



# Grandpa's Great Escape

In the silent, dark night of World War Two, Jack, who is an RAF flying Ace, was [Tw] driving his Lancaster Bomber and Wing Commander Bunting was flying his Spitfire. As they were heading back to base in there [Sq] squadron [suddenly] suddenly they were attacked by some Messerschmit's RING RING! RING RING! hang on there are no phones in the Lancaster Bomber RING RING! RING RING! Where suddenly, Jack [lord] thort

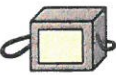
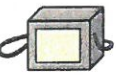
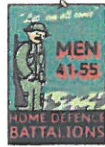
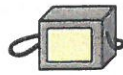
"I wonder who will be calling this early in the morning," [muttered] muttered Jack. "[Hom] Honestly, the old mans not here. you have asked me million times," shouted Mum. "[whats] What has happened to Grandpa[...]" asked Jack.

In the hallway of their bungalow. Jack and his Mum were standing in their pjamas staring at each other. Jack was [worrying] worried because his Grandpa, who suffered from dementia, had gone missing for the seventh time in the [last] last couple of months. I immediately Jack clutched his jacket and [ro] ran out of the house and jumped

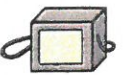
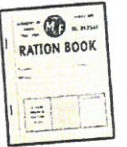
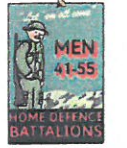
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on his tiny trike. As Jack was speeding down the road at 15 MPH his Mum jumped on the back of the trike. The clock tower, which was in the centre of town, chimed at 2 am. Where could Grandpa have got to? Was he safe? Fear struck down Jack's spine. He really wanted to find Grandpa...



It was the absence of noise that was

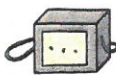
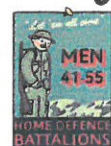
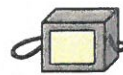
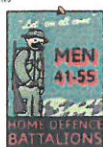
scary, the normally ~~low~~ low loud

town was now abandoned. The only thing that moved was a black mars bar packet, which rolled across the tarmac road. A dark shadow was casting a sinister darkness ~~was~~ over the streets, which seemed to darken Jack's mood. Suddenly, Dad and his car appeared from between an Aldi and a Volvo at the side of the road. He got out of the car and ran to Mum and Jack, who were very worried it was clear that Dad had been crying by the tears on his cheeks. Together they went to the war memorial but he wasn't there. Dad sighed.



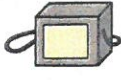


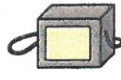


"Any idea where my father could be?" he asked.

"Let's call the police," Mum replied.

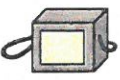
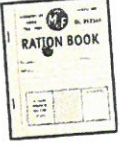




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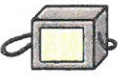







"NO!" Jack exclaimed, "we must find him before dawn." Suddenly an idea popped into Jack's head. Whenever Grandpa had gone missing they had found him near somewhere to do with the war.



Eventually, they got to a war base, which was on the edge of town. Tiny beams of light came from the [lamps] lampposts and just made enough light for them to see the road. And then, they heard the engine of a fighter plane. Could it be Grandpa? Nervously clutching [d] his mother's hand, Jack gazed [d] at the fighter plane and shouted "Who's Wing Commander Bunting, can you hear me over?" Jack [kno] knew that the only way to get through to Grandpa is to enter his world. It was probably only a few seconds, but to the family waiting, it felt like hours. "Yes Squadron Leader. Over and out!" How would they get Grandpa out? Surely they needed help didn't they? It was so silent, it was as if a villain had sucked all the sound from the world. They waited confused and trying to think of a plan to get Grandpa out...



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