

ODE TO A PITTS S2A

G-PEAL she was the bestest plane,
Never caused us any pain,
Upside down and sideways too,
It didn't matter how we flew,
And even if you were a learner,
Brought you back to terra firma.

Until that dreadful day last year,
A fate so sad and hard to bear,
Poor old Nigel stuffed the bus,
On his way to Sleaford – it happened thus:

Lost and fuel was almost gone,
Found Shropshire's fields were full of corn.
At last he found one – looked grass;
Even on a lowish pass.

The approach was good – the flare was fine;
Better get it right this time!
But what is this – Oh no! Oh Rats!
The sound of wheat ears on the spats!

Throttle's firewalled-
Where's the power?
G- PEAL hangs there..... for about an hour...
But it's no good the wheat ears win –
There is no doubt she's going in.

The tail spin was pure erudition-
It should have won a competition,
But on the ground it was sort of fake,
And also made his poor head ache.
Apart from which it wore the Pitts,
Which seemed to want to come to bits.

And as he seeks the sequence card,
Up comes the cockpit combing – hard,
And upon this and the dash,
The poor boy's cranium takes a bash.
And what a thump – he's dead for sure!
But no, he's coming back for more!

And out he climbs to survey the wreck,
With nothing more than aching neck
Although he's feeling pretty sore
He's no more brain damaged than he was before.

He's sure the fitter will be mad,
But on the other hand we're glad
Because instead of hospital he'll go home,
Because he wore a strong bone dome!

Anonymous of Derriford Hospital
Plymouth