

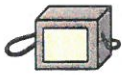
Grandpa's Great Escape



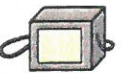
In the noisy, cloudy night of World War Two, Spitfires and Messerschmitts were flying around and going in and out of the misty clouds. Suddenly, from out of ~~now~~ nowhere a Messerschmitt was on one of the Spitfire's tail causing a dogfight, which looked like two birds fighting for prey in the sky. Ring! Ring! Ring! As Jack was waking up he thought there was no phones inside the cockpit of a Spitfire. Suddenly, Jack realised that it was all just a dream. Jack would usually dream about flying in Spitfires and Lancaster Bombers. "Who is this? No one ever rings this early!" murmured Jack quietly.



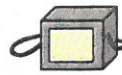
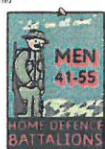
"He's not here!" Jack screamed Mum angrily. "What's going on?" Jack asked at the top of the stairs hoping not to disturb Mum.

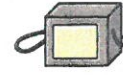
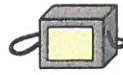
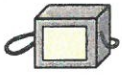


Jack was now creeping down the stairs of their detached house in his pajamas. Jack was now starting to worry about Grandpa, who suffered from memory loss, as Grandpa was missing for the seventh time. Like lightning, Jack grabbed his shoes and ran out of the door before Mum was even close to catching him joining Mum to come. Jack peddled as fast as he could on his ~~blue~~ bicycle with Mum holding on to the back of it. He had the bicycle when he



Fergus

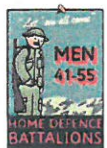
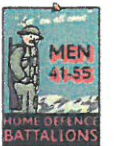
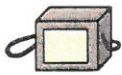
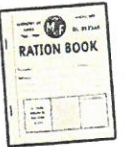
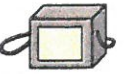




was three. Jack's Dad ran out to them and said, "What are you doing? It's 2 am!" While Dad was talking to Mum a shot of fear ran down Jack's body. But he was still wondering about Grandpa. Jack was thinking if Grandpa was safe? Or where he was? Jack was wondering if he could find him before the morning as time ran out.

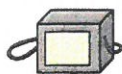


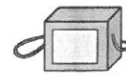
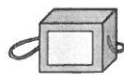
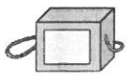
It was the middle of the night when the town stood still in the darkness and there was silence. The only movement of the night was animals, which were rummaging around in the tall grass. Jack could only see his shadow from the headlights. Immediately, Dad ran out from two tall buildings again. As Jack saw Dad wiping his eyes, it was obviously clear that he had been crying. Dad was trying to hide that he was crying before because he was upset that Grandpa had gone missing. Dad upsetly said "Does any one have a clue where Grandpa is" asked Dad.



"Let's call the police and go home!" screamed Mum.
 "No!" screamed Jack as Mum was pulling out her phone.

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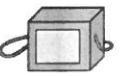




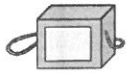
"I've got an idea," Sack announced, while he ran through the town in the darkness hoping he was right, with his fingers crossed.



As Sack was running to the War museum there were people [p] around the museum looking up to the roof. Sack was hoping it was Grandpa but it wasn't.



Sack had now realised that he had wandered into a city. Sack and his family had [saw] definitely seen a silhouette on top of the shard. So they ran towards it shouting "Grandpa"... Sack had remembered that Grandpa wouldn't respond so he called "Wing Commander Bunting!"



Grandpa called back, "Yes Squadron Leader". Sack knew that to get Grandpa down he would have to be in Grandpa's world of World War Two.



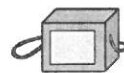
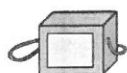
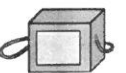
"Wing Commander Bunting come down from there. Over and out!" Sack shouted.



"You need to land" called Sack from the edge of the city staring up at him.

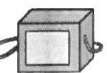
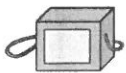
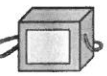


Grandpa climbed down by hanging on from the rim of the windows. Mum and Dad couldn't watch as Sack couldn't stop staring at him climbing down. But





Grandpa needed help. How could anyone help?
 As it got bitter and bitter it was still
 as silent as a heart beat of a baby. But
 Jack was still, stood still, they were puzzled.



Fergus

