

# JODY

PART TWO OF THE LISA, JODY, AND HOLLY TRILOGY



IAN BERRY

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**Part Two Of The Lisa, Jody, And Holly Trilogy**

by  
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# One

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Japan is great to visit. At least it would have been if we'd been there for more than five minutes. I suppose I can't actually blame Holly, her dad was really, really ill. If we want to blame anybody, let's dump it all on the power utility who let the power to the hospital fall over while Holly's dad was in intensive care. Standby generators are all well and good but if they don't work....

Lisa figured out that we could fix the genny, don't ask me how she knew, she just did. I did fix it with a little help from my friends. Just about took all our reserves of energy, all three of us had to line up to do it, after that, we were running on empty.

I seem to have dived into the middle of the story a bit, obviously not as good as Lisa at this writing stuff down lark. Back up a bit. Lisa and I (and Holly a bit later) are girls with ESP powers, we can levitate - flying sounds much better - we can teleport stuff and move stuff telekinetically, all by power of thought. We can talk to each other using telepathy, mind to mind - useful when your mouth's full of food (which it seems to be most of the time - what we do needs energy, energy comes from food, we eat all the time. QED). Me? Ah, sorry. Forgot. I'm Jody.

Currently all three of us are at Holly's recovering from teleporting half way round the world and fixing up the hospital - and just incidentally saving Holly's dad's life. Let's see if I can just pick it all up and take over where Lisa left off. You might need to bear with me a bit.

"What did your mum say about your dad, Holly?" asked Lisa.

"Not allowed to use the mobile in the ICU. I said to ring when she could. She'll do it fairly soon. You should think. When are you and Jody going home?"

"As far as our parents are concerned, we're still in Japan - or possibly on a plane home," said Lisa.

"We can hang about here for a while yet."

"Can't stay forever," I said. "Got no togs."

"Easy to fix," said Holly. "Make some come here from your bedrooms."

"Hey," I said. "Brilliant." I held out my hand, made a finger into a hook and 'told' a set of jeans to be here and not in my wardrobe. Quickly I 'told' a clean T shirt, some undies, and a sweatshirt to join the jeans.

While I'd been doing that, Lisa had done likewise. Clean clothes felt *wonderful*.

"Anyway, that's reminded me," said Lisa. "I shoved our Charlie's Angels suits in the washer. I'll go and see if they're done yet."

"Holly, you managed to make your phone come all the way from Japan," I said. "Wonder if we can make *all* our stuff come here."

"Might be able to," said Holly. "It'll scare the pants off the people in Japan if it just disappears." She giggled.

"In that case, we've *got* to try it," I said.

"Try what?" asked Lisa, returning from wherever the washing machine lurked.

"Bring our stuff back from Japan," said Holly.

"Need all of us to link up," said Lisa. "Up for it Holly? Or are you still too frail and weak?"

"Nothing frail and weak about *me*," said Holly. "Get over here and hold my hand."

It seemed we were going to go for it. I held Lisa and Holly's hands, Lisa held Holly's and my hand. We let our thoughts merge together. There was a moment of snuggling and fitting, then there weren't.

three girls anymore, just one.

“Wow,” ‘said’ Holly in my mind. “It wasn’t this close before, was it?”

“Hm,” ‘said’ Lisa. “Not sure. Don’t think so. Anyway, let’s see what we can do. Jody? See if you can find your bag.”

I reached out with my mind, that’s about the only way to describe what I did - there are no words really. I could ‘feel’ my bag, sitting on a floor somewhere a long way away. Lisa and Holly reached out with me and together we ‘told’ the bag to be here instead of there.

“Ow! Damn thing landed on my foot,” said Lisa. “What’s in it, bricks?”

My bag had landed neatly in between us. We were a bit close together, the poor bag didn’t have a lot of room to manoeuvre.

“Feet further apart next time,” I said.

In short order we fetched Lisa’s bag and then Holly’s. We were just congratulating ourselves when the phone rang. Landline, so probably not Holly’s mum.

Holly answered it. “Hello. Oh, hello Mrs. Chandler. Yes, Lisa’s here. We’re all here. I’m sorry, we were just about to begin sorting it all out. No, I don’t know how my dad is yet, Mum hasn’t rung. Yes, by all means come over. Hang on, I’ll ask.”

Holly pulled the phone away from her ear. “Your mum says do you want clean clothes and stuff for Jody as well?”

Lisa shifted into Director mode, I could nearly see her do it, I certainly felt her mind change gear.

“Can I talk to her please Holly? Hello Mum. Yes, yes, we’re all fine. A bit tired and running on empty but fine. No. Too much to tell on the phone. Are you coming over here? Good. See you in a bit. Oh, Mum? Don’t need fresh togs, already fetched some, we were all wearing Holly’s dressing gowns.”

Lisa was still in Organising mode. “Holly, do you want my mum to take you to the hospital? We should put the kettle on I suppose. I imagine you’ll be hungry again? Thought so. I’ll see if there’s actually anything left to eat. Oh, our Charlie’s Angel suits are clean but still wet. I don’t think I know how your washing machine works. Should have let Jody do it.”

That had us all in fits of giggles. Reaction setting in probably.

“We should let the Ministry know what’s going on. They can tell the people in Japan just what’s happening. Did one of those numbers in your phone speak to the Minister’s office Holly?”

“Yep. Hang on a minute,” Holly’s shocking pink phone appeared in her hand. She fiddled with it and handed it to Lisa. “That’s the one.”

Lisa rang the number displayed on Holly’s phone. “Hello? This is Lisa Chandler. I need to give you a situation report on the Japanese girl’s trip home.”

I listened with half an ear as Lisa recounted more or less what had happened, lots of what and why but not much how. She finished off by asking that the Ministry send our apologies to the Matsumoto family for what she called ‘our less than honourable departure from their house’.

“Less than honourable?” asked Holly when Lisa put the phone down.

“We didn’t even say goodbye. In Japan that probably means you have to go and commit hari-kari as soon as possible. Never mind, the Ministry are going to get the Tokyo Embassy to go and do it for us.”

While I’d been gazing into space with my brain disconnected, Holly had been busy. “I’ve fixed the washing machine. You just had it on the wrong program Lisa. It’ll take it a few minutes to get its bits together.”

Further conversation was put on hold. The doorbell rang. Holly went and answered it - it was her house after all. Lisa’s mum.

“Are you three all right? Sara rang me this morning and gave me most of the details.” Sara

Holly's mum.

~~“Yes Mum. We're fine,” said Lisa. “We've eaten about a tonne of food each and slept for around ten hours, we'll live.”~~

“I know you teleported yourselves all the way from Japan, Sara said so. She also went on about fixing a generator or something and saving Paul's life?” Paul is Holly's dad.

“Err, yes Mum. The generator wouldn't start, Jody fixed it. Err, more stuff, Mum. We couldn't see what needed doing but Jody did it anyway.”

