

Hatton Cross - Introduction

This was the novel that never ended! Originally intended to be the fifth novel in the series, I felt it was really going nowhere and so gave up on it and commenced work on Westminster instead.

However, save letting 11,000 words of story go completely to waste, I present it here in its rough first draft and very much uncompleted form.

Hatton Cross was only its working title, mainly garnered from the fact that the story opens at Heathrow Airport but seeing that I wanted to retain the genuine station naming theme for the series, and considering that 'Heathrow Terminal 4' or 'Heathrow Terminals 1, 2, 3' were rather daft sounding names for a novel, I resorted to the next station up the line.

The graphics on the title page below are my first attempt at introducing some visual elements to the title pages of the novels. In this case, it is an adaptation of the three former BOAC logos that appear in the tiling at Hatton Cross Underground Station.

Officially I regard anything that occurs in this uncompleted story as non-cannon as far as the main series is concerned so be prepared for continuity errors!

I leave it to you the reader to imagine how the story went on, indeed if you have any suggestions then feel free to make a comment on the Security Novels Google Group.

HATTON CROSS

Security Novels Series - The Abandoned Novel



John M Upton

HATTON CROSS

Security Novels Series Aborted Novel

"What you are about to see is an historic event" Superintendent Tracy Caverner of the National Security and Police Service told her twin sister Jennifer.

Together they looked across from the observation area of Heathrow Airport's Terminal 4 building at the large Boeing 747 airliner that was starting to board its passengers at the gate prior to departure.

"What you mean the Commander actually getting on an aircraft that is actually going to leave the ground?" Jennifer asked, "You told me he had trouble standing on a chair".

"He does" Tracy confirmed. Her husband, the Chief Divisional Superintendent of the Security Department's London Transport Division was the subject of the conversation. Despite his senior rank, he had always been know simply as 'The Commander'.

"So why are you not going on this jolly then?" Jennifer asked.

"Alpha Command said one of us had to go to this conference in the US and so we tossed a coin" Tracy replied "and he lost".

Both being born workaholics, not only where they made for each other and probably the best crimefighting duo of recent history, they also both hated being called away from the front line.

"I pity the poor cabin crew on that thing" Tracy added.

"Yep".

At customs it was almost needless to say that the Commander was causing a problem as he was involved in a polite but firm exchange of opinions with a junior customs officer with a jobsworth attitude.

"Sir you can not bring a firearm onto a civilian aircraft!" the jobsworth insisted. Despite his height advantage over the far more experience if shorter Commander, this was one battle of wills he was doomed simply not to win.

"Check your regulations laddie" the Commander advised coolly, certain of his imminent victory on this matter. It was then that a third party arrived to defuse the situation.

"Is there a problem Commander?" A senior customs officer of command rank appeared alongside the Commander .

"Ah morning Dave" the Commander replied clearly familiar with the gentleman "Your young whippersnapper here seems to not know Paragraph 23, section 14 of the National Security Service Act".

"Oh" Dave responded as he turned to his young subordinate and together with the Commander, gave him a stern look.

"Paragraph 23, section 14?" the young officer asked.

"Any National Security Officer in uniform travelling on a civilian flight, commercial or international, is authorised to carry a secured licensed firearm providing that the service firearm register is signed at both ports of departure and entry" the Commander recited. He may have a memory like a sieve for things like birthdays and anniversaries but he could quote regulations off the bat at a stroke.

"Yes sir" the young officer capitulated as the Commander grinned with a sense of victorious satisfaction.

"So what on earth are you doing actually getting on a plane then?" Dave asked as the Commander signed the appropriate form on the counter in front of him.

"It would appear that I have been volunteered to attend some awful conference in Washington DC" the Commander explained as he took his gun and reholstered it.

"Tracy not going with you?"

"Afriad not" he explained "One of us has to stay here and keep an eye on the shop, besides I get the distinct impression that the budget would not stretch to two tickets".

"The accountants shall inherit the earth" Dave wryly commented. Being the Commander's opposite number in the Heathrow Customs Division he shared the same dry wit and general cynicism of the world.

"They will probably make the inheritance tax deductible as well" the Commander mooted, clearly not happy at the imminent prospect of flying.

"Have you ever actually been on one of these things?" Dave asked.

"Err no not as such"

"Ah...."

"There he is!" Tracy called out as she saw her husband finally make his way across the tarmac surface to the steps that led up to the open side doorway of the aircraft. Being an

armed security officer meant he was allowed to take a different route to his intended method of transport to the regular passengers who had to make use of the movable link bridge.

"Good morning Sir" the cheery stewardess greeted the Commander's arrival at the doorway.

"Where are the parachutes on this thing?" the Commander enquired, using his dry wit to try and diffuse his general fear of flying.

"You won't need one Sir" the seemingly permanently smiling stewardess replied "this is one of the safest methods of travel possible".

The Commander remained seemingly unconvinced as he entered the aircraft and was guided to his seat in business class by two of the cabin crew.

They left him to sort out his seat as the doors where closed and the passenger transfer bridge was withdrawn away from the aircraft.

"You look worried" a voice familiar to the Commander spoke from the seat behind him. He turned to find Security Department Chief Superintendent Jefferies, one of his old Commanding Officers from way back.

"Its just the concept of being strapped inside a sealed metal tube with two tanks of the most flammable liquid known to mankind strapped to either side and then elevated to some silly height and hoping that the basic law of gravity doesn't decide to take over that bothers me".

"You'll be fine Commander," Jefferies commented as he relaxed back in his seat "It's going to take a lot more than a little gravity to defeat you".

"Well we will see" the Commander, still not entirely convinced of his safety, added. "Anyway, don't tell me they have conned you into this conference as well have they?"

"I am afraid so" Jefferies confirmed.

"You and me together on duty again?" the Commander enquired thinking back to the time when he was Jefferies deputy and the numerous often dangerous investigative scrapes they got into.

"The last time we worked together, we both got shot" Jefferies reminded the Commander which made him double check he still had his gun with him.

"Should be fun....."

The massive aircraft finished taxiing to the end of the runway and began its take off.

Observing the launch of the mammoth craft into the sky, Tracy waved farewell to it even though she knew that her husband had no chance of seeing her from that distance.

Seeing the aircraft disappear into the distance becoming just a mere speck in the vast sky, Tracy and her sister left the viewing area and made their way down through the complex to the Underground Station.

"Do you think that mad husband of yours will be all right?" Jennifer asked as they waited on the single platform for the arrival of the next train back to central London.

"Oh yes" Tracy responded with a wry grin "he will be all right. Its just if he gets into anything, then America will not know what hit them".

"Thank god for that" the Commander commented as he felt the jolt caused by the wheels of the aircraft touching down on the hard concrete of the runway at Dulles International Airport in Washington DC.

