

## Chapter One

Chadwick was due to fly on a routine patrol one afternoon when the plane captain, Flight Lieutenant Harris, was called to the adjutant's office. When he returned, he looked troubled.

"Change of plans. Here's a new route. It's the one Flight Lieutenant McGregor flew this morning, but the plane hasn't returned. We're going to take a shufti, a look-see."

It was most likely the plane had landed on an emergency strip due to engine trouble, but if it had been brought down by unfriendly fire, the crew were in serious jeopardy.

They found the bomber in the desert about a mile from the pipeline. Harris dropped to a couple of hundred feet and flew slowly parallel to the line of disturbed sand that marked the track of the crash.

There was no sign of life, but the upper wing obscured most of the fuselage.

They dropped lower. Harris passed a note: *Landing—look for obstacles*. On another low pass Chadwick looked carefully for boulders but spotted only small stones.

Harris brought the plane down with a loud crash and taxied to within ten yards of the downed bomber. All was quiet, apart from the engines ticking over.

Chadwick was scared. He'd heard horrifying stories from other pilots of what happened to downed crew caught by the Arabs.

Harris yelled in his ear, "Go take a look. And take this revolver." He passed Chadwick a Webley.

Chadwick climbed onto the wing. As he took the gun, he was puzzled. "I don't see any wogs."

Harris looked at him pityingly. "It's not for you. You might need it for them," he said and nodded at the wrecked bomber. "There's no help out here and it'll take a day to get an armored car here."