

CHALLENGER INCIDENT 26DEC20 TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE.

The goal for the day was to test the airspeed indicator and the compass deviation so that the deviation card could be filled out. Arrived at the airport at approximately 10:10. I completed an inspection of the aircraft, checking bolts, hinges, rivets, tire pressure, control operation etc. Set my phone on the compass app and placed it on the instrument panel where I had a phone holder. Checked the compass readings. Pushed the aircraft out of the hanger and checked fuel and made sure that the carbs were primed, all wires attached. Entered the cockpit, belted in and latched the doors. Used the throttle and choke to get the engine started and turned on the hobbs meter. Checked the compass again all seemed good so taxied out to the runway, lined up and checked the compass again.

All seemed good, wind was calm so checked traffic and added power for the highspeed taxi. I was concentrating on the airspeed indicator and believe that I had only traveled 20-30 feet when the airspeed indicator moved up to 30 mph mark. The aircraft lifted off and I was airborne. This caught me by surprise as I had spoken to a couple Challenger pilots a few days before and was told that the Challenger takes off and lands at 50 mph. I immediately lowered the nose to get back on the ground at which time I hit the ground and the nose gear came up through the floor. I believe this is what broke my right leg. Bounced back up into the air and did an immediate hammer dive to the left into the ground. This took off the nose section and twisted the frame. All happened very fast so I believe that I was about a wings length in altitude @15'. My leg was in bad shape, broken at the knee, glasses were gone and my phone had also been dislodged from the holder and not to be found. The engine was still running so I turned off the key. I had not turned off the hobbs meter. The ELT was beeping so I left that on. Took stock of the situation, unbelted and slid out of the cockpit, looked for the phone and glasses again, couldn't see them. My only option at the time was to make my way over to the Falcon skydiving office. I drug myself about 100 feet before I was spotted by one of the other aircraft owners at which time he gave assistance and called 911.

These statements are true to the best of my knowledge.

BRIAN G. THOMPSON

DATE

20 JAN 21