"I hate to be the bearer of bad tidings" Jefferies added from the seat behind "but we are going to San Francisco".

"And....." the Commander had failed to realise that he was still not at their final destination yet.

"We still have a few more hours flight ahead of us".

"Bugger...."

"Morning all" Tracy called as she entered the control room at Holborn, the head office of the London Transport division of the security service.

At the main control console desk sat Lieutenant Commander Simon Fuller, the resident IT expert and now reveling in his new title of Deputy Operations Commander. He did want a sign on his office door but the ever watchfull accountants had said no.

"Morning maam" he mumblingly replied without even looking up from his desk.

"Anything happen overnight?" Tracy enquired of Fuller who continued to remain glued to whatever it was he was working on.

"What?" Fuller looked up as if in sudden realisation that someone was really trying to communicate with him.

"Earth to Simon, hello?" Tracy waved and smiled at him.

"Err, there was a one under at Dagenham late last night" Fuller responded consulting his battered but trusty clipboard "A brawl at Earls Court and the usual round of nutters and loonies including one chap at Mill Hill East who boarded a tube train carrying a stolen fencing panel".

"I expect he will ask for several other fences to be taken into consideration" Tracy joked, however unusually, Fuller did not respond in his usual way.

"Ok what's wrong?" she asked.

"Oh nothing" Fuller responded and scurried away back to his office.

"I swear this place is going bananas" Tracy commented to herself and headed for the Commander's office that she shared with her currently absent husband.

She momentarily contemplated making an effort to tidy up the Commander's side of the office, his desk was a text book example of the chaos theory in action with piles of old files and sticky notes littering the desk and the little used computer on it.

Tracy decided it would be a pointless effort and with a wry smile went over to her own contrasting neat and organised desk where she leafed through the various notices and memos on the desk which had been placed there earlier that morning for her attention.

The phone rang on the desk and Tracy put down the papers before reaching over and answering it.

"Divisional Commander Caverner" she announced.

"Tracy?" the Commander called "It's me".

"Hello love, where are you?" she asked.

"Mid air I think" the Commander replied over the on board public telephone which the aircraft was fitted with. It was an unusual example of the Commander managing to use a piece of modern technology correctly.

"When do you land?" Tracy enquired.

"Already did and then took off again" the Commander explained "We had a stop over on the way for a couple of hours. Anything happening there?"

"Only the usual chaos" she responded "Only Fuller's in a funny mood".

"Define funny"

"Shut away in his own little world" Tracy replied "Trying to get a response to a question out of him is like trying to get sense out of a Vorlon".

"Glued to his desk and scurrying around with scruffy bits of paper by any chance?" the Commander enquired after a short pause for thought on the matter.

"That would be it".

"Probably something to do with that mad twin sister of yours" the Commander concluded "He has not been quite the same since she caught your bouquet at our wedding".

"Sir, we are landing in a few minutes" the stewardess informed the Commander.

"Oh right thanks, Tracy I got to go"

"Don't cause any chaos".

"Me? Chaos?" the Commander responded with barely disguised sarcasm creeping into his voice.

"Yes you. I love you"

"Love you".

Having returned to his seat and as instructed, fastened his seat belt, the Commander reached inside his uniform tunic and pulled out his passport from which he removed a photograph of Tracy. Seeing him looking at his wife, a smile of happiness on the Commander's face, Jefferies leaned forward.

"You really do love that girl don't you?" he commented.

"Quite frankly, I would die for her".

"Blimey...." Jefferies pondered as he sat back in his seat.

A jolt ran through the body of the aircraft as the wheels touched down on the concrete, the screeching of the tyres at the point of contact just audible above the roar of the four mighty Rolls Royce engines.

"Well that was not so bad" the Commander commented as the plane slowed and began to taxi towards the terminal.

"See" Jefferies confirmed as he released his seat belt "I told you there was nothing to worry about".

The Commander was still a bit skeptical about this whole flying thing even when he was alighting the aircraft and making his way towards customs and passport control.

"Business or pleasure?" the Immigration Official enquired. The Commander looked down at his formal dress uniform with its medal ribbons and gold insignia and then looked back up at the jobsworth official before replying.

"Take a wild guess my dear".

"Hmmm" the official pondered and looked down at her clipboard at the next standard question.

"Are you now or have you ever been a communist?"

"Niet comrade"

"Sorry Sir" a new voice interceded. The Commander turned and saw a supervisor alongside him who guided him to one side "You should have been processed in the office" he explained.

"Lead on".

Jefferies and the Commander followed the supervisor to a side office, a glass walled room with one way visibility from the inside.

"Sorry about all that" the Supervisor explained "It's just that we don't get many armed Security Service officers through here".

"Quite all right" Jefferies confirmed.

"You two are the second and third I have had through here from the UK today".

"Come again?" The Commander enquired. They were the only two delegates from the UK who were supposed to be at this conference and the potential presence of a third unannounced party heightened the Commander's senses.

"Yeah" the supervisor confirmed as he reached over the desk for the register which recorded all authorised armed personnel who had entered the United States through that port of entry.

The Commander skimmed down the list and looked at the last name, a UK based security officer whose name certainly did not ring any bells with either of the two officers present.

"You saw the ID of this chap?" the Commander asked.

"Yeah, Superintendent Harrison" the Supervisor double checked the records "Standard issue six shot Smith & Wesson revolver serial number 132456574".

"Hang on a minute" the Commander retrieved his own gun from the holster and looked with failing eyesight at the serial number embossed on the side.

"Thought that sounded familiar" he responded and showed the Supervisor the weapon.

"How can two guns have the same number?" Jefferies asked.

"Assuming its not a clerical error" the Commander mused "Something is seriously amiss".

"Do you have a picture of this chappie?" the Commander enquired.

"Er yeah" the Supervisor, by now throughly confused, responded, reaching across to a computer and calling up CCTV footage of passport control. He quickly spun through the footage to the time point where the mysterious Security Office checked in and signed the register.

"There he is" the Supervisor announced. Both officer looked at the image on the screen.

"Bugger....." the Commander murmured.

"Well there goes the quiet junket" Jefferies added.

"Can I borrow your phone?" the Commander asked.

"I'll tell you what" Tracy barked with authority "As I am always considered to be non-discrimatory, I'll have all three of you arrested, then you can sort out this sorry mess between you in a cell overnight!"

Tracy happened to be in the area when this incident, a major fracas between three rather tall stout football fans, had been reported on the Northern Line platforms at Charing Cross.

By now between herself and three large officers who had also attended the call, they had managed to get the three arguers outside whereupon Tracy was all but reading the riot act until the van arrived to transport them to their accomodation for the night.

It was a dark, early evening in October, the street lights bathing the streets in their slightly yellowish glow. As the three large patrol officers bundled the now considerably calmer prisoners into the back of the van, Tracy returned to her Security Service issue motorbike, its gleaming red paint reflecting the street lights around it.

