



KS2

# Learning @ Home

## Discovery Cases

### The Wellington Story

I looked across the yard and could see the ground engineers busily checking their manuals and ensuring all the aircraft were ready for flight. The crew and I were constantly on standby in case we were called into battle or an air raid siren went off. It was a weird feeling, to be always ready but trying to relax at the same time. Suddenly, I heard, 'Scramble!' There was movement everywhere as all the different crews headed toward their aircraft,

I was part of the Wellington bomber crew, a rear turret gunner. As I raced towards the Wellington, I noticed our Navigator, Jay had dropped his emergency bomb calculator, I scooped it up without stopping and handed it to him. I then climbed into my turret and strapped myself in, ready for take-off.

We soared into the air, getting higher and higher until we eventually reached a cruising altitude. I was leaning very heavily on the turret doors when suddenly they flew open and I fell out backwards, half my body flung against the top of the aircraft, looking up into the blue sky, the other half still inside the turret. I could not steady myself to get back in because the plane was now flying all over the place as the pilot tried to get control.

Luckily, I was able to hook my feet around the base of the metal column where the guns were mounted, but then, to my horror, my feet began slipping out of my boots! I didn't have a parachute pack on and half of me was still in mid-air, at this point I had no idea what to do to get back into the safety of the turret, or stop myself falling to the ground below...

What happened next?



***We want you to finish the story, use what you already know happened, the artefacts, and your imagination to help you finish the story.***

**Discovery Case Opening:**

**We have found some artefacts and objects that relate to the Wellington story:**

Leather boots

Pilot's notes book

Ground engineer's manual

Emergency bomb calculator

Arm sling

**Now let's find out what really happened next...**

My mind was racing, trying to think of how to stay alive, and just as a feeling of dread began to wash over me, the pilot did such a violent maneuver, that my whole body was whipped back into the turret, 'like a fish onto a slab.' I could hardly believe my luck. I was shaking all over as I slammed shut the turret doors. After that I held onto the metal column, where the guns were mounted, as if my life depended on it. It was only then, I realized the pain in my right arm, I didn't want to look, or think about it until we landed, but I would probably be in a sling for a few days. It was a long time before I trusted turret doors again, and I always made sure there was space between them and myself.