

Friday, March 16, 2068, 8 a.m., Tracy Island.

"Kat," Jeff called down the table to the mechanic. "I've got an assignment for you today."

Kat looked up sharply. "You have Mr. Tracy? Do you want me to report to you in the lounge for instructions, or down in the Thunderbirds' hangar?"

Jeff chuckled. "I can tell you about it right here, Kat. Besides, I'd rather make only one trip down to the hangars today in this thing." He indicated the wheelchair and took a sip of his coffee. "Are you familiar with pre-flight check procedure?" he asked.

"I am very familiar with pre-flight procedure check. I often carried out that procedure for Lady Penelope. If you would tell me what time the flight will be and which plane you are using, I will carry out all the required checks. If everything is in order, I will leave to make a start. These checks cannot be hurried in any way, and as you know, there are no short cuts."

"My, you are an eager one," Jeff commented with a smile.

"We'll be using Tracy Three and we'd like to get airborne by eleven this morning. Dianne, as pilot, would normally do the pre-flight checks, but she'll be doing our packing. We're taking Lena home, then Lisa, and staying for the memorial service in Greenville later next week."

He sipped his coffee again. "Our procedures may differ a bit from what you're used to, but there's a data pad in the hangars that will tell you what we require."

Kat sat finishing her breakfast, taking in what Mr Tracy had said. There shouldn't be too many differences between what she had done for Lady Penelope, and what would be required here.

Having finished her breakfast, she stood up. "With your permission, Mr. Tracy, I would like to make a start."

Jeff nodded.

"One more thing, Kat. Alan will be taking Tracy One this afternoon for part one of his birthday present. He might ask for your help with the pre-flight checks there too."

Kat grinned. "I shall carry out the pre-flight checks on Tracy Three first. When I am absolutely satisfied, I will go and find Alan to see if he needs any help." And with that Kat left the room.

Smiling to herself, she thought, This is really why I am here. Sure, I was helpful on the rescue, but to be honest, this is more my forte. This is what I imagined it would be like being here on Tracy Island, helping with the many different planes.

Jeff shook his head, smiled, and finished his coffee.

