

The Trojan Thief

A Super Jack adventure



by Phil Young

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for Jackson

A note to the reader

Words printed in italics, (*like this*), may be looked up on the
'What It All means'
pages at the back of the book.

It was a Saturday like any other Saturday in Melbourne. Clear, blue skies a warm Northerly breeze and nothing worth watching on the tele.

Jackson, (aka Super Jack) had finished putting the final touches to his design for Master Mitch's new flying suit and Mitchell was down at the old mineshaft painting it with superslippery, rapid dry, aero-paint when the *Fantstiphone* rang.

Jackson answered it using the thought operated response unit.

"Jackson?" it was Margy, of course.

"I'm down near Point Cook testing the top speed on the Super Segway and my Big Ears scanner is picking up the sound of someone in trouble. I can't quite make out what's wrong but it seems to be coming from the up in the air. Can you check it out?"

"Will do. Hold on a sec." he replied, and rolled over to the *PS999JI*.

The satellite scanner flickered into life and he zeroed in on the Point Cook area.

There below him lay the Air Base with its runways and Air Museum.



He could just make out the image of a small aeroplane zooming around *eratically* above it. It looked like a Trojan, piston engined trainer from the nineteen forties. 'It must be from the air museum', he thought.



"Something weird is going there by the looks of it. That plane's not behaving normally. I think we'd better investigate. I think the pilot's in trouble. I'll get Mitchell and we'll fly out there. Thanks Margy. I don't know what we'd do without you."

"My pleasure Super Jack. Ok then, I can't do much to help in the air so I'll leave it in your capable hands", and with that the agent-at-large rang off.

Jackson thumbed the intercom and down in the depths of their hidden workshop, Mitchell answered, "What's up brother?"

Jackson quickly him brought up to date with the situation.

"I'm about finished here and the paint should be dry by now, so just hold on a minute and I'll be there. He fired up the Thunderchair and as it rumbled off up the track to headquarters, he slipped into his new flying suit. It felt good. His genius of a little brother

had come up with a winner this time. It was much, much lighter than the old one and with its new *Instaflate Magnetostructural wings*, it would be a lot easier to walk around in.

He jogged off after the chair as the mine closed up with its familiar grumbling tum sound... followed by a burp!

"A burp? That's odd", thought Mitchell, but a quick look at the entrance found nothing wrong so he continued up the hill.

"Perhaps it was the paint fumes. I really should have turned on the extractor fan. Paint and petrol fumes can be pretty dangerous stuff and I guess Dad doesn't warn us to stay away from about them for nothing."

By the time Mitchell arrived topside after the distraction, Jackson was in the Thunderchair and running through the database of modules available to help them with their mission.

"What'll it be this time then?" Mitchell asked in his best *Funky Woo* voice. He was a little out of practice as it happened and had decided to try it out again before they took to the air in case it was needed.

"I'm thinking we'll need some way to take control of the plane and we won't know for sure what the situation is till we get there so I think I'll load the *Pilopak* with its range of useful gear it'll help us get in touch with the pilot, assuming there is one."

The two boys went out into the lounge.

Mitchell was a bit nervous about the first flight of his new flying suit but he had every confidence in his brother's design and knew that 'Fearless' Fletcher would be standing by in case of an emergency.

Amazingly Amelia wasn't to be seen which was a bit of a worry really until Jackson remembered that she'd gone out with Mum and Dad to keep them distracted while Mitchell went and worked on the new suit. He knew that they weren't always over the Moon about their sons' super-hero activities and it was better to be sure and keep them out of the way.

Mitchell helped Fletcher clear the lounge furniture out of the way, which was much easier to do now with his wings *retracted* completely into their pods on his back.

Super Jack fired up the jets on either side of the Thunderchair and with Master Mitch clinging tightly to the tow bar, the pair zoomed around the room building up takeoff speed.

With a loud boom they hit the speed of sound and disappeared out the door.

