

Wyatt the Flying Dachshund

Wyatt the Flying Dachshund Prologue: Introduction to Wyatt the Flying Dachshund

Howdy, friends. My name's Wyatt. I may just be a fifteen-pound black and gray longhaired dapple dachshund with a blue right eye and a brown left eye, but I've always known I was meant for more than digging holes in the backyard and barking at the mailman. From the first time I heard the buzz of a little airplane overhead, I felt it deep in my chest that I belonged up there. Mom and Dad didn't miss the signs either. Every time a plane passed, I'd sit tall, ears perked (as well as a wiener dog can perk his floppy ears), tail wagging, eyes fixed on the sky. I wasn't just watching. I was dreaming.

And then one day, the dream came true. Right there in our backyard, in our pole barn, sat my very own Cobra Ultralight. It was perfect and it's all mine. Most dogs have backyards for playing fetch. Me? I've got a runway in my backyard. And when the weather is calm and the sky's painted blue, I tug on my little leather cap, goggles and my silk scarf. My tail swishes like a rudder as I trot across the grass. Dad checks the Cobra, he's my ground crew. Once he gives me the thumbs-up, I hop into the seat. It's a tight fit, but just right for a determined dachshund. The engine rumbles to life. Oh, how I love that sound! My ears flap in the wind, my heart races, and I bark to the heavens: Let's Fly! A burst of throttle, a rush of air and suddenly the world drops away. Houses turn into toy blocks. Trees shrink into little green puffs. And me, I'm right where I belong. Inside, my thoughts race just as fast as the propeller. I'm doing it! I'm really flying! My paws grip the controls, and I can almost hear the sky whispering, Welcome home, Wyatt.

Flying feels like freedom. Down on the ground, I'm small. Up here, I'm limitless. I bank and swoop, ears dancing in the slipstream, eyes wide on the horizon. One brown eye, one blue both full of wonder. I think about how tiny the world looks below, cars that look like ants, little dots where people wave. From way up here, problems seem smaller too. If I can fly above the rooftops, maybe I can fly above worries too, I tell myself. And sometimes, I laugh inside my head. When I spot squirrels darting across lawns, I think, Ha! Bet you didn't know I could hunt you from the sky! When I see the neighbor's big Labrador in the yard, I grin, you may be bigger on the ground, but up here, pal, size doesn't matter. I know every current, every cloud. I'm careful, too. No reckless flying here. Dad built special paw-friendly controls, and Mom stitched me a snug harness so I stay safe even in the sharp turns. From the air, I've waved at farmers on tractors, barked at kids on bikes, and spotted the mail carrier grinning as she timed her route just to catch my takeoffs. Folks point and shout "it's Wyatt the flying dachshund!"

Most dogs chase cars. I chase sunsets. And when the sky glows orange and pink, I whisper to myself, this is what heaven must feel like.

Not every flight is just for fun. Sometimes, adventure finds me. Like the time I spotted a cat stuck in a tree. I landed nearby and barked until some kids ran over. With Dad's help, we set that cat free, and I swear the kids looked at me like I had wings of my own. Inside I thought, maybe this is why I fly to help bring smiles. Or the morning I joined a flock of geese. I tucked

into formation, wingtip to wingtip, barking with joy as they honked along. For a moment, I was part of their squadron. Look at me, I thought, just another bird in the sky. Then I chuckled, don't worry, I won't start honking, I'll stick to barking. Other times, I just circle over the river, watching the sunlight sparkle on the water, feeling the wind ruffle my fur. That's when my mind grows quiet... nothing to chase, nothing to fear, just peace.

Back on the ground, I'm just Wyatt again stretching out in the recliner, snuggling into Dad's lap, dreaming of tomorrow's flights. But out there, above the rooftops, I'm something else. People all over the world know me now as Wyatt the Flying Dachshund. They see me wearing my goggles, flying my little plane, and they smile. I'm proof that size doesn't set the limits on your dreams.

Mom brushes my coat and pats my head after every safe landing. And me, I just wag my tail, close my eyes, and dream of my next flight. Because flying isn't just what I do, it's who I am. I am a dachshund with wings in his heart. I am a pilot with fur and floppy ears. I am a pup who looked up at the sky one day and said, yes, that's where I belong. So if you ever hear the buzz of an Ultralight flying overhead, look up. You might just catch a glimpse of me Wyatt the Flying Dachshund writing my story across the clouds.

