The FLYING MERCURY

By Eleanor M. Ingram

"The Game and the Captive"

by Ray Walters

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I

There was a change in the flight paths and there was a change in the man who flew the Flying Mercury. The new owner and pilot was six feet tall and quite a bit more willowy than the previous pilot. He was clad in a red flight suit with a white cap and goggles. His name was John Mitchell and he was a former air force pilot.

He had just landed at the airport and was walking towards his car when he noticed a woman standing at the gate. She looked up and saw him and gave him a friendly wave. He returned her wave and continued on his way.

"Hello, Mitchell," she said as he approached. "I'm glad to see you back."

Mitchell smiled and replied, "Hello, Sarah. How's it going with your new job at the museum?"

Sarah nodded and said, "It's been good so far. I'm learning a lot."

Mitchell chuckled and said, "Well, I'm sure you'll do great."

Sarah thanked him and they continued on their way. Mitchell drove away, thinking about his next flight. He was excited to be flying again and was looking forward to the adventure that lay ahead.

CHAPTER II

The Flying Mercury was parked on the tarmac at the airport. Mitchell was standing next to it, wearing his flight suit and goggles. He was preparing for his next flight, which would take him to a nearby island for a photo shoot.

"Are you ready for takeoff, Mitchell?" asked the flight attendant.

Mitchell nodded and replied, "Yes, I'm ready."

" Alright then," said the flight attendant. "Let's get this show on the road."

Mitchell smiled and said, "Thanks, Sarah. I appreciate your help."

Sarah gave him a thumbs up and walked away. Mitchell checked his watch and then turned to the Flying Mercury. He got in the cockpit and started the engine. The plane roared to life and he taxied it to the runway.

"Takeoff in ten," said the flight attendant.

Mitchell nodded and adjusted his seat belt. He held the joystick and gripped the controls. The plane began to move slowly, then faster, until it was moving at a steady speed. He glanced at the gauges and saw that the readings were within the safe operating limits.

"Good luck on your flight, Mitchell," said the flight attendant.

Mitchell gave her a thumbs up and said, "Thanks, Sarah. I appreciate your help."

The plane took off and soared up into the sky. Mitchell felt the wind in his face and the thrill of flight in his bones. He was ready for the adventure that lay ahead.

CHAPTER III

The Flying Mercury was soaring high above the clouds when Mitchell spotted a group of people on the island below. They were standing on the beach, taking pictures and enjoying the scenery.

Mitchell slowed the plane and came in for a landing. He tightened his grip on the joystick and adjusted the throttle. The plane descended slowly, until it was within a few feet of the ground. Mitchell let go of the joystick and the plane came to a gentle stop.

He got out of the cockpit and walked towards the beach. The people on the beach looked up and saw him. They gave him a thumbs up and Mitchell gave them a smile in return.

"Thanks for the photos, Mitchell," said one of the people on the beach.

Mitchell nodded and replied, "You're welcome. I'm happy to help."

The people on the beach were excited and overjoyed. They had never seen anything like the Flying Mercury before and were thrilled to have their pictures taken with it.

Mitchell spent some time talking with the people on the beach, answering their questions and showing them around the plane. He was delighted to be able to share the excitement of flight with them.

"I can't believe I got my picture taken with the Flying Mercury," said one of the people.

Mitchell smiled and said, "Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it."

The plane was refueled and ready for its next flight. Mitchell got back in the cockpit and prepared for takeoff. He looked out the window and saw the island below him. He felt a sense of excitement and anticipation.

"Let's go," said Mitchell.

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