"Lima Tangon Zero Two from Control" the radio called. Tracy reluctantly leant over and picked up the radio unit from her belt clip and responded.

"Lima Tango Zero Two, go ahead".

"Message from the Commander" the duty despatch officer continued "He says that you and Fuller need to be in a conference call with him as soon as possible".

Tracy looked up ahead slightly bemused for a moment, even thousands of miles away, her husband the Commander was managing to get into something.

"Did he say what it was about?" Tracy enquired.

"He just said that it should be treated as a Condition Green".

"Oh bugger" Tracy murmured.

"Sorry could'nt hear that" the Despatch Officer responded.

"Never mind, I'm on my way:" Tracy confirmed as she replaced the radio back on its belt clip and mounted her machine. After starting the engine and putting on her helmet, she paused for a few moments in thought before engaging a gear and pulling out into traffic.

"All right" Fuller enquired as Tracy entered the conference room back at Holborn "What in the name of Deidre's Aunty is a Condition Green?"

"It was an old way of saying everything was all right over an open communications channel when in fact everything was not in case anyone unpleasant was listening" Tracy explained as she sat down in the seat at the head of the long boardroom style wood table.

"So what is all this about then?" Fuller enquired, clearly curious at this sudden turn of events.

Tracy was unable to answer then as the phone rang. She leaned forward and pressed the button on the telephone unit console for the conference broadcast hello.

"Hello?" the Commander's voice boomed into the room "Is this ruddy thing working?"

"Hello love" Tracy called.

"Love?" the Supervisor asked.

"It's his wife" Jefferies explained as the Commander continued to struggle with this piece of almost modern technology.

"What's occurring sir?" Fuller asked.

"Any of you recall a guy by the name of David Alexander?" the Commander asked.

"Wait wasn't he the Security Service Chief Superintendent that got arrested for involvement in that imbezzlement case a few years back" Fuller inquired.

"That's the bloke" the Commander confirmed.

"What of him?" Tracy asked.

"According to the US Immigration Service Records, he came signed in as a serving security officer about two hours ago" the Commander explained.

"He was unceremoniously fired last year after a lengthy suspension" Tracy had consulted the computer terminal alongside the desk "So what was he doing in the US?"

"I don't know" the Commander responded "but the real clinker is the gun he checked in with had my serial number on it!"

"Anyone detect the odour of the proverbial rodent?" Fuller mused.

"What can we do?" Tracy asked.

"Dig this guy up, raid the records and kick a few doors in" the Commander instructed "I want to know where he has been since he was fired, what he was up to and any connections with the US. He is up to something and I want him nailed ASAP".

"I'm on it" Fuller confirmed as he grabbed his clipboard with his notes and rapidly departed.

"So how was the flight?" Tracy enquired now that she was alone in the room.

"Made slightly better by having Chief Superintendent Jefferies along for the ride" the Commander replied.

"You two together on a case on someone else's patch?" Tracy was understandably worried somewhat "Has the US got any idea what they are letting themselves in for?"

"I think they are about to find out!" the Commander confirmed as he subconsciously checked his gun was loaded and returned it to its holster.

"I love you you know" he added unusually.

"I know" Tracy responded "I love you too, just don't get your head blown off as I am not there to watch your back this time".

"I'll try to remember that, bye".

With the Commander having now disconnected, Tracy was very much alone amidst the silence of the room, only the hum of the overhead lights marring the background and accompanying her deep thoughts.

"Five pence for them?" a familiar voice asked.

"Blimey inflation has struck" Tracy responded looking up and seeing her twin sister Jennifer peering around the edge of the door post.

"Well from the look on your face, it was obvious that your thoughts were worth more than a solitary penny" Jennifer explained as she entered the room and sat down alongside her sister.

"It's that mad bad husband of mine" Tracy explained with a slightly resigned look.

"Ah....."

"He has not even got out of customs and he's wound up detecting something. Trouble is I have this awful feeling something terrible is going to happen".

"You can't take him anywhere can you?"

The Customs Supervisor had seen to it that Jefferies and the Commander were quickly waved through the formalities and soon they found themselves amid the hustle and bustle of the main terminal, seeking their contact who was supposed to meet them here.

"Does the phrase needle in a haystack mean anything to you?" the Commander asked as they surveyed the thronged mass of people that were crowded into the main airport terminal area.

"Chief Superintendent Jefferies?" a voice enquired from behind them causing both officers to turn and see what could only be described as a standard issue Government suit and tie encasing a very standard issue Security agent of non-descript distinctiveness.

"Yes that's me" Jefferies confirmed.

"And you must be the Commander" the agent added.

"You must be our missing needle" the Commander replied.

"Huh?"

"Don't worry about it" Jefferies explained "It's just his way you see".

"Oh right" the Agent responded before regaining his composure and returning to his primary task. "Shall we gentlemen".

The two officers followed the agent out of a side entrance of the terminal to an awaiting car into the rear of which the Commander loaded their bags while Jefferies got in the back seat.

The Commander instinctively went around to the front and got in what would have been the passenger side in the UK to find himself confronted with the steering wheel and driving controls.

"Ah I forgot" the Commander commented as he got back out and went around to the opposite side and sat down in the front passenger seat.

"Drive on lad" the Commander ordered.

"Right then" Fuller muttered to himself as he sat down in front of the computer terminal in his office. It had to be said that there was a chance only he could actually find the computer in amongst the bits of computer, files and paper that made up the wreckage that was strewn around his office.

Fuller called up a file search program of his own making and began to enter search criteria to find anything about the mysterious David Alexander that the Commander wanted to know about.

As the computer initiated its extensive search of thousands of records, Fuller looked across his paper strewn desk at the photograph of Jennifer Caverner that was propped up against the bottom of the monitor although he did have to remove an old memory chip out of the way to see her picture fully.

He was thinking about and almost staring of into the distance when the computer interrupted his deep thoughts with a shrill beeping.

Clearing his thoughts and momentarily rubbing his eyes, Fuller returned to the screen and viewed his search results which the program had effortlessly sorted into various categories.

He clicked on one set of results and attempted to access the files listed but was immediately defeated by an error message warning of an unauthorised access and high level security clearance being required to proceed further.

"Rats..." Fuller commented as he sat up in his seat and began to tap keys furiously. As he continued his quest he looked across at Jennifer's picture again.

"Sorry love" he commented with a wry smile "Looks like I am going to be late tonight".

"Is it normal for you guys to be followed?" the Commander enquired as they continued along the highway from the airport.

"Sorry sir?" the agent responded. He was trying his best to hide an obvious nervousness but with two officers combined talent and expertise he was travelling with, he was failing badly.

"Two dodgy blokes in the bieve car three vehicles back" Jefferies confirmed.

