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# Skyjack!

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1

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The air hostess smiled. ‘Welcome aboard, sir. Would you like a newspaper?’

‘Yes, please.’ Carl took the newspaper and looked at his ticket. ‘I’m in seat 5F. Where’s that?’

‘It’s near the front of the plane, sir. On the left, there. By the window.’

‘I see. Thank you very much.’ Carl smiled back at the air hostess. She was young and pretty. Just like my daughter, he thought.

He put his bag under his seat and sat down. His friend Harald sat beside him. They watched the other passengers coming onto the plane. Harald looked at his watch.

‘9.30 p.m.,’ he said. ‘Good. We’re on time.’

Carl agreed. ‘And in three hours we’ll be home,’ he said. ‘That’s good. We’ve been away for a long time. You’ll be pleased to see your family, won’t you, Harald?’

Harald smiled. ‘Yes, I will. Have you seen this, sir?’ He opened his bag and took out two small planes. ‘These are for my sons. I always bring something back for them.’

‘How old are your sons?’ Carl asked.

‘Five and almost seven. The older one has a birthday tomorrow.’

‘He’ll be very excited tonight then.’

‘Yes. I hope he gets some sleep.’

*Skyjack!*



*'Welcome aboard, sir.'*

## Skyjack!

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The plane took off. Carl watched the lights of the airport grow smaller below them. Then the plane flew above the clouds and he could see the moon and the stars in the night sky. He lay back in his seat and closed his eyes.

### 2

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Later, he woke up. Harald was asleep. Carl looked at his watch. It was midnight. He called the air hostess.

‘Excuse me. What time do we arrive?’

‘11.30 p.m. local time, sir. That’s about half an hour from now.’

‘Thank you.’ Carl changed the time on his watch.

‘Anything else, sir?’

‘No, I don’t think so. Oh, wait a minute – could I have a cup of coffee, please?’

‘Yes, of course, sir.’ He watched her bring the coffee. ‘She walks like my daughter, too,’ he thought. ‘And she is *very* young. She looks nervous, not sure what to do.’

‘How long have you been an air hostess?’ he asked.

She smiled. ‘Three months, sir,’ she said.

‘Do you like it?’

‘Yes, I love it. It’s very exciting.’ She smiled nervously. ‘Will that be all, sir?’

‘Yes, thank you.’

### 3

## *Skyjack!*

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‘Have a nice flight.’

He drank the coffee and started to read his newspaper. When Harald woke up, Carl showed him a page in the paper.

‘Look. There you are,’ he said. He pointed to a picture. In the middle of the picture stood Carl himself – a short thin man with grey hair, wearing a suit. Behind him, on the left, was Harald – a tall, strong young man, like a sportsman. Both men were smiling. ‘That’s you and me, outside the Embassy,’ said Carl. ‘We’re in the news again. You can show it to your sons. You’re a famous man, Harald!’

Harald laughed. ‘You’re the famous man, sir, not me,’



*‘I’m just a police officer.’*

## Skyjack!

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he said. 'I'm just a police officer. It's my job to take care of you. That's a photo of you, not me.'

'Perhaps. But your children think that you're a famous man, I'm sure. Here, take it, and show it to them.'

'OK. Thanks.' Harald smiled, and put the newspaper in his coat pocket. 'I think I'll have a cup of coffee too.' He called for the air hostess, but she did not come. Harald looked surprised.

'What's the matter?' Carl asked.

'The air hostess,' Harald said. 'She's sitting down talking to those two men.'

Carl looked up and saw the young air hostess. She was sitting in a seat at the front of the plane with two young men. They looked worried and nervous. Suddenly, one of the young men picked up a bag and *walked into the pilot's cabin!* The other man and the air hostess followed him.

'That's strange,' said Carl. 'What are they doing?'

'I don't know. It's very strange,' said Harald. 'I don't like it at all.' He began to get out of his seat, but then stopped and sat down again.

For one or two minutes nothing happened. None of the other passengers moved or spoke. They had seen the young men too. It became very quiet in the plane.

A bell rang, and for a moment they could hear two voices arguing. Then the pilot spoke.

*'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Captain speaking. Please do not be afraid. There is a change of plan. We*

# Skyjack!




When a large plane is hijacked, the Prime Minister looks at the list of passengers and suddenly becomes very, very frightened.

There is a name on the list that the Prime Minister knows very well – too well. There is someone on that plane who will soon be dead – if the hijackers can find out who he is!

And there isn't much time. One man lies dead on the runway. In a few minutes the hijackers will use their guns again. And the Prime Minister knows who they are going to kill.

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