
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 03:36:56 GMT
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Wednesday, March 14, 2068, 3:12 p.m., local time, Ust'-Uls

Scott stretched his back and rubbed his neck. He glanced over at Brandon, who was leaning wearily against a car. It was the last one in their section. The occupants were lucky; they had only minor injuries and one had even managed to climb out through a broken window. They thanked Scott and Brandon in fluent Russian as the pair pried open the door on the other side for the remaining passengers to get out. Callie translated for them, and Scott, who had been picking up various Russian phrases all day, told them, "It's all in a day's work" in their native tongue. They chuckled, a reaction that Scott had encountered time and again that day.

"Is my Russian that bad, Cee?" he asked the fledgling space monitor.

"No, but your accent is," Callie replied, grinning.

Scott sighed, then activated his wrist telecomm. "Vee, status."

"We're done here," Virgil answered. Christopher nodded. Virgil noticed, not for the first time, that Christopher looked haunted, and that he kept looking down at his hands, arms, and clothes, all still spattered with Belinda's blood. He resolved to get their new pilot alone after they'd debriefed and had a good rest and get him to open up about the rescue.

"F-A-B, Vee," Scott acknowledged. "Status, Aye?"

Alan's face, weary but cheerful, filled the screen. "We've double-checked all the cars, Ess. All are clear. The locals have taken care of most of the black tags."

"Do we have idents for our own black tags and the patients in Seven?" Scott asked.

"Yes, Ess. We do. All papers are now matched with patients... or bodies," Alan informed him.

"F-A-B, Aye. Doc, status?"

Dianne's face replaced Alan's. "All personnel present and accounted for. We have two class three concussions, one with a skull fracture; one amputee that is still touch and go; two cases of polytrauma, one of them an adolescent; one green-tagged infant with no ident, and one preemie in an incubator." She sighed heavily. "All of our black tags have been matched with idents and have been removed by the locals. We still haven't gotten an ident on the baby Kay brought in." She paused. "I'm told that the Ust'-Uls hospital is full and can't take our new patients, particularly our polytrauma and amputee victims. Agent 36 suggested Perm...."

"F-A-B, Doc. I'll get Jay or Cee on that. Let's get our equipment together and head back to Two. Kay?"

"Yes, Ess?" Kat replied, her tired face coming up on his telecomm screen.

"Can you remember which car you found the baby in?"

"Yes, I think so, Ess."

"Good. Take Aye and find the car, then get the license plate number and the Vehicle Identification Code. Those will help the authorities to place the baby's family."

"F-A-B, Ess."

"Aye, as soon as you have that, give it to Doc and head out in the Firefly. Take Kay and the hoverbike with you. Vee, you ride with Bee and CJ in the recovery vehicle right now so you can get Two warmed up and ready. Aye follows in the Firefly. Doc, do you need a chauffeur today?"

"No, Ess. We can handle it. We're to come last in the processional?"

Scott smiled at his stepmother. "Yes, you are. How'd you guess?"

Dianne smiled back, a small, weary smile. "Simple. When we reach Perm, Seven's going to be the only one getting out. Last in, first out. Plus, we're the one with the photo disrupter."

"F-A-B, Doc. As far as our operations here are concerned, I'm calling stand down. Time, 3:20 p.m. local time. Did you get that, R&D?"

Brains's face appeared on his screen. "F-A-B, Ess. Give me an ETA once you're done at Perm and we'll have dinner ready when you all arrive."

"F-A-B, base. Sounds like a plan. Though I think that a few of us will be scarfing down some MREs on the way home. Myself included." Scott clapped Brandon on the shoulder and indicated he take the oxyhydrite tanks and cutter with him. Brandon nodded and wearily headed over to the idle recovery vehicle. He could see Virgil approaching with his cutting equipment and a disconsolate CJ following close behind.

The two men joined Brandon in the cramped cab of the vehicle. "You want to drive, Vee?" Brandon asked.

Virgil shook his head. "I'll be flying home soon enough. So I'll just sit back here and be a backseat driver." He tipped Brandon a wink, which garnered a small smile and rolled eyes. Then Brandon brought the vehicle to life, the engine first roaring and then settling down to a steady chug-chug.

"Recovery vehicle to Thunderbird One. Ready to move out," Brandon informed Scott. The three men looked out of the windshield to see the silver rocket rise slowly into the sky.

"F-A-B, Recovery vehicle. Move 'em on out. See you back at base," Scott replied.

Brandon put his ride into gear, and, passing the damaged school bus and the smouldering wreck that started the whole chain reaction, headed back to the stadium in Ust'-Uls.

