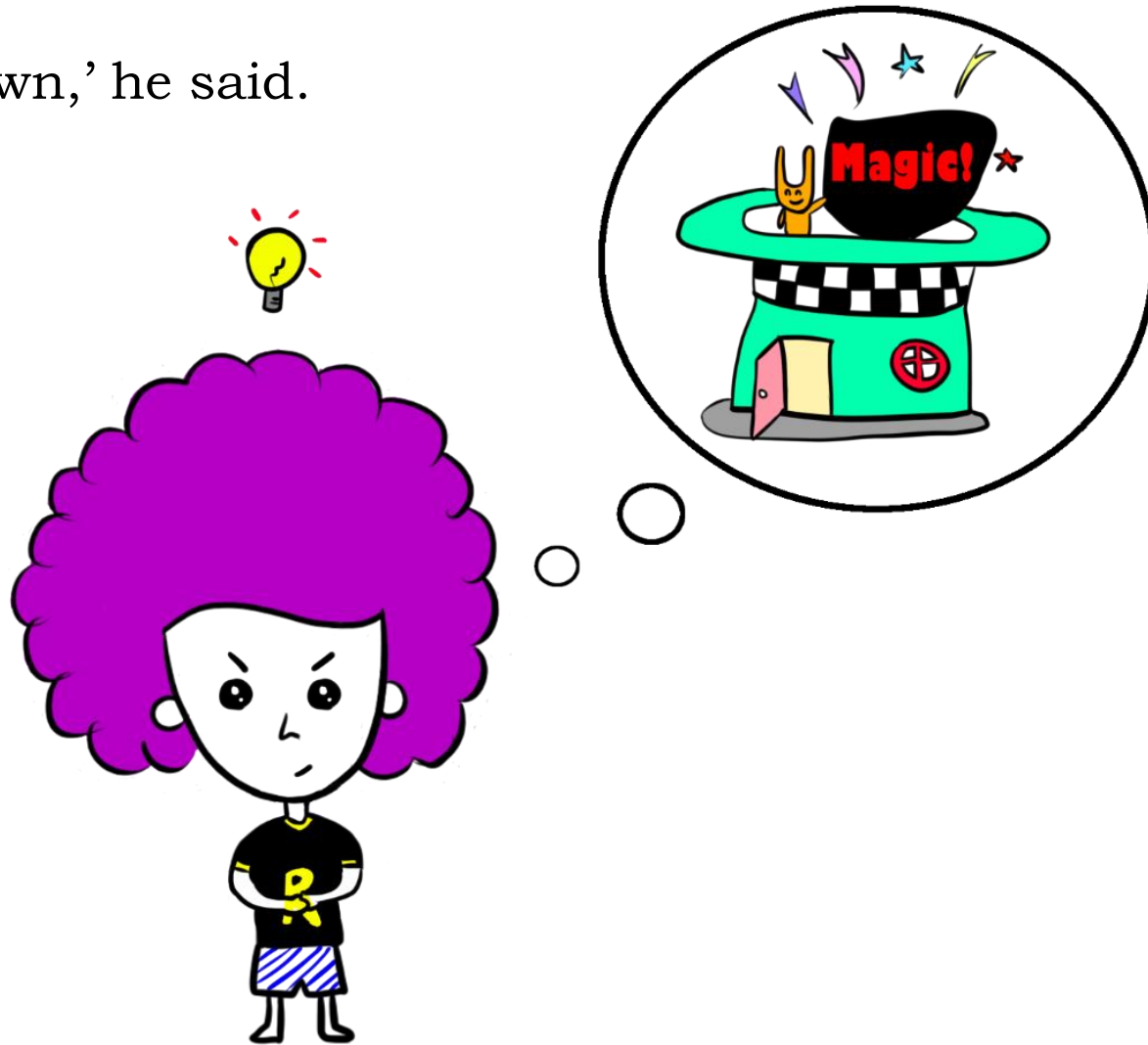
But the Ranterino didn't know  
A place where he could go  
And be given, or find, or buy, or get  
Such super-duper super powers  
Like super-sight and super-speed,  
And super-strength for a super-fight,  
Or, of course, super-flight!

