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Subject: Re: Growing as a Team

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 02:25:32 GMT

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Wednesday, March 14, 2:05 p.m. local time, Ust'-Uls

As Nikki moved out to help Kat and Alan with the disoriented man, several things happened at once. An ambulance came up from Ust'-Uls, carrying Ilya back to the Danger Zone. A short, dark-haired, middle-aged woman also rode with the ambulance and climbed out, gazing around her as if looking for someone. And a young man, around Alan's age, came up from the city on foot, a camera around his neck. He peered out from behind the ambulance and surreptitiously took pictures of the rescue operations.

The woman followed Ilya up to Thunderbird Seven. The young Russian man called out, "Doc? I am returned."

Dianne turned from recording her doctor's notes to smile at Ilya, then she frowned to see the woman behind him.

"Welcome back, Ilya," she said, distracted. She came closer and spoke to him personally. "Please go and help out Aye, Kay and En. They are dealing with a disoriented man who might respond better to a Russian speaker." She pointed in the direction that Nikki had taken.

"Da, Doc. I will go." Ilya nodded and headed off to where Dianne had indicated. The woman stepped up and met Dianne's gaze frankly.

"I am IR Agent 36," she said in a low voice, pulling a small badge from her pocket. "I am from Perm. Agent 83, from Ekaterinaburg, is in Ust'-Uls, standing watch over Thunderbird Two. How can I help you?"

Dianne's frown cleared as she saw the badge. "Welcome, Agent 36. We're almost done here, I think. Perhaps you'd better ask Ess if he needs anything in particular. He's over in that direction. Dark hair, blue sash."

"I will ask." And with that, Agent 36 turned on her heel and went off to find Scott.

Dianne sighed, and went back in to finish her notes. She turned and looked outside again when she heard a shout.

"Hey! Oy! You there! Nyet!" Christopher shouted, running after the photographer, Virgil at his heels. The young photographer ran some distance, heading back towards the city before he was intercepted by a fine football tackle from Christopher. Alan stopped on his way to the medical cabin, turned, and ran towards the growing altercation. Nikki and Kat came up, watching the situation unfold as they guided their charge to Thunderbird Seven. Dominic took over for Kat, who nudged Ilya and together they hurried to the scene of the brouhaha.

"Take him into the surgery so I can give him a complete scan," Dianne directed the nurses. She went into the driver's cab. A light was blinking and a chiming was sounding off. She flipped the

switch that turned off the automatic camera detector and pressed the button next to it that would obliterate the photos that had just been taken. Then she went back to see to her latest patient.

Meanwhile, Virgil had pulled Christopher up off the photographer. Ilya and Kat hurried up.

"You'd better ask him what he's doing here," Christopher said to Ilya. "I don't know much Russian."

Ilya spoke sharply to the young man, who had pulled himself up from the ground, his shirt filthy and his hands, elbows and knees skinned and bloody. He answered Ilya back with an angry tone.

"He is a journalist from Ust'-Uls. He said he came to report on the rescue," Ilya said flatly to Virgil. Virgil's wrist telecomm crackled.

"Thunderbird Seven to Vee."

"Go ahead, Doc."

"I've activated the photo fogger." Dianne's voice sounded weary. "The camera detector went off, but it doesn't register in the medical cabin."

"F-A-B, Doc. Shall we bring our photographer friend to you? He's pretty skinned up."

A sigh. "Go ahead. En or Dee can clean him up. Then you can hand him over to Agent 36. She's with Scott right now. She can take him to the relevant authorities."

"F-A-B, Doc. Vee out." Virgil turned to Ilya. "Please tell our reporter that his photographs have been dealt with and will not print. Alan, could you, Kat, and Ilya take him over to Thunderbird Seven? En or Dee will clean him up, and then we'll turn him over to... the proper authorities." His gaze turned to the pile of wrecked cars. "CJ and I still have some work to do."

"F-A-B, Vee," Kat assured him. Ilya spoke to the man sharply and Alan took him firmly by one arm, while Kat did the same from the other side. The reporter looked over one shoulder and shouted at Christopher, his face angry and red.

"I don't need to know Russian to figure out what that was all about," Christopher said mildly as he dusted himself off. He nodded to Virgil. "Shall we?"

"Let's go," Virgil agreed, and the two men walked off to continue their search.

Post by Tikatu on 31/10/2004

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