As they crossed the veranda Mitchell hit the Inflate button and the wings instantly popped out. An electronic charge from the generators in the ram jets pulsed through the secret metal fabric and they became solid enough to fly.

"Wow. Look at this", Master Mitch called as the two boys climbed almost vertically into the heavens. He was happy as a clam with his new mode of transport and he rolled and climbed and dove and spun all over the sky with joy.

"You've really done yourself proud this time Jackson. Look how *agile* it is."

"Well what did you expect. When I make a promise, I deliver. Now come on let's go", and they banked away toward the West.

Zooming across to the North of the city to avoid the skyscrapers, Super Jack made a port turn around the Southern Star ferris wheel and set a direct course for Piont Cook.

Just behind him Mithcell couldn't resist the temptation and zoomed through the spokes of the spinning wheel. You should have seen the looks on the faces of the people in the capsules. They were totally surprised and just a little scared.



Fortunately Jackson was concentrating on where they were going, because he wouldn't have been too pleased about the way Mitchell was clowning around if he'd seen him. But then that was normal for the Super hero's sidekick; after all the *Funky Woo* motto is 'Life's too serious to be serious'. Mitch did a couple of twisting turns between the uprights of the Bolte Bridge,



and zoomed off after Jackson who was coming up on the Westgate bridge. Mitchell pulled up level with and below Jackson, and as the Thunderchair passed between the suspension cables he zipped through beneath the long sweeping arc of the roadway.



'With any luck he'll get over the novelty and start flying safely before we get there' Jackson thought. 'We'll have air traffic control on our backs soon if he keeps this up' and he rolled his eyes in mock frustration. Secretly of course we was rather pleased with himself for designing such a zippy new suit. After avoiding the Newport power station chimney, the pair headed directly across the bay to Pt Cook. As soon as they were approaching the airbase, Jackson flipped his comms button and contacted the tower there. "Thunderchair 1 calling Pt Cook Control. Requesting permission to enter your airspace." "Thunderchair 1 from Pt. Cook tower. Permission granted. Thank God you're here Super Jack. I see

you've brought Master Mitch too. Good thing. We've got a real sticky situation on our hands."



"What seems to be the problem?" the super hero replied.

"Someone's stolen our Trojan aeroplane and is zooming all over the place. They look like they don't know how to fly properly and we can't get in touch with them. We're worried they'll crash and kill themselves or someone else. Do you think you can get them down ok?"

"I reckon we have just the thing here. Leave it to us."

"Mitch, we'd better land and I'll give you the Remocomms unit to drop into the cockpit so I can talk to them," and with that the brothers swooped down to land on the tarmac.

Jackson pressed the Activate button and the Pilopak slid out from under the seat. The top of it slid open. Mitchell reached in and took out the Remocomms unit.

"Right, let's go," and the two took off again, quickly gaining height to come up behind the plane as it banked and rolled around the sky.

"Luckily the canopy's open, but we'll need to steady it a bit before you can deploy the unit" said Jackson. "I'll see if I can nudge the tail and get it into something like level flight" and with that he snuck up behind the plane and carefully levelled up the wings with the bumper on the Thunderchair. With a couple more *deft* touches Jackson coaxed the aircraft into more less level flight and Mitchell flew in above him until he was above and slightly ahead of the cockpit. He looked down into it to check out the pilot.

"It's a girl!" he said in surprise. "How would a girl end up flying a plane like this?"

"Don't be so surprised Mitch. You know girls can do anything boys can. Just look at Margy. Where would we be without her, eh?"

"Ok then. How would any kid end up flying a plane like this?"

"I don't know but let's not worry about that right now. We have to get her down in one piece, then we can ask her. Now drop the Remocomms into her lap." Mitchell inched down until he he was just above the open canopy and dropped the little sliver gadget into the plane.

The pilot, if that's the right word for the occupant of the plane, looked up with an expression of surprise on her face which was quickly replaced with her previous look of terror.

