



MAYDAY MAYDAY GOING DOWN!

“Alven, Alven get ready to take off,” grunted the general. On October the 2nd 1943 Alven reported to the general “I am ready to take off.”

“Ok,” spoke the general through the staticy walky-talky. He is flying down the runway in Germany.

“I’m flying over the front rank of Germany’s army. I’m going to drop a bomb in 5 4 3 2 1,” exclaimed Alven. “WHAT EVER,” roared the general. All of a sudden “BANG!” Then I saw it. A Missile flying toward me. Then I lost sight of it then heard it hit my tail. “OH NO” I gasped .Then it hit me. I’m falling. Mayday mayday going down mh470 bomber!” I wailed into the microphone.

I pulled the parachute and was not sure if I was going to land in no-mans-land, wait I was still at 290 feet I could glide behind them. After 30 minutes I landed. Then I heard one man yell, “Put your hands on your head,” roared a big beefy man, “And don’t speak”. I turned around to find 4 shot guns pointed at me. After 1 hour walking we came to a 3 metre fence. “Oh no,” groaned the guard. “We’ve come the wrong way,”

“No we haven’t see the gate over there”, augured a thin guard. Meanwhile I saw a hole in the fence. I got thrown into a cabin made of stone. It was colder than Antarctica. The next morning I was commanded to have a shower. “No” I shouted at the top of my lungs. Lucky only one solider was there. Quicker than a cheetah I kicked him in the guts. “UGH.” he screamed. Then I knocked the gun out of his hands and picked it up. To my relief it was loaded. I ran into the forest and saw the fence. The hole was bigger than I recall. I ran and ran and I came to a river. “I can make a boat.” I said out loud. “What?” said an allied soldier. “What is your name?” “Ben,” he said “Ok Ben let’s get some food,” “Don’t need to do that I have at least 3 days’ worth of food,” “Ok then get some wood and make a raft and float down the river.” In 1 hour we had a raft no bigger than a dinner table. We managed to get the raft in the water. We started off and at about midday when Ben seen it. A big black ... stallion “Land the raft” I commanded. I pulled out a shot gun. “Bang” we got all the meat on the raft. After 3 days on the water we came to the ocean. In 10 minutes we were on a big ship back to NZ.



By Quillan

A plan going down!!