"I am sure you are mistaken Sir" the Agent responded with barely a glance in the rear view mirrors to ascertain the situation.

"Pull over just around this corner" the Commander ordered.

The Agent did as he was instructed, it was almost as though he was expecting this development as he rounded the corner into the side street the Commander had indicated and parked alongside the kerb.

Quickly both officers got out and the Commander went over to the corner of the building at the end of the street and looked around the corner to monitor the progress of the suspect vehicle. However his monitoring would prove to be short lived as he suddenly felt a sharp blow across the back of his head which rendered him immediately unconscious.

Quickly the Agent and the two occupants of the suspect car who had now joined him, carried the unconscious Commander along with the similar Jefferies to a waiting white van and loaded them in the back.

The Agent too a quick look around to establish that there where no significant witnesses before getting into the drivers seat of the van, closing the door and driving calmly away.

"Oh so you want to play games do you?" Fuller uttered in annoyence at his computer. He was still having troubles with the files he was trying to access. Some had surrendered relatively easily to his advanced hacking skills but he was still having serious trouble with the final two he wanted.

"All righty then" Fuller added with a flourish "Try this little trick you buggers".

"You know if you were as nice to those files as you were to me, then it might be more co-operative" Jennifer Caverner suggested.

Fuller almost practically jumped out of his skin as Jennifer appeared over his shoulder with her hands laid upon his shoulders.

"Hello, what brings you into my humble office?" he asked.

"Well when I last looked I could have sworn we were in a relationship together!" she responded with a wry smile of sarcasm "Besides, I was in the area dropping off the Prime Minister at the dentists".

"You know if you keep appearing in my office like this, people will start talking about us".

"Too late, they already are".

"Oh. Well you could always say you were being transferred to this division" Fuller suggested.

"Both Caverner twins in the same Division?" Jennifer mulled "That would certainly make life interesting!"

"It would mean I would see more of you"

"You know if you were not so dedicated to the job and worked all these late nights, you could see more of me straight away".

"Well, I...." Fuller was trying to argue the point but quickly realised he had been defeated by a superior force.

"Anyway" Jennifer enquired "What are you up to?"

"Trying to find everything about a former officer that Commander wants 'nailed' to use his vernacular" Fuller explained.

"Oh yes, and this is what had taken you all night?" Jennifer asked as she put her arms around Fuller.

"Well with some of the more juicier files, I am getting the proverbial computerised get lost". He reattempted to enter one of the blocked files bringing up the message to reinforce Fullers problem.

"Hey I know this joker" Jennifer suddenly realised where she had heard of the name before.

"You know this guy?"

"Yeah, I was covering a guard duty for a high profile court case a couple of years ago and this guy was involved as one of the witnesses" she explained.

"I don't recall anything about it" Fuller responded.

"Probably because it was one of those 'if you ask us it never happened' type cases" Jennifer added "Full press blackout and everything".

At that moment a new message appeared on Fullers computer which raised an eyebrow for both officers.

"You should check your e-mail" Jennifer read from the screen.

"Well thats weird"

"Could be spam advertising" Jennifer suggested.

"Not over the internal system it would'nt be" Fuller responded as he started up his e-mail management program. Sure enough as had been suggested, there was a new e-mail.

"Looks like a fake e-mail address" Jennifer commented as Fuller opened the e-mail.

"Still should be able to trace it though although" he tailed off momentarily as he viewed the contents "I think the sender may have made it pretty difficult".

"Aren't those the files you where trying to access?"

"Yes" Fuller confirmed "and more besides".

"Well hit print then" Jennifer urged "and then we can go back to my place with a nice take away and spend a romantic evening reading it all".

"Well that's a date!" Fuller enthusiastically replied as at least three printers that where jerry-rigged around the office suddenly burst into life.

The United Kingdom Security Service Administrator General looked around the large conference room with increasing concern. Of the party of six officers from the UK who where supposed to be present at this International summit, two of the most important ones where missing.

He looked at his watch and then once again looked around the room, attempting to see if

Jefferies and the Commander were amongst the two hundred or so delegates sat in the room all waiting the imminent start of proceedings.

"Should I send out search parties?" one of the senior officers sat alongside the Administrator General enquired "Only it's not like the Commander to be late".

"Stay here" the Administrator General motioned as he rose from his seat "I am going to check outside and then make a few phone calls".

"But Sir, the conference is about to start" the officer began to protest.

"Nuts to it" the Administrator General murmured as he began to make his way through the delegates and out of the room.

The US Secretary of Homeland Defence began proceedings with a slightly surprised look on his face as he observed the departure of his opposite number from the UK but decided to continue anyway.

Outside through the large double doors that guarded the entrance to the conference room, the Administrator General looked around the fairly empty reception area to see if there was any sign of his missing two office, however only a few security guards and civilian staff were to be seen.

Briskly the Administrator General walked over to the nearby security desk and reached over and picked up the telephone.

"What the hell....." Tracy murmured from underneath the duvet. She had been awoken from a rare deep sleep by the telephone by the side of the bed.

Switching on the bed side lamp, she sleepily reached for the telephone and answered it.

"Caverner" she responded. The voice on the other end of the Administrator General however made her sit up.

"Err yes Sir" she responded.

"What do you mean he's missing?" Tracy suddenly reacted sitting bolt upright now at the shock news of the disappearance of her husband.

"I mean both he and Superintendent Jefferies have not turned up" the Administrator General explained "No one seems to know where they are".

"Did they actually arrive at the right airport?" Tracy demanded. By now she was already out of bed and with the telephone on speaker phone, halfway through putting on her

uniform.

"Yes" he confirmed as he reached past him and grabbed a passing Los Angeles Police Department officer, "Hang on a minute".

"Find every senior Police, Federal and CIA man you can and get them here right now" he instructed before returning to Tracy who was now in full uniform and checking her gun was fully loaded.

"Sorry about that" the Administrator General apologised.

"Quite all right" Tracy confirmed "You start up the search parties at your end and I'll kick my troops into gear back here".

"Don't worry" the Administrator General reassured her "He will be all right".

"I hope you are right".

"I don't suppose you learnt to play from the Commander by any chance did you?" Jennifer commented as she lost another hand of Texas Five Card Hold'em to Fuller.

"Whatever gave you that idea?" he replied as he gleefully scooped up the pile of chocolate biscuits on the table they had been playing for.

"You play like an East London gangland crook on a winning streak" Jennifer responded as she gathered up the cards and began to shuffle the pack.

"It's a good thing I love you otherwise I would never talk to you again" Fuller smirked.

"Good grief".

"What?"

"You said I love you" Jennifer reacted with surprise.

"Did I?" Fuller was somewhat embarrassed he might have slipped something like that.

"It's perfectly all right you know" Jennifer reassured "You are allowed to tell people how you feel". She reinforced her point by leaning across the table and kissing him.

