

Tracy Island -- Wednesday April 25th - 9.15 am.

Scott waited in Thunderbird One's hangar, impatiently tapping his foot, and looking at his watch: 9.15 a.m.. ~Where on earth is she? I specifically told her 8.30 a.m. There is a lot to show her.

Brains arrived, obviously looking around for her. "Isn't she here yet?

"No, she isn't," Scott snapped back.

"It's not like Kat to be late; she is usually very punctual." Brains tried to calm Scott.

Just then the sound of running footsteps was heard, and Kat appeared, very much out of breath.

"Kat, you're late," Scott said.

"Scott, I am so sorry! I overslept! You see, we were all up late last night chatting and...."

Actually, only part of her excuse was true. They had stayed up late chatting, but for the first time since she had been on the island, she felt nervous. She was suddenly worried. What if she couldn't learn everything? What if Scott got frustrated with her? He had been kind with her learning to fly, but she could sense that underneath, he was getting frustrated.

"Okay, okay," Scott interrupted irritably. He took a deep breath to calm himself. "So, let's make a start. There is a lot you have to know about Thunderbird One."

"Oh, yes!" Kat remarked brightly. "I have been reading the manual. I don't think it will be too hard to learn about Thunderbird One. I think I did quite well with Thunderbirds Two and Four."

"Really?" Scott remarked, an eyebrow rising.

"Kat," Brains looked at her and tried to diffuse the situation. "Thunderbird One is more complex than the other two crafts, you know."

For a split second Kat was going to say something, but changed her mind. Scott was looking rather annoyed. ~Maybe I have overstepped the mark, she thought to herself. Meekly she followed the two young men as they began maintenance work on the large rocket.

"We will begin at the front," Scott remarked, "We obviously can't do all that I had planned this morning since we are a little short on time."

Again Kat thought about saying how sorry she was for being late, but Scott and Brains walked ahead of her. "In the nose cone there is a computerised instrumentation system which uses 'nano' technology. This allows simplified control of the aircraft at high speed. There is also a forward radar and body-heat detection system."

Kat nodded, trying hard to appear as if she completely understood everything that Scott was telling her. But she had to admit, "I am not totally au fait with all the computerisation systems you use." Kat tried hard to keep a tremor from her voice.

Brains looked at her kindly. She was finding this hard; true, she had read the manual, but her remarks earlier had put her at odds with Scott.

Scott continued, "The rocket has a heat-resistant calcium-bonded nose cone."

They headed for the interior. Kat was still feeling somewhat nervous. She had never experienced being as nervous as this before. Scott was not as easy going as his other brothers had been. Once inside the cabin, Scott pointed out the control console. Kat groaned inwardly, ~Another computerised system!

He pointed out that the pilot's seat rotates to remain upright when TB1 changes from vertical to horizontal flight. A folding ladder moves forward and unfolds telescopically downwards to allow access via underside exit hatch to pilot's cabin. Behind the cabin were the oxygen tanks, air-recycling duct, life support systems and atmosphere-recycling unit. He showed her the starboard window hatch.

"Okay, then," Scott said. "Now let's go outside and onto the gantry surrounding the rocket. I want to explain a few more things to you." He looked at Kat, who was by now looking distinctly unhappy. "Do you have any questions before we leave the interior?"

"Nnno... Scott," Kat mumbled.

Standing on the gantry overlooking Thunderbird One, Scott pointed out the remote-controlled hover camera, which uses anti-gravity technology to allow him to view the disaster area from the safety of Thunderbird One's cabin, also needed if there are poisonous gases or unstable ground. Heading back down the ladder through the body of the ship he showed her the service duct ladder, which was used when Thunderbird One was in the launch bay. Next they headed to the access hatch to the cargo bay, where a hover bike and Mobile Control are kept.

Scott went on relentlessly.

Kat found her voice, and asked Scott one or two questions. He answered her questions and then said, "I think that we'll leave the rest for another day. I suggest that we work again the day after tomorrow. I will give you a small test on what you have learned today, Kat."

Kat inwardly groaned. ~He is a hard taskmaster. Still, she thanked him.

Just as she was leaving, Scott called after her, "Kat, 8.30 am sharp."

"Okay, Scott," Kat answered as she hurried out of the hangar.

Scott watched her go and then said to Brains, "She has the makings of a good mechanic for the Thunderbird crafts, once she has settled down to the task. She seems to want to rush things though. She needs far more training."

Brains nodded in agreement. "I will arrange that for her. I intend to ask Tin-Tin to train her on

most of the auxiliary vehicles. John and Alan can also help if they have the time."

From Tawnyangel22 7/29/2005
