Helping your children choose books they will love

I ♥ reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

# Jordan Stryker 2: Cyber Terror

Written by

## Malcolm Rose

Published by

## Usborne Publishing Ltd

**All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator**

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

# Jordan Stryker

## CYBER TERROR

MALCOLM ROSE



With thanks to Nathan Fenwick for his enthusiasm and to Lemon Jelly for the song, “Ramblin’ Man”.

First published in the UK in 2011 by Usborne Publishing Ltd., Usborne House, 83-85 Saffron Hill, London EC1N 8RT, England. www.usborne.com

Copyright © Malcolm Rose, 2011

The right of Malcolm Rose to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

Cover illustration by Daniel Atanasov at folioart.co.uk

The name Usborne and the devices are Trade Marks of Usborne Publishing Ltd.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents, and dialogues are products of the author’s imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 9781409509776 J MAMJJASOND/11 01770/1

Printed in Reading, Berkshire, UK.

# 1 FLIGHT DOWN

Flight LH6681 bound for Heathrow was carrying 138 passengers and crew when it took off from Edinburgh Airport at 15.05 on Monday 5th March. The pilot was Phil Lazenby, the weather was fine and the first three minutes of the journey were smooth.

Control: “LH six-six-eight-one, you’re cleared to turn right, heading two-four-zero.”

Pilot: “Affirm turning two-four-zero. Climbing to cruising altitude. Thanks.”

Control: “Bon voyage. Over and out.”

Pilot: “Hang on. Control? Stay with me.”

Control: “I’m all ears. What’s wrong?”

Pilot: “Something’s… Just a second.”

Control: “Report, please, LH six-six-eight-one.”

Pilot: “Yes. We’ve lost thrust in both engines.”

Control: “What? Say again.”

Pilot: “Major electronic fault. We’ve lost thrust in both engines. Turning back to airport.”

Control: “Okay. Do you want to land main runway?”

Pilot: “Descending rapidly. Probably unable to circle to main runway. Heading for secondary runway.”

Control: “Tower stopping all departures and arrivals for emergency return.”

There were a few seconds of radio silence. Uncannily quiet, the powerless Airbus 320 banked and plunged towards the earth.

Control: “Secondary runway confirmed clear, LH six-six-eight-one. We can accommodate you. Repeat. You have permission for emergency landing on secondary runway.”

The co-pilot had just passed the training course to fly an Airbus. The journey to Edinburgh and back to London was Toby Cotterill’s first outing. He was monitoring all onboard flight components. With a look of horror on his face, he was watching them all go down, one after the other. His training required him to remain calm. He was no use to the pilot – or to the passengers – if he panicked. But keeping cool was difficult when his heart was pounding like crazy, the plane had just become a giant glider and the rest of his life might be measured in minutes. His time was ticking down to zero just like the altimeter. He glanced across at the pilot and said, “The landing gear’s out of action as well. It won’t budge.”

“Activate the auxiliary power unit.”

“No effect.”

“Deploy the ram air turbine, then,” the captain said.

“Nothing happening. We’ve got basic power – radio, lights and such – but the flight system isn’t responding. It’s dead.”

“No engines and no landing gear.” Keeping the plane’s nose up as much as possible, Captain Lazenby swore under his breath. Yet he was also determined and decisive. “Change of plan. I’m bringing her down in the Firth of Forth.”

Toby swallowed. “What?”

“Have you got a better idea?”

“No,” he admitted.

"Coming down on water, at least we don't risk the lives of people on the ground."

The co-pilot nodded. "Agreed."

The cockpit door opened. The chief steward gasped, "What's happening? What's with the engines? The passengers are panicking."

"The flight system's failed," Toby told her. "Get them to brace for impact. We're going down on the water."

"Right." A quake of the voice gave away the flight attendant's feelings. Even so, she snapped into action and went back to her passengers.

"Did you copy that, Control?" the pilot asked. "We're ditching in the river."

"It's your call, LH six-six-eight-one."

"We're going to need boats – and plenty of them. Scramble emergency services."

"Understood. Whereabouts in the river?"

"Unable to plot exact course," Captain Lazenby replied, guiding the jet with manual controls. "But they'll see the splash."

Captain Lazenby knew that almost all planes broke up when they struck water. There was only one angle to hit the river without shattering the aircraft. It was like skimming a stone across a lake or a spacecraft re-entering the atmosphere. It had to be precise to be successful. But he had little control over navigation and he had only one chance.

Toby Cotterill was going through the emergency procedure checklist in an attempt to restart the engines. Without a working control system, though, his effort would be wasted.

"What about the ditch switch?" Captain Lazenby asked. It was the device for sealing all vents and valves in the fuselage to make the plane less likely to flood, more likely to float.

