

Monday, March 19, 2068, 3:30 p.m., Tracy Island

"Tracy Island, this is TRIC 078, requesting permission to land."

"TRIC 078, permission granted. I'll see you down at the airstrip."

"Roger that."

Scott turned off the communicator and turned on the intercom to reach the kitchen.

"Kyrano? The cargo plane has arrived. Just thought you should know."

"Thank you, Mr. Scott. I shall be there directly."

Scott scrambled outside and hopped into the hover cart that sat at the base of the steps from the house. He waved to Brandon, who was swimming laps in the pool, and gestured to Alan.

"Alan! Come on! I'll need your help!"

"Coming, Scott!"

Alan hurried to the hover cart and together he and Scott maneuvered the small vehicle down to the airstrip. By the time they got there, Kyrano was already outside with a hover float, and Christopher was leaning over the rails of the Cliff House patio.

"Could you blokes use an extra hand?" he asked with a shout.

"Sure could!" Alan replied with a yell.

"Be right there!"

Meanwhile, Tin-Tin had arrived to take charge of the manifest. She smiled widely; the orders from the uniform makers had finally come! She knew that she and Grandma Tracy would probably be working hard to put on the patches that had been requisitioned from the embroiderers. The people who made the various parts to the uniforms didn't know who they were making them for, with the exception of the embroiderers, who gladly made the patches for International Rescue and kept quiet about it. Still, even they didn't know where the patches went once they were shipped out. An agent would collect the patches from a dummy address and send them off to a central location, where the other boxes would be assembled. There was always a middleman, or two, and in some cases, three, when they dealt with outside suppliers.

"Thank you, Gary," Tin-Tin said as she signed the manifest. Gary was their regular cargo plane pilot, and on the Tracy Industries payroll, and, like Juan the mailman, made regular trips to the island. He usually came with items too bulky for Juan's little puddle jumper. But even he had no

idea what was in the boxes.

Nikki sauntered out to the plane to idly inspect the packages. Her face beamed as she saw one with a familiar address.

"Yes! The gear I had shipped has finally made it!" she exclaimed. She turned and looked up at the Cliff House, the patio of which towered several stories above them. "But just how am I going to get it up there?"

"Do not worry, Ms. Jackson. We will make sure it gets to your apartment," Kyrano soothed. "But first I will take these parcels up to the main house."

"Is that everything?" Gary asked, brushing his dark hair out of his eyes. "If so, I've got another delivery to make on the way back to Wellington."

"Yes, it is, Gary. And thanks again," Scott replied with a genial handshake. "Let me get upstairs and we'll give you clearance for take off."

"Right," Gary said as he headed to the cockpit. "See you later this week!"

The little group waved, and dispersed. Scott drove Kyrano and part of the cargo back up to the villa, then checked the radar before giving Gary the go-ahead for his departure.

I'll tell Dad about this when we have our daily check-in. It will cheer him immensely to know that our new operatives now have their official uniforms. It will take a while for my brothers and I to get used to the new design, but I think it's far more practical than what we've had up to now.

Post by Tikatu on 27/11/2004