
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:44:54 GMT
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 4/21/2007 7:27 PM

Thursday August 24, outside of Bundaberg, Queensland, 9:45 PM (11:45 PM Tracy Island.)

John tapped his pen on the edge of his note pad. He gazed out the windows for a moment and sighed. It's late, but I can't sleep, not until I know how this turns out. He turned his attention back to the radio, and tweaked the dials a bit.

"...trying to keep it from spreading more. The plant's been evacuated and we cleared out as much of the rum as we could."

John quickly pulled up a map of the area and scanned it. "Damn. This doesn't look good. I'd better alert Da..."

"The chopper's down! Repeat, the chopper's down!"

John quickly keyed up another screen and scanned the data. "Base from Thunderbird Five, come in!"

"Base here, go ahead, Thunderbird Five."

"Boss, we have a potential situation in Australia." John quickly explained what was happening. "And now it appears that a helicopter full of rescue personnel has gone down."

"Have you received a call?"

"Negative, Boss."

John watched the emotions warring across his father's features. Finally Jeff sighed, "Notify the authorities; tell them we're on our way."

"FAB!"

xxxx

Justin wiped a weary hand across his eyes. After nearly a lifetime in the cane business, he'd never lost control of a fire like this. Granted, it wasn't entirely his fault. The winds shifted on their own, and who would have guessed the fire would have merged with another and then hit the petrol tanks on the outskirts of the city.

"You've cleared the area?" One of the firemen asked.

Justin nodded. "Yeah, everyone's out. We started evacuating as soon as the fire jumped the fence."

The man nodded. "Good." He smiled thinly, "It's not your fault. These things happen."

"Then why'd it have to happen to me?"

The man was about to respond when his radio went off. "The chopper's down! Repeat, the chopper's down!"

Both men looked at each other in horror. The fireman quickly picked up his radio. "What's the situation?" he demanded as he hurried back towards the control center.

"Looks like a gum tree exploded. The chop was caught in the bang and went down somewhere in the Outback. We're not getting any response to calls."

"Damn." The man closed his eyes and said a brief prayer, Please, someone help them.

"Cap! Over here!" He looked up to see one of his men waving. "You've got to hear this."

"This is International Rescue. We heard about your situation and are offering our assistance."

The captain grinned in relief. "This is Bundaberg Ladder Seven, International Rescue. We'd be grateful if you'd come give us a hand!"

"Consider it done; our people are on their way. Send me the coordinates so we can set down. We'll be coming with two ships, Thunderbirds One and Two."

"Roger that, International Rescue." The captain stepped back to let his radio man continue the conversation. He glanced up at the stars, barely visible through the thick smoke. I guess some prayers are answered. Thank-you.