“I hope you're making a list for poor Beth at the Lab. You three are writing the rules as you go along.”

“Suppose we'll need to go and see her at some point. Anyway, everything else is fixed up. Mission accomplished, if you see what I mean. We need to get dressed and go to the hospital. Will you take Mum? Please?”

“I knew you'd ask that. And, no, that didn't require any ESP abilities to figure out.”

That produced another fit of the giggles, even Lisa's mum joined in.

Lisa's mum shoved us all in her car and we set off for the hospital.

"What if it's not visiting and they don't let us see Dad," said Holly.

"That's easy," I said. "We tell Lisa, she tells the Minister of Defence, he tells the boss of the hospital, and *she* tells the ICU to let us in - or else."

Lisa laughed. "Suppose it *could* work like that. More use to point out that without us, there wouldn't have *been* an ICU last night. Honorary staff members, that's us."

"Don't Lisa," said Holly. "Don't remind me about what could have happened."

Holly was sitting in the front. Lisa tried to hug her but couldn't really manage it. She settled for a telepathic 'hug' instead. We were so closely linked by now that I think that had much the same effect as a 'proper' hug. Holly had a silly grin on her face anyway.

They did let us in, with strict instructions to only stay a few minutes. Holly's dad was still wired up to umpteen machines all playing a tune at once. There didn't seem as many as last night, some of the players had left the orchestra. I had to suppose that was a good sign.

Holly had an attack of the shakes and burst into tears. She'd not done that last night so I supposed it was some kind of delayed shock.

"Dad! Oh - *Dad!* I thought you'd *die!*"

"Not me," he whispered. "Not when I have you three to look after me. Your mum says you all teleported from Japan."

"Yeah," said Holly, managing to dry her eyes. "Then we had to fix the generator. Jody was *brilliant.*"

I went red, looked at my feet, and muttered something about having a little help here and there, but the truth was, I was quite pleased with myself.

"And so you should be," 'said' Lisa in my head.

Further congratulatory thoughts, both private and public, were headed off at the pass by Lisa's mum.

"In case you've not been keeping up, today is Sunday. Are you three up for school tomorrow?"

Frankly, I'd have enjoyed a day off. Holly had other ideas. "If we don't go, there'll only be more questions - *more* questions. And we'll only have to catch up on the work. I vote we have an early night and try for a normal day tomorrow."

"She's got a point," 'said' Lisa. "Hm. I'm with Holly but I can feel Jody isn't convinced."

"Ok, ok. I'm convinced, I'm convinced. School it is," I 'said'.

"Think we'll manage to dodge Beth until next weekend?" 'asked' Holly.

"Reckon we can just tell her we're not up to it yet," 'said' Lisa. "I'll do it, when I get home."

"So that's all of you in agreement?" asked Lisa's mum, obviously taking note of the silent discussion.

"Yeah, sorry Mum. All in favour, none against, no abstentions."

We had to leave, I had the thought that the nurses were about to gang up on us and chuck us out anyway. Holly gave her dad a kiss although she didn't manage a hug.

"Give him a kiss from me as well," 'said' Lisa.

"And me," I 'said', not wanting to be left out.

“Not sure any of us *can* be left out any more,” ‘said’ Lisa. “Going to be interesting for us two who you go and visit Mike, Jody.”

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“And you and Brian,” I ‘said’. “Don’t forget Brian.”

“Hey you two. Knock it off,” ‘said’ Holly. “I’m too young for all that stuff.”

If Lisa’s mum wondered why we were all grinning, she didn’t say anything. Probably knew we’d be ‘talking’ to each other anyway.

First stop was Holly’s to abandon Holly to wait for her mum, but also to collect all our stuff.

“Should have just made it go straight home,” laughed Lisa.

Next stop, my house. Mum and Dad were waiting for me.

“There you are,” said Mum. “I never know when you’ll be home these days. Turning into a proper globe-trotter.”

“No trotting involved Mum. In fact, one way or another, not much actual travelling at all. Lots of *being* there but very little *getting* there at all actually.”

“Well you can trot to school tomorrow,” said Dad. “You *are* planning to go to school tomorrow?”

“Yes Dad,” I sighed. “Lisa and Holly ganged up on me. I suppose they’re right really.”

You know how if one person yawns, it’s sort of infectious? Makes other people yawn as well? ‘felt’ Lisa yawn. That set me off as well. Then I thought about it and actually chuckled to myself.

“You still tired?” asked Mum.

“Mm. And hungry.”

“Ok. Tea then bed?”

“Well, perhaps not bed straight after tea.”

Dad laughed. “Well, *I’m* not carrying you upstairs if you fall asleep on the couch.”

“Spoilsport, Dad.” I stuck my tongue out at him. He just grinned back.

In the event, we were all in bed by early evening, Holly was last, she’d gone with her mum to see her dad. By the time she had news to impart, Lisa and I were already asleep.



# Three

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Monday morning we tried to get back to normal. Mind you, normal for us isn't what other people would consider typical.

"Coming over," 'said' Lisa. "Open back door."

Lisa and I usually went to school together. No point Holly joining us, her school was on the other side of town. A few minutes later, Lisa landed in the back garden.

"Not supposed to fly here."

"Poo. Nobody noticed. Anyway, c'mon, let's go."

We rode the bus as usual. "Much quicker to fly," I 'said'.

"I know, but we don't do that, do we?" 'replied' Lisa.

What was obvious was that we were much more closely linked than we had been. I could plainly 'feel' Holly in my mind. I knew she was finishing her breakfast *and* that she'd persuaded her mum to take her to school in the car.

"Lazy so-and-so," I 'said'.

"Don't care," she 'replied'. "Mum was up for it straight away so who am I to argue."

"Bet we could all three link up right now, right here, and do anything," I 'said'.

Lisa poured cold water on my girlish enthusiasm. "But we won't, will we? Want to get us kidnapped again?"

"Suppose not."

First lesson after registration was double Maths. Normally I didn't like Maths - Lisa did, but not me. Today, though - hm - I actually enjoyed the lesson. I understood all of it first go. Most unusual. The big surprise of the day was the double Science just before lunch. An experiment in light and mirrors, in class groups.

"Lisa, d'you understand all this stuff?" I 'asked'.

"Yeah. S'easy."

"Not what you said last lesson."

"You're right. Odd. Holly? You understand all this stuff don't you?"

Holly was in the gym. I already knew that but I could almost 'hear' her panting and puffing as she did what had to be circuit training or something.

"Mm. Light reflection. Easy. Why?"

Lisa thought about this. I 'felt' her engage Director mode. "That means there's stuff passing through our link that wasn't before. We're helping each other understand stuff."

"Talk later," I 'said'. "Emily's just knocked the bloody mirror over!"

