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

Jack Christie 3: Day of Vengeance

Written by

Johnny O'Brien

Published by

Templar Publishing

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk


JACK
ADVENTURES
CHRISTIE
DAY OF VENGEANCE

Praise for the Jack Christie Adventures

History has never been so exciting… Fast-paced and full of action, this is a perfect read for the PlayStation generation.
Newbooks Magazine

… a suspenseful and entertaining journey… Jack Christie is a very relatable hero… His latest adventure delivers on all counts!
teenreads.com

A thrilling war-time adventure that is a perfect mix of historical fact and fictional adventure… This debut novelist has created a real page-turner.
Julia Eccleshare, lovereading4kids.co.uk

Joy! We love Mr O'Brien! … What more could a boy want?
Parent review, Simply Books

In simplest terms, it is a hugely enjoyable adventure story. However, there is much more to this story than just another time-travel adventure. Johnny O'Brien has clearly researched the events… and manages to weave his story seamlessly in with the actual events and real-life personalities of the time.
bookzone4boys.blogspot.com

For Sally, Tom, Peter and Anna – J. O'B.

A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in the UK in 2011 by Templar Publishing,
an imprint of The Templar Company Limited,
The Granary, North Street, Dorking,
Surrey, RH4 1DN, UK

www.templarco.co.uk

Copyright © by Johnny O'Brien 2011

First edition

All rights reserved



ISBN 978-1-84877-103-1

Cover design by www.the-parish.com

Eiffel tower artwork by Ian Andrew
Map design by Will Steele

Edited by Anne Finnis, Helen Greathead and Ruth Martin

Image credits: p.38 Hitler in Paris © CORBIS; p.85 Spitfires © Fox Photos/Stringer/Hulton Archive/Getty Images; p.221 V-2 Rocket © Bettman/CORBIS; p. 253 Map of WW2 © Mary Evans / Retrograph Collection

Printed in the UK by CPI Bookmark, Croydon, Surrey

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

No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in a retrieval system, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without permission in writing from the author, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. Other than key historical figures, the characters in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to real people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental.

JACK CHRISTIE ADVENTURES

DAY OF VENGEANCE



templar

The Year: 1940

The Place: Paris, occupied France

THE MISSION: TO STOP THE SECOND WORLD WAR GOING NUCLEAR

In Jack Christie's third adventure, Jack and Angus travel back in time to the Second World War where they witness the Battle of Britain, occupied Paris and an attempted assassination of Adolf Hitler.

But can they stop a premature Nazi Vengeance programme and prevent the Second World War from going nuclear in Europe?

Contents

Jack's Adventures So Far	15
Gottschalk Farm	18
Their Finest Hour	24
The Project	28
Big Air	42
Intruders	49
Pigeon Problems	59
Number 32 to Northolt	71
Touching the Face of God	82
A Tour of Le Tour	96
Schutzstaffel Surprise	105
No Regrets	118
Showing off on the Champs	130
Regrattier Rendezvous	136
Villiers-sur-Oise	140
Stake-out	147
Manhunt	153
A Fireside Chat	161
Gottschalk's Plan	168
A Good German	177
Refuge	191
A Grocer's Tale	198
Return	206

Day of Vengeance 213
Paris Adieu 229
Gone 233
Déjà Vu 240
The Taurus and Time Travel – Some Notes 251
Day of Vengeance – Background Information 255
Acknowledgements 267



Jack's Adventures So Far...

It has been eight months since Jack and Angus discovered that their school, Soonhope High, is a front for a team of scientists who control the most powerful technology ever conceived: the technology of time travel. At the heart of this technology is a machine called the Taurus. Jack's father, Professor Tom Christie, led the team that originally designed it. But for a single fleeting encounter, Jack hasn't seen his father since he was six, when the scientists who formed the Taurus had a fatal disagreement and Christie was forced into exile, leaving Jack and his wife, Carole, behind in Soonhope in the Borders of Scotland. Christie's plan was to harness time travel to make changes to the past – like stopping wars so that today's world might become a better place. He attracted some passionate and brilliant supporters from the original team, including Dr Pendelshape who, until recently, was Jack's History teacher at Soonhope. Pendelshape and Christie – together with their small band of followers, who call themselves 'Revisionists' – have developed sophisticated computer simulations to model interventions in the past that can benefit mankind.

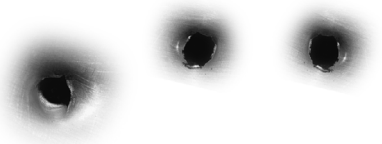
Their former colleagues, on the other hand, continue to believe that changing events in the past, however well meant, is dangerous and may have unforeseen consequences. Once Christie was out of

the way, they formed a group called 'VIGIL' to ensure that the Taurus was kept secret, but in working order, should it ever be needed. They housed the Taurus in an underground complex beneath an old school on the Soonhope estate, which they later reopened to act as a front. The teachers have ordinary jobs at the school, but have second lives as members of VIGIL. They stand ready to use the Taurus, should it ever be needed.