"Perhaps I should say things more often" Fuller responded with a smile.

"Oh yes".

It was at that exact moment that both of their pagers started beeping, ruining the romantic atmosphere completely.

"Don't you just hate it when that happens" Jennifer remarked as she looked Fuller full in the eyes, their noses almost touching.

"Always had bad luck me" Fuller replied as he looked down at the number indicated on the bleeper, "Ere's thats the Commander's office" he added with a worried frown.

"Shields up and phasers on stun then" Jennifer joked as Fuller picked up the mobile phone from the table and speed dialed the office number.

"Fuller here, someone beeped?" He listened for a few moments to the conversation on the other end before responding.

"Yes she's here with me" he confirmed looking across at Jennifer who was readjusting her uniform and looking on attempting to gauge some idea of what was going on.

"We will be right there" he confirmed and hung up.

"What is going on?" Jennifer asked.

"The Commander has disappeared along with Superintendent Jefferies" he announced as he gathered up his files and pieces of paper he had accumulated earlier.

"Any connection with that heap" Jennifer asked, indicating the papers.

"Does the Commander eat chips?"

"Ah...."

"Right ladies and gentlemen" the Administrator General began. He had managed to successfully gather up a team including several members of the FBI and as many Sheriff and LAPD officers as he could muster.

"We are missing two of the UK's most senior Security Service officers" he explained "The Chief Divisional Commander of the London Transport Division and Chief Superintendent Jefferies".

Those gathered watched as he held aloft a couple of rather poor quality faxed photographs at the front of the main foyer of the conference centre. It was at this point he was joined at the front by the three other UK based Security Officers who were supposed to be inside the conference centre.

"Heard you needed some assistance" one of them explained.

"Join the party" the Administrator General urged before continuing his briefing.

"Both officers where last seen at Los Angeles International Airport so we are going to start there. They where both in full uniform and they are armed".

He paused seeing that everyone was paying their closest attention. "In addition we also want to be keeping a lookout for a former UK Officer by the name of David Alexander who came through the airport just a couple of hours earlier and may be connected with the disappearance".

It was clear that everyone understood the seriousness of the situation as the Administrator General issued his final instuctions. "I want that airport and the entire surrounding area turned upside down, inside out and throughly sieved and anything or anyone found brought to me immediately".

"Any questions?" he looked around sternly with the look that said stated that questions where not an option here.

"Good, get to it!"

Tracy's concern was written all over her face as Fuller and Jennifer arrived in the Commander's office.

"Did you turn up anything on this Alexander character" she enquired barely looking up from the desk which was unusually cluttered and beggining to mirror the normal appearance of the Commander's own desk immediately opposite.

"You could say that" Fuller began as he heaved a cardboard box containing all the various files onto the desk.

"I see" Tracy commented as thoughts of a much depleted stationery budget ran momentarily though here mind "And the sum total of this little lot is?"

"He's bent" came Fuller's simply reply before sitting down and offering further explanation.

"I dragged up every file with his name either in or on within the entire Service records except some that had level 1 clearance requirements" Fuller responded.

"Oh dear" Tracy commented as she could feel the weight of other influences beggining to come to bear on the situation.

"However" Fuller continued as he lifted one thick vanilla folder up "When someone within the central system picked up that I was after these specific files, an anonymous e-mail appears on the internal system with the restricted files attached and more besides".

Tracy began leafing through the files which Fuller had now passed to her and it was obvious she was concerned by what she was being confronted with.

"This guy seems to have been the subject of more internal investigations and complaints than I have ever seen" Tracy commented "Oh hello....."

"Something significant?" Jennifer asked.

"OG23" Tracy read.

"Come again?" Fuller enquired.

"Its an Civil Service divisional identification code" Tracy explained "althought you won't find it listed in any manuals or directories, civil or internal".

"Omega Committee, Section 23" Jennifer cut in with resignation creeping into her voice.

"Oh no not again" Fuller commented.

"Shields up and phasers on stun" both twins responded in slightly depressed unison.

FBI Special Agent Edwardo Simpkins was a large man by any stretch of the imagination and clearly a gentleman who enjoyed his food. Indeed there was a bag of cakes in one hand whilst in the other he carried his official identification.

As he looked across the busy airport concourse and contepated the possibility of a cup of coffee, a junior FBI officer came up to him and made his prescence known by a polite cough.

"Tell me you found something" Simpkins inquired now that the possibilty od that cup of coffee had become more remote.

"The two officers where met right over there by a man who then took them to a car outside" the young officer informed him "The licence plate of the car matches an unmarked car that the LAPD lost yesterday evening".

"I don't suppose anyone has seen it since by any chance?" Simkins enquired as together they made for the exit out to the car park.

"It headed into the City but there is no trace of it after that".

"Right, get the number and description circulated, also see if you can pull a picture of the man who met them off the airport CCTV system and circulate that too".

"Do you think we will find them alive?" the young officer asked as they exited the building and reached their car.

"We better had lad" Simkins commented as he climbed into the front passenger seat "otherwise there will be a little lady in London who will give us merry hell".

"Tracy?" the Commander murmured as he came too. It took a few moments for his vision to clear properly and he looked around his new surroundings.

"What the?" he began as he realised that the room or whatever it was he was in, was wood lined and also appeared to be rocking from side to side as though it was moving.

He looked up at the object his head was resting against, a large seemingly discarded empty wooden packing crate with the 'This Way Up' characteristically pointing at the ground.

Shifting around and standing up, the Commander went slight gingerly over to the large opening in the wall of the room and realised he was in fact in a railroad boxcar, its typical wooden construction creaking and rocking as it made its way within a train through what appeared to be scarcely vegetated open desert.

The Commander surveyed the sun baked scene outside, telegraph poles that ran alongside the track passing past at regular intervals and at one point the passing clanging of the warning bells of a railroad crossing interrupted the background sounds of clunking and squealing emitting from the underframe of the ageing vehicle.

Looking around behind him briefly for a few moments, he quickly ascertained that he was alone in the near empty boxcar before he returned his attention to the outside. Carefully leaning forward out of the doorway, he could make out that the car he found himself in was approximately half way along the considerable length of the train that was snaking its way slowly inbetween deep cuttings through solid unremarkable sandstone.

Approximately forty cars of various types seperated him from the three heavy locomotives, two bright yellow and one mucky grey coloured that where powering the mighty freight consist through the desert terrain.

"Well this certainly isn't the Brighton Main Line that is for certain" the Commander commented to himself. Looking at his watch he managed to work out he had been unconscious for at least six to eight hours, maybe even longer. In addition his mobile phone was missing as was the gun from his holster.

Looking inside his uniform jacket, the Commander was quite surprised to discover that his second gun was still tucked into the lower left inside pocket where it had been missed not only by his mysterious assailant but also by the Airport Security at both ends.