‘Where can I get some super powers?’

The Ranterino asked himself.

‘There’s a super magic shop in town,’ he said.

‘They might...’





'I'll make a super costume first,

Then I'll go out next,'

He said, looking in the mirror

At his purple vest.

His arms looked thin, his face was pale.

'I can be a superhero,' he said,

But he looked like he would fail.

‘Batman has a bat-suit.

Spiderman has a red and blue spider costume.

Superman has a big S on his chest.

Maybe I should put a big R on my vest.

Yes, I think that’s best...’





He drew on an awfully terrible, shaky R,  
Looked in the mirror and said,  
'Blah, blah, blah.  
I guess it will have to do  
Until I've found something new.'



He stepped outside, looking strange  
And opened his purple umbrella as it started to rain.

As he stepped onto the high street  
A gust of rainy wind took him off his feet.  
Like a parachute in reverse  
His purple umbrella lifted him off the earth.  
The wind continued to blow and blow.  
And as he lifted further up  
He heard a distant voice from down below  
Shout out, amazed,  
'Look at him go!'



At first the Ranterino got quite scared  
As the wind in his umbrella  
Took him further up.  
Gripping ahold of his umbrella handle,  
Eyes closed tight,  
He didn't dare to look.



But then he thought to himself.

‘I’m flying, I’m flying, I am really flying!

I’m a superhero now....

I’m Umbrellaman!

Catch me if you can!’

**I’m Umbrellaman!  
Catch me if you can!**



Opening his beady eyes

He looked right down

And got a big surprise.

Already he was way up high

Above the town and down below,

Everyone was shouting out,

‘Look at him go!!!!!’



**I'm Umbrellaman!  
Catch me if you can!**



He could see the shops and cars  
And the people looking like little ants

All getting smaller and smaller  
As he soared and soared and soared

Higher, up, more and more...

'I am Umbrellaman,' he roared.

'I am Umbrellaman.

Catch me if you can!'



What will happen to Superino....?

Is he in danger so high up?

Will he be OK??????



# Part 2

Soon in the clouds and getting wet

The Ranterino shook his head.

‘I may be flying like a superhero

With my super umbrella

But if I keep on going up and up

I will soon be up in space

And then I’ll be one...

Dead...Fella...’



He suddenly heard an enormous roar

As he continued to soar and soar

He came through the top of a very big cloud

And saw what it was that was so loud.

An enormous plane went shooting past

With a big jet engine blast.



‘Wow, I really am up high!’

As the umbrella lifted him further up

He gave a little sigh.

He didn’t want to be a superhero anymore.

He wanted to be standing on a floor

And safe and normal and way down there,

Sitting at home without a care...



Now so high above the Earth,  
Above the clouds and rain,  
He could feel the sun and stars and  
space above  
Closer, ever closer.  
He looked at his superhero umbrella  
And gave a little groan.  
'I'm scared now. I really, really, really  
Just want to go home.'



The sky was getting darker.

The Ranterino's head was getting dizzy,  
lighter.

The Earth was getting smaller.

The Ranterino was still holding onto his  
purple umbrella

And drifting up and off into space.

A satellite went whizzing by

Like a shooting star.

The Ranterino gave another sigh.

'Blah, blah, blah.'



'I need to think of something quick.'  
He said as he felt one hand slip.  
Drifting off, deeper into space  
Dangling from his purple umbrella  
The Ranterino was going inter-stellar.  
'Someone help me, help me please.  
There's no oxygen up here, you know,  
It's difficult to breathe...'







And just then something amazing happened,

Just like a breath of fresh air.

