

## Flying Lesson

Another adventure, a little absurd.  
You'd only have heard it if Moose gave the word.  
It was, as I found it, a bit of a thrill.  
But Moose figured him, I was trying to kill.  
It's clean up the hangar, it's flyaway day  
A day to keep earning our flyaway pay  
I'm tossing a coin, I'm getting the knack  
It's me for the front seat and Moose for the back  
We poke along slowly a thousand or so  
The pilot he smiles, and says "You have a go."  
He shows me his hands, and they're empty of horse  
I say, "I'm to take it?" He says, "But of course."  
With much apprehension I take on the reigns  
I've never had practice in front end of planes  
I jiggle the cyclic, the horse jiggles too  
And with me on the handles, surprisingly flew  
I swing it to starboard, I swing it to port  
It's going quite smoothly, no need to abort.  
I'm controlling that chopper, and I'm alright Jack  
Now selfish pilot is wanting it back.  
"We'll go in a hover, just over that spit."  
I'm checking the sandbar, I'm doing my bit.  
At fifteen or so she's hovering steady.  
The pilot is grinning and asks "are you ready?"  
I check all those breakers and buttons and switches  
I haven't a clue about those sons-a-bitches  
I cannot believe that he's passing it over  
How can expect me to stay in a hover?  
Took hold of the cyclic and that's when I found  
that H04S was too close to the ground  
Pulled back on the cyclic, was hoping to drive,  
the nose it came up, and the tail took a dive.  
Hell-bent flying backwards, our attitude crazy.  
My brain it won't function, I'm feeling quite hazy  
I ease the stick forward, we're hovering steady.  
I look at the pilot and say "I'm not ready."  
The up and down handle that's known as collective  
I knew nothing about, my skills were defective  
I'm hearing new words coming from the back deck  
of what Moose would do with his hands 'round my  
neck  
And honestly Moose it was quite accidental  
You know these damn horses, they're so  
temperamental.  
Pilot took the controls back, he wanted to live.  
But me? I just wanted the Moose to forgive.  
So wherever you are Moose I hope you decide  
my motives were friendly when we took that ride.  
And because of that first adventurous session  
I never did get number two flying lesson

**Submitted by John Thompson**

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