



David Rider

Archie The Airplane arrives at Whistlewind Airport



AUSTIN MACAULEY
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For my grandchildren, born and unborn





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It was a lovely spring morning at Whistlewind Airport in Wellyland. The birds were singing and the sun was shining in the clear blue sky as the Airport Manager made a final check to make sure that all was ready for the arrival of the very first plane ever, Archie the Airplane.

High overhead, Archie's excitement grew as he approached Whistlewind. He could see the runway and all the airport buildings stretched out below him, the green fields around the airport and the sea sparkling in the distance.

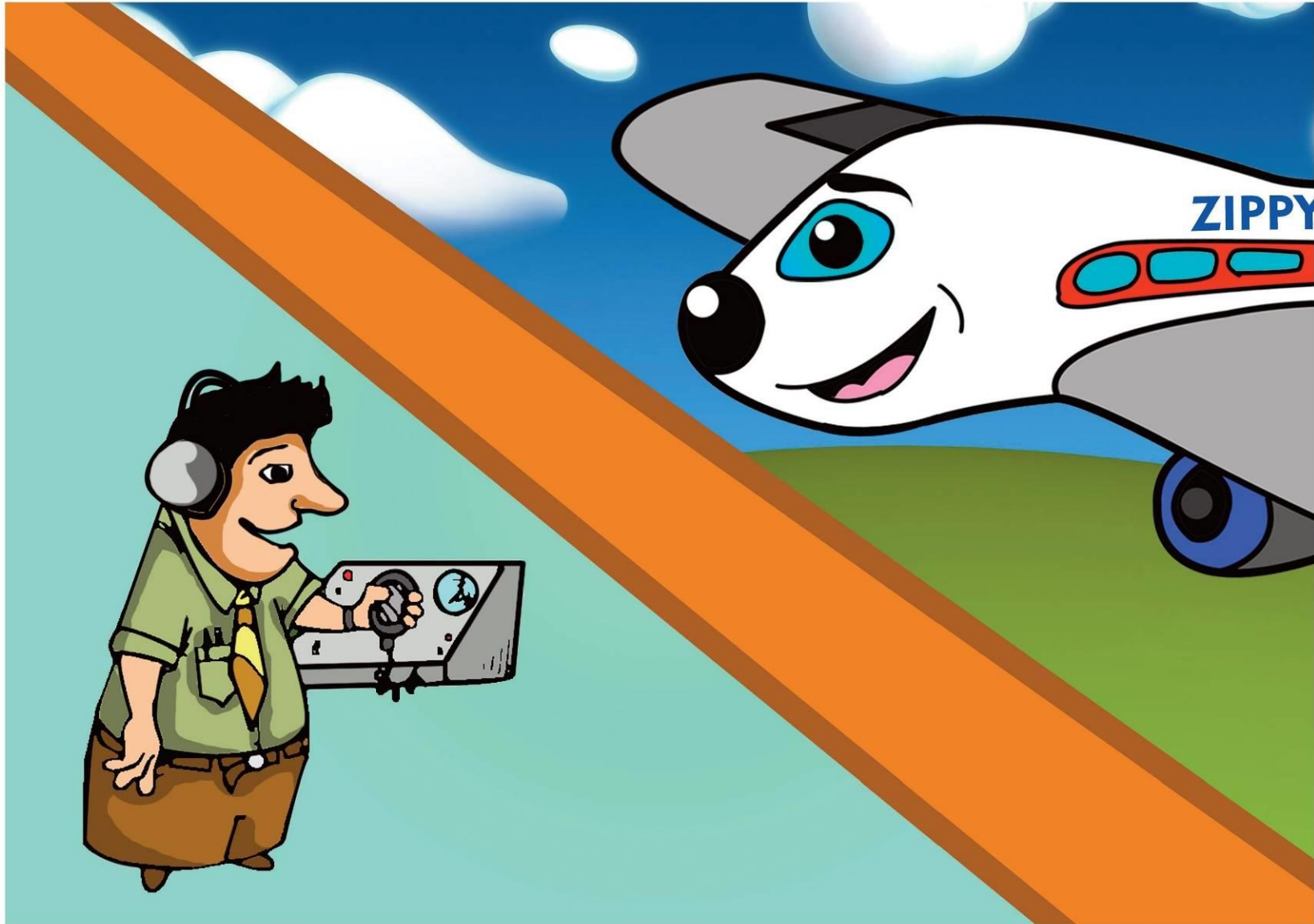




Then he heard the friendly voice of the Air Traffic Controller calling him on the radio.

“Hello Archie. Welcome to Whistlewind Airport. You are clear to land but just make sure your wheels are down!”



