
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 02:24:03 GMT
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*****Sunday, May 20, 2068; Thunderbird Five; around 9:30 p.m.*****

Callie stretched her arms after another long day of checking and flagging calls. "Oh, man, I never thought pressing so many buttons could do a number on my hands. I haven't done that in quite a long time." Sending a call to the base, she said, "There are several calls I'm keeping close tabs on, including possible volcanic activity at Mount Etna in Italy and the first tropical depression in the Eastern Pacific. The warmer waters around that depression will cause rapid strengthening."

Jeff nodded. "I understand, Ursa. Stay on top of those transmissions in case something develops out of either or both. Anything else to report?"

"Well, yes, sir, there is. I'm out of creamy peanut butter, and I've just got to have that with crackers and PB&J sandwiches."

After she heard Jeff chuckle, she asked, "Don't any of your sons eat peanut butter?"

"They normally won't eat it unless there's nothing left to eat. I guess we'll have to stock up on a lot of peanut butter on changeover. Speaking of my sons, it's nice to have all five of them together, and I have to thank you for making it possible."

Callie smiled. "It's good they have that extra time. To change the subject, sir, am I going to have to do any cross-training when I return to Earth?"

"You may have to, but we'll go into more detail about that when you get back."

"Okay, sir. I'm almost done with the daily diagnostic check. The communication systems are functioning properly, and the one bank to be emptied is almost done. Five more minutes, and then I'll head to bed."

"F-A-B, Ursa. Good night."

After ending the transmission, Callie saw the monitor read System Clear. "Ah, that's it. The daily check's done."

Going to the refrigerator, she grabbed a bottle of fruit-flavored water. Upon passing John's room, she noticed his plant. "Hmm, it looks like it could use some water." Looking at her water bottle, she said, "No, I don't think the plant would like the lime taste." Callie had to go into John's room to get to his little bathroom. "All I need is some regular H₂O, so there's no need for me to be nosy." After pouring water into the cup, she went back to "feed" the plant. "There you go. I know you need your good health for when John returns. Does Alan take good care of--" With a giggle she said, "I haven't talked to a plant since I was a kid."

Callie then went into her quarters and found her journal on the table near a photo of her family. Sitting on the bed, she grabbed the journal and nearby pen, opened the book, and started writing.

Today was another busy day, but once again, no calls for International Rescue to come out. I've been very lucky so far during my first solo run as space monitor. I think the most exciting call I've gotten so far this month was from that little boy, Peter Fink. He was so eager to do a report on us, even though I couldn't tell him too much. Not even John or Alan has had this problem before, so I got to have a first for IR while being up here. If he got a good grade, more power to him. I'll be going home in less than two weeks, but I have a feeling we'll be needed soon enough. The question right now is when.

It sure can be quiet and lonely up here. But like I told John when I came up here with him, it's the vital info I send back to Earth that makes all the difference.

I'm so happy Mom got her flowers and card on time. Because I completely forgot about the time difference between here and Opp, I actually thought I was too late.

She sighed as she continued writing.

Sometimes I worry that a call could come from my own family, and they would immediately recognize me if I responded. I pray nothing happens to my family. If they do have to call, I hope it'll be a time when either John or Alan is up here.

Well, that's all I can think of for now. I need some sleep because tomorrow will be another day of pressing buttons and checking calls.

After closing her journal, she walked to the closet. She took off her uniform and changed into a comfortable nightgown. Upon finishing her water, she tucked the bottle away for later recycling. Entering the bathroom, she brushed her teeth and then her hair with the hairbrush in her right hand. When she was done stroking her hair, she tied it up in a bun for the night, her way of keeping her hair straight while sleeping. Finally walking out of the bathroom, she pulled down the blanket and slipped under it. With a smile she looked at her family photo before she turned out the light for the evening.

From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 10/15/2005