Master Mitch tried his special Funky Woo expression but she couldn't see his face well enough from there. That was, after all, the reason to put the Remocomms unit in there in the first place. It's light started blinking as Jackson fired up the remote connection.

He switched his headlight units to *Holocaster* mode and the image of his face appeared in the cockpit like a *heads-up* display.

He smiled that magic smile of his and spoke to the pilot and he pulled up alongside the plane.

"Hi, I'm Super Jack. You seem to be having a spot of bother. Can we help you?"

Of course he had no intention of doing otherwise, but it's always polite to ask before pushing people around and this was exactly what they were about to do.

There was no response.

Through the two way Holocaster, Super Jack could see the look of terror on the girls face. He poured on the charm at 'smile factor 8' and soon saw calm returning to her face.

"Just talk normally and I'll hear you. In fact I'll get Master Mitch, that's him flying above you, to slide the canopy closed so you can hear better."

Mitch had been listening in of course and he carefully descended on top of the canopy. It was somewhat tricky as the plane was flying a bit erratically again now that Jackson was alongside and not controlling the tail.

He reached down, grabbed the rear of the canopy and accelerated gently, dragging the Perspex forward and closing up the cockpit as he did so.

Jackson spoke again.

"Can you hear me now?"

"Y...yes." Came the reply.

"Good. Now, what's your name?"

"*Dakota*".

"Dakota. That's a good name for a pilot. Right Dakota, I want you to take a firm hold of the joystick and just rest your feet on the pedals lightly. Don't push either one of them in particular."

"I can hardly reach the pedals."

"That's ok. We'll do most of the work. You just make sure they don't move too far if we bump them."

"Ok."

"Right Mitch. You line up under the wing and I'll take control of the tail."

Mitchell side-slipped to the end of the starboard wing and brought his Port wing up gently underneath it.

Jackson throttled back the Thunderchair until he was at the tail where, using the chairs' bumper, he took control of the planes' flight path.

“Let’s get this plane down Bro” he said, and with Mitchell controlling the level of the wings and Jackson steering and taking controlling of the *attitude*, they gradually coaxed the aircraft onto an approach to the runway.



The Trojan touched down with a slight bump and rolled to a stop. Jackson told Dakota how to turn the engines off and the boys landed beside the plane. AS Mitchells wings zipped back into their pods, she clambered out with shaky legs and sat down on the ground, relieved.

“Super Jack to Pt Cook Tower. As you can see the situation’s under control. No damage down. Just a bit of avgas burned up that’s all. In case you hadn’t guessed, it wasn’t a thief at all. Just a bit of a naughty kid. We’ll have a chat to her.”

“Well done lads” came the message from the control tower. “Thanks”

“You’re welcome”, replied the mild mannered marvel and turned to Dakota.

“Now, how did you end up flying around in this plane?”

“Well I was in the museum with my Dad and had to go to the loo. When I came out he was gone so I went looking for him and couldn’t find him anywhere. I came outside and saw the plane sitting out here on the runway. Dad’s a pilot and I thought he might be having a look in it so I climbed up to see. He wasn’t, around but I thought I’d sit in it for a minute while I was here... then I accidentally bumped something getting in and it started up and began moving. I tried all the knobs and levers to stop it and next thing I was in the air. I’ve seen Dad fly so I held onto the stick, pushed the pedals backwards and forwards and just kept trying to stop from crashing until you came along, thank goodness.”

“Well we’d better go look for your father then. Come along, jump on the back” and Dakota stepped onto the takeoff bar on the Thunderchair with Mitchell walking alongside the three of them went over to the Museum.

They rolled into the main hanger and past the replica of the first world war Sopwith Camel,



then past the Vampire jet with it’s insignia and warning notices splashed across the fuselage.



"Speaking of warnings Dakota. I guess you've figured it out for yourself about touching things you're not meant to", Jackson said as they cruised past the silver and orange jet.



