

BABY AIRPLANE

Once there was a baby airplane walking down the street.

A dog came to him and said, "Why are you walking? You are an airplane. You should be flying.

"Flying? What's flying? I don't know what flying is," the baby airplane answered. The dog thought for a moment, "Follow me," he said and started running down the street.

The airplane followed as fast as he could run but nothing happened.

They came to a curb. The dog jumped down and said, "Now you jump."

The airplane jumped but again nothing happened.

After some heavy figuring, the dog led the baby airplane to the country and to a steep hill.

As they climbed, the hill was so steep that the dog had to dig his claws into the earth and rocks to keep from falling back. The airplane had to keep his brakes on hard all the way to the top.

When they stood on top, the dog said "OK, jump,".

"Jump? I can't jump, I'll get hurt. You jump!" the airplane answered.

"But I'm a dog. I can't fly, I'll kill myself. You won't get hurt. You are an airplane. You can fly."

"Fly? What do you mean, fly? I don't know what flying is."

There was nothing to do but go back down the steep hill.

The dog kept his claws all the way out to keep from falling.

The airplane had his brakes on hard. Suddenly his brakes failed and the airplane started rolling faster and faster down the hill.

Just as he was about to crash into some trees, his wings caught the air and he left the ground and started flying.

He climbed in the sky above the trees.

Then the baby airplane looped and swooped down toward the dog.

"Thank you, Mr. Dog, thank you very much," he said as he flew up, up and away into the beautiful blue sky.