

The Real Story

Orville and Wilbur Wright worked for many years to make a plane that would fly. They tried a lot of different models of planes. Finally they found one they thought would work.

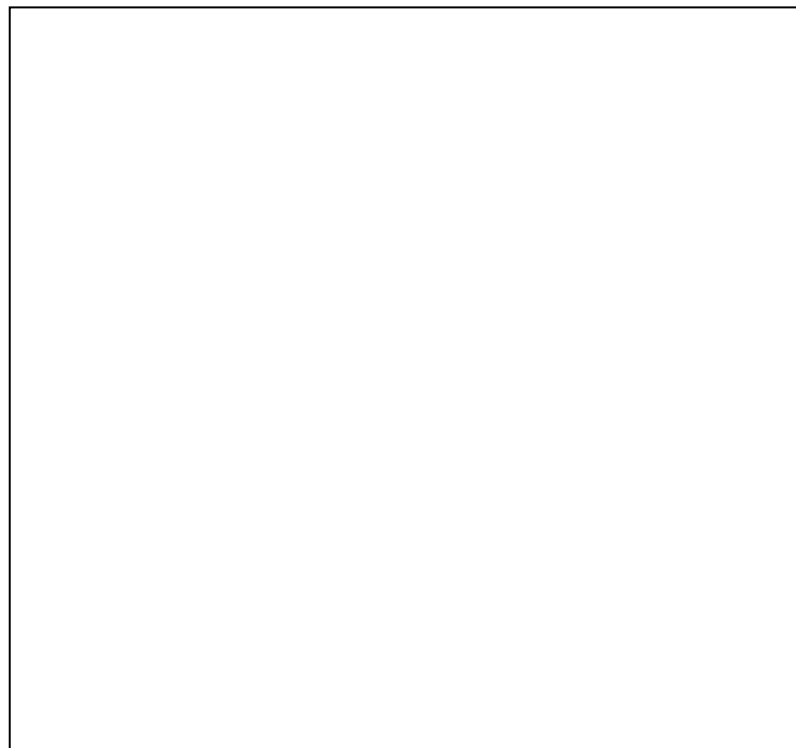
They built the plane in their bicycle shop. But they had to take it out of the city to fly it. So they took it to a nearby hill called Kill Devil Hill. It was near the city of Kitty Hawk.

They flipped a coin to find out who got to fly it first. Orville won.

He flew the plane for 12 seconds, but it crashed at the end. It didn't matter. They put the plane back together and made many more flights that day. Each one was longer than the rest.

Finally, man had learned how to fly.

Miss Jones and the Wright Brothers



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Miss Jones and the Wright Brothers/Caitlind L. Alexander

Summary: Miss Jones helps the Wright Brothers during their historic flight.

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The edges of the picture moved. The wind swirled the sand up around her.

Miss Jones reached toward the picture. Her hand went right into it.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

Then her head.

Suddenly nothing was left but her footprints on the side of Kill Devil hill.

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was standing in her own classroom.

She looked down. There was sand around her feet. Beside her feet stood her shoes.

She looked at the newspaper on her desk.

WRIGHT BROTHERS FIRST FLIGHT!

said the headline.

Just then the bell rang. All the second graders in Miss Jones class came running in from recess.

There stood Miss Jones in a long skirt and a tight fitting jacket. They knew what that meant. She was about to tell them a story from history. And she told great stories. They were so good they almost sounded like she was there.

Miss Jones and the Wright Brothers

Miss Jones sat at her desk at the front of the class. For once it was quiet. It was recess and all the children were outside.

“I have just enough time to finish my lesson,” she said.

She picked up a very old newspaper.

“December 17, 1903. 10:35 in the morning,” she said. “The flight of the Wright brothers.”

Suddenly she looked at the paper. The headline was gone. The paper said nothing about the Wright brothers. Instead it talked about the Mayor's cat.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “This can't be right.”

She went through the paper page by page. Finally she found what she was looking for.

“First flight leads to crash,” she read. “Orville Wright was badly hurt today. He tried to make the first flight in a man-made plane. The plane was completely broken up.”

Miss Jones looked at her watch. Eighteen minutes. That should be just enough time.

She turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. Then she opened it up.

Inside it wasn't a watch at all. It was a time machine.

Miss Jones held the watch over the newspaper.

“My, my. Make time fly,” she said.

The edges of the paper moved. A wind swirled in the classroom.

Miss Jones looked at a picture in the paper. It was a picture of the Wright brothers' plane.

She reached toward the picture. But she didn't touch it. Instead her hand went right into the picture.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

Then her head.

Orville couldn't control the plane. It went down again. Then it went up.

