
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:45:57 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: lillehafrue Sent: 4/29/2007 7:37 PM

Friday, August 26, 12:20 AM, Tracy Island, (10:20 PM Australia)

John glanced down at his screens. Thunderbird One had already taken off, and he knew Thunderbird Two would follow shortly. I'd better get some details to let Scott know what's going on. He keyed a button and spoke, "This is International Rescue. We're on our way. Can you fill me in so I can tell the rest of my people?"

"Roger that, International Rescue. At the moment, we've got the fire contained here in town. But, it's creeping closer to the rum plant. If she catches..." the man's voice trailed off. John suppressed a shudder as the man continued. "We've lost all contact with our field chopper, too."

John sat up straighter. "How many were on the chopper, and where about did it go down?"

"We had a full crew of six. They were landing to try and stop the fire. A gum tree exploded and we lost all contact. Don't know if any of 'em were able to land. I'll send you the co-ordinates."

"Thanks," John replied. He scanned over the information coming through his computer before forwarding it on. "Maverick, I've sent you the co-ordinates of the chopper crew. The captain hasn't heard a thing since they went down. He told me it was a crew of six that went in, and they have no idea how many actually might be injured. And they're struggling to keep the fire away from the rum plant. It's a mess down there."

"Rum plant? The fire is spreading to an alcohol producing facility?!" Scott nearly shouted. "Why weren't we told this?"

John held up his hands in defense. "Don't shoot the messenger. I thought you knew."

"Terrific," Scott muttered sarcastically. "So, basically we have no real idea what we're getting into at this point?"

"At least until you get there."

There was a short pause. "My ETA is about thirteen minutes. We'll set up Mobile Control and go from there."

"Mav, keep me posted."

"Will do, Quasar. Thunderbird One, out."

John followed Thunderbird One's flight path, then turned his attention to another brother. "Thunderbird Two, Van Gogh, do you copy?"

"FAB, Quasar. What do you have for me?" came Virgil's reply.

John quickly filled him in on the situation, making sure Virgil knew about the factory fire. "Maverick should be there shortly. He'll be setting up Mobile Control then giving you your marching orders."

"I'm sure he will be. I'll guess he sends us to the chopper. We have to get those guys out of there fast."

"I don't disagree with you. But if that plant goes..."

"Yeah, rum prices will go through the roof!" Gordon piped in from the background.

Both John and Virgil rolled their eyes simultaneously. "And on that note, we're out of here. I'll check in when we get to the zone."

"FAB, Van Gogh. Be careful," John warned.

"I always am. Thunderbird Two, out."
