
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:49:43 GMT
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From: susanmartha Sent: 5/6/2007 3:02 PM

Thursday, August 24, 11:00 p.m. Australia (Friday, August 25, 1:00 a.m. Tracy Island)

Jake Reed checked on Tommy again. The boy, (at 45 Jake considered 18 year old Tom a boy) had been injured in the crash and had been burned before they could get him out. Outside hadn't been much better, but they had to move before the copter fuel tanks blew. They had moved as far away as they could, then crawled into their fire tents -- small survival tents that were part of every fireman's kit during forest or brush fires. They would have been no use if the fuel tank went, but they were all they had and they had put a small ridge between them and the copter.

But something other than the fuel tanks had exploded and white foam had covered his tent. When he moved out of his tent to look, he saw the foam covered everything. He also saw a ship firing a missile then flying off toward the east.

He checked on the rest of his people. Besides Tom, Will had also been critically hurt. Both men were in shock and need help fast. Jenny had broken her arm, but she would be ok. The rest of them were battered and bruised; Jon had a sprained ankle; but they were basically ok.

Jake considered his options. They could improvise a stretcher, but they had two people to carry and Jenny couldn't help carry anyone. Besides, he had no idea which way to go. A signal flare would be useless inside the fire zone. The copter's radio was dead and anyway he wasn't going back to the copter for anything. The fuel tank could still go. He assumed someone would be looking for them and he needed a way to signal where they were.

"Fred, Jon get over here." The two men obediently came over. "How are our patients?"

Jon, as senior medic, replied. "Bad, and getting worse. I think Tommy has internal injuries on top of everything. If he doesn't get help in the next half hour we'll lose him. Will is in better shape but he won't last the night without help."

Jake nodded. "OK, someone sprayed that stuff on us. So someone is probably looking for us. I need a way to let them know where we are."

"A signal fire would be counter productive," Fred commented. "The same for any flares. They'd just get lost in the smoke. What about something shiny? The shelters, maybe?"

"No we have no way of getting the foam off of them or shining them up."

"What about the lining of our jackets?" Jenny had come up behind him so quietly he hadn't noticed. "They're bright red. Tie one of them to the tree up there and it would be noticeable. Or just lay all four of them on the ground."

"We have six jackets," Frank pointed out.

"No, we don't. Tom and Will need theirs." Jake thought for a second. "Alright, let's go for it. Everyone cut out the lining of your jackets. Fred, find a way to tie yours to that tree. Jon, find some good places to tie the other 3 linings. We need them to move in any breeze. The top of the ridge might be best. Stay up there and watch for planes. If you see one, yell for us, then turn on your flashlight and try signaling. I'll relieve you in a bit. Also, keep an eye on the fire. If it looks like it's coming towards us we need to get back in the shelters."

Jake turned toward Jenny. "Jen, you and I get to stay with the two injured. There's not much we can do but someone needs to be there for them. How much water do we have?"

"About a pint." Jen replied.

"It will have to be enough. We'll give it to them if they can drink it. Let's just pray someone finds us soon."[/color]