"That restores my faith in airport security" the Commander commented as he removed the weapon and checked to confirm it was still loaded.

The train began to slow a little making the Commander return to the open doorway and look ahead to see if they were reaching some form of civilisation. In the distance there appeared to be a small town of some kind, dominated by what appeared to be a seemingly abandoned mine on top of the adjacent hillside.

He sat down on the bottom ledge of the door in the hope he could jump off as the train slowed however he paused a few moments as it slew to the side into a long siding that served a near empty rail yard.

Then with a squealing of brakes and clunking jerky movements as the cars of the train bumped against each other, the train stopped affording the Commander the opportunity to jump down onto the dusty trackside and look around his new sidings.

"Well this is charming" the Commander commented to himself as he surveyed the rail yard with its few discarded long withdrawn wagons in various states of disrepair and the buildings of the small deserted town alongside that appeared to be little better.

Two sharp blasts of the train's horn pierced the air and the freight train began to move off again into the distance as the Commander made his way across the rusty tracks to the main, and indeed it appeared only dusty road that appeared to terminate at the rail yard.

The Commander brushed down his uniform to make himself look a little more presentable before continuing into the town itself.

"Hello?" he called. However the only response was the whistling wind throwing up dust eddies and the echo of his own voice bouncing around the deserted street. A closer look at the buildings revealed that they were all pretty much abandoned with damaged doors and windows, many boarded up and no signs of any recent activity.

A phone box stood at a slightly drunk angle further down the short street which the Commander approached without much hope, an anticipation that was confirmed when he looked inside and found the detached and disconnected remains of the telephone equipment itself.

He decided to return to the rail yard as that was about the only place he had seen where there had been any activity of recent times. A small shack alongside the railway line contained only a few signal frame levers for operating the yard points and a track plan, however this did provide a name for this seemingly insignificant speck on some forgotten

map.

"Lemar Creek" the Commander muttered reading the torn and battered plan on the wall before looking outside at the dust and wind swept tundra "I'm so happy to be here".

"I think we have an address for this Alexander chap" Fuller announced. It was just dawn, the first sunlight of the day beginning to emerge and change the sky to progressively lighter shades of blue.

Jennifer had dozed off alongside Fuller earlier and momentarily looked confused when she was awoken by Fuller's sudden announcement. Tracy however was awake as she was unable to sleep while her head was filled with thoughts of her missing husband.

"Where?" Tracy enquired as she got up and brushed down her uniform.

"St John's Wood" Fuller passed across a piece of paper with an address written on it.

"Right" Tracy announced as Jennifer looked up slightly bleary eyed "Time to go and knock on a few doors".

"Sir!" the young FBI agent called across the airport, causing Simpkins and the Administrator General who were in conference in a coffee shop and probably hoping they could claim their cups of beverages on expenses.

"Yes lad?" the Administrator General responded looking over the top of his small square gold framed glasses.

"The car that picked up our two missing persons has been found along with a white van we have been after for a while" the young officer explained.

"Whereabouts?" Simpkins asked as he tried to speak between gulps of much needed strong black coffee.

"Old rail yard in San Francisco" the Agent responded.

"All the way over there?" Simpkins along with the Administrator General were surprised by how far the vehicles had got and also the potential of the widening of their search.

"Ok then" the Administrator General responded "Lets go, you're driving".

"This is the Security Service" Tracy announced through the firmly closed door of the flat on the third floor of the 1930's Art Deco block of flats in London's exclusive St John's Wood district.

With no response whatsoever, Fuller lifted his leg up ready to kick the door in in his usual classic style.

"Hang on a minute" Tracy urged brandishing a couple of tools from her pockets "We'll do this the subtle way".

"That'll be the 'we don't actually have a warrant so best not to leave too much damage' kind of way then?" Fuller enquired.

"Exactly" Tracy confirmed "It's useful being the daughter of a life long locksmith you know".

Within just a few moments, the lock gave way with a distinctive click and Tracy opened the door with Jennifer and Fuller pointing their guns inside just in case someone really was waiting for them on the other side.

"You take that side" Tracy directed Fuller before pointing ahead to where she wanted Jennifer to go. Tracy herself took the front room situated to the right from the main hallway.

"Despite the quite impressive scale of the flat, it did not take long for the three officers to establish that no one was home so they reconvened in the front room where Tracy was beginning to go through the antique wood bureau in search for any information.

"How much does a nice place like this go for?" Fuller enquired as he reholstered his gun.

"Two or three million I reckon" Tracy responded "Why? Are you looking for somewhere?"

"Maybe" Fuller murmured with a deep thought as he looked across at Jennifer before regaining his composure "Ah well not on my salary, a tad out of my league" he looked around "Nice furnishings though".

"Jennifer" Tracy urged "Check the bedrooms, see if there is any clues in there. Fuller, try the kitchen".

"Got it"

"And make us a cuppa while you are in there" Jennifer called after him as she headed for the bedroom.

In the neatly furnished bedroom, she looked under the carefully made double bed

discovering little more than a cobweb and a couple of dozing spiders. The wardrobe contained clothes which was not all that surprising and a few pairs of carefully polished shoes.

On one side was a traditional writing desk with old style headed notepaper in a stainless steel rack and a traditional ink pen either side of an immaculate blotter.

The drawers of the desk will filled with few items other than stationery and Jennifer began to conclude that this was a search that was to prove fruitless. She was about to give up and return to the front room when she realised something was slightly unusual about the drawers of the desk.

"Simon!" Jennifer called across to the doorway that led to the kitchen.

"Yes dear?" his head appeared through a hatchway, a mug of coffee in one hand.

"Come and tell me oh love of my life if I am imagining things".

"Your not imagining things, I am the love of your life" Fuller remarked with a wry smile.

"I meant this desk" Jennifer indicated the piece of furniture that was the subject of her slight confusion.

"And what about this piece of fine Edwardian furniture is it that attracts your curisoity?" Fuller asked.

"Take a look at the drawers" Jennifer prompted causing Fuller to lean down and open them one at a time.

"The drawers are shallower on the inside than they are on the outside" Fuller remarked.

"Well done" Jennifer responded "Give yourself a gold star".

"Found anything?" Tracy asked as she entered the room, her search of the front room having proved fruitless.

"Looks like we might have a secret compartment in the bottom of the desk drawers" Fuller pointed out.

"So how do we get in then?" Tracy asked as she knealt down and examined the drawers more closely.

"These old things ususally had some sort of slide switch hidden away somewhere" Fuller explained as he began to feel and fumble around beneath the drawers and behind the back of the desk.

The twins looked on leaving Fuller to his seemingly advanced knowledge of antique furniture when there was a distinct metallic click.

"What was that?" Tracy asked.

"The answer" Fuller responded as he knelt back up and looked in the drawer. Carefully he lifted the base of the drawer out, the contents precariously perched thereupon, and handed it to Jennifer before reaching into the lower compartment and removing a significant number of carefully packed and folded documents.