He heard someone or *something* say,

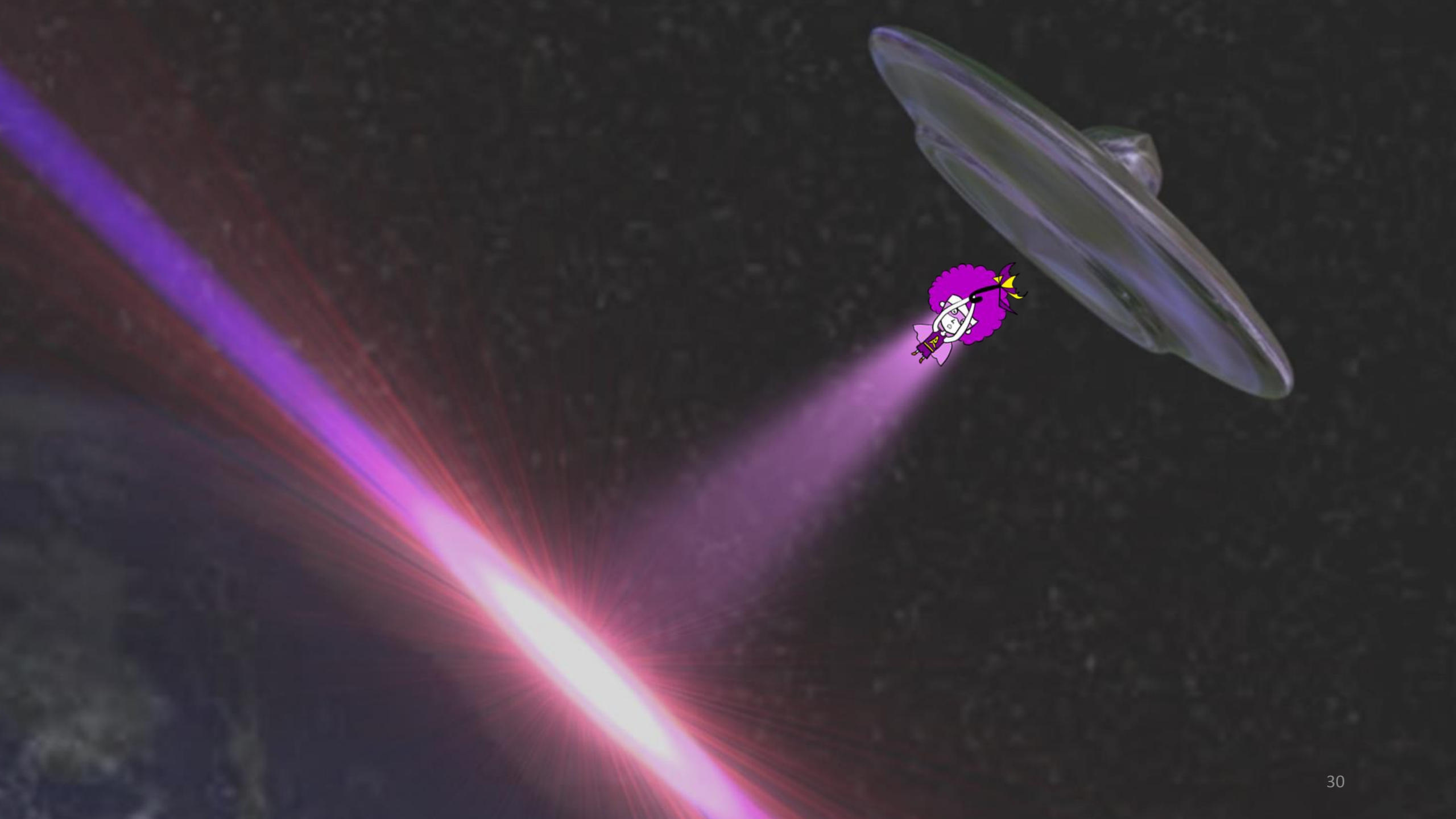
‘Look at this. It’s got purple hair...’