Finally Orville found out how to steer. The plane flew forward. It was really flying!

Miss Jones watched. Her heart flew right along with the plane.

Everyone watched.

Suddenly the plane dipped down. It crashed into the sand. Everyone ran forward.

Before they got to the plane, Orville climbed out. He wasn't hurt!

The plane was hurt a little, but it would only take an hour to fix it. Then Wilbur would have a turn to fly.

Miss Jones took a deep breath. For 12 seconds the plane had stayed in the air. It flew 120 feet. It wasn't much, but it was enough. It was man's first flight.

Suddenly she looked at her watch.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “I must get back.”

She quickly took out a picture of her classroom.

She turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. Then she opened it up.

Miss Jones held the watch over the picture.

“My, my. Make time fly,” she said.

She quickly stepped up to the second wing. She pulled down on the wood just a little. Now the wings were even.

The propellers went faster and faster. The plane started to move forward but it couldn't. It was tied in place. The plane pulled against the rope as hard as it could.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones to herself. “This is so thrilling.”

Then everything was ready.

“Go!” she heard Wilbur yell.

The rope fell away from the plane. There was nothing holding it in place!

Slowly the plane started to roll down the tracks. Then it went faster and faster.

When it got to the fourth track, it started to go up in the air! The plane was doing what no plane had ever done before. It was flying.

Miss Jones ran along with the other people. Wilbur ran beside the plane.

Suddenly the plane dipped down to the ground. Then it jerked back up into the air.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “Is it going to crash after all?”

Suddenly nothing was left but her shoes on the classroom floor.

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was standing in sand. The wind was still blowing. But this wind was blowing up a hill.

Kill Devil Hill they called it. Just outside the town of Kitty Hawk. And at the very top of the hill stood the Wright brothers with their plane.

“Good,” said Miss Jones. “I’m just in time.”

She quickly started up the hill. Then she looked down. She had no shoes on her feet!

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “I wish I could remember to curl my toes.”

“Oh well. No one is perfect,” she sighed.

At least she was dressed right. She had on a long dress that reached to the ground. Her blouse fit tight. It was covered by a tight fitting jacket.

Miss Jones looked up. She saw a few other people at the top of the hill. They were all watching the plane.

“Only five people,” Miss Jones said. “I would think there were more.”

The sticks were attached to the two front wings. These wings stuck out in front of the plane. Orville could pull the sticks back. This would make the wings point up. Then the plane would go up. Or he could push them forward. That would make the wings and the plane go down.

Orville's feet were on some pedals. The pedals were tied to two wings on the back of the plane. These wings went up and down, not side to side. These wings would let him steer the plane. If he pushed on one pedal he would go to one side. If he pushed on the other pedal he would go to the other side.

Orville tested the pedals with his feet. Then he tested the sticks with his hand. Everything worked fine.

“Motor!” she heard Orville yell. He turned it on. There were two big propellers on the back of the plane. Slowly they started to turn. Then they went faster and faster. Miss Jones watched.

Then she looked around. Everyone was looking at the motor and the propellers. No one was looking at her.

“Pay attention,” she said to herself. “Now is your chance.”

But it was only five. The Wright Brothers had called all the papers. But only five people came to watch the plane fly.

Miss Jones took out a paper and pencil. Then she walked up to the plane.

She pretended to draw the plane. Instead she was looking at it hard.

“My, my,” said Miss Jones. “This just isn't right.”

She stared at the plane. Everything looked right. But something must be wrong. If she didn't fix it, the plane would crash.

Miss Jones stared at the plane. There wasn't much time.

“Heads,” she heard behind her.

She turned and looked. Wilbur and Orville had just flipped a coin. Orville won the first flight! Any minute now he would strap himself into this thing and head down the hill.

And he would crash.

Miss Jones closed her eyes. She tried to remember the picture in the paper.

Then she thought about the plane. Something was different. But what was it?

Miss Jones opened her eyes. Orville was climbing onto the plane! He was getting ready to fly it.

Suddenly Miss Jones saw it. The wings were at the wrong angle! They went up in the back instead of down! They wouldn't lift the plane up unless the back went down just a bit.

Miss Jones reached up. She was too short! She couldn't reach the top wing!

Then she saw that the wings were held together with strips of wood. Quickly she pulled on the wood. Slowly the back of the wings came down. They weren't going down now, but at least they were flat.

“One more quick little tug should do it,” she said to herself.

She quickly stepped to the second side, but Wilbur saw her.

“Please step away from the plane,” he said. “We're ready to go.”

Miss Jones saw that they were ready. Orville was laying on his stomach in the middle of the plane. He wiggled around. His hands were on some sticks. His feet were on some pedals.