"Looks promising" he commented as he took them over to a nearby table and began to lay them out to view them.

"Well we seem to have a building plan of some kind" Jennifer announced as she joined Fuller in the initial examination of the documents with Tracy looking on "A list of names, some brochures of some kind, what looks like some kind of old personnel files and....." she trailed off as she reached the last document in the pile, a big thick spiral bound report. It was the title in particular that caught her attention like suddenly seeing a face from the past in a passing crowd.

"Oh dear....." Tracy commented as she too saw the reports title.

"Official inquiry into the South Eastern Cadet Divisional Office incident chaired by Sir Richard Hainault" Fuller read from the cover.

"Mmm catchy title" he added before looking around at the expressions of serious concern on the faces of the two twins looking over his shoulders. "I am missing something here aren't I?" he asked.

"Only the most dynamite laden incident report in the history of the Security Department about the most notorious event it has ever witnessed" Tracy responded.

"Oh that report".

Simpkins narrowly avoided being mown down by a switching locomotive as he walked across the rail yard towards the two abandoned vehicles and the various uniformed members of the authorities who were guarding them.

The weather that late afternoon has taken a distinct turn for the worse with heavy rain and thunder taking over from the bright sunshine of earlier in the day and Simkins with his younger sidekick was forced to seek shelter from the overhang of the building immediately adjacent to the abandoned van to try and keep off the worst effects of the weather.

"Nice weather for it!" Simpkins commented to the officer from the Sheriff's Department who was in charge of the soggy scene.

"That it is Sir" the Sheriff Officer agreed, his wide brimmed hat looking decidedly soggy.

"Any sign of them?" Simpkins enquired.

"There are signs that at least one person was dragged from the vehicle in the direction of the rail yard but the marks in the ground have been all but washed away" the Sheriff officer indicated the waterlogged muddy ground beneath them.

"And the building?" Simpkins looked up at the semi derelict warehouse type structure behind them.

"Sent the dogs in half hour ago" the Sheriff responded as the downpour increased in intensity causing him to raise his voice to be heard above the drumming of the rain on the ground and surrounding surfaces. "Not a thing" he confirmed.

It was at that moment that the UK Administrator General appeared and like any good English gentleman, he had had the sense to bring an umbrella with him which he sheltered under with a slightly smug look.

"Afternoon gents" he called, his uniform contrastly dry under his huge golfing umbrella causing some slightly hinted looks of jealousy from his soggy counterparts. "Found them then?"

"I'm afraid not Sir" Simkins confirmed.

"Well dead or alive, whoever is behind this would want to hide or remove our two missing officers quickly as far away as possible" the Administrator General.

"Yeah but where?" Simkins asked now out of ideas and in search of inspiration "The south west is a pretty big area you know".

At that point the Administrator General looked across through the downpour at a freight train that was passing slowly by. The freight cars clunking along the slightly wonky track where their wheelset went across the joints between rails and the pointwork in the yard.

"Simkins" he called "Call the railway company, I have had an idea".

Tracy sat back in the large leather swivel chair behind her desk and looked out of the office window down across the traffic light controlled intersection of Southampton Way, Kingsway and High Holborn before swiveling around back to the desk and looking down at the copy of the Hainault Report that had been recovered earlier from Alexander's flat.

She lifted open the front cover and casually cast an eye over the introductory details which listed who was on the original board of enquiry, a list of key witnesses and a few other relevant opening details.

If there had been anyone in the room, they would have seen Tracy's expression change slightly as she read down that first page. Clearly something was going through her mind but even she was not sure exactly what was troubling her about what she was looking at.

Tracy slid the chair back and got up before moving over to the Commander's desk and beginning to sift through the untidy mass of paper and half empty biscuit packets that routinely littered it despite her best efforts to domesticate her husband in the time that they had been together.

Against most expectations, Tracy came across what she was looking for, a slightly dog-eared piece of paper about the Conference in the US that the Commander was supposed to be attending.

Extracting the piece of paper from amidst the mess, Tracy took it back over to her desk and then compared part of it with the first page of the report.

"Jesus Christ!" Tracy exclaimed at which point Fuller appeared at the door.

"Guess again" he responded with some understandable surprise.

"Come and have a look at this" Tracy beckoned him over to her desk and showed him the piece of paper and the report page. "Tell me what you see".

Fuller compared the two pieces of paper with some thought and then realised what it was Tracy was getting at.

"Now that can't be a coincidence" Fuller remarked as a knock at the door heralded Jennifer's arrival in the room.

"Found something?" Jennifer asked.

"You could say that" Fuller responded as he handed the piece of paper that Tracy had extracted from the Commander's desk to her. "Can you look down that list at the UK and Irish delegations to that conference and then shout out if I call out any names".

"Right" Jennifer responded not entirely sure still what this was all about.

"Chairman of the Investigative Committee Sir Richard Hainault" Fuller began.

"Died about three years ago of a heart attack" Tracy commented.

"Lieutenant Commander Teresa Gogarty of the Irish National Security Service" Fuller read off the report page.

"Divisional Commander Teresa Gogarty, Irish Delegation" Jennifer responded.

"Commander Jefferies"

"Divisional Chief Operations Commander Jefferies".

"Superintendent Albert Mason"

"Retired Chief Divisional Superintendent Albert Mason, advisor" Jennifer confirmed.

"Lieutenant Frank Davies and Commander Eileen McCarthy"

"Deputy Divisional Commander Frank Davies and Divisional Commander Eileen McCarthy"

"Our very own beloved Commander himself"

"Yep, he's on the list as well"

"Commander Richard Evans"

"Administrator General Richard Evans".

"Everybody on enquiry board or main witness list of the original Hainault enquiry is also scheduled to appear in either the UK or Irish delegations at this International Conference" Fuller confirmed.

"Glad I wasn't imagining it then" Tracy responded.

"So what the hell is going on?" Fuller asked "There is no way this can be a coincidence".

"Exactly" Tracy mused as she slowly sat back down in her chair. "Fuller" she called "Get Commander Cassini and his undercover team in here, I have an idea".

"Right" Fuller responded by which time he was already half way out of the door.

Tracy waited until Fuller was gone before beckoning her sister over to her desk with a look of deep thought.

"You look like a girl with a plan" Jennifer commented.

"I am going to go over to the US tonight" Tracy responded.

"You can't" Jennifer replied "The Administrator General said one of you two had to be here whilst the other one attends the conference".

"Which is exactly why you are going in my place, well at least that is what it will appear to be".

"Now just a damm minute....."

"A few adjustments and a swap of uniforms and you becomes me and me becomes you, we are identical twins after all" Tracy responded.

"Do we tell Simon" Jennifer enquired "Considering our err romantic situation, things could get a tad confusing".

