

THIS STORY IS ABOUT A

GREEN AND WHITE AIRPLANE

By

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This story is about a green and white
airplane.

It wasn't a very big airplane.

It wasn't a very small airplane.

But it was colored green and white.

The person who used it was a special
kind of mailman.

He did not walk from building to building
to deliver mail.

This mailman flew the out-of-town mail
from city to city.

^{EVERY} Each day he started in Poughkeepsie,
where he lived, and flew his green and
white airplane to all the nearby cities:
Buffalo, Rochester, Schenectady, Syracuse,
Albany, Kingston, Newburgh, Middletown,
Ellenville... All of them.

He started in Poughkeepsie each morning
and came back to Poughkeepsie each night.

It was a long hard day.

But he made sure the people got their mail.

Sometimes cars and trucks break down
but the green and white airplane did not.
It never missed a trip.
Oh, it needed oil and sometimes parts
had to be repaired; but that ~~kind~~ ~~cost~~ of
work was done in the evening after ~~the~~ the
mail had been delivered.

The green and white airplane was dependable, but it was not especially fast.

It was faster than any car, truck or train, but the mailman decided he had to travel faster.

So, he bought a new airplane and put the green and white one in the yard with a sign that said, "For Sale".

Each day the mailman took off in his fast
new airplane while the green and white one
stayed in the yard not flying at all.

The letters on the "For Sale" sign faded
from the sunlight.

The ink dripped and ran together because
of the Fall rains and ^{the} Winter snows.

After a while, the sign was so blurry it
could not be read from the road.

One nice spring day, a farmer, driving past the mailman's house, spotted the green and white airplane. "That airplane gives me an idea", he said to himself.

He stopped, ~~walked over to it and~~ took a long look. "Yup", he said, "I could really use a plane like this."

The "For Sale" sign was leaning against
one of the airplane's green~~and~~ white
wheels. The farmer tried to read it but
it was just too faded and blurry.

as she walked towards the gate
The mailman's wife ^{was} watching from the
House. ~~the~~ farmer called to her,

~~front~~

~~He walked to the mailman's door and knocked.~~

~~Sure enough the mailman's wife was home.~~

"Is this green and white airplane for sale?"

~~asked the farmer.~~ ~~if he called,~~

"Yes sir," said the mailman's wife.

~~When the farmer heard the price~~ ~~seemed~~

reasonable ^{to the farmer,} so right there and then he bought

the green and white airplane.

He put it on the back of his truck ,
tied it down carefully, and brought it
to his farm.

He had a long clear place ~~on his land~~ where
he could take off and land.

He practiced until he could do it
just right.

Then he went to work on his ^{new} plane.

In the places where the sacks of mail
used to go, he put a very very big plastic
tank. It wasn't just ~~the~~ 'very very big' ;
~~that~~ it was 'huge'.

He emptied and cleaned the extra gas tanks in the wings and filled them and the huge plastic tank with water.

The farmer was done in time to plant his crops and help them grow. Meanwhile, the green and white airplane waited.

Summer came. It was hot and it didn't rain
for many days. When there is no rain for
that long, the crops get very thirsty.
~~Just when everyone thought~~ The crops ^{were about to} ~~would~~
shriveled up because they had no water,
when the farmer ~~picked up his hat~~, put ~~it~~ ^{his hat}
on his head, took the keys to the green and
white airplane, walked outside, opened the
airplane's green and white door, got in,
~~set down~~ and started the engine.

He taxied the green~~and~~ white airplane down
the field. At first it went slowly, and
then faster and faster and faster and faster
and faster and faster and faster. The water
in its' tanks was very heavy.

But the green and white airplane had often carried heavy loads, ~~of mail~~. So, even though there were a few shakey moments, it raced to the end of the runway, ~~when~~ its' wheels left the ground and it soared through the sky. It looked just like it did when it used to fly to Buffalo or Ellenville/^{loaded}with sacks of letters and packages.

~~However,~~ ^{When} it carried the mail it flew
high. The farmer only ^{climbed} ~~climbed~~ ~~to~~ high enough
to look at his beautiful farm and the thirsty
crops. "I sure hope this works," he said.

Then he flew down and guided the green and
white airplane just ^{above} ~~over the tops of the~~ ^{the}
plants. He pushed a button on the dashboard
and looked out the window at the wings.
Out of the wing tanks came a fine steady
spray of water. He watered all the crops;
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ row after row, acre after
acre, mile after mile, all the crops. All
the beans and ~~carrots~~ and corn, all the crops
that were growing were watered by the green
and white airplane.

It took every drop in the tanks to water
the crops. When he was done, the farmer
flew back up, ^{took} ~~to take~~ another look at his
farm and then he landed.

When he got out ~~of the airplane~~ he thought,
"This is really a marvelous ~~airplane~~ My
crops were burning up in the hot sun and
the green and white airplane put the fire
out." With that, the farmer got a big can
of red paint and a small can of white paint
from the barn, and gave the green and white
airplane a shiney new paint job.

On its side and under its wings he painted
the words "FIRE PLANE". But,if you look
closely at the shiney bright red fire plane
you can still see a little green and white
just around the wheels.

The End