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Preface: Before you read the story you need to know how Bradley Airport got its name.

Narrative Essay

I wake up drowsy and sick to my stomach remembering today I will do my first dogfight exercise (A dogfight exercise is when planes will try to shoot at others planes but they actually don't shoot.) As I get up and get dressed for the day I think about what could happen. Will I do good? Will I screw up? Will something happen to my plane or to me? My mind is rushing with all the questions I'm having, I can't think straight. I decide to forget all the questions I'm having and start to make my way to the mess hall. As I walk past my colleagues my friend Harold stops me. "Are you ready?", says Harold. I think for a second. "I guess", I say in nervous tone. "Don't be nervous it's a really simple exercise you'll be fine" says Harold. He pats me on he back and walks out, I go on my way.

I finally make it to the mess hall and grab a plate, I head for the line and grab some pancakes, bacon and some orange juice and sit down by myself. As I'm eating my breakfast and reading the newspaper my mind starts to rush again with all these thoughts and ideas. I can't think anymore I get up and throw my food away and run to the medical area.

I run inside and find the doctor taking care of a man who looks to have a fever. "Doctor, I need help I can't think straight, I've lost my mind", I say. "Calm down", he says in a calm voice. "Sit down", he says. I sit down on a cot and try to clam myself down, I can't. "What's the matter",

he says. "I just can't think straight I'm losing my mind" I say more calm. "Why can't you think straight?", he says. "I'm just nervous because I'm doing my first dogfight exercise and I don't know what's going to happen." "Don't be nervous kid, I've watched millions of those exercises and nothing bad has happened before, why don't you just go lay down for a while and think about something else that should make you feel better." "Thanks", I say. I get up and walk out. I walk back to the barracks and lie down for a while, I fell asleep.

I wake up dazed and confused I realize I'm late for my dogfight exercise. I run through the barrack and towards the hangers the fastest I can. People tried to stop me and told me to slow down I couldn't though. I finally reach the hangers. "Your late lieutenant", says Colonel H. E. Johnson. "I don't care why your late lieutenant just get to your plane", said the Colonel in a stern tone. I jog to my plane, once I reach the plane I stop in fear. Then I remember what the doctor said. I start to think about something else and I get into the plane and start the engine up. I put on a headset and get ready to take off. I finally get clearance to take off, I sit for second and pray.

I finally take off and get ready for what's to come. I look at my radar and see the other plane coming at me. I remember for this drill you have to try to shoot the other plane down but you don't actual fire missiles or shoot. I try to avoid the other plane but my mind starts to rush again, I can't think straight. I let go of the stick by accident the plane starts to head towards the ground. I start to scream, as I'm falling I hear a voice, "Eugene wake up." I can't tell who it is.

As the tip of the plane hits the ground I wake up confused and uneasy. I look up and see Harold staring at me, I'm laying in my cot in the barrack. "Your late for your dogfight exercise", says Harold. "I was just there", I say in a confused tone. "No you weren't you have been sleeping the whole time", he says while laughing. Then I realize I was having a dream, I never died. "I got to go, thanks for waking me up." I run out of the barrack happy, I'm not dead.

Conclusion

This was not actually the true story of what happened to Lt. Eugene M. Bradley. What actually happened was Bradley was doing a dog fight exercise when he lost control of his P-40 fighter plane, crashed and died. I decided to change up the story and make it my own, I made it where he didn't die in real life he only dies in his dreams. I wanted to make it a myth how Bradley Airport got it's name.

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