The other two just 'laughed' at me, but we got on with what we were doing.

Lunchtime saw Lisa ringing Beth at the lab. She hadn't brought her phone with her that morning so she just 'told' it to appear in her hand instead of on the hall table where it usually lived.

I think the lab have orders to put any of us through to Beth straight away if we ring. Today was no exception. Now I found another curious thing to think about. Being so closely linked with Lisa meant we could actually 'hear' both sides of the phone call. I assumed Holly could as well. All three of us listened to Lisa's phone call.

"Hi Beth. Lisa."

“Hello Lisa. How was your flight back from Tokyo?”

“Ah. Thing is - we didn't fly back. We've been back here since the middle of the night on Saturday - Sunday morning I suppose really.”

“You didn't - you *did*, didn't you? All three of you?”

“'Fraid so. Not all at the same time. Holly first, then Jody and me. Teeny bit of stress involved that's why we managed it I think.”

“Stress? What happened? I already know about you teleporting from Heathrow to Yorkshire.”

“Holly's dad had a heart attack. That wound her up so she moved herself back home. Then the thought of her dad maybe going to die wound her up some more. We don't know if she pulled us or we used her stress to convince ourselves - whatever. Jody and I came back as well.”

“Interesting. Means that it's not just you that can do it.”

I 'heard' Holly 'say', “Oh wow. Hadn't thought of *that*.” Naturally, Beth didn't hear her.

“Never thought it was,” said Lisa. “Anyway, lots of other stuff to tell you about. Like being able to move things we can't actually see. That's how Jody fixed the hospital generator. All three of us are just about done in. Can we come and see you at the weekend and tell all?”

“All three of you?”

“Hang on.” Lisa paused for Holly and me to 'say' yes. “Seems to be unanimous.”

“You asked them?”

“No need. They're listening to you, through our link. Jody's here with me but Holly's umpteen miles away at her school.”

“They're listening? You're not just repeating what I'm saying?”

“Not as far as I know. They're getting it as it happens, not second hand from me.”

“I've a feeling I'm going to need more notepaper and memory cards for the audio recorder,” sighed Beth. “Still, the more information we have, the nearer we are to finding answers - although you throw up more questions than we've actually managed to answer.”

“Sorry Beth,” said Lisa. “We don't mean to.”

“I know, I know. Don't worry. See you on Saturday morning?”

“We'll be there.”

Lisa rang off. “You got all that?” she 'asked'.

I nodded. We got a picture of Holly nodding as well from Holly herself. Who was it said a picture was worth a thousand words?

The rest of the week went by quite quickly. That's what tends to happen when you go to bed early each night. All three of us found school work quite easy, even stuff we'd originally found hard. The exception to this was stuff we'd *all* found hard, like French, but even this showed some improvement as we 'pooled' our knowledge and resources.

Holly had words first thing on Saturday morning.

“I, for one, am going to fly to the lab. No good having all this neat stuff and not using it.”

“Hm. Good idea. Perhaps we will as well,” I 'heard' Lisa reply. “Just try not to be too obvious.”

“So dressing up as Ultragirl and zipping about low over the town a few times first is out then?” 'laughed' Holly, making reference to our little game of 'dress-up'.

“Yes!” 'said' Lisa. “Low profile should be our middle names.”

“Spoilsport.” Despite the 'laughter', I knew Holly understood exactly what Lisa meant.

I went to Lisa's first. She was wearing her usual jumper and jeans. So was I. Flying around in a ski suit is interesting - for other people at least.

“Lab first, then probably McDs, Mum,” said Lisa. “Unless the lab feed us. Depends how long the

keep us there.”

“Ok dear. Just let me know what’s going on. Dad’ll be around this afternoon to be on Taxi duty you need him.”

“Thanks Mum.” Lisa gave her mum a kiss and we slipped out into the back garden. Several miles later and several hundred metres higher, I spotted Holly approaching from the other direction. We stopped in mid air above the lab to give each other a kiss. Lisa and I hadn’t seen Holly since the previous Sunday.

Inside the lab building, the security guard on the front desk just waved and pointed at the stairs. We dutifully climbed them to make our way to Beth’s office. There was nobody there.

Lisa took charge as usual. “Hm. Maybe in that big meeting room down the corridor?”

Nobody there either. “You did get the day right Lisa?” laughed Holly.

“Far as I know,” she answered. “Must have done. The chap on the front desk was obviously expecting us.”

“I know where they all are,” I said. “In that cafeteria place in the other wing.”

“Oh heck,” said Lisa. “Probably means a big audience.”

“Not bothered, are we?” said Holly.

“No. No - suppose not. Come on, let’s go and see.”

It’s nice to be proved right. There were about a million people crammed into the little cafeteria. Well, ok - about fifteen or so - but it looked like a million. Not helped by lots of equipment as well. I recognised the Kirlian camera.

“Ah, girls,” said Beth. “You found us then?”

I was content to let Lisa do the talking, and I think Holly was too.

“Mm. No problem really.”

“Come and sit down. When you’re comfy, I want some pictures of you with the Kirlian camera. We can get them processed and hopefully we can look at them later before you go.”

We sat and were duly photographed for posterity. One of the technician-types left with bits of the camera. Still felt like a million people in with us.

Beth opened proceedings. “Ok. We know you managed to teleport from Heathrow to Yorkshire. Don’t suppose you’ve figured out how you do it yet?”

“No, sorry.” said Lisa. “I cheated. We were being shot at and gassed. I just got everybody to believe we were going to die and - we went.”

“Can’t do that every time you want to teleport,” laughed Beth.

“What about the guns?” said Holly.

“Guns? You mean the ones shooting at you?”

“No,” I said. “The ones Arnie and Jim had in the car on the way to Heathrow. I knew what they were, how to load and unload them, about clips and safety catches and all that stuff. Don’t ask how - just knew.”

“She must have been getting the information directly from the men themselves,” said Lisa. “I didn’t know we could do that, but that’s the only explanation.”

I had a thought. “Try an experiment?” I held out my hand to one of the researchers with an incredibly complicated, voice recorder. She handed it over without comment. It reminded me of taking the gun off Jim - just holding my hand out for it.

Looking at the machine, it was really obvious how it worked. I stopped it, then put it back in the record. Holding it near my mouth I said, “Testing, testing, one, two, three.”

It had controls for rewinding - not what it actually did - it didn’t have tape to rewind - but I made

playback what I'd just said. "Testing, testing, one, two, three," it repeated faithfully. I assigned the clip to a memory slot and saved it. Then I simply handed it back to the woman I'd blagged it off.

"I have to ask," said Beth, "you've never seen that machine before?"

"Nope," I said. "Been a pretty poor excuse for an experiment if I had, now, wouldn't it?"

There was a lot of muttering which I took for agreement. Beth smiled and shook her head from side to side. "Did we all get what just happened here? Not you Amanda. You've just had your mind read. Not in any obvious way I have to say, but read none the less."

