

Sunday morning early. Saskia and I were walking in the local wood when the trees stopped moving and all the sound vanished. "Voice is back again," I said. "What do you want this time?"

"I am afraid I have a task for you. My meddling in your lives has proved most fortuitous. As you are aware I oversee your lives to an extent. What you did not know is that I also oversee the lives of the whole planet. Ordinarily I would not interfere but if I do nothing at this point there is a ninety one point seven three percent possibility of total extinction of life. I can circumvent the non-interference rule by getting you two to interfere on my behalf.

"In one point two standard hours, terrorists will explode a bomb in a nuclear power station in the place you call France. What they cannot know is that this explosion will cause a chain reaction that will be so severe as to split the crust of the planet. I require you, therefore, to go to this France and stop these persons from setting off the bomb. I will place all pertinent facts in your minds."

Suddenly I knew where the power station was in France, how to get there and how much time we had, which was not a lot.

"My God. Doesn't want much, does it? Save the entire world? Bloody hell!" Saskia ran down eventually. I grinned. "Are we up for it then?"

"Hell, yes! Let's go."

Extending one arm upwards, Saskia rose into the air. As she left the ground, she changed into her super costume. I changed also and followed close behind.

I drew alongside her. "We need to get high enough so we can go faster. Don't want a sonic boom at low level." We rose higher and higher until I judged we'd not affect anything on the ground. "Now, let's go!"

We passed through the sound barrier as if it wasn't there. I guessed we must have been going at thousands of miles an hour rather than hundreds. In any event we were dropping to a landing at the French power station within fifteen minutes of taking off.

We landed on the roof of the main building. There was quite a commotion going on, much to-ing and fro-ing and flashing lights and sirens. We needed to find out where to go. Jumping off the roof we landed in front of the nearest policeman.

"Where are the... Oh. Hang on, this is France."

Saskia took over "Ou et les terroristes?" Then by way of explanation which probably wasn't strictly required, she added, "Nous sommes les SuperTwins par Anglettere."

Le gendarme was obviously in shock but he answered readily enough. "Dans le sal de commande, 2eme etage, en haut les escaliers, par la porte d'entree."

"Merci. Come on, this way." She made for the front door.

I'd ask later about this facility with languages, we had more immediate problems, like, the front door was barricaded shut from the inside. This barely stopped Saskia, she went straight through it with a crash. Bits of wood and splinters *everywhere*.

Inside the entrance hall was a man on guard. The crash as the door opened startled him a bit but didn't stop him lifting his machine gun and shooting at us. Predictably, this had no effect, bullets just bounced off us, humming away into the distance. I walked up to him through the hail of bullets and just took the gun off him. Clenching my fist round it, I squashed the important bits together. It wouldn't fire again.

I thought about what to do with him. I couldn't leave him here and I didn't want to hurt him at all. Then an idea. I picked him up and flew carrying him out of the door and up to the nearest group of police. I dropped him in the middle of them, turned and flew back into the building.

We flew up the stairs. Saskia said, "2eme. That's the second floor. Come on."

Not bothering with the actual stairs, we flew up the open stair well to the second floor. More men left on guard opened fire on us but with no more effect than the first one. More broken guns and men to dispose of.

I took one of the men, pushed him up against the stair rails, bent the rails out until his head went through, then bent them back so his head wouldn't come out. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Saskia do the same for the other terrorist.

The door into the control room was barricaded and locked like the main entrance. Now it was my turn. I flew straight at it. It was just like bursting through paper. The steel doors were ripped completely off their hinges and ended up in a mangled heap on the floor.

As was only to be expected, there were more guns trained on the door. We took care of these on the same way, ignoring the bullets bouncing off us. I think one actually hit my eye but had no more effect than any of the others.

There were three men in here but they were subdued as quickly as the others. One of them said, "Vous etes trop tard, M'mselle."

"What did he say Saskia?" I asked.

Before she could reply he repeated in passable English, "You are too late. The bombs will explode in only a minute. They are not here but are around the core."

Letting the men drop where they were, I called to Saskia, "Quick, x-ray vision. Where you can't see will be the reactor core. The lead shielding will stop your vision."

We peered about with super vision until Saskia said, "There!" I saw them as well.

We needed to go back down the stairs and straight towards the back of the building. We flew quickly back down the stairs into the entrance hall, turned quickly and flew directly towards the reactor core and the bombs. We didn't bother with doors, just crashed through walls until we reach a huge open space full of machinery and stuff.

There were more terrorists here as well but we ignored them and their bullets, flying straight to the bombs tied to the core. Each had a timer running on it. Both said less than twenty seconds to go.

"Quick," said Saskia. "Through the roof. Remember, you're invulnerable." She took hold of one of the bombs and pulled it free from the casing it was tied to. Still holding it she took off straight up.

I pulled the second bomb free and followed her. How high could we get in fifteen seconds or so?

The roof offered no resistance but we left quite a mess behind. We rose directly upwards, higher and higher. Then my bomb exploded. It had no effect on me whatsoever. Any bits of casing and other shrapnel just bounced off and I was left holding nothing. As I watched, Saskia's bomb exploded. She was enveloped in a huge fireball, momentarily lost from sight. When the fireball dissipated I could see we had a problem. Both of us were naked. Our bodies were invulnerable but our clothes obviously weren't up to the same standard.

"I feel we should put some clothes on as soon as possible. There could be some very powerful binoculars down there." I changed to the super costume again.

"Spoilsport! I was enjoying the feeling of the wind on the important little places." But Saskia changed as well.

"Should we go and help some more?" Saskia asked.

"Nah. We've bashed up the baddies, sorted out the bombs, and generally saved the world. Let's go home and leave the French cops to tidy up the mess, mostly left by us I have to say."

"Mmm, yes. I love bashing through walls. Second only to being shot at, of course. I wonder what being hit by a shell or a rocket would feel like?"

"Probably brilliant, knowing you, but you'd probably end up nude again. That's a point, actually, we're due a pat on the back from Voice, let's see what it has to say. Hey, Voice, are you there?"

"I am here. Although you did a lot of damage to the building it was of a superficial nature only and is insignificant given what would have ensued had you not succeeded. Therefore, as I perceive you require thanks and a 'pat on the back', I think that this is justified in this case."

"Hey. Did it just say thank you?"

"Mmm. I think so."

“As to the other matter of the indestructible clothing, I will change your mental templates to include this from now on. However, should you decide to choose a different costume in which to pursue these actions, you will require me to make further changes for you.”

Voice was gone just like that. The clouds started moving again and we were back to normal.

“Looks like we’re going to be hit-men for Voice - well hit-girls anyway.”

“I wonder what time it is?” said Saskia. “Let’s see if we can get back in time for lunch.”

“Suits me. Let’s go.”

At super speed we were back well in time for lunch. As we sat munching away there was no hint that we’d just saved the world.

After lunch Saskia pleaded homework and stuff and departed home.