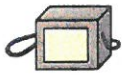# Grandpas Great Escape

In the dark silent night, Jack was flying his mighty spitfire over the little town of London. All of a sudden, the silence wa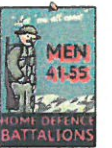s broken with a fierce Messershmit right on Jacks tail, then as quick as a flash the Messerschmit started firing bullets... Ring! Ring! Ring! the phon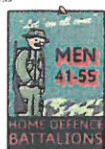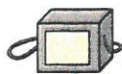e startled Jack, waking him up. He realised he was just dreaming, he usally dreamt like this with all the dogfights. "Who could this be on the phone?" "Who would ever ring this late at night!" mummed to himself "No! I've allready checked, hes not here," replied mum to the other end of the phone, probably Dad. "Whats happenning?" Screamed Jack at the top of the stairs. As ~~Jack was~~

As Jack was walking down the stairs he was asking continuous questions about Grandpa. As mum and Jack were standing in the living room, which was only a small room. Jack was really worried now, he was really determind to go out and find Grandpa. With in a few seconds, Jack

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grabbed his coat then his mums hand and sped out the house. Then jumped on his second-hand trike this trike had been given to him for his third birthday and through the years he has out-grown it. Once they reached the centre of town, they realized it was 3 am in the morning. What if we don't find Grandpa? What he say? Right now Jack was as scared as an elephant. A bolt of fear flashed through his body what could happen next...

It was an eerie night in the little town no sound could be heard. The only light was the moon gleaming down from the black sky. There was no movement exept for a lonely crisp packet wich rustled along the road! As soon as Jack came around the bend he saw his Dad sniggling in the old, rusty car. It was clear Dad had been crying because he was wiping his eyes. Dad who was telling them what had happened was really upset. "Have you found Grandpa yet?" asked Dad hopefully. "No," said Jack sorrowfully. "Thats it," said Mum "I'm phoning the

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police," "NO!" pleaded Jack. All of a sudden Jack had an idea, "follow me," he said confidently
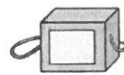
In a few seconds they reached there destination it was the big climbing wall, there was no lights around, it was pitch black. Luckily Dad had a torch in his pocket and he shone it up the climbing wall and there was a sillouette of a man. Very anxiously Jack shouted up " is that you wingcommander!" "Hello squadron leader I was wondering when you'd respond." His voice echoed down the big room. " We'll find you a way down hopefully." It felt like hours waiting for a respond from Grandpa but then eventually there was a reply. " roger that!" Grandpa shouted down.

What if they can't get Grandpa down? surely they needed help. Jack was really scared it was as if all of his memorys of Grandpa were racing through his body he was as scared as anything. What would happen next ...

Harry