Amanda was the woman whose voice recorder I'd 'borrowed'. She shifted about in her seat, rather uncomfortably I felt.

"So, there you are back in Yorkshire," said Beth. "I don't suppose anything happened while you were there?"

Holly surprised us all by answering that. "Unless you count General Lisa giving orders that everybody obeyed without question - and that includes her mum and dad."

I knew Lisa had thought about that a lot, both while we were on the plane with nothing much to do and later.

"I just knew what I needed them to do," she said. "I asked and they did it. And, yes, that included Mum and Dad. Mind you, it also included an airbase full of people and a squad of marines." She giggled. "Their sergeant saluted me."

"Well just remember who's in charge here," laughed Beth. "Although if you said 'jump', even I might say 'how high?'"

Lisa waited until the general laughter had died down a bit. "We didn't need Holly's umbrella in Tokyo, nothing bothered us - until we heard about Holly's dad."

"Mm. I could feel myself getting stressed and wound up," said Holly. "I had to get back - I *had* to and I did! I ended up in our front room at home. Actually, I don't know how, how I knew to go there or what it meant. I couldn't go to Dad I don't suppose, I didn't know where he actually was. Perhaps the front room was a sort of default setting. Anyway, there I was. I told Lisa and Jody I was ok and Lisa just said to go to Dad at the hospital, which is what I did. I don't *think* I broke the sound barrier but I'm not sure."

"We had to try to explain to the people in Tokyo where she'd gone," said Lisa. "Yoshiko understood at once - we'd used that trick on *her* after all. Everything was fine until Holly called us again."

"All the lights had gone out," said Holly. "The machinery carried on going and some dim lights came on but there was definitely something wrong. Mum collared a nurse or somebody and made him tell us what was going on. That was when I called Lisa and Jody."

"Holly was really, really upset," said Lisa. "Understandable really - she thought her dad was going to die. Somehow we linked up, two of us in Tokyo and one of us all the way back in England. I sort of took all the distress I knew she was feeling and dumped it into that link. I have no real idea how I did that, just as I don't know if Jody and I went or if Holly pulled us."

"Holly pulled us," I said. "No question. If it'd been us, I'd have ended up in my house and Lisa would have ended up in hers. We ended up in the hospital ICU - still sitting down."

"But we were so closely linked that we could have taken where we needed to go to from Holly," said Lisa.

"Hm. Ok. Yes, possibly. Point taken," I said.

"Now Lisa took over again," grinned Holly. "I even forgot how exhausted I was as I ran to find the answer to the question she asked me."

"You too?" I said. "Anyway, Lisa led the way down to the standby generator. She knew we could find it."

it, I swear she did.”

Lisa took up the story, “~~We found a couple of men scratching their heads. They knew what was~~ wrong, but it’d have taken them hours to fix it - hours we knew we didn’t have. They told Jody what the problem was. She understood even if Holly and I didn’t. The men produced a handbook - with drawings. That was enough to let Jody ‘see’ what she was doing. She reconnected the spade-thing inside the engine - with her eyes closed! All Holly and I did was link up and hold onto her. I could feel her using my strength and energy to do what she needed to do.”

“Don’t all look at me!” I said. “I just did what needed doing. Worked anyway, engine started firing again. Lights came back on and the ICU came back up to full blast again.”

“Holly pretty well passed out,” said Lisa. “Not quite as bad as me when I came back from California, but we’ve spent the last week recovering.”

“Ok,” said Beth. “Jody, you seem to be in charge of experiments. Any way we can recreate the generator thing?”

“Maybe,” I said. “Need something enclosed, so we can’t see inside, with drawings or pictures of what’s inside. Oh, and it needs to be obvious when we’ve done something to it.”

Somebody said, “What about the diascope machine? Ruddy things blown its fuse again. You know how long *that* takes to dismantle.”

“Hm. If you can fix that, we can display the latest pictures of you.”

“Is that the one in the conference room?” I asked.”

That’s the one. Can you do it if we give you the handbook?”

“We’ll have a go,” I said. “Err - do you all want to relocate there while the three of us have a little snack? You could take the funny-camera as well.”

Beth laughed out loud. “Ok, ok. Snacks and fizzy drinks. We’ll need about twenty minutes anyway. How about if you look at the handbook while you scoff?”

While mouths were fully engaged with food, minds were still chattering away.

“Reckon you can do it Jody?” ‘asked’ Lisa.

“Should be easy enough, although I won’t say ‘easy-peasy’ just in case,” I ‘replied’. “Much the same as the engine really.”

I looked at the book Beth had given us. It did seem straight forward. I could visualise where the fuse was, I just had to fish the old one out and fit a new one in.

In the conference room they’d set up all kinds of stuff, cameras of various sorts together with other machines and meters that measured everything from the room temperature to one strange machine Holly said was a gravimeter - a kind of seismograph. That measured earthquakes! I was fairly sure we weren’t going to cause one of those! One thing they didn’t do, thank goodness, was connect us up to any of the diagnostic machines they usually torture us with.

The old diascope was sitting on its usual table at the back. The three of us stood facing it. Lisa put her hand on my left shoulder while Holly used my right. Immediately I felt us change from three girls to just one!

“Woo. Haven’t done this since last weekend,” ‘said’ Holly.

“It’s a bit bloody intense,” I ‘said’.

“Shut up the pair of you and let’s see if we can amaze and confound these nice people,” ‘said’ Lisa. “Where did they put the spare fuse?”

“There on the table,” I ‘said’ “Let’s go for it.”

I closed my eyes. I could still ‘see’ the drawings in the book, now on the table next to us, but superimposed on this was a sort of picture of the actual printed circuit board-thing inside the machine.

I prised the fuse out of its holder, using what had to be telekinesis. The fuse slowly rose into the air and I held it inside the machine until it was clear of the holder. Then I held out my hand and 'told' the dud fuse to be on my palm instead of inside the machine.

Now I turned my attention - literally - to the nice, new, shiny, fuse sitting patiently on the table. I 'told' it to stop being on the table but to be inside the diascope machine please. The fuse obliged by vanishing from its position on the table to reappear instantly hovering a fraction above the fuse holder. I let telekinesis take over and pushed the fuse down into the spring jaws of the holder with the tiniest sound of a click.

I opened my eyes. "Ok. Try it now."

Somebody pushed a plug into a wall socket, somebody else turned a switch on the machine. A square of light appeared on the screen at the front of the room. There was actually some applause!

"Is that what you wanted to see?" I asked.

"Not that we actually *saw* anything," said Beth. "But - yes. Now we can look at the pictures we took as the first thing."

While Beth was busy messing about with the diascope, I noticed somebody taking away bits of the funny-camera again. I'd be interested to see what this one showed myself.

