

# Wee Tommy's Adventure

On the 13th of September, around half past morning light  
The airship Confusion took off on its maiden flight.  
Wee Tommy had been the first to board, the excitement  
he could not contain,  
He'd saved up for ages to go on this marvellously  
engineered machine.

The Captain hailed the construction as the most  
advanced in modern creation  
Before hitting the FORWARD button and praying to the  
gods of aviation.  
A fantastic feat, it could not be denied,  
The scientists, engineers and other interested parties all  
cried.

The guy ropes were unhooked; the motors did strain;  
The spectators all gasped in amazement.  
As the airship shot off like a burst water main  
Through the thick morning air of excitement.

Off it went, hissing and spluttering,  
Out of earth's gaze in a moment.  
Then silence did fall; the mob started muttering,  
As they gazed skywards, speculating the predicament.

Then, a loud bang and a pop was heard from on high  
before, on course for the ground,  
The airship Confusion emerged from the clouds, all awry  
hurtling in at the speed of sound.

The pilot, bemused, fought with the controls.  
The onlookers by now had dispersed out of fright.  
Afore the ship straightened up by the skin of its nose,  
Then shot up the hanger tunnel and out of sight.

With a crash and a thunder and with smoke all arising  
The first and last journey of the Confusion ended, not  
surprising.  
Gingerly the observers came out of hiding to check;  
What had started so well, was now such a wreck .

There was billowing steam and spillage of oil  
Coming from the aftermath of the metallic spoil.  
Most of the passengers scrambled out of the destruction,  
Shaken, but non the worse from their tribulation,

Amid the wake of the shock and the sense of dismay,  
From a small corner of the fuselage a voice did bay.  
All assembled listened, each one on full alert,  
As wee Tommy rubbed his eyes and enquired, "Are we  
there yet?"

by Andi MacInnes