
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:45:29 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 4/28/2007 3:52 PM

Thursday, August 24, 11:55 p.m. Tracy Island (9:55 p.m. Australia)

The emergency signal rang through out the Villa and the Cliff House, bringing the team members to the lounge at a run. As the recruits headed up in the elevator to the lower floor of the Cliff House, Dom and Nikki exchanged troubled glances. Dom was back on full duty, and Nikki was due to be released soon, but they both knew this was going to be a difficult rescue. No Thunderbird Seven to house and transport patients, and no Doc to treat the worst of them.

"We'll do, Nikki," Dom murmured to her, shifting his son's sleeping weight in his arms. "We'll do."

Nikki nodded quickly, then the elevator was at its destination and they were running for the lounge. As Dom turned the second corner, there was Lisa, a weary smile on her face, and her arms outstretched.

"I'll take him," she said. "If you're not back within 15 minutes, I'll know you've gone out." Dom nodded and handed his blond burden off, then hurried to join the others.

Jeff was already into briefing mode when Dom walked in. "We'll need the Firefly, Fire Truck, Firetender for this one, with plenty of dicetyline. Take the new dicetyline missiles, too. Scott, Virgil, because this one is so close to home and it won't take you long to get to the Danger Zone, I want you both to come in from different angles. Scott from the northwest, and Virgil from the northeast. We need to keep them guessing as to where we're located."

His glance flicked up toward Dom as the nurse came in, and he nodded imperceptibly. "Dom, you and Nikki are both on this one." He looked over the small crowd, his eyes resting on Callie for a moment longer than the others. "Alan, Callie, Gordon, Brains, you're with Virgil. Elise, Scott may need another pair of hands, so you're with him." He passed a hand through his hair, silently wishing he could have sent his latest recruit out to observe.

She has other, more important things to think about. There was a pause, then he said, "Everyone has their orders; off you go."

Scott and Elise bolted for the entrance to Thunderbird One's hangar, while Virgil headed for his entry way. The others crowded out of the lounge, heading down a flight, taking the steps two at a time in some cases. Once they'd gone, Dianne appeared in the doorway between the study and lounge.

"What are you doing here?" Jeff asked. His tone was irritable and accusatory, and he realized it. He softened his tone. "You should be in bed."

"You think Ah can sleep with thet alarm goin' off?" Dianne asked, her tone as irritable as his had been. "Ah'm gonna stay up and wait for the crew to come back. Ah won't get any sleep while

theyah gone."

"No way, lady," Jeff said, coming around his desk and approaching his wife. "You're going back to bed, and that's an order."

Dianne raised one eyebrow as if to ask, "Oh really?" when Scott's voice made Jeff turn around. He let out an exasperated huff, and hurried back to his desk. "Thunderbird One, you are cleared for launch. Thunderbird Two, you may launch in five minutes."

"F-A-B," Scott's voice came over the loudspeaker.

"F-A-B, Boss," Virgil echoed.

Jeff abandoned the desk again and reached his wife when she was halfway across the room. He took her by the arm, steering her back toward the study. "Now, Dianne, you are going back to bed if I have to carry you there," he insisted. "You're on medical leave as far as rescues are concerned and to me, that means the lounge is off-limits... at least at this time of night."

"Jeff, you can stop treatin' me like a child any day now," she said, scowling.

"Dianne, it..." Jeff blew out another frustrated breath. "Listen. The medical equipment for Thunderbird Five...." He paused as Thunderbird One flashed by, its jets lighting up the night sky. "The equipment for Five's sickbay upgrade will be here tomorrow. We'll need you to check it over and make sure we have everything. And if anyone comes back injured... then you'll have to put on your scrubs, leg or no leg. I don't dare allow another open hospital visit, not now." His face softened and he smiled a bit. "You know you won't be your best if you don't get your sleep."

During Jeff's reasoning, Dianne looked away, a stubborn expression on her face. When he was done, she turned back to him and said in a sour tone, "All right. You've made your point. Ah'll go back t' bed."

"Thank you, love," Jeff said with warm relief, giving her a light kiss on the forehead. She gave him an irritated look, and a perfunctory peck on the cheek before she left the study. Jeff waited until she was gone, then locked the door behind her, sighing heavily.

The roar of Thunderbird Two's engines sounded as the cargo carrier took off. Jeff threw himself into his chair.

"Doc is getting antsy, isn't she?" John said.

Jeff glanced up and scowled. "Yes, she is," was his short answer. He turned to the other portraits on the wall. "Thunderbird One from base, what's your ETA?"