The earlier pictures were impressive enough. As a comparison, somebody had fetched the pictures of Lisa and me asleep. They showed these first. There was the familiar purplish glow around us both with the fuzzy link joining us together. The pictures from today were a different matter altogether.

Not only were our auras - or whatever the camera actually photographed - much brighter and more solid, the links between us were more or less the same size as we were. If these links were a measure of our mental state, then we were what Holly would call an order of magnitude or more stronger.

There was a lot of muttering. But the show wasn't over yet - oh no. The latest prints came back, the ones taken when we linked up to change the little fuse. There weren't three auras, linked together, there was just one - and you could barely see the three of us in the centre of it, it was so bright and sharp.

# Four

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Lisa broke the awed silence. "Well, I guess that explains why we feel like one girl instead of three when we do that."

Then it was Holly's turn to chase the silence into a corner. "Don't know about little bullets, the thing looks like it'll deflect a nuclear bomb - and before you ask - I have no plans to try experimentally."

That caused a certain amount of laughter, some nervous, some excited, and a couple I'd swear were hysterical. Beth just smiled.

"I really don't know where we go from here. You three are now so far beyond what we know, or thought we knew, that I don't think there's any point running any more tests or experiments on you. Just promise me you'll keep telling us what you're up to, and what you manage to achieve."

Lisa spoke for all three of us. "You know we will Beth. Err - there is one other thing. You know how we made Holly 'wake up'? Well we might be able to do it to others as well."

She explained about Yoshiko, and about being able to send the sense of the words, even when the person thought at doesn't speak the same language.

Eventually Lisa must have had enough. "Let's vanish," she 'said'. "Frankly, I'm hungry again and think I want a bit of fun for a while. These last few days have been too serious for words."

I 'said', "Yes, good idea." But Holly just sent a picture of a hand with a thumb sticking up. The thumb was about three times too big for the hand, a sort of cartoon thumb. Brilliant. I think Beth wondered why we were all three grinning, but she's used to us having conversations nobody else can hear.

General Lisa led her troops out of the lab building and into the town proper. There we happened upon a convenient McDonalds. If the staff wondered why we ordered two burgers each, they didn't comment. Good job we get some money from the jobs we'd been doing, we were going to bankrupt mums and dads if we carried on at this rate.

Telepathy is brilliant. As I was pushing food into my mouth, I was also discussing what we might like to do for the rest of the afternoon.

"Well I vote we hit the shopping centre and check out the local male population," I 'said' with my mouth full.

"Weren't much good last time we looked", 'said' Lisa, likewise physically engaged.

"Might be better this time, you never know. Anyway, Holly's not been in the centre much. She might find something that takes her fancy, and I don't mean a new dress."

"Hey, knock it off," 'said' Holly. "Not into that stuff quite yet. Mind you ... no harm looking I don't suppose."

"Jody, I hold you personally responsible for the deplorable attitude of our youngest member," 'said' Lisa in a pompous 'voice'. Then she laughed and nearly sprayed the next table with crumbs.

Our local shopping centre was a patchwork of shops, some cheap, some expensive. Naturally we chose to tour the expensive ones. Just about one of the most expensive was a jewellers. The most expensive - and the most noisy today. There seemed to be an argument of some kind going on.

"Seems like fun in there today," said Lisa. "Let's go and see what's going on."

As we got nearer the shop, we were almost run over by people running out.

“Get away girls,” one woman screeched. “There’s men in there with *guns*.”

Guns eh. Wouldn’t bother us. I said so.

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“Need to be careful,” said Holly. “If stuff bounces off our shield, it might hit people around us. We’ll be ok, but ...”

“Ok,” said Lisa. “They’ll probably not come out this way anyway. *I* wouldn’t. Let’s go in and see if we can persuade them to go out the back door.”

That suited me. I had a trick I wanted to try involving guns. Soon enough, the rush of people leaving the shop dried up a bit. The three of us advanced on the door.

“Shields up,” ‘said’ Lisa.

I ‘heard’ Holly laughing. “Yessir Captain Kirk sir.”

As one girl, in more than one meaning of the words, we advanced into the shop. There seemed to be four or five men in woolly hat-things waving guns, and about the same number of staff. The staff had their hands up, good survival instinct there I thought. We walked slowly, waiting to be noticed.

Eventually a couple of guns were pointed in our direction. We’d had much bigger guns than that and missiles, fired at us - a couple of little handguns? No problem. Now for the trick I wanted to try.

I looked carefully at one of the guns held by one of the men. Then I firmly ‘told’ it not to be in his hand, but in mine instead. Then I did exactly the same to other gun pointing in our direction. Now I had two guns and two of the men didn’t. I waved my new toys as menacingly as I could.

“I think all you nice staff members should lie flat on the floor,” I heard Lisa call out. They didn’t move so she shouted, “*Now, dummies!*”

When General Lisa gives orders, people do as she tells them. The staff hit the floor like felled trees. Not a moment too soon. The remaining couple of guns opened fire on us.

I didn’t try to return fire. Somehow I knew exactly what would happen if I did - and busted fingers figured quite prominently. Holly had been busy deflecting bullets. They were turning through a neat right angle and embedding themselves in a handy bit of wall to our left. I had the thought that it ought to look like the films, where all the glass display cases would have been shattered in a huge shower of glass and stuff. Our way was much neater.

The ‘hail of bullets’ was really more like trickle. It wasn’t long before there were little clicks instead of bangs. Lisa smiled and said, “Give up yet?”

I think it was that that pushed the men over the edge. They ran for it - through the back door - just as Lisa’d said.

Outside was a car, engine running, doors open, the works. Our men jumped in and the car sped off. Lost them? Not ruddy likely. We three could fly far faster than any piddling car. We proceeded to do this.

Now I guess Supergirl and her friends could have flown high enough to go in a straight line following the car with x-ray vision or whatever. Despite what I like to think now and then, we weren’t actually Supergirls. We had to follow the car along the streets, just a few tens of metres up. Lisa had made a telephone appear. In order that she didn’t accidentally try to fly through a building while distracted on the phone, she made us link up. This had the effect of making her follow us exactly, and we could listen to her phone conversation.

“Emergency. Which service do you need?”

“Police please. We’re chasing jewel thieves.”

The tone of voice at the other end was sceptical. It also said, ‘not my problem, the cops can deal with it’. “I’ll put you through.”

There were clicks and stuff, then, “Police. How can I help?”



“We’re chasing armed men down Market Street. They’ve just tried to rob Stevensons in the centre. You’d better hurry, they’ve turned into Bridge Street. I think they’re heading out of the town.”

“They won’t get far running.”

“They’re not *running*. They’re in a car. We’re in the air above them.”

“You’re what?”

“What I said. Look, this is Lisa Chandler speaking. I have Jody Kenyon and Holly Merrick with me. Ask your colleagues what that means, then get a move on!”

