

I Ryan C. Madlock was standing in front of plane ready for it to taxi. The pilot started his engine and after a minute or so he began to move forward. As he was moving forward I signaled him straight ahead. After thirteen feet or so I signaled him to turn right. To my shock he kept on coming forward, I could not see face. He crossed into the grass with his propeller at high speed. my jaw dropped and I ran the [redacted] out of there. I ran to the west and turned to see the plane plow into the rock pile on the building. His propeller blew chunks of stones. I ran inside as Tina

was leaving. I told her
the left wing is pouring out
fuel.