"All right" Tracy responded "Just Simon, Cassini and Deputy Administrator General will know that I am not who I appear to be".

"What has Cassini got to do with it?"

"He is our expert on disguises and you need to change your eye colour otherwise someone may notice" Tracy pointed out the genetic misfit of different eye colours between the twins, the only major discerning difference between them apart from slightly different hairstyles.

"So I have to be you?" Jennifer asked.

:"Yep!" Tracy confirmed.

"Can I have a go on your motorbike?"

"Oh alright then"

Cassini knocked nervously on the door and looked around the frame. "You wanted to see me Maam?" he enquired.

"How good are you with coloured contact lenses?"

The Commander dug around in his pockets and found his reserve of chocolate that lay deeply hidden. It was all he had on him to eat but given his usual diet, this was not exactly going to be a problem.

As he slit open the pack and began to extract the first chunks, through the cracked and cobweb obscured window, he became aware of some movement in one of the abandoned box cars across the other side of their rail yard from the hut in which he had set up his

temporary home for the afternoon.

Cautiously, he reached for his gun and opened the old wooden doorway to look outside. At first the Commander began to think he had imagined what he had seen or maybe it was an animal or something, however as he began to walk across the deserted yard, he saw that in the partially open door of the grounded box car, there was a person lying on the floor and moving slowly across into the opening.

"Freeze!" the Commander called bringing his gun to bare on the figure.

"Its me you daft nit!" the slightly raspy voice of Jefferies called.

"Where have you been?" the Commander enquired as he reholstered his gun and helped the injured Jefferies to his feet.

"I have no idea" Jefferies confirmed as the Commander passed a small bottle of water from his pocket to him "I only came too a few minutes ago".

"What the hell is going on?" Jefferies enquired between welcome gulps of water.

"You tell me" the Commander confirmed his lack of information on the situation. "I just remember waking up on a freight train and then jumping off here".

"And where exactly is here my young apprentice?" Jefferies enquired.

"Some abandoned mining town called Lemur Creek" the Commander confirmed as he looked around, a stray dog and the odd tumbleweed the only signs of movement around.

"May I suggest we head back to where we are supposed to be?"

"I was waiting for a train to pass but I read the schedule over there and it says there is only one freight train through here a week by the looks of it".

"What about over there?" Jefferies nodded towards an old engine shed on the far side of the railyard.

"I was about to head over there when I noticed you".

"Well what are you waiting for lad, lets go" Jefferies urged whereupon the Commader helped him back to his feet and he gingerly started walking with him over to the ramshackle looking building.

When they managed to reach it, Jefferies had to sit down, a discarded old packing crate by the rotten wooden doors of the building being his salvation as the Commander began to investigate the interior.

"If you find any wheels in there, see if you can get them started" Jefferies called after him as he sat back almost enjoying the warm sunshine which contrasted with the wet miserable British weather he had left behind in the UK a couple of days earlier.

"Whoa" the Commander commented to himself as he swung a torch around quite cavernous interior of the goods shed and found at least one item of potential use.

"Boss" he called outside "I think we may be in business".

Fuller was busy working away at the cluttered workstation computer in his office when one of the Department's secretarial staff knocked on the door to attract his attention.

"Superintendent Caverner want's to see you in her office right away Sir" she informed him.

Fuller looked up with half a biscuit in his mouth and muttered a thankful reply before gathering up the files on his desk and heading out of the office into the corridor.

He pondered what he was going to do about lunch as he wandered briskly down the corridor towards the Commander's office at the end, indeed he wondered if there was the possibility of taking Jennifer out for lunch.

After knocking politely on the office door, he entered and looked up.

"You sent for...." he suddenly trailed off when he realised that he was seeing double in more ways than normal.

The sight that confronted him was two Tracy Caverner's. Jennifer had been made up with the same hairstyle and contact lenses to correct her eye colour which with the identical uniform, right down to the LT02 insignia on the epaulettes, meant that to all intents and purposes, they were both exactly identical.

"Err" he began understandably confused "Did I miss something?"

"Which one is which?" one of the twins challenged him.

Fuller looked both carefully in the eyes before pointing to the one on the left "Jennifer" he concluded.

"Thank God for that" Jennifer, correctly identified, remarked and kissed Fuller.

"Right then" Tracy declared as she sat back down behind her desk.

"As of this moment, I am Jennifer and Jennifer is me" she began to explain "and only us

three and Commander Cassini know about this".

"So basically as far as the entire world knows, Tracy is still here whilst you saunter off the the US using I assume Jennifer's passport" Fuller concluded.

"Exactamondo" Tracy bowed with acknowledgement of this brilliant plan.

"One teeny weeny problem" Fuller pointed out.

"Yes?" Jennifer asked, clearly with a pretty good idea what was coming.

"How is this going to work between you and me?" Fuller asked Jennifer "I mean you and I are together"

"Ha! Finally got you to admit it!" Tracy allowed herself a little euphoria

"Well anyway" Fuller continued "I am going to be working with my lass but in fact she is going to be someone else's, my own boss as a matter of fact and if I forget myself, well people could talk".

"You'll just have to be discreet" Tracy responded "You can do that can't you?"

"Well yes naturally" Fuller replied "It's your mad sister I am worried about".

"Subtle...." Jennifer responded with a casual fun clip around the ear with a handy nearby file to Fuller.

"Well thats settled then" Tracy responded with a smirk as she took off her uniform jacket and hung it over the back of the chair.

"Wedding ring!" Fuller suddenly called out.

"Oh yes I nearly forgot" Tracy slightly reluctantly responded as she removed the ring from her finger and passed it to Fuller.

"May I have the honour?" Fuller asked turning to Jennifer.

"Why of course" she held out her hand and Fuller slipped the ring on.

"You know you could always do this for real one day" she suggested.

"What?" Fuller pretended he had not heard as quite frankly the thought of a permanent commitment rather scared him if he was honest.

"Right then" Tracy announced as she hung up her uniform jacket in the cupboard next to the desk and picked up Jennifers similiar jacket from behind the desk and put it on before

picking up her bag from beneath.

"I'm off so don't wreck the place".

"Fuller is always telling me I should never leave home without a screwdriver" the Commander announced as he jumped down from the large slightly tired looking railroad locomotive and proceeded along its length to the steps leading up to the drivers cab.

And there was where Hatton Cross stopped. From here I expected that Tracy (using her twin sisters passport) would have jetted over to the USA, found the Commander, discovered what the conspiracy was all about and together saved the day.

Interspersed with the US based activities would have been a UK connection that Jennifer, impersonating her sister, would be forced to investigate as a matter of urgency.

Also there was plenty of comic potential that could have been gained from her overall unfamiliarity with the unique nature of the Transport Division's jurisdiction and the embarrassing scrapes that she and Fuller would have wound up in.
