

How I Lost My Remote Controlled Airplane



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Once upon a time when I was a boy living in Jacksonville, I had a remote controlled airplane I received as a gift during Hanukkah. I loved to go to the park in San Marco near my house. It was an open field surrounded by trees and I could fly my plane around.

One day while flying my plane, my dad was on a phone call. I lost control of my plane and yelled to my dad to help me. He tried to turn the plane around and bring it down to the ground, but it kept going farther and farther until it was out of site. I was sad.

We got in the car and set out to find my plane hoping it landed someplace nearby. We asked the neighbors in the area if they had seen it. None of them had. We went home and told the news to my mom and my sister. I asked my dad if we could buy a new airplane. He said we could and ordered another plane on Amazon.

The End