Story One: Wyatt Learns to Fly CHAPTER 1: Paws on the Controls

Howdy, y'all. Name's Wyatt. I'm a fifteen-pound, black and gray longhaired dapple dachshund with a blue right eye and a brown left eye, and the biggest dream you've ever seen stuffed inside a little wiener dog body. Some pups dream of bones or chasing squirrels. Me? I dream of flying. It all started in the backyard, with me sitting on Dad's lap in our Cobra Ultralight. The first time he lifted us off the ground, my ears perked straight up and my tail spun like a propeller. I wasn't scared. No sir. I was hooked. From that day on, whenever Dad flew, I was right there in his lap. Harness snug, goggles on, scarf flying, watching every little thing he did. His hand on the stick, the other on the throttle, eyes scanning the sky. I memorized it all. Sometimes folks say dogs don't understand complicated things. Well, those folks never met me. Every pitch, every roll, every little correction my eyes followed, my mind recorded. I knew one day I'd do more than just watch. One sunny afternoon, Dad and I were up over the fields, the world was looking like a patchwork quilt below us. The engine hummed steady, the air smooth. Then it happened. Dad took his hand off the stick. Just like that. My heart skipped a beat. Before I could think twice, I reached up with my paws and grabbed the control stick. And y'all, the Ultralight didn't care one bit that I was a dachshund. She just responded, nose steady, wings level. And I was flying. I heard Dad chuckle, half-nervous, half-proud. "Wyatt," he said, "don't do anything crazy. Just keep the wings level, the nose on the horizon, and leave the throttle where it is." My tail thumped against his leg. Yes sir. I wasn't about to ruin this moment. I kept that nose pointed just right and held the wings level as steady as my little paws could manage. After a few minutes, I felt Dad's body relax behind me. His voice came softer now, more like a teacher than a worried pilot. "Alright, buddy. First things first, look all around... left, right, front, back. Make sure no other airplanes are nearby." I lifted my head high, scanning like I'd seen him do a hundred times. Clear skies all around. Then Dad said, "Now raise the right wing a little. Good. That way you can see past it. Clear. Now lift the left wing. Clear there too. That's called clearing your airspace." I barked once in understanding. Check the skies, then fly. Once we were back in level flight, Dad gave the next command.

“Okay, Wyatt. It's time for your first turn. Gentle now. Ease the stick a little to the right and watch the compass. Make a 180-degree turn. And use a little back pressure on the stick to keep the nose from dropping.” My paws worked the stick carefully. The world tilted just a little, then the nose followed the curve. Smooth as butter, we arced through the sky until we were heading back toward home. Dad whooped, and I swear I've never tail-wagged harder in my life. As we got closer, the house came into view, tiny at first, then bigger and bigger. The house, workshop, and pole barn all came into view, even the mailbox laid out below. Dad patted my head. “Alright, Wyatt. One more lesson. Clear the airspace again.” I did just as he taught me: left, right, front, back, then under each wing. Not a plane in sight. “Good,” Dad said. “Now take us in a big right-hand circle around the house.” I nudged the stick to the right, paws steady, tail wagging like crazy. The Ultralight banked gently. Round and round we went, tracing a perfect circle in the sky above our home. Below, I could see Mom in the yard, shading her eyes and waving. I barked loud enough I'm sure she heard. After the circle, Dad took back the stick and guided us toward the runway. My paws rested on the seat frame, heart thumping with pride. As the wheels kissed the grass, I knew something had changed. I wasn't just a passenger anymore. I was going to be a pilot! That evening, Dad scratched behind my ears and said, “Wyatt, you did real good up there. You've got the makings of a real flyer.” I curled up in Dad's lap in the recliner, goggles still around my neck, dreaming of blue skies and wide circles. From that day forward, I wasn't just Wyatt the dachshund. I was Wyatt the student pilot. And if you ever look up and see a little Ultralight circling your house while a dachshund barks his heart out, you'll know it's me, chasing my dreams across the sky.

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