Jack and Angus became embroiled when, unknown to VIGIL, Christie created a second Taurus and proceeded to try to stop the event that triggered the First World War – the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, in Sarajevo in June, 1914. Pendelshape acted as Christie's partner, continuing to teach at Soonhope and leading VIGIL to believe that he was loyal to them. Meanwhile, Jack and Angus were used as pawns in a battle between the two camps. Jack's loyalties were torn. In the end, having witnessed at first hand the dangers of time travel and intervening in the past, Jack decided that the right course of action was to side with VIGIL. Not knowing the whereabouts of Christie's base, VIGIL can do nothing about the second Taurus. Christie, on the other hand, will not use his Taurus while Jack is under the guard of VIGIL, for fear VIGIL members might take retribution on his son.

But soon after the failed attempt to intervene in the assassination in Sarajevo, Pendelshape hatched a new plan to intervene in time – this time in Elizabethan England. Pendelshape and the Revisionist team were excited about these new plans, but became frustrated when Christie refused to take part in them, again concerned about the consequences for Jack. Christie became isolated from the Revisionists and finally decided to leave,

concerned for his own safety. Knowing that Pendelshape and his former friends would press on with the new plan, Christie took the unprecedented step of warning VIGIL and Jack of this new attempt to intervene in the past. Jack and Angus found themselves once again caught up in VIGIL's plans to thwart the Revisionists. In the end they succeeded. But the location of the Revisionists' base and Taurus are still unknown to VIGIL and Jack's father remains a fugitive. Although the architect of the Taurus, he finds himself cast out both by his former colleagues in VIGIL and now by the Revisionists. Meanwhile, Pendelshape is thought to have died, but his body was never found…



Gottschalk Farm

Germany – March 1918

It was Axel's favourite game. Mother had finally released him from his early morning chores on the farm and he raced across the garden into the narrow strip of woodland that separated their place from the Stockel's next door. The woods held a secret. At least it was a secret to Axel and his friend Hans. A little stream dipped and darted its way through the undergrowth of the woods – a miniature assault course of gurgling rapids and twinkling pools criss-crossed by fallen branches from the old trees above. He had shown it to Hans, who often came up from the village to play, and they once tried to find the source of the stream, up in the low rolling hills above Kulsheim, until they had got stuck in a muddy bog. Mother had not been happy when they got back late and dirty. Today, Axel wasn't going to wait for Hans. Spring was arriving, but there was still a bite in the air and there had been a downpour the night before, which meant that the stream would be swollen with water. Perfect.

Axel prized his way through the hole in the fence and pushed on up to the starting point, where the stream rounded the gnarled roots of an old oak tree. He opened his bag and carefully removed its precious contents. He held the object up with both hands, so that it caught the morning sunlight that filtered through the branches above. A model battleship. Even at ten years old,

Axel was an expert on all the big ships of the German High Seas Fleet. He could remember the big excitement after their victory at Jutland over the British. That had been two years ago, and now, although he sometimes found it difficult to follow what Mother and Father said, he knew that the war was nearly over. General Ludendorff had launched a huge attack in the west and the talk was that Germany would soon win the war. The gossip in the village was that the prison camp to the north might soon be expecting another wave of prisoners from the front line.

Father was very excited. The shortages would be over and Germany would be victorious. Father had volunteered right at the start of the war and there was a picture of Axel standing next to him in his uniform, with some of the others from the village, before they went off to fight. After he had been away for a while, the atmosphere in the house changed. Mother seemed tired and anxious. Then they got the news. Father was in hospital – he had been injured and had to be operated on. He lost his lower leg. But, of course, it could have been much worse. Axel remembered the day he returned. Everyone was excited. His father was a hero; Axel was very proud. But when he arrived home, Axel was disappointed. His father did not really turn out to be the great man of Axel's memory and imagination. There was the injury of course. He could walk OK, but he limped and needed a stick and this made him stoop. But what bothered Axel most was that he did not talk very much and, when Axel looked into his eyes, it was if there was no one there. His father was strangely distant and Axel didn't really know why.

Axel inspected the battleship. Father had helped him build it originally, but Axel had made a number of important

modifications since its last voyage. He was convinced that it would now be a winner. After much consideration, he had even given the ship a name. SMS *König*, after a Kaiser Class battleship that had taken part in the battle at Jutland. It had ten twelve-inch main battle guns. To anyone else, the ship may have appeared little more than a series of crude wooden blocks and matchsticks. But in Axel's mind his own *König* was more than worthy of the German High Seas Fleet. Now it was about to undergo sea trials and Axel was convinced that his ship would have the edge on Hans's ship, when they next raced them down the stream.

