



# The Airplane Ride

I press on the starter,  
the propeller whirls around.

My airplane and I,  
brush over the ground.

I lift from the field,  
the motor roars loud.

Below me is the earth that I see;  
above me the open skies are such a  
treat.

I dip and I drop,  
I swoop and I hop.  
Oh, it's fun to fly  
in the sky!

