
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 02:18:40 GMT
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]*****Wednesday, May 16, 2068; Thunderbird Five; 1:30 p.m. (Tracy Island time; 8:30 p.m. on Tuesday, May 15, somewhere in Nebraska)*****[/I]

Callie was having another hard day of flagging calls, checking which seemed to be of higher priority. Then, she heard what sounded like a child's voice. "Calling International Rescue, can you hear me?"

She opened communications and said, "This is International Rescue. What is your emergency?"

"Wow! You can really hear me?"

"Yes, I can. Can you tell me what the problem is?"

"Gee, I didn't know they had women. Is this really International Rescue?"

"Yes, I promise you, you have reached the right organization. But you have to tell me what's wrong, or I can't help you."

"Oh. I'm sorry. It's my teacher. I'm in the sixth grade. She's assigned us to write an interview, or mock interview, with a hero. All the others are writing about rock stars, or athletes. Susie Jenkins is even writing one about a person who's dead! I think her name is Marie Curie. But I want to write about you guys. You don't mind if I use the word 'guys', do you? I know some girls don't like to be called that."

"I don't mind at all." Callie had to let go of the button. "How do I respond to this? It's not an emergency."

"Are you there, International Rescue? Can you help me? Pleeaaaaaassssee?"

Pressing the button again, she said, "Stand by, please." She pressed another button and said, "Base from Thunderbird Five, come in, Base."

Jeff was sitting at the desk when the eyes of John's picture began to flash. He hit the switch that connected him to Callie. "Thunderbird Five, this is Base. What's the emergency, Ursa?"

"Base, I have a sixth-grader sending a call, but it's not an emergency. I know the rule is to turn it down. The problem is this is for a report on heroes, and he's chosen International Rescue. I'm not sure how to respond properly to him."

Jeff's eyebrows rose in surprise, then he began to chuckle. "I'm not sure this has ever happened before. Stay on the line; I'm going to call Quasar. He may have had experience in this." He muted communications and placed the call to John.

Two minutes later, the young man hurried into the room and over to Jeff's desk. He turned to his

portrait - which now showed Callie - and said, "Hey, Ursa. What's up?"

"Have you ever had to respond to a call like this? A sixth-grader wants to do a report on us, but I'm not sure what to say to him without giving away secrets." She shrugged. "Can you help me out on this one, Quasar?"

"Are you sure this kid is the real thing? I've had a couple of calls, but it turned out to be an attempt by reporters to get some information that would have compromised our security."

"He sounds like a genuine sixth-grader. Even the 'pleeeeeease' sounds authentic. What should I do to confirm he is in fact a sixth-grader and not another reporter?"

"Actually, I don't think you can. They pay kids to ask questions they write out. Only when he or she asks one that you feel is out of line, will you know."

"International Rescue? Are you still there? I've got to get this done tonight. The assignment is due tomorrow. Please help me."

"I tell you what," John said, when he heard the voice. "Go ahead and agree to the 'interview', and I'll listen in. Keep an eye on the screen. I'll signal you if the question is not one you can answer."

"F-A-B, Quasar." She pressed a button to respond to the boy. "Young man, you have your interview. Just keep in mind that there will be questions I may not be able to answer for security reasons."

"I understand, Miss. How can you tell if there's a real emergency and not a false alarm?"

"We have a way of monitoring all communications and know about potential emergencies before we get a call. So we can pretty much tell. And if we can't and decide to go, the person who arrives at the location first can."

"Okay. Next question: How many people are part of International Rescue?"

Callie looked at John, who shook his head. "Before I answer that, what's your name?"

"Peter Fink. But I ain't one - a fink, I mean."

Callie smiled, and so did John. "Well, Peter-not-a-fink, I can't tell you the answer to that question. All I can say is that we feel we have enough to handle just about any situation we might encounter."

Peter chuckled before asking the next question. "Why did International Rescue get started in the first place?"

Startled, she looked up at her screen, to see John make a slashing movement. She told Peter to hold on; she had to take another call. She muted him and looked questioningly at John.

"The answer to that question could be considered another security breach. Just tell him the

founders felt there was a need, and were able to come up with the means to meet that need."

Callie nodded and, opening the channel, repeated what John told her.

"I'm glad the founders did start it, or a lot of other people wouldn't be alive right now. I have one last question. If the world runs out of people needing to be saved, would you continue with International Rescue?"

The question startled a laugh out of Callie. "Peter, I doubt that would ever happen. All I can say is that International Rescue will be around as long as it's needed. And that's something you and anyone else can quote me on." She saw John nodding in approval at her statement.

Peter smiled. "Thank you, International Rescue. This'll make a great report."

"Glad to assist, Peter. Good luck with your report."

"Thanks. Oh, I just thought of something. Are you the only girl - er, lady - in International Rescue?"

John nodded at her and mouthed, "Don't tell him how many there are, though."

She nodded back and replied, "No, I'm not. But that's all I can tell you."

"Okay. Thanks again. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mr. Not-a-Fink."

Peter laughed as he turned off his radio. "Now I've got a great report to turn in tomorrow."

Callie terminated the call at her end and turned back to the screen. "Thanks for your help, Quasar."

"You're welcome, but I think you would have managed on your own. Interesting that you had something happen to you on your tour that never occurred when either Indy or I was aboard Five."

Jeff, who had watched and listened to the whole thing, agreed, saying, "You did very well."

*****By TracyFan4Ever and Hobbeth.*****

From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 9/29/2005
