

It's been four months and the plane has not returned.

The bright yellow wings stretch out reaching for the breeze which aided in the flight. Up, up and away the plane sailed. First, the craft headed straight up towards the treetops. As it straightened the wind played with it for a time before power righted the nose. He was even, now, with the land. All he needed was a smooth ride as it followed the toggle switch commands; a right turn, a left turn, circle back.

This little airplane was the highlight of the afternoon following a light lunch. A remote control airplane was the perfect activity prior to a nap for two preschoolers and their grandfather.

"Watch it go closer to the treetops," says Papa. "If I turn this gismo here the plane turns left. See?" The plane did as commanded. However, a touch of freedom sent a spark of whimsy to the little guy. "What if I turn right instead of left," he wondered. "But, how do I take control?" He need not worry about his control. A large gust of wind settled the question. The gust took that little guy higher than even a kite would be willing to fly.

"It's up and out of here," yells the daddy of the preschoolers. "Look at it fly."

The plane was higher than the treetops. It sailed to the right leaving the power switch control without power or control. "I turned off the control," reports Papa. "But it won't come down. The wind has it." The plane was full of glee. "This is flying," he hummed. "What a ride. But I want to turn back, now. How can I turn back?"

Turning back was not an option. The yellow winged little guy was at the mercy of the wind. The wind was in charge and having a play day. She had not had this much fun since she toyed with the fish kite three years past. She took the yellow winged toy across the road, over the neighborhood woods and out of sight.

The gang watching the getaway hurried to the family vehicle. Jumped into it and started the engine. But, where could a car go? How do you track a flying remote control airplane through the woods while driving a car full of people hungry for the right to hold the plane again? No amount of sets of eyes could find a toy plane if it landed in the woods.

When the wind tired of her play, the toy plane lost momentum. It skidded to a stop and dramatically plopped down into a resting place. Where, though, is the resting place? Is it in the tree tops? Is it in a backyard where an unsuspecting resident finds this lonely, unattended toy which had nosedived into a rosebush? Where is the little remote control airplane with the yellow wings?

"It's gone," says Papa. "We will never find it."

The car full of the search and rescue team returns home. No toy plane in hand. The gust of wind took away the plane along with naps for these little pilots. "Can't sleep," one says. "Maybe the plane needs my blankie," says another. "When will we find it, Papa?"

Lana Russ