I almost laughed as I got the impression the cop was about to say ‘Yes Ma’am’. He didn’t though. There was a pause while he obviously took advice. Then he was back.

“Traffic have said can you give them details of the car?”

“Thought you’d never ask,” said Lisa. “Hang on one tick”

I knew what she needed. “I ‘said’, “Black Audi A6 estate. It’s the 3 litre Quattro model. Probably nicked.”

Lisa repeated all this down the phone together with the registration number. “Do you want me to stay on the phone and tell you where we are?”

“Could you?”

“No problem. Ok. They’ve turned right into Link Road. Now left into Kings Drive. Doing probably forty or so miles an hour. Now right into Melrose Road. Oops, just squeaked through the lights at Queensway.”

Lisa’s running commentary continued for some minutes. I wasn’t sure how she knew all the road names, not sure - but not surprised. “Heading for the District roundabout and the Leeds road I think it is. Yep. Straight across the roundabout and onto Leeds Road. One of your chaps is behind them.”

“Should be one in front as well. Can you see from where you are?”

“Yes. Not moving. One of them’s out of the car.”

I think I ‘said’, “Stinger,” just the merest fraction before the cop on the end of the phone.

Those things must be fiendishly difficult to use, at least when you see them on TV they don’t usually get it right. This time? Spot on. The Audi went straight over the spikes. The guy working the spikes even managed to get it out of the way of the following traffic car.

The thing about the Quattro is that it has skinny tires, wide enough across but not very high. It’s called low-profile. That means there isn’t much air to let out. The Quattro stopped in a shower of sparks. Five men fell out and scattered.

“Chase the ones with the guns,” ‘said’ Lisa. “That way nobody should get hurt.”

There were only two guns, I had the other two. For some reason, both men chose to go the same way - probably thinking they could help each other to shoot their way out of trouble. Didn’t work.

The three of us followed above them, I’m not even sure if they knew we were there. We followed as they ran round a few corners and across a couple of gardens. Eventually they slowed to a walk. Lisa decided we should pounce.

“Land in front of them,” she ‘said’. “But stay together.”

“Lisa,” ‘said’ Holly. “We don’t need to do that. I can protect us at umpteen metres apart.”

Lisa isn’t our Director for nothing. “Right. Holly and me in front, Jody behind. Wave the guns a bit.”

So that’s what we did. The sight of Holly and Lisa just dropping down to land in front of them must have upset the men a bit. They turned to run away - to find gun-toting Jody behind them! I grinned as I thought to myself, ‘Come on. Make my day’.

The grin was set to last for only a second. They were both carrying guns - reloaded guns - and the

used them.

The grin wasn't missing for long. Just because Holly wasn't standing next to me didn't mean all the bullets hit me. What they hit was a metal dustbin - with a sound like a huge bag of spanners dropped from about a mile up.

While I had the gunmen's complete attention, Lisa had been busy. Leaving Holly to see to protecting me, she'd found a washing line. That proceeded to make like a snake, wrapping itself around the two men's legs. They only noticed this when they tried to run away after their guns were empty.

Running away didn't happen. Falling flat on their faces happened instead. The three of us proceeded to sit on the backs of the two men to await reinforcements. These arrived at the run, obviously drawn by all the noise we were making.

Seemed like the whole Police Force had turned up. The three of us got to our feet and let the cops haul our men to their feet. *Then* they noticed me holding guns.

"For Heaven's sake be careful!" cried one of the cops.

"What's the matter?" I grinned. "Oh, ok. Hang on."

One by one, I pulled the clips out of the guns, laying them in a neat line on the ground in front of me. That included the other two empty ones Lisa'd collected off the two men as they fell over. Soon we had a line of four disassembled guns.

"Safeties are on, no bullets. Safe enough for you now? Wouldn't want to fire one of those anyway. Cheapo Polish imports. You'll be wanting all our fingerprints?"

There were a lot of bemused expressions as evidence bags were produced and bits of gun sealed away for later scrutiny I supposed. The cops looked a bit shocked. Holly added fuel to the fire.

"Right. All the shots here ended up in the dustbin - yes - all of them. Just because that's not where the guns were pointing is no reason for doubting. By the same token, all the shots in the jewellers' again - all of them - will be in the same bit of wall to the left of the doorway. Two guns fired all the shots, the ones with the currently empty clips. Jody took the guns with full clips off the men before they had time to pull the trigger."

Lisa took charge again. "You'll find plenty of people at your HQ who know how to contact us. If you have any problem, speak to the Ministry of Defence, or the CO of the airbase north of the town."

"Ok," she 'said'. "This time we give them a show. Yes?"

"Oh, goody," I 'said'. "Can we try some aerobatics?"

"No. Behave. A dignified withdrawal - at least until we're out of sight."

The three of us lifted into the air more or less together. It took only a few seconds to be high enough and far enough away so the men couldn't see us. Laughing out loud, Lisa did a loop-the-loop. "Whoa! I enjoyed all that! Did I say I wanted some fun for the rest of the afternoon?"

"Brilliant," said Holly. "Anyway, my place for tea? Mum's stocked up again after last weekend."

As we made our way through the air to Holly's, she made her shocking-pink mobile appear to ring. Her mum to put the kitchen on Red Alert.

# Five

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Given all the fun and games and general euphoria during the course of the day, I wasn't at all surprised when pretty much as soon as I went to sleep that night, I woke up again almost at once - JodyWorld.

Now one of the things about JodyWorld - my imaginary dream world - is that I'm not Jody - I'm Supergirl. I appear to have all her powers, not just able to fly, the whole thing, the lot. Also I *look* like Supergirl. She's - bigger - than me - by quite a lot actually - and I'm not talking height here you understand. To complete the image, I'm dressed as her. Not my old fancy dress costume either - a 'proper' Supergirl outfit - figure hugging top, short skirt, cape, everything. I was looking down at myself - the bits I could see at any rate - and admiring myself when a voice behind me made me spin round.

"No point looking down like that, you won't see your feet anyway. Too much other stuff in the way."

As I'd already realised, it was only Lisa. Complete with Powergirl costume. Looking at her, I began to laugh.

"What's the joke?" she said, apparently slightly offended.

"Oh, not a joke really. Tell me, can *you* see *your* feet?"

She tried the looking-down thing. "Now you mention it, there does seem to be something in the way. Two somethings actually." She joined me in laughter.

"Ok. What are you two laughing at?" A third voice, predictably that of Holly, suitably dressed in her dream world persona as Ultragirl. A glance at Holly only served to increase the hilarity a bit.

"Come on. What's so funny?"

"Try looking at your feet," said Lisa.

Holly tried this. "Hm. Hello? Feet? Where are you?" She stuck out a leg. "Ah, there you are, one of you anyway. Are you two referring to the apparent increase in size of bra required?"