"Yes of course, Super Jack. I shouldn't play with machines and such that aren't mine without getting permission first.. I could have died."
"That's for sure" butted in Mitchell. "You're just lucky that Super Jack was around so we could help out. " You know he invented all our gadgets?"
"I wondered where you got them."
"Master Mitch built them though", added Jackson.

Just then Dakota's father arrived.

"Where have you been lass?" he said. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"When I came out of the toilets and couldn't find you", And she burst into tears of relief to see her Dad. "Where were you?"

"I'm so sorry `Kota, but the receptionist went into labour early and was about to have a bab so I had to help her get an ambulance to go to hospital. She wasn't expecting it for a couple more weeks so she wasn't ready and I had to help her straight away. What happened to you and who are these boys?"

"This is Super Jack and Master Mitch, they saved me."

"Saved you from what?" he said, and so Dakota told him the whole story.

Her Dad was not very happy with his daughter at all.

"You know what I've told you about touching things without permission. I guess you've..."

"I know Dad. I'm very sorry."

"Just don't do it again, ok?"

"I promise Dad", she replied.

He was as much relieved as anything that she was alright and very grateful to the brothers for rescuing his little girl.

"Well maybe you've learned your lesson. You'd better apologise to the museum. They're just lucky to have their p-lane back in one piece. Is there anything I can do to repay you two?" he said, turning the two brothers.

"No need thank you", they replied on chorus. "Our pleasure. We'd better be going now, before our parents have a fit. You two look after each other", and with that they went out on to the airfield and took off for home.

Not too much later the pair landed as quietly as they could by the back door and Mitchell slipped inside to retrieve Jacksons regular chair. Quickly he changed

vehicles and Mitchell headed off down to the mineshaft.

With a quick prop on the Bum Scanner he uttered that magical password 'Flatulence' and opening the camouflaged door he parked the Thunderchair in it's maintenance station ready for the next mission.

He slipped off the flying suit, hung it in its special rack and after giving it an admiring pat of appreciation, he headed back up the path to headquarters and a quiet evening in front of the tele with Super Jack, Fearless Fletcher and Amazing Amelia.

To look at them lined up in front of the screen eating popcorn, you'd think butter wouldn't melt in their mouths; but then that would depend on how much you really knew about them and their escapades, wouldn't it?

The End (although you never really know...)

What It All Means - (a sort of dictionary)

PS999JI – one of a kind, custom built Playstation, with many hidden and amazing features. Created specially for Super Jack.

Fantastiphone – super long distance, dedicated phone system with the latest in mobile phone features plus a mental control unit so it can be controlled by thought. The field unit can be worn like a false fingernail.

Eratically – all over the place.

Agent-at-large – a person who roams around on behalf of someone else, checking out stuff in the world that may be interesting or useful.

Big Ears scanner – very sensitive, long distance listening unit.

Instaflate Magnetostructural Wings – wings made of a secret lightweight metallic fabric that inflates instantly using gas from the ram jets. As soon as they are inflated fully, a magnetic pulse realigns the molecules in the metal and the fabric becomes hard. Pressing a button sends a negative pulse which relaxes the fabric and the material is sucked back into the wing pods out of the way.

Pilopak – module with a variety of remote communication devices.

Retracted – moved back out of the way.

Agile – nimble.

Funky Woo - the ancient art of killing people with kindness.

Deft – skilful.

Holocaster – a 3D hologram broadcast unit.

Heads-up display - a way of displaying images and information in front of the windscreen so the pilot doesn't have to look down to see them.

Dakota – this was the name given to the DC3, a famous aircraft from the the 1940s. Some are still flying today.

Starboard – pilot's and sea captain's word for Right.

Port – pilot's and sea captain's word for Left.

Attitude – on a plane this means the angle it is flying at.

Bum Scanner – security access unit that the user sits on and it recognises the unique shape of their bum.

Flatulence – farting.

Intrepid – fearless.

Sentinel – guarding soldier.

Pirouette – to spin gracefully.

