AEROPLANE ADVENTURES

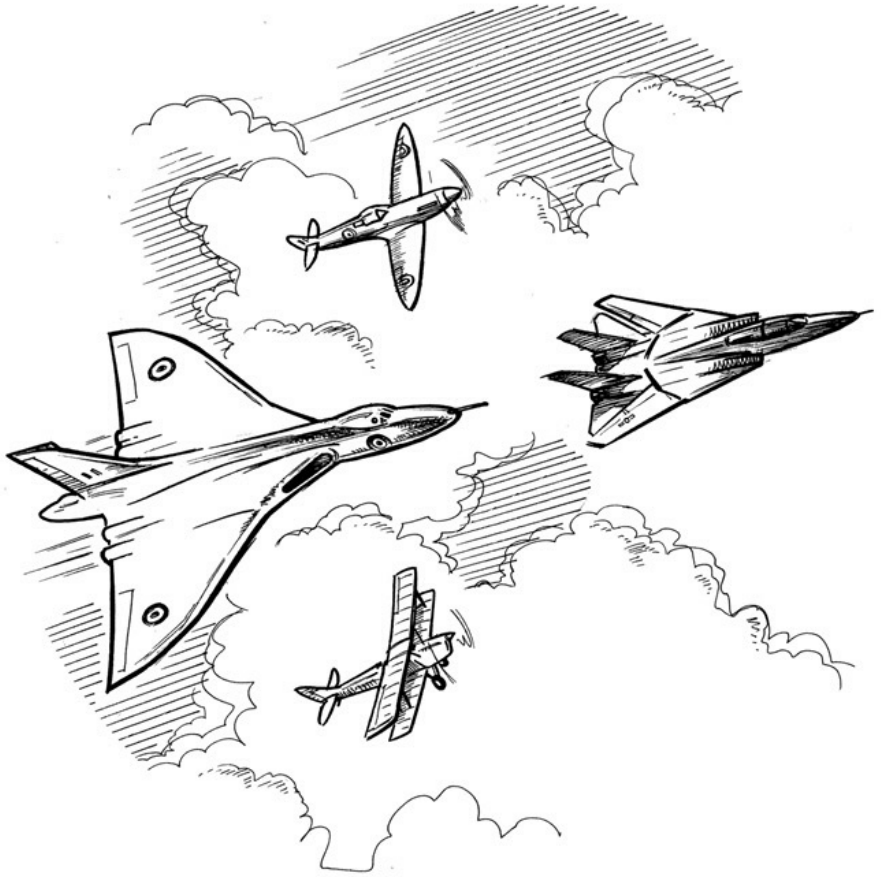


FLYING CIRCUS TAKES TO THE SKIES

LEONA COBHAM

AEROPLANE ADVENTURES

Flying Circus Takes to the Skies



COBHAM
WINGS

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Image on page 74: The tailhook of a KA-6D Intruder aircraft, about to catch an arresting wire on the USS Dwight D. Eisenhower | JO3 Oscar Sosa, USN, Public domain, via Wikimedia Commons

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Flying Circus Takes to the Skies

Book 1

Leona Cobham



THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
MY EXCEPTIONAL WINGMEN,
JONAH AND ISAAC.



When you meet challenges
and the headwind pushes you back,
the flow of air over your wings
will eventually lift you up and help you climb.
Keep going and you will fly.

Stories

Pedal To The Metal

The Flying Circus must pull together to win an important race

Fit To Fly

Can the Flying Circus rescue a stranded Antonov?

What's In The Box?

The Flying Circus are each given an endangered species to take to safety. But who is to carry what?

In And Out Of The Cockpit

About The Author

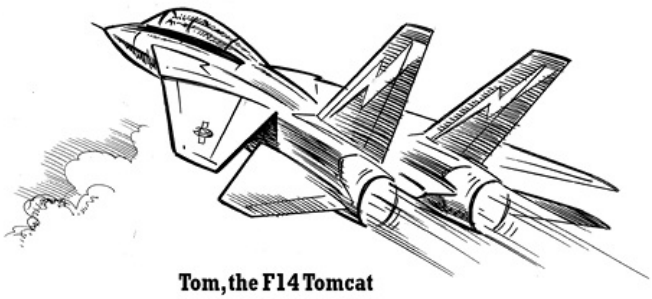
Dear Flyers, there are words that appear in bold in this book which means they are explained in the list at the end of the book entitled 'In and Out of the Cockpit'.