The co-pilot shook his head. "No response."

To the captain's left were four golf courses and the north-west sector of Edinburgh. On the right was the green countryside around Barnbougle Castle. Straight ahead was the Firth of Forth, as flat as a landing strip.

A voice from the ground said, "I've cleared all traffic in controlled airspace. Overflights only. You've got it to yourself."

"Affirm. Copied information." Captain Lazenby looked across briefly at Toby. Sky high on adrenalin, he said, "Let's do it. Banking left. I'm going in close to South Queensferry – as near to the bridges as possible. Less distance for rescuers."

Phil breathed deeply, composing himself. He judged that he was too low and too slow but, now that he was piloting a glider rather than a jet aeroplane, there was little he could do about it.

Control asked, "What's your status, LH six-six-eight-one?"

The pilot ran his eye over the cockpit controls and Toby shook his head. "Flight system still dead."

"Emergency services scrambled. I'll have them standing by at Queensferry."

"In case I bring this down in one piece, Control, you'd better have a whisky on standby as well."

"I'm a bit busy at the moment, LH six-six-eight-one, but I'll see what I can do."

The co-pilot grimaced, making it clear that he didn't think it was the right time to share a joke with air traffic control.

Given what he was about to do, Captain Lazenby needed a smile on his face. He'd abandoned the usual flight path and the Firth of Forth was rushing towards him. The silent Airbus tilted as he turned tightly so that the railway bridge was directly ahead. He veered towards the southern bank of the estuary so the Airbus would ditch nearer to land.

"Too steep," he muttered to himself, trying to keep



the nose of the plane pointing upwards.

But the water seemed to draw the plane in.

"Is that a ferry I see in the river?"

Control replied, "If it is, it'll probably be the Rosyth to Zeebrugge. Is it in your way?"

Captain Lazenby's voice sounded tired, as if he were talking at the same time as running a marathon. "No. Make contact. Keep it where it is on standby."

The river sped underneath the cockpit like a flash flood. Wind buffeted the Airbus and its right wing touched the surface of the water. The aeroplane juddered and jerked. Luggage shifted around the cargo hold, upsetting the plane's balance even more. The pilots and passengers were pummelled in their seats.

A few seconds more and their ordeal would be over. One way or another.

Phil Lazenby steadied himself – steadied the plane – and let it drop into the Firth of Forth.

The Airbus had been in the air for six minutes and forty-six seconds when it hit the water at 220 kilometres per hour. It didn't bounce like a flat stone. It slammed into the water like a log ride hurtling down a water chute. There was a huge splash. For a moment, spray completely

covered the plane. Phil was pitched forward awkwardly until his seat belt dislocated his shoulder. The jolt tore the plane's underbelly and peeled off much of its aluminium skin, making large gashes in the bottom of the fuselage. At the rear, the cargo doors were wrenched open. The impact also broke three windows. Water flooded in through the holes. Within seconds, the passengers and crew were up to their knees in cold river water.

When the plane came to a standstill, the cabin was quiet, apart from the sound of passengers crying, praying and talking urgently on mobiles. Then the flight attendants began to shout orders. Making sure everyone had got into their yellow life-jackets, they ushered people out of the mid-cabin emergency exits above the wings and evacuated passengers near the front down the two inflatable chutes. They gave most help to the injured and women with children as the water level rose to their waists.

Strangely, there was no sense of panic. Everyone was unnaturally calm. They were probably in shock. By the time the flight attendants were ready to leave the plane and Captain Lazenby had waded laboriously up and down the aisle, to make sure he was the last person on board, the water was at chest height.

The Airbus was submerged up to its windows and it was sinking slowly, but it seemed determined to stay



afloat until everyone had been rescued. Its tail fin poking up out of the water, it was drifting eastwards on the lazy river current.

138 people were huddled together in groups, standing on the wings or the partially submerged chutes. A few passengers had slipped off the wings and into the water. Or perhaps, fearing that the plane was about to sink or explode, they'd decided to swim for the shore.

A ferry, several pleasure boats and a couple of rescue craft made their way to the stricken aeroplane within three minutes of the crash landing. Amateurs and professionals alike plucked stranded passengers from the wings, the water and the chutes which had detached from the aircraft to form life-rafts. The coming and going of boats continued until all of the passengers and aircrew of Flight LH6681 were safely back on land.

Under the circumstances, the toll of injuries was light: one heart attack, four head wounds, several cases of exposure among those dragged from the water, one serious laceration to the arm, a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder. The flashbacks, panic attacks and sleeplessness would hit many of them later.

The waterlogged Airbus was towed to Leith Docks and moored there while the on-scene investigation began.