Looking closely at Holly made my laughter dry up a bit. Holly is a year or so younger than Lisa and me - but not here in JodyWorld. She looked to be about nineteen or even twenty rather than her 'normal' seventeen. She looked gorgeous.

Lisa broke up the fun and games. "We going to hang about here all day? What've you got planned for Jody - sorry - Supergirl?"

That made me grin again. Hang about? That's exactly what we *were* doing. We were standing in mid air several hundred metres up. Then I realised I had no idea what would happen next. This is usual for JodyWorld, but this time it seemed a bit more - definite.

"Hm, curious. Don't actually know. What d'you want to do and we'll change the story to fit. Want to get shot at and blown up?"

"Well, that's what usually happens," said Lisa. "Why change a winning combination?"

"Ok." I thought about a war. Two armies bashing each other. We'd done this before, we just went and chose one side to 'help'. Might as well make it interesting, I thought about modern weaponry - rocket launchers and tanks and stuff. As I thought about all this, I became aware of sounds of battle - explosions and gunshots.

It was only recently we'd worked out that we - or rather I - could change the parameters of the

dream, or whatever it was, on the fly, so to speak. Before that I'd just gone with whatever happened happen.

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The three of us zoomed down to where the sounds of warfare seemed to be loudest. Holly, Ultragirl, landed neatly in-between the two armies shooting at each other. Lisa and I hovered above for the moment to watch.

Apparently oblivious to the bullets, shells and rockets bouncing off her or exploding against her she looked round to see which side needed the most 'help'. One side fired three rockets at once. All three hit her and she disappeared momentarily in fire and fragments of rocket. She decided these were the 'bad guys'.

"Come on down and join the fun," she called. We had to use super-hearing to hear her - we had no mental powers here. But we had plenty of physical ones - and we used them.

Lisa and I joined Holly and together we walked forwards into the hail of stuff being fired at us. Having bullets and things bouncing off you is wonderful. Naturally, they had no effect at all. Supergirl is invulnerable.

I had an smashing time trashing guns and tanks. Tanks are easy, you basically just pull them apart. Handguns and rifles you ignore mostly but big guns are lots of fun.

The first one I came to was just about to fire. As the man in charge pulled the rope, I stuck my arm down the barrel. The shell exploded against my hand still inside the gun. The barrel peeled itself open like a banana. It looked like some kind of weird metal flower. The men ran away.

There were obviously bigger guns out of sight further away. Larger shells began to explode around us. One landed at Lisa's feet. She vanished in a huge explosion. When the smoke and dust cleared there was a huge crater, with Lisa still standing where she had been. But now she was about two metres above the crater floor, standing on nothing. She was wearing a huge grin.

Holly, meanwhile, had been using her heat-vision to melt the weapons pointed at her. She just stood there surrounded by an ever-widening circle of useless guns. Another huge grin.

All this fun continued for a little while, until I heard the sound of an aircraft high in the air. I'd been thinking about maybe a big bomb? This seemed to be the result. A large cylinder came whistling down through the air and landed between the three of us, whereupon it promptly and enthusiastically exploded.

Supergirls can't be hurt in any way in JodyWorld, but I wasn't prepared for the violence of the resulting bang. The whole world seemed to be turned inside out. A large area of the ground around us simply turned to white fire. Stuff rushed at us from all angles until we were compressed in the middle of a ball of 'stuff'. Then it all reversed course and exploded outwards at what had to be immense speed. We seemed to be in the centre of a huge ball of white fire, apparently so hot that even the air itself couldn't exist as a gas. Holly told me later we were standing in a ball of 'plasma', which at that point at its centre was probably hotter than the surface of the sun.

I could see a wall of cloud expanding away from us on every side. There was what looked like a mountain of cloud above us. The surface of the ground we were 'standing' on was just a molten slag, which would probably solidify like a kind of glass.

Lisa spoke first. "Who's idea was the atom bomb?"

"Err, sorry Lisa. Just wanted a big bang."

"Well you got that alright. Wonder how you knew what it'd be like, here in the middle?"

"Jody probably doesn't know, but I think I do," said Holly. "We must be able to share details. We're still linked even though we don't seem to have any mental powers here."

I grinned. "Can't top that anyway. Probably wake up in a minute."

We let ourselves lift into the air and fly out of the zone of destruction. Here in JodyWorld we can fly fast. Away from the blast, we landed again.

---

“Don’t try that again,” said Holly. “Normal stuff please.”

“You’re probably right,” I said. “What d’you think Lisa? Lisa? *Lisa?*”

Lisa was kneeling on the ground holding her head. She was moaning gently. “No, they can’t. They mustn’t. Fire on the hillside. They’re all dead!” She vanished.

“She’s woken up,” I said. “Something’s wrong. What did she mean, ‘they’re all dead?’”

“I don’t know,” said Holly. “We need to wake up.”

“I don’t know how to get here or leave,” I said. “It just happens. I can’t do it to order.” Something was horribly wrong - and I didn’t know what it was or what to do about it!

I was - dithering - is the only word. About the only thing I wasn't doing was biting my fingernails. It was only later that I wondered if I actually *could* bite my fingernails here in JodyWorld.

While I was obviously thinking all sorts of stupid thoughts, Holly had been thinking clearly at least.

She stood in front of me, held both my arms, and gave me a shake. "Jody. *Jody!* Listen to me! You can change the parameters, change what happens here. Change things so that you - so we - can leave whenever we want."

I struggled my thoughts into some kind of order. Simple when you looked at it. I concentrated on making it possible for us to wake up when we wanted to. It must have worked because Holly grinned and vanished. My turn then, I should wake up. And I did.

The first thing I was aware of was Lisa crying. Her mum and dad were with her, she must have screamed or something. They probably thought it was a nightmare. They had no *idea*.

"Lisa! What's wrong?" I 'asked' her.

"It's ok, it's ok. I'm better now, at least a bit. I - saw something. No - not saw - at least not with my eyes. With my mind. A hillside, a hillside with burning wreckage all over it - and people - people just lying there. They were all dead!"

Lisa was getting upset again. "Tell your mum and dad you're talking to us," 'said' Holly. "They'll be wondering what's giving you the shakes again."

There was a pause as Lisa did this. Then she was back.

"Mum says it's either just a nightmare or ..." she paused, then continued, "...or it's a premonition she calls it a 'Precog'."

"If there's a name for it then the lab might know what it's about," 'said' Holly.

It was getting on for dawn, there was no question of going back to sleep. The three of us lay in our various beds and talked about what Lisa had 'seen'.

"What d'you think the wreckage is Lisa?" I 'asked'.

"Hm. I'd say it's an aeroplane. I can see wings, bits of what look like wings anyway."

"So it's a plane crash?" 'said' Holly.

"Seems like it," 'said' Lisa. She seemed a little bit less upset now. Maybe talking about it was helping.