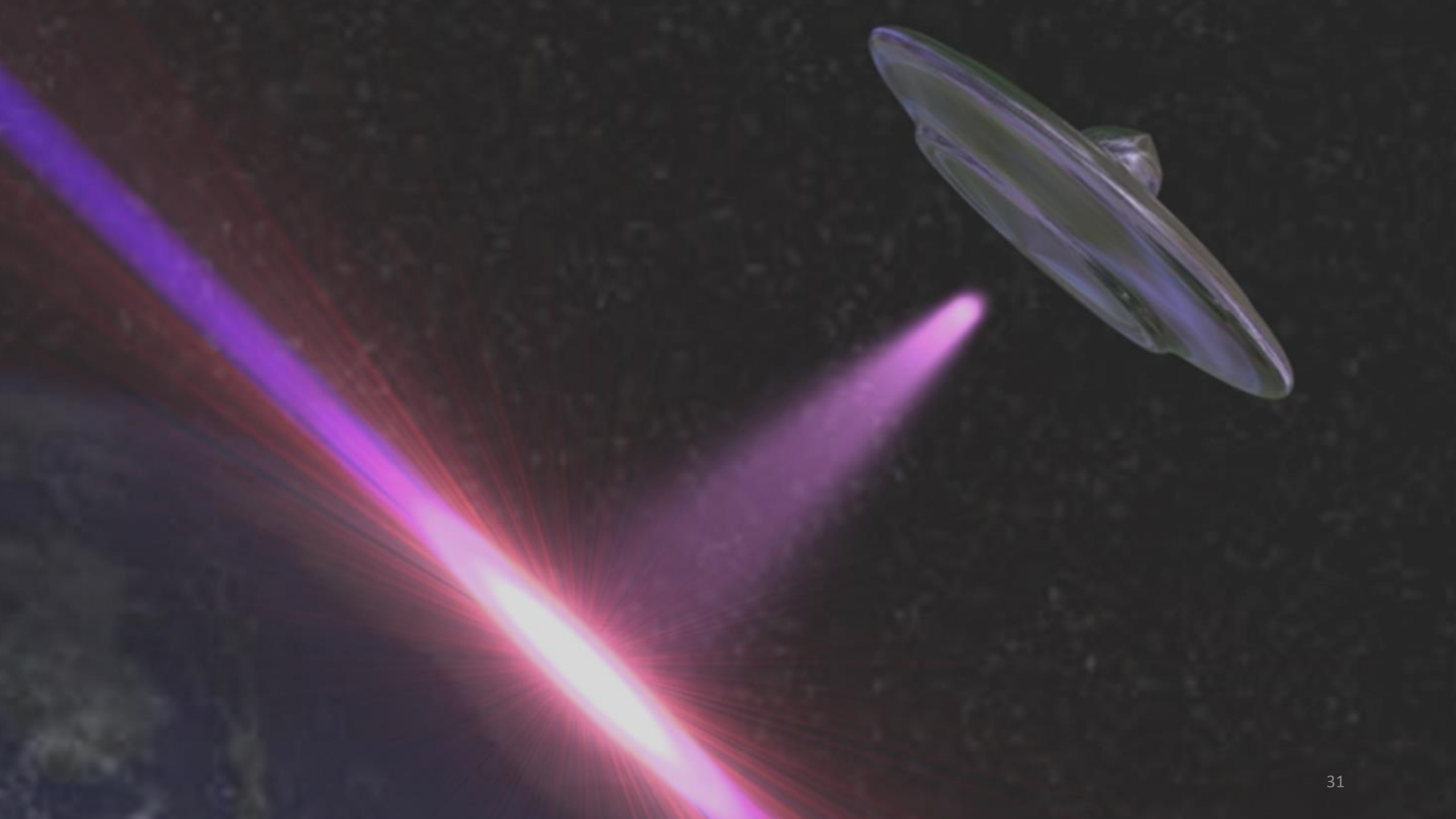












The End?



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