

The Plane in the Park

It was a beautiful spring day, the day I decided to make my final landing. I have looked in many places for a final place to rest. I have been flying for years and I decided that it was time for me to retire my engines. I am an airplane. This is my story of how a park got named after me.

I started flying years ago. I would fly long and short journeys across the United States. My favorite journeys were when I would take families to great adventurous places like Disney World. I knew my passengers were going to have a great time. The children always seemed very excited about their destinations. Children have always been my favorite passengers. It is because of the looks on their faces that I made the decision on where my final flight would be. It would be a place where I could see the children smiling every day. I would make my final destination the Edwardsville Township Park in Edwardsville, Illinois.

My reason for choosing the township park was that on one of my many flights, I had the opportunity to fly over Edwardsville, Illinois and see the park. The families were all having fun. The children were playing on the swings and climbing on the playground equipment. Their parents were either watching their children play or joining in on the fun. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. I thought this would be a great place for me to retire my engines. I could watch the happy families every day.

Since my decision was made, I was ready to retire my engines. I began my final flight. I flew over all the fun places that I had flown over before. I took my time and enjoyed the journey. I will probably miss the travel but to watch the children's faces every day seemed more exciting to me now. I was looking forward to the rest and relaxation of retirement in the park.

As I approached Edwardsville, I could see the Township Park in the distance. It was a beautiful spring day. The sun was out and the children were running around. I began my descent. I flew lower and lower as I got closer and closer. I picked a spot to land where there would be no chance to harm anyone or anything. I was cleared to land, I steadied myself for the landing and with a "swoosh" I landed in the middle of the park. Everyone in the park turned to look at me. As they came closer to me, they were all amazed that I landed in their fine park. Everyone in the park, including me, seemed glad that I picked their park for my final resting place. They clapped and cheered and decided that I would be their new local monument. The Edwardsville Township Park can officially be called the "Airplane Park" because of me.