

Tuesday, March 13, 2068, 9 p.m., Tracy Island

Everyone gathered in the plane hangar at 9.00 p.m. Nikki and Kat dressed very casually. Kat had put on beige cord jeans, chocolate brown T-shirt and chocolate brown cord jacket.

Virgil led them out to the plane. Tin-Tin asked for clearance and they took off for the short flight to New Zealand. It seemed like no time at all before Tin-Tin was asking for permission to land at Christchurch airport. A short taxi ride took them to the karaoke bar.

"Come on, birthday boy," Kat said as she and Nikki each took one of Alan's arms and led him inside.

"I think we shall have to watch those two," Scott remarked to Virgil.

"No, they'll be okay, I'm sure," Virgil replied.

"Where are Tin-Tin and Brains?" Christopher asked.

"They'll be along shortly," Scott replied. "I think they were paying the taxi driver and arranging for a time to collect us."

When Virgil and Scott, followed by Christopher and Brandon, entered, they saw Kat arguing with the man on the admission desk. She delved into her bag and produced her ID. "There," she said.

"Sorry, Miss," the attendant said. "But rules are rules and to be honest you don't look twenty-four." Red-faced, Kat replaced her ID in her bag and followed Nikki and Alan into the room.

Nikki waited for Kat and put her arm around her. "Don't worry about the attendant. Let's, as my mate would say, get this party started and have fun." Kat nodded and continued to walk with Nikki and Alan to the rest of the guys. Virgil looked at Kat with a suspicious look in his eyes.

"What was that all about?"

"The attendant just wanted to check my ID," Kat answered. She held her finger to Virgil. "And I don't want to hear any short jokes from you."

Virgil held up his hands. "I wasn't going to say a word."

"Mm," Kat said. "Maybe you weren't going to say anything, but I am sure that you were thinking it."

Virgil looked at Kat. "I said I wouldn't tease you, and I won't. Besides, you're the one who brought it up."

"Shush," Kat said. "That subject is taboo."

Scott found them a table close to the karaoke. Kat persuaded Alan to sing. Sadly, Alan was no singer and his attempts caused the others to dissolve into laughter. Scott and Virgil asked what everyone wanted to drink and battled their way to the bar.

Christopher sat at the table, scanning the list of songs before leaping up and crossing to the man in charge. After much chatting, Christopher crossed to the microphone. The music began, and a lot of other patrons looked round as the old 1930s rhythm swam around the bar.

"I hope you don't mind if I try something different." Christopher smiled, and clicked his fingers to the beat.

He began to sing, his rich voice wrapping around the lyrics of Cole Porter and Richard Rodgers, before ending with a rendition of "I've Got You Under My Skin".

People were clapping as he made his way back to the table. Alan looked at him in disbelief. Christopher shrugged his shoulders. "I used to sing in an amateur operatic society. Now, Alan, I was going to buy you a drink, wasn't I?"

And with that he went up to the bar.

Post by TheWrongTrousers, Nikki-browneyes1, and Tawnyangel22 on 05/10/2004

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