

## Dogfight

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(Teresa's 5<sup>th</sup> Class)

1940 Duxford England

BOOM! BOOM! The ground shuddered with the impact of the bombs.

“Scramble, scramble !” I jumped up dreary eyed. All around me pilots were running to their planes, wary of more bombs.

“Get a move on!” yelled Ricki, my squadron leader. I started sprinting towards my Spitfire aware that three more Messerschimts were coming in for another strafe. I jumped up on to the wing of my Spitfire and leapt into the cockpit. I quickly checked that I had enough fuel for a dogfight. RAT-A-TAT-TAT! RAT-A-TAT-TAT! The Messerschimts had started shooting. The whole base erupted into chaos. The runway was clogged up with Spitfires and Hurricanes trying to take off, so that wasn't an option. A section of the taxiway was empty and had taken no bomb damage. The only problem was, it was just off 350m. It was now or never. I opened the throttle and pulled back the stick. The acceleration slammed me back in my seat as I thundered down the runway and took off with just metres to spare. I climbed up to 2,000 feet, just above the main dogfight. I looked around for an easy target. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a lone Messerschimt, also searching for an easy target. I turned. He turned. I fired. And he fell.

THE END