

The Tornado

by Bob Boucher, June 2011

Just on a joy ride, my classmates below,
here's a loop and chandelle to say hello.
The ROTC is parading below,
If anyone noticed I do not know.

A VFR day, the sky it was clear,
way to the north did a tall cloud appear.
A gray brown column, towering high,
over sixty thousand feet in the sky!

This cloud is too close I'll just turn away,
If I proceed south, I should be OK.
Heading one eighty and at ninety knots.
My airspeeds OK, my ground speed is not.

My plane's flying backwards over the ground,
And my Altimeter's spinning around !
Go to full throttle and hold that nose down,
At one twenty knots but still losing ground !

This is serious. I've got to keep cool.
Make no rough movements, don't be a fool.
This Monster can eat us and chew us to bits,
Then at sixty thousand spit out the pits!

I've got to push the nose down even more
Stop at the red line, knots one forty four.
At ten thousand feet and still climbing fast,
Still moving backwards but slowly at last.

That big brown cloud still over my shoulder,
the air's getting thin, I'm getting colder.
At fifteen thousand, still climbing fast,
not moving backwards, but forward at last.

At sixteen thousand, still climbing fast,
Seventeen thousand climb slowing at last,
At eighteen thousand climbing has ceased,
With no oxygen I'll soon be deceased.

Hold the red line at knots one forty four
till we are under ten thousand once more.
At ten thousand feet, heading one eighty
Holding yellow line, airspeed one twenty

Request straight in on runway one eighty
Ercoupe five nines cleared runway one eighty.
Caution Extreme Weather. All flights grounded.
Worcester Mass. by Tornado was pounded.

The landing was hot, but we're on the ground.
Now to the apron, let's get us tied down.
While off to the north way up in the sky,
was a towering column fifteen miles high.