Great Divide – a long chain of hills and mountains that divides the coast lands from the Outback. It stretches from Western Victoria to Queensland.

Port – pilot's and sea captain's word for Left.

Starboard – pilot's and sea captain's word for Right.

Flare out – pilot's term for raising the nose of the plane to slow it down gently just before landing.

Took the cake – to 'take the cake' means to carry off the honours, in this case, for the weirdest name.

Perimeter – the surrounding edge of something.

Ignorant – not know about something. (Ignorant does not mean stupid.)

Vesuvius – the name of a famous Italian volcano.

Spectrum – all the colours of the rainbow.

Myriad – countless.

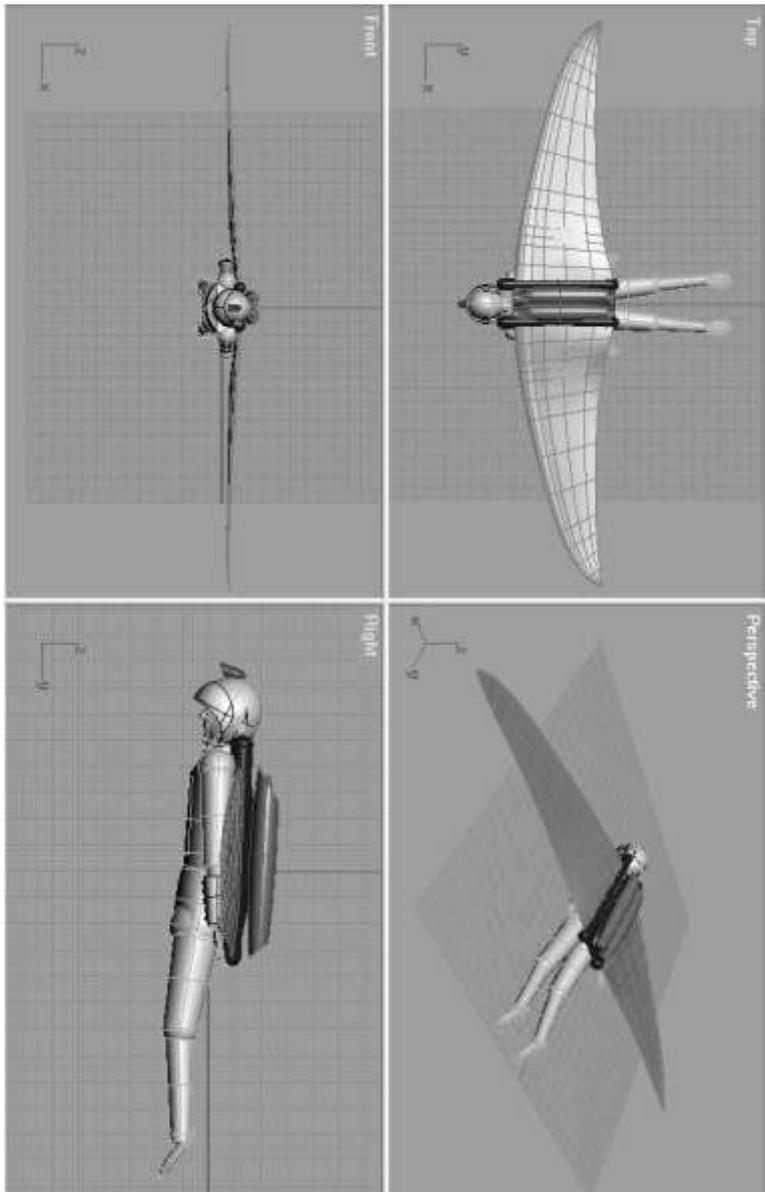
Convoy – a line of vehicles travelling together.

Refraction – the bending of light.

Milky Way – a band of stars that stretch like a river across the southern night sky.

Technical Drawings

Flight Suit - Flying



Technical Drawings
Flight Suit – Standing