Vul, the Vulcan
A gentle giant, he is calm, big-hearted and reliable.





Spif, the Spitfire
A natural leader, he is precise and has high standards. He is a bit haughty.



Woody, the Tiger Moth
A shy wooden bi-plane who is a little unsure of himself. He is more capable than he thinks.



Tom, the F14 Tomcat
Motivated primarily by his need for speed, he is headstrong and mischievous.



Pedal To The Metal

Tom, the F-14 jet, peeped into the **hangar**. His friend Woody, the little wooden biplane, was having a snooze. Tom smiled mischievously and glided silently up to Woody.

Scrrreeeeeee! went Tom's two turbofan engines.

"Aaaaaaah!" Woody woke with a start. "What's happening? Oh, it's you, Tom," he sighed.

"Woody! Maths question for you. If I was travelling at twice the **speed of sound**, how long would it take me to get to Australia?"

"Huh? Oh, Australia? Speed of sound . . . Um . . ." Woody yawned and stretched the wires between his wings. "That's 760 mph . . . times two equals . . . one thousand, five hundred and . . ." he raised a wing questioningly at Tom, "and something. Australia is about 10,000 miles away. So . . . Divided by . . ." Woody spun his propeller to help him calculate.

"Yes?"

"Shh, I'm trying to work it out."

"Zzzzz . . . I'll be there by the time you've worked it out!" Tom laughed.

A low murmur rumbled across the hangar. "6 hours, 34 minutes and 45 seconds." Tom and Woody stared through the darkness. Vul gave his wing flaps a little shrug.

"Flying saucers, he's quick at numbers," Tom muttered to Woody. "I wish I was."

"You're quick through the sky, Tom. We're each good at different things."

"I am, aren't I! Very quick." He smiled and warmed to his topic. "Do you know, the Tomcat F-14 type A is one of the most advanced fighter jets in the world."

Woody thought about the F-35 Lightning II, winner of the joint-strike programme, the most advanced multi-role combat aircraft ever built. But he decided this wasn't the moment.

The thudding of a propeller could be heard approaching. Spif appeared and bustled in, coming to a purposeful stop in the centre of the hangar.

Tom called to Vul. "Looks like the Spitfire is about to make an announcement."

Spif cut his **throttle**, his engine gave a little cough and the propeller slowed. Woody nudged some chocks up for Spif and the Flying Circus gathered in a circle.

"Now, listen up. This is important," Spif said solemnly. "As you know, to raise the money to keep us aeroplanes serviced and fit to fly, we put on air displays. Our biggest show by far is . . ."

"The Summer Sky Splash!" interjected Woody. "The one which raises the money to keep us going for the rest of the year. We're the stars of that show."

"We own that show!" Tom piped enthusiastically.

"So far." There was a note of caution in Spif's voice. "But now the organisers want to keep it fair by testing us against some competition. The future stars of the show have to prove themselves by winning a race from England to Australia. If *we* don't win, we're out!"

"Leave it to me." Tom shrugged. "I'll fly the race for the rest of you and I'll win it. Barely an inconvenience."

"Thank you, Tom, I like that idea," said Woody. "Australia seems awfully far away."

"Not possible!" said Spif flatly. "This is a test of all of us as a Flying Circus. The organisers want to know that each one of us is an outstanding aeroplane."

"Oh!" Woody said, and looked at the ground.

"Oh!" Tom said, and looked at Woody.

"Hum!" Vul said, and looked at the roof of the hangar.

"Oh dear, am I going to hold you all back?" asked Woody anxiously.

"No, no," Vul comforted him.

"Of course you are!" snapped Tom.

"Hold on! Spif, who else is competing?" asked Vul.

"Aah! I thought you'd never ask. Does the name Wally William's . . ."

"Wicked Wings!" the aeroplanes exclaimed in unison.

"The ones who pinched our place in the hangar at Sky Splash last Summer," remembered Woody.

"And left the oil slick on the runway," Vul added.

"Tom had a fight with their F-15 Eagle," said Woody. "Do you remember, Tom?"

They looked round for Tom, but there was no sign of him.