With precision, Axel cupped the hull of the boat and leaned down to the bubbling stream. He allowed the bow to nose the water, where it eddied into a small pool away from the main current, and then *König* was launched. The boat glided forward, gently at first, but suddenly the current grabbed it and it was off. Axel could scarcely keep up as the boat bobbed and weaved its way down the swollen stream, crashing over the miniature waterfalls, sometimes disappearing from sight completely as the stream became lost under moss, heavy branches and vegetation which grew over the banks on either side. As the boat descended, faster and faster, Axel followed, racing down through the woodland, sometimes jumping from one bank to the other to get the best view. In a few minutes, the stream would enter the thicket at the bottom of the woods. From there it would exit into the fields beyond. Axel needed to be ready to pluck it from the water before it escaped into the field and then sailed bravely on, maybe to the Rhine and then possibly further into the North Sea itself.

Luckily, there was a small pool just before the thicket at the

bottom of the wood, which temporarily slowed the boat's progress. This was the effective finishing point for all their races and gave ample opportunity for the boat to be rescued. Axel got there, pink and out of breath, just as *König* arrived, triumphant (and surprisingly, upright), with a little splash into the pool. In a manoeuvre which he had executed many times before, Axel leaped from one side of the pool to the other, whilst deftly reaching down and plucking the proud vessel from the water. On this occasion, as Axel's foot planted itself on the opposite bank, he slipped on the damp undergrowth and both he and the boat went flying. As Axel felt himself tumbling downwards out of control, oddly, the only thing that flashed through his mind was the fate of *König*. A second later he crashed head first into a thicket, where he came to rest, scratched and dazed.

Axel blinked and looked up.

He was not alone.

Before he could react, a large, dirty hand clamped over his mouth. Axel felt a wave of fear pulse through his body. A man was leaning over him, very close, and was peering into his eyes. The man was thin, dirty and dishevelled. He had hunted eyes that flicked back and forth nervously. His clothes were tatty and wet, but even though Axel was suddenly very scared, he registered that the clothes the man wore may at one time have been a military uniform. With a feeling of dread, Axel realised that he must be an escapee from the prisoner of war camp.

The man leaned close to Axel, put a grubby index finger to his lips and hissed, "Ssshhh."

He paused, breathing heavily. It was as if he was weighing something up in his mind. Suddenly, he hauled Axel to his feet and,

keeping hold of the boy, pushed him back through the thicket. Instinctively Axel tried to wriggle free, but despite his emaciated state, the man was far too strong for him and Axel felt himself being bundled forward. From the corner of his eye, Axel caught sight of his boat in the undergrowth. He gave a little squeal as the man clumsily drove *König* into the ground with his boot as they pressed forward. The man stopped at the edge of the woods and looked up towards the farmhouse. All was quiet. With a grunt, he forced Axel over the fence and frogmarched him to the back door of the farm.

They entered the porch and then crashed through into the kitchen beyond. Axel's mother wheeled round in fright. She took one look at Axel and the strange dishevelled man, and screamed. It was a mistake. It seemed to make the man even more panicky and he suddenly took out a large black pistol from his trousers and pointed it at Axel's mother. She stepped back, held her hands to her face and started to sob uncontrollably.

The man spoke in a language that Axel did not understand, but he could tell that the man was scared. "Please. You must be quiet," he told them.

Axel's mother was shaking in fear. *"Mein Gott, mein Gott…"* she said, over and over again.

The man pointed to his mouth. "I am sorry for this. I need food, water and clothing. Then I will go. Do you understand?"

But neither Axel nor his mother did understand and his mother was too panic-stricken to respond. The man was becoming more and more agitated. He knew that he was running out of time.

"Please, give me what I want, and I will go. Food and water. No harm will come of you."

Suddenly, Axel heard the front door open and then the distinctive knock of his father's wooden leg on the floorboards. He heard his father's voice call out, *"Ich hörte das Schreien."* And then, a little more urgently, *"Maria – was ist los?"*

Axel could clearly hear his father's footsteps approaching. He saw his mother's eyes dart to the door. Suddenly, the door swung open. Axel's father stood there, a look of horror on his face. He raised his stick. The man panicked, swung the gun round and fired a single shot. Axel's father slumped to the floor. His mother screamed. For a moment, the man stood there… and then, he ran.

Axel's mother knelt over her husband, pawing at his shirt, crying and screaming. It had happened so quickly and for a moment Axel did not understand. The body of his father, the great war hero, lay sprawled awkwardly across the floor of the kitchen. His eyes stared lifelessly at the ceiling and a trickle of blood oozed from one corner of his mouth. At first, Axel did not cry and did not feel any emotion. It was as if the violence of the act was too much for one so young to understand.

Trancelike, Axel walked from the kitchen, through the back porch and down into the garden. It was only then that he started to run. He ran faster and faster, until he reached the wood and the little stream. He ran down the stream, the trees flashing past him on either side. As he ran, tears gathered in the corners of his eyes. The faster he ran, the more he cried. Finally, he stopped at the bottom of the woods next to the little pool. He jumped across the pool and there he saw it. Half buried in the mud and partially crushed lay the battleship *König*. He reached down, picked it up and held it tightly to his chest.