

Flying

I have always wanted to fly. When I was just five years old, I would watch planes on television. I also had a toy plane that I flew. It was just a glider and did not really fly far, but I still loved it.

When I was 12, I went to the airport for the first time. We were going to meet my brother. He was coming home from the war and I was very glad to see him. But I was so excited to see the planes that I did not want to leave the airport.

I said, "I want to be a pilot." My family liked the idea. They even got me books about flying. My teacher said that if I studied hard I could get into the Air Force Academy.

So I did just that. I worked hard at school and I got good grades. I was on the track team, too. I kept myself very busy. I wanted to get to go to the Air Force Academy so that I could fly.

When I was 18, I went off to college. I took my first plane trip. I had a scholarship and I was going to the Air Force Academy. Yes, I did it. I got the grades I needed to get into that college.

Now I am 21 and this is my last day at the Academy. I have learned how to fly and I have learned a lot more, too. I still love airplanes and I am going to be a pilot now. My dream has finally come true.