



## Eleven

This wasn't a commercial flight. It wasn't a standard commercial airliner. That meant it had no lock on the cockpit door. I knocked and opened it.

The two men turned and look at me. Pilot spoke first.

"I should tell you 'you can't come in here', but I have an awful feeling *you* might be in charge at the moment.

I just grinned at that. It was only later that I realised just exactly what he'd said. "The Home Secretary has asked for a report on what we'll run into in London. Can you use your radio?"

"Hm. I think he's probably asking how many soldiers will be waiting for us at Northolt. Hang on and I'll find out."

While he muttered into the microphone on his headset, the co-pilot was looking me up and down. "So you're in charge, are you?"

I'm afraid I took an instant dislike to him. I simply said, "Yes. I'm relaying orders as I get them."

He just looked at me for a moment without saying anything else, then turned back to the front. I just thought he was one of those men who object to women being in charge - and when the woman in question is a young girl...

Pilot was back with me. "You can tell His Nibs that there are two squads of marines waiting for us, and a full armoured convoy to take them to the Home Office. And *that* is surrounded by armed men as well."

I nodded and left them to fly the plane, or at least to supervise the autopilot. Back at the two bigwigs, I plonked into the seat again. There I recounted what the pilot had told me. Then it was the turn of the Home Secretary to nod, he simply said, "Thank you, my dear. Will your friends be along to accompany us to the Home Office?"

"I would expect so, sir." Then a thought, "If they can't join us here on the flight, they can actually be at Northolt to meet us."

"Yes. I understand they can get there in no time at all."

I laughed gently. "The same way they moved the American gentleman. You should just believe that distance is no barrier, I know they once teleported from Japan to England, before my time, I'm afraid."

"The latter might actually be preferable. Nothing should bother us before then."

Then he turned back to his new American friend and they continued talking together in low tones.

I sat quietly for a moment. Something was bothering me - and I wasn't sure what it was yet.

There was something wrong all right. The man walking down the aisle towards us holding a gun was a bit of a give-away.

I stood up and moved into the aisle. He stopped about three metres in front of me.

"Out of the way, little girl."

Now, if there's one thing designed to get me all fired up, it's being called 'little girl'.

“Just what do you want?” I said in my most indignant voice. At the same time I ‘called out’, “Angel?”

“What I want is you out of my way,” the man with the gun said.

“And if I decide not to move?”

“Then I’ll shoot you.”

“I’m not moving.” My heart was hammering in my chest. He wouldn’t shoot a young girl in cold blood, would he? He would! He did! The gun fired!



## Twelve

There was no time to think ‘I’m going to die’. No time for my life to flash before my eyes (which wouldn’t have taken long let’s face it, I’m only a teenager). But the bullet just - vanished.

The gunman was a bit surprised - understandable really. There was no way he could have missed me. So he fired again. Same result, the bullet vanished.

Then a voice in my head, “Hold your hand out, Weeza - and remember it’s *heavy*.”

I did as ordered. To the obvious consternation of the gunman, he suddenly didn’t have a gun - I did.

“Don’t be silly, little girl. I don’t know how you did that but you aren’t going to shoot me now are you?”

“Shoot him,” ‘said’ Angel.

“But ...”

“Do it! It’ll be ok.”

I pulled the trigger.

The bang frightened the life out of me, the recoil tried to knock me over onto my back. The gunman had disappeared. I thought, ‘my God, I’ve killed him!’

Further inspection reveal the gunman sitting on the floor in the aisle, with a stunned expression on his face but otherwise ok. Relief rose off me like steam. I hadn’t killed him after all. Angel pulled me back together.

“Quick. While he’s all of a do-da. Find me somewhere to ‘port. Just look at it.”

“Right in front of me. Plenty of room.”

Next second, Holly was standing between me and the gunman, now getting back onto his feet. She winked, then turned to look at the gunman behind her.

“Hm. Can’t have you running about shooting people. Sit in that seat.”

He didn’t move. Holly looked at him for a second or two, then she said, “I’m afraid I must insist.”

To the amazement of everybody, including the gunman himself, he turned to face the other way. If he’d not moved his feet quickly he’d have tied himself in a knot. Then he shot sideways a couple of feet, again with hasty footwork. That put him in front of a seat.

Holly growled at him. “Now. Sit. Down. If I have to force you, you’ll have dislocated joints or even broken bones. Do it!”

He sat. Next second, Holly was holding handcuffs. She proceeded to lock the man to the seat arms, he wasn’t going *anywhere*.

Next to be sorted out was me. Holly turned to me and said gently and quietly, "Hold the gun out, Weeza. Don't point it at anybody."

I found my hand was trembling as I did as she asked. She reached out and moved a little lever on the side. "Safety catch. Now you can't put holes in people by accident." Then she went on just to me, "Weeza, you were *brilliant*. I'll tell you everything in a bit, yes?"

"But I shot him!"

"No you didn't. Look, later, ok? Can you check up on the two bigwigs?"

"Oh, yeah. Ok, Angel. Later, ok."

With something to do I felt better. I turned to the Home Secretary. "Are you ok, sir. I'm sorry about the noise and distraction."

The American was quicker than his British counterpart. "You save our lives and you apologise for the *noise*? I will never understand you British."

The Home Secretary managed to look as though everything that had happened was entirely to be expected. His upper lip was so stiff you could have used it as a shelf. He *did* have a twinkle in his eye as he looked at me. I felt obscurely pleased. One up to us.

The feelings of exhilaration took a tumble as the plane suddenly lurched and then began to turn. Now what? Although I had better than half an idea what might be going on.

"Angel, the cockpit. I think we might have a problem."

I'd been referring to the part of Angel here with us as Holly because that's what it looked like, but the three girls were still merged, Angel ran down the aisle towards the cockpit with me close behind her.

We did have a problem. We had an unconscious pilot with a trickle of blood on one side of his head and a co-pilot holding a gun pointed at Holly. He didn't mess about, the gun fired!