Lisa called it a 'vision', it was horrible but I knew it was just that - a vision. If it was something that was *going* to happen, then maybe - just maybe - we could change that 'going to happen' into 'didn't happen'.

"Ok, Lisa," 'said' Holly. "You're the Director of our little band. What d'we do?"

I felt Lisa's mind change gear as she listened to Holly. "Hm. What we don't know is what's caused the crash - or when it'll happen for that matter. About the only thing I could tell was that it's a commercial flight, there were a lot of people ..." she paused, then went on again, "... a lot of people and they weren't in uniform - so it's not a military flight."

"It's ok, Lisa," I 'said'. "We're with you. Hey, wonder if Peter could help?"

"But Peter is the CO of an air force base. What would he know about commercial flights?"

"Bet he could find out."

"Look," 'said' Holly, "I think we should all gather at Lisa's house. It's nearly time to get up

anyhow. I think Lisa'd like a cuddle, what d'you think?"

~~There was a pause, then Lisa 'said', "Mum says come for breakfast. You ok to fly over here Holly?"~~

"Yep, no problem. Might need a few minutes to explain to Mum and Dad."

"Get them to ring my mum or dad," 'said' Lisa. "Same for you Jody."

I jumped out of bed. Now a snag. Today was Sunday, Mum and Dad were still in bed. I tapped on their bedroom door.

"Come on in," said Dad. "I heard you rumbling around, what's the matter?"

I sat on the edge of Mum and Dad's bed. "Lisa's had a premonition, a vision. We think it might be real. Apparently it was pretty awful. I need to go and be with her."

Mum sat up in bed. She seemed to understand at once. "A Precog?"

"Mm. That's what Lisa's mum called it as well I think."

"What was it dear?"

"Plane crash we think. Bad one too."

"Ok. Get dressed and go to her. We'll ring Phil or Jean when we get up to see what's going on."

"Thanks Mum," I got up, twisted round and gave her a kiss, then I gave Dad one as well in case I felt left out.

I had a quick shower - can't neglect the essentials *altogether* - and climbed into a jumper and jeans. A quick goodbye to Mum and Dad, out into the back garden and into the air.

I don't live all that far from Lisa, fast as I was getting there, the Chandler household was already a hive of activity.

"Hello Jody dear. Want breakfast?" asked Lisa's mum.

"Hang on 'til Holly gets here Mum, she's on her way."

I gave Lisa the promised cuddle. "Thanks Jody."

"No problem, any time."

Over breakfast we tried to establish what to do. "I know it's rubbish," said Holly, "but can you remember anything else? Something that might tell us what happened?"

"What's going to happen you mean," I said.

"Picky, picky. You know what I mean."

"Hm. All I really 'saw' was the hillside covered in burning wreckage," said Lisa. Her nose wrinkled up with the effort of trying to remember.

"Let's try to link up," I said. "See if that increases Lisa's ability to see stuff."

"Can't hurt," said Lisa.

We let our three minds merge together, there seemed no real need to touch one another anymore. Three girls became just one girl. Lisa was able to describe what she'd seen in much more detail. It wasn't an actual replay of her vision but there was much more information. I felt Holly shudder.

"Poor Lisa. Must have hit you like a brick," 'said' Holly.

"Mm. Not so bad now, especially now I've shared it. Any thoughts?"

"Not really," I 'said'. "What if we just concentrate and see if you can remember anything else?"

We did this. Lisa tried to remember anything else from the vision she'd seen.

"It's a bomb! It's a ruddy bomb! I remember! That's why I said 'they can't' or 'they mustn't' do something. We've got to stop it. We've got to!"

"Shush, shush," I 'said'. "We'll try. Do you know when, or where?"

"No!" 'wailed' Lisa in my mind. She was beginning to get upset again.

"Lisa! We need our Director," 'said' Holly. "We'll help you."

Holly reached out and touched Lisa's hand. I did the same to her other hand. I could feel Lisa

drawing strength from the contact. She took a deep breath - and her mind changed gear.

"You're right. It's ok. I'm ok."

---

We untangled ourselves to be three girls again, still linked but not nearly so closely. Suddenly Lisa's hand was full of mobile phone. She'd 'told' it to come from wherever she'd left it.

"Ringing Peter. Listen in. Hello? Peter? It's Lisa Chandler."

"Hello my dear. How are you?"

"Not so good. Got a problem."

"What is it? How can I help?"

"There's going to be a plane crash, yes, that's going to be, I've seen it."

"You mean - ,"

"Yes! A premonition or vision or whatever. It's going to happen - unless we can stop it."

Peter was quiet for a moment. Then he asked, "Is it civil or military?"

"It's a commercial flight." Lisa described what she'd 'seen'.

"How sure are you it's a bomb?" asked Peter.

"As sure as I am about the rest of it. But - I can't prove it."

Peter came to a decision. "Right. Let me make some calls. There *is* some sort of alert on at the moment. That's confidential, I haven't told you that."

"Thank you Peter," said Lisa. "We feel better already."

"I'll ring you back in a while. Take care Lisa." And Peter was gone.

"Bloody hell," I 'said'. "What's this alert-thing?"

"Probably to do with the security people, Ministry of Defence or what have you," 'said' Lisa.

"Maybe we should have rung the Minister's office directly," 'said' Holly.

"Probably best this way," 'said' Lisa. "Peter carries a bit more weight than us three."

"Don't know about *that*," I 'laughed'.

"What did Peter say, dear?" Lisa's mum asked. Naturally, she'd only heard Lisa's side of the phone call.

"Some sort of security alert on. He's gone off to warm up some telephone lines. Any more toast?"

"Well that's you almost back to normal Lisa Chandler," laughed her mum.

There *was* more toast and orange juice and stuff. We'd nicely finished this lot off when Lisa's mobile rang. Peter.

"You've caused a stir in Whitehall. Apparently there was some unconfirmed intelligence about a possible bomb on a plane. They're trying to get confirmation as we speak. I've persuaded them to increase the Threat Level from Severe to Critical. That's put my base on full alert."

"We're sorry Peter. Is that a problem?" asked Lisa.

"Heavens no. Just means we'll be ready if anything happens."

"Are there any details about the flight?" I 'asked' Lisa. She repeated this to Peter.

"Yes. Unconfirmed at the moment. It's inbound from Tehran, due at Manchester International at 12:25 local time."

I saw Holly concentrate. "That means it's already in the air," she 'said'.

"Peter, that means it's already taken off," said Lisa.

"Yes. That'd be right. Look, got to go. I'll ring when I know anything else." And he was gone again.

Holly decided to ask difficult questions. "How do we know where the hillside was? Could have been in France or anywhere - anywhere on the flight path at least."

"Don't know," said Lisa. "A hillside is a hillside."

I thought about this. "Lisa? How big were the bits of plane you saw?"



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