

Word Of The Week Challenge

The **perilous** drop from plane to the **enchanted** blue sea was terrifying but amazing at the same time. Not before long we were over the German crop fields which were all **straggly** and dying. Flying over countless German villages, we had stared **speechlessly** at the damage tanks and infantry had caused.

Soon under heavy attack the German Messerschmitts had taken down a bomber. The bright yellow engines made them look **exotic**, but the Spitfires **perpetual** guns caused them to catch fire and start **careering** to the ground. None of our escort of Spitfires were shot down because of their evasive **manoeuvres**. With all hostile interceptors down that didn't mean the end of airborne hell, far from it. Anti-Aircraft flak from air defence facilities on the ground was **incessant**, but that was the only thing between us and Berlin.

All of a sudden the **fierce** German jet fighter shot two Spitfires down but was destroyed also, it's engine **fizzing** out and exploding. We flattened Berlin with the final punch and when we arrived back on British soil Germany had surrendered because of squadron B-N-1-2, our squadron.

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