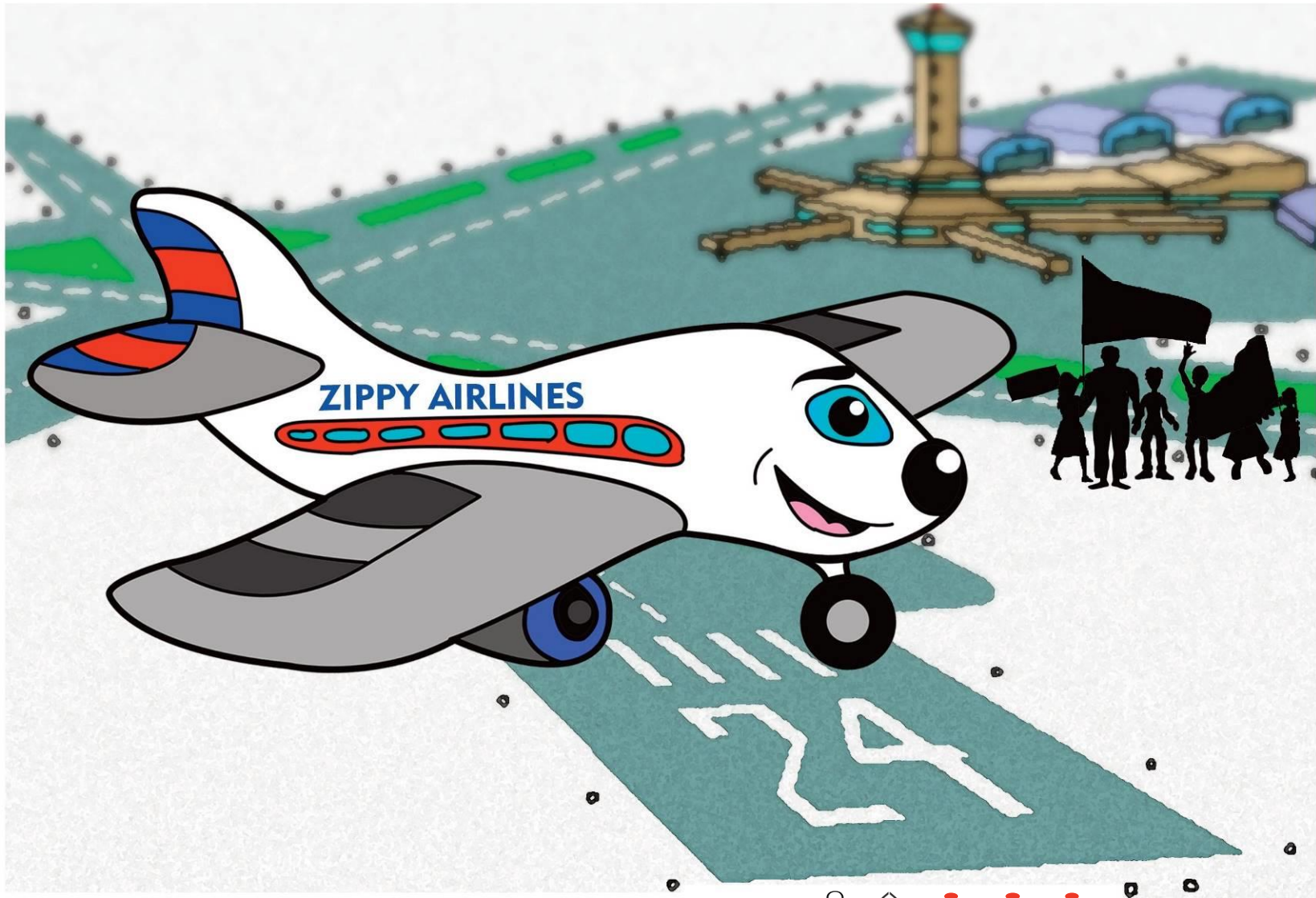




“Thank you,” Archie replied as he gently lowered his new shiny black wheels.

He took great care to line himself up with the runway and made a perfect landing in front of all the people who had come to celebrate the opening of Whistlewind Airport. As he taxied up to the Terminal Building he could hear the brass band playing loudly, and see the crowd waving flags and cheering enthusiastically.

Archie was careful to follow the directions given to him by the man in an orange jacket waving two red bats to make sure he stopped in the right place.



Then he saw the Mayor with his chain and the Airport Manager with his red tie. They were waiting for him and Archie felt very important.

“Well done, Archie,” boomed the Airport Manager. “I must say you are looking very smart today with the Zippy Airlines colours painted on your sides. I know you are young and inexperienced and have never flown long distances before, but I am sure you will learn quickly and be really happy here. Now go and have a quick rest before you start your first job. I want you to fly some passengers to Spain for their holiday.”

“Wow, thank you,” said Archie with a grin almost as wide as the aircraft. “What fun. This is the life!”

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