

Airport Castle

I see wooden planes at the airport castle. Some planes have four people and others have one or two. Since they didn't have radars, they just used spyglasses.

“It's the war bugle!” yelled a man.

“The enemies are attacking!” yelled another.

“We have got to get airborne!” said the squadron leader.

I hear arrows striking wood and pedals of planes creaking. I hear bows and crossbows firing. I hear the crackling of fire. I climb into my plane with my two gunners and my spotter. Their names are Mikey, Alex, and Jimmy. I start to pedal my plane.

I smell pollen and dust coming off my propeller. I smell flaming ashes and smoke. When I get in the air, I can smell mist and dew.

My plane is on the tail of an enemy plane. “Fire!” I say to my gunners Mikey and Alex. They fire the crossbows equipped to the plane.

I feel the wooden joystick and the wooden throttle. I feel the iron safety clip squeezing around me. I feel the iron helmet on my head.

Once my gunners have shot the enemy plane down, it falls down in front of my face, and the plane, on fire, heats my skin.

When the battle has ended and our army has successfully won the battle, we land our planes.