

Tom Barrow: Dogfight

Use three colours to highlight the text and show examples of sensory description, figurative language and technical/factual vocabulary. Be ready to explain the effect of these on the reader.

Just then Tom's squadron leader, Frank came charging in still buttoning up his jacket, his flying cap askew.

"Ground Crew have spotted incoming, we're up!"

"No, I've got a leak, this needs sorting Frank."

"No time. Have you got fuel?" Tom nodded weakly. "Then you're my right-hand man, come on."

Within minutes the whole squadron was lined up ready for take off. The bombers central: Tom and the other fighters, who were tasked with engaging the enemy, flanking their sides. Tom inhaled deeply, which helped to quell the flutter of butterflies in his stomach, but he was sure he could faintly smell the distinctive odour of the new 100 octane gasoline...

The squadron soared up and out over the beach with their engines roaring. Tom imagined he could taste the salt from the spray off the sea as the waves crashed upwards reaching out their foamy fingers towards them. After a steady climb, the planes levelled out and Tom found himself in dense, white cloud, which squeezed and smothered his plane, making it impossible to see beyond the propeller.

And then they were there.

Through a break in the cloud, Tom could see a band of Messerschmitts advancing towards them like a pack of wolves stalking their prey. For a few seconds it was as if time had stood still, then the air around him erupted in deafening gun fire as the Allied and Nazi planes flew amongst each other at crazily close-range. Tom nose-dived down through the cloud, swerving around the left-hand side of the enemy fighters to try and gain a better position, but one of the Messerschmitts was right on his tail and blasted him with a round of fire. With his heart beating wildly, Tom spun sideways and immediately pulled his Spitfire upwards into a vertical climb, somehow managing to avoid being hit. His head pounded and he felt dizzy and disorientated from the sudden change in altitude, but the air in front was clear and he managed to level out and, now with an advantageous birds-eye view of the battle scene a few hundred feet below, he dived back down, opening fire on the enemy plane which had forced his retreat. It almost instantly erupted into flames.

Safe for a second, Tom glanced at the fuel gauge and his heart stopped. The needle showed he was running on empty and almost at once he heard and felt the stutter and splutter as the last dregs of gasoline began to spit through the engine. The exertion of the battle had obviously been too much for the already compromised fuel reserves, and despite having been in the air for only ten minutes or so he would have to get out and land. Now. Tom dropped back and allowed the plane to drift on the wind to begin its steady decline back to base, his palms were sweaty as he manoeuvred the plane as gently as he could and prayed he'd make it back safely. Below him the great expanse of black sea-water seemed to sneer; its tongue-like waves lapping hungrily up at him. Tom knew he was flying dangerously low, but it was his only hope of getting to the landing strip without risking a significant drop.

Suddenly, Tom spotted a sight which made his breath catch in his throat - two Heinkel bombers were closing in above and behind him - he spluttered and choked as his brain struggled to formulate a plan, but what could he do? Without fuel he was powerless to fight back, powerless to retreat fast enough and a grave resignation of his fate set in. The Heinkels opened fire simultaneously and the left wing of the Spitfire disintegrated in a flash of red and black sending the remainder of the plane spinning uncontrollably down. The cockpit filled with smoke and flames licked at the window, desperate to enter and consume everything in their path. Tom gritted his teeth, trying to block out the searing hot pain he felt all over his body as he took the only option he had left and pushed the eject button. He was vaguely aware of a rush of cool air as his battered, burned body was launched up and out into the sky. By the time the parachute had opened and he began his descent, he was no longer conscious enough to recall any details.

Tom Barrow: Dogfight Answers

Sensory Description

Figurative Language

Technical/Factual Vocabulary

Just then Tom's **squadron leader**, Frank came charging in still buttoning up his jacket, his **flying cap** askew.

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Within minutes the whole **squadron** was lined up ready for take off. The **bombers** central: Tom and the other **fighters**, who were tasked with engaging the enemy, **flanking** their sides. **Tom inhaled deeply, which helped to quell the flutter of butterflies in his stomach, but he was sure he could faintly smell the distinctive odour of the new 100 octane gasoline...**

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