

Mr. Pilot's Flying Service

They came to experience Fiji. They dined upon the sandy beach and they squished the soft white sand between their toes, they snorkeled in the warm ocean water under the heat of a bright tropical sun. Now, they will fly like seagulls.

They see a hundred feet below them the breaking waves and surfers, like ants darting in and out, grey sharks nonchalantly nosing around, turtles gliding through the water, all completely unaware of any human presence. Between them and the aerial guest is....air. No window, no wing, no engine or fuselage. A seat belt holds them in a plastic lawn chair (a sturdy version) as they peer down like a sea gull, the wind on their face, then lean and drop suddenly downward only to swoop up before the water engulfs them. The roar of an ultralight airplane engine above them dispels the myth that they can fly. Beside them sits Mr. Pilot, the pilot, expertly controlling their fantastic voyage over the sea.



A small ultralight plane, piloted by Mr. Pilot, gives the perception of flying unfettered through the sky. A single top wing and an overhead engine power the small aircraft through the air and over the water. Pontoons replace wheels and make the ocean a large unending runway. Mr. Pilot controls the lift with his bare feet on thin, metal pedals and the direction with hand controls like a stick shift in a sports car. The light frame, open-air seats seem out of place high in the air, as if you fell asleep in your deck chair and woke up a hundred feet over the ocean.

But in fact, you are flying over The <resort name> Resort where Mr. Pilot keeps busy flying passenger after passenger over this open aquarium of sea life. But he has bigger plans than just a commercial tourist business. He hopes to create a highway in the sky where flying ultralights becomes an alternative to driving the wild and crazy Queen's Highway along the coast. /put Mr. Pilot's statement here/

On this warm sunny day, Mr. Pilot helps his guest out of the padded passenger seat into the shallow water lapping the beach. Before they finish the hand-shakes, the emphatic "Beautiful!"s and "Thank-you"s, another eager adventurer walks across the sand towards the plane. After giving a brief introduction on the seat belt and safety procedures (like a true flight attendant's presentation), Mr. Pilot climbs into his own seat behind the controls. A little pushing and turning by the one-man ground crew, and the sandy ocean shallows become his runway. With the roar of an outboard motor, the plane accelerates over the clear turquoise water and takes to the air in a slow, surrealistic fashion, and for the next 15 minutes they fly like birds over the ocean.

To get your own wings over paradise contact The <name> Resort, <name> Bay Resort, or Mr. Pilot himself. You can reach them here:

<Contact information>

Let them know that you want to fly with Mr. Pilot's Flying Service so that schedules can be coordinated.

