

The boys walked into the house and told the mob there was no Japanese pilot. Miraculously the pilot that had been resting on the bed wasn't there. *Vrroooooom Vrrooom!* The Warden's car pulled up outside, driving over a patch of grass, ripping it up. He walked over to the house like he owned the place.

"Where is this *Japanese* pilot?" The Warden demanded.

"There is no one here!" Shouted Wills.

"Oh really..."

The Warden barged through the mob, into the house and into the lounge room.

"I know he's in here somewhere."

The Warden walked down the hallway, kicking the doors down and peeking inside the rooms. He was at the last door and peered inside. *Crash!* A vase smashed inside the room.

The Warden was heading out of the room then turned back to investigate the sound. Luckily a cat jumped from its sleeping place and Harry quickly blamed the sound on the cat. Wills had found a broom and swept up the razor sharp shards of snow white porcelain away. There was a fine layer of dust still on the wooden floor boards.

"Well you boys can consider yourselves lucky." murmured the Warden.

"Next time it won't be as easy."

The Warden drove off, leaving a pair of wide black tracks on the grass.

"That was close." exclaimed Wills.

"Yeah."

The boys walked back into the house and looked in the room for the pilot. He wasn't there. Wills looked left and right and saw nothing.

"Where is he?" Wills asked.

"I don't know." Harry replied.

The pair ran outside in the breeze and looked along the landscape. A ship was heading away from the coast and looked like it had guns onboard. Wills had ran back to the house to find any clues or notes the pilot could have left. He found a scrap piece of paper and it had a few messy drawings on it. One word had been scribbled under a drawing of a ship. 'Thanks.'



Japanese WW2 uniforms