
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 03:41:17 GMT
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"Oh my!" Kat exclaimed as she looked out the window of the Firefly. "I never thought I'd see this!"

Alan smiled. "Well, usually we don't have to make a trek through city streets to get back to Thunderbird Two."

What Kat was amazed at were the people. The people of Ust'-Uls who lined the street on the way to the stadium, waving kerchiefs and throwing flowers and generally cheering as the International Rescue machinery came through. Alan was amused, even though things like this had happened very infrequently during the three years that he'd been part of his father's dream, he still got a kick out of it.

He looked ahead to where the Recovery vehicle was preparing to make a wide left hand turn. To his consternation, there was a television camera waiting for them at the entrance to the stadium. But the light was red on top, which meant it wasn't filming, and the operator was having a heated argument with a tall, blond man whose thick mustache almost entirely hid his mouth. The tall man finally threw his jacket over the camera's lens and a police officer, who had been drawn to the altercation, listened to the two arguing and took away the camera operator to give him a good tongue lashing.

"Make sure you're strapped in, Kat. We're entering the stadium now."

Kat indicated that she was strapped in, and Alan expertly swung the Firefly in a wide turn and through the doors of the stadium. There was a military presence there, for which Alan was glad. He knew that there would probably have been pictures taken, both conventional and digital of the Firefly as they went through the city streets, but Thunderbird Seven would take care of those. The range of both the photo detector and the photo disrupter had been increased, and it had been altered to deal with all image types, from silver backed films to the most sophisticated digital recorders. No one who tried to take photos of the IR teams would get good shots.

The stadium itself was empty of all save Thunderbird Two... and Agent 36. The tall blond man had joined her, and Virgil, who had gotten out of the Recovery Vehicle to raise the chassis of Thunderbird Two from the pod was shaking hands with him. Alan grinned, and turned back to Kat.

"Hmm. That must be the other agent that was called in. Hey, look, there's your friend, Ilya."

Indeed, Ilya stood by Agent 36 peering into the Firefly. Alan could almost feel the warmth of Kat's blushing behind him.

"Would you like to get out here? I need to wait on Brandon to put the Recovery Vehicle in the pod...." Alan suggested in a seemingly off-handed way.

"Well, I guess so," Kat said, hesitantly. Alan pulled up next to Virgil and the small company he kept, and Kat climbed gingerly from the height of the Firefly's cabin. Alan couldn't help but notice how eagerly Ilya moved forward to help Kat down. He chuckled, remembering the many times that

lovely young things had snuggled into his grasp if he had to carry them, or made their injuries look worse than they were so he would have to do just that. Occupational hazard, he thought, smiling.

The Firefly had been loaded, and Thunderbird Seven was now resting on the floor of the pod. The door swung upward and shut with a decisive clang. The sound of Thunderbird Two's chassis lowering over the pod could be heard, then Virgil's voice came over Dianne's headset.

"Are any of you coming forward?" he asked. "If so, you'd better hurry."

Dianne looked at Dom and Nikki, both of whom were busy either tending to their patients or starting to clean up. She said to them, "You could go up to the flight deck if you like. You don't have to stay down here."

The two nurses looked at each other and both shook their heads.

"We'll stay here, Doc, and help you look after the wee little one," Dom said in his Irish brogue. He smiled, his first smile in hours. "And the other patients, of course."

"And get a head start on cleaning this beast," Nikki said, patting the wall inside the medical cabin. "She's a real mess right now."

Dianne glanced from one nurse to the other and shook her head, smiling. "Virgil, we'll all be staying down here for the duration," she responded to Virgil's query. "We have patients to tend to."

"F-A-B. ETA to Perm, 20 minutes. Vee out."

"I have a feeling," Dianne said, looking at her two nurses with a twinkle in her eye, "That this has just cemented us as a team."

The nurses looked at each other again and nodded. "Yeah. I think so, too," Nikki observed.

Post by Tikatu on 05/11/2004
