



# Grandpa's Great Escape

It was a dark night when the Battle of Britain broke out, the Spitfire was in a fight with the Messerschmit. Captain Grandpa and Captain Joe had to think quickly. The Messerschmit was on their tail. It was 1942 at the time. It started quickly, as quick as lightning in fact. Their engines roared like thunder as they sped through the sky. RING RING! RING RING! Jack was startled. The phone woke him up. But hang on, there's no phones in World War Two. He then realised, that he was just dreaming about driving the Spitfire. Jack often dreams about steering the Spitfire with Grandpa. "Who could that be! It's a bit late to be calling somebody." muttered Joe still half asleep.

"If he was here I would tell you!" said Mum sounding annoyed and stressed. She was probably speaking to Dad.

"What's going on?" called Jack down the stairs while yawning.

Joe walked down the stairs and stood next to Mum in the hallway of their semi-detached house. Joe was in his Pajamas and Mum in her gussy nightgown looking at each other. Joe began to get

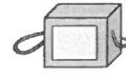
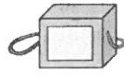
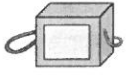




a bit worried for Grandpa, who was diagnosed with dementia, he had gone missing for the eighth time now. The look that Mum gave Jac told him that this was very serious. Swiftly, Jack grabbed his coat and shot out of the door before Mum could stop him. If Grandpa ever went missing Jack was determined to help find him. Jack [was] went as fast as he could on his tricycle (which he has outgrown few years ago) with Mum on the back. Jack looked down at his watch as it beeped 3am. Was Grandpa safe? When would they find him? Can they find him before morning? A shiver went down his spine. Fear struck him. Jac was so worried he couldn't explain how worried he actually was. He was desperate to find his beloved Grandpa.

The absence of sound was unnerving, the once busy town was deserted. The only sound and movement was a red crisp packet rolling across the cold, concrete floor. Shadows seemed to make the town darker. Jack was terrified. Suddenly, Jack and Mum saw Dad in the car. His eyes glistened in the moonlight, it was clear he had been crying. He tried to hide it from Jac but he already knew by his red face. "I've looked everywhere, where could





the old man be?" Dad sighed - losing all hope.

"Just call the police, dready! I'm tired!" Mum said, still yawning.

"NO!" Shouted Jack, he was lucky no one woke up,

"We must find him!" Jack remembered Grandpa, "UP UP and away!"

Jack [grapp] grabbed his parents arms before shooting eggs through the town.

Eventually, he reached the park, which sat near the edge of the town. Very small circles of light allowed Jack to see a shadow. It was very late so it had a chance of being Grandpa.

Nervously, Jack gripped his father's hand, he gazed up towards the climbing frame and called,

"Wing Commander Bunting, Is that you? [Pss] Can you hear me?" Jack knew that to get hold

of Grandpa he had to enter his world. Although it was only a few seconds, it felt like

hours. [to the]

In the end a muffled voice replied, "Yes Squadron Leader, over and out." All was silent as if everyone [has] had lost their voice.

