

Autobiographical incident



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

On Sunday, November 13, 1988, I made my first parachute landing from an airplane flying 12, 000 feet above ground.

That weekend was very different for my friend Rondon and me. The previous day we left Sao Paulo very early, the city where we were studying our Masters Degree and traveled to Americana, a small town in the countryside located in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil.

When we arrived at Americana, about 9: 00 A. M., we went directly to the Marte camp, an area in the North side where there are a lot of activities relating to flying navigation.

In contrast with the town which was very quiet and calm, the Marte camp was blustering and full of noise. About 500 people, among them instructors, mechanics, flight captains and expert parachute jumpers and apprentices – some novices such as myself. All were preparing to begin parachute jumps.

We found our team, led by our instructor, who was named “ Rat.” We joined them. I have taken some courses previously, but never parachuted before. Compared to me, Rondon who had already performed several jumps, was from my point of view, an expert. On Sunday, November 13, 1988, I made my first parachute landing from an airplane flying 12, 000 feet above ground.

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