

---

Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:54:10 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: lillehafrue Sent: 5/15/2007 8:24 PM

Alan maneuvered the Firefly through the thick smoke. He used the blade to push aside more burning trees and other debris, trying to reach the downed helicopter.

"Mobile Control to Firefly."

"Firefly here, go ahead, Frankie."

"Maverick wants to know if you've reached the chopper yet."

Alan rolled his eyes. "That's a negative, Mobile Control. I'm trying to break through all this mess. I'll let you know as soon as I get there."

"FAB, Mobile Control, out."

Alan muttered under his breath and turned back to his task. The fire had burned through a thicker part of the underbrush, making it hard for him to move forward quickly. He zeroed in on a particularly thick knot of burning trees, then fired a dicetyline shell. Upon impact, the shell exploded, sending a thick white foam over the entire area. The flames went out immediately, and Alan pushed forward once again. A few minutes later, he broke through into a clearing. Spying the downed chopper, he moved forward, noting that the fire still burned around the edges of his sight.

"Firefly to Mobile Control, I found the chopper." He zoomed in on the area. "No sign of any movement."

"FAB, Indy," Elise replied.

"Van Gogh, can you pick up anything?"

"Negative, Indy, there's too much interference from the fire. The sensors can't distinguish between heat signatures," Virgil told him.

"Damn..." Alan drove closer. "What about--"

BOOM!

"What the hell was that?! Indy, can you read me?" Virgil called out.

There was no answer.

"Thunderbird Two to Mobile Control, we have a situation."

"Copy that Thunderbird Two, what's going on?" Scott's voice cut in as he activated his own radio.

"I'm not sure, Mav, I was talking to Indy when we lost contact."

"Indy, this is Maverick, where are you?...INDY!"

"I...I'm OK." Alan shook his head to try and clear the ringing in his ears. "What happened?"

"We were going to ask you that. Are you all right?" Scott asked, ignoring the dirty look he just knew Elise was sending him.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Alan ran a quick diagnostic. "Looks like the fuel tanks on the chopper blew." As the smoke cleared, he looked through the viewscreen to see the charred remains of the helicopter. "Well, I think I can safely say that's one piece of equipment that's unsalvageable. No sign of bodies though, they must be around here somewhere." He started the Firefly again and moved past the chopper. "I'm heading north."

"Be careful," Scott intoned.

"I will." Alan shook his head again, trying to stop the buzzing in his head. Suddenly, something caught his eye. He stopped and stared at the place until he saw it again. Alan broke into a grin. "Got them!" He gunned the Firefly's engine, progressing through the clearing until he reached a small hill. He activated the loud speaker, "This is International Rescue!"

The man on top of the hill waved frantically, nodding that he heard. He beckoned Alan towards him, then disappeared. Alan parked the Firefly, then adjusting his helmet, stepped outside. He jogged after the man, coming to a stop at the top of the rise. A short distance away, he spied the bright yellow of a tent, with a group of people waving in his direction. Alan quickly jogged down to them. "Hi there, I'm with International Rescue."

An older man stepped forward and held out his hand. "G'day, mate, are we glad to see you! I'm Jake Reed."

"Glad to help. Call me Indy." Alan glanced around. "Is this everyone?"

Jake shook his head. "We've got two criticals in the tent. Burns and internal injuries. Another has minor injuries, broken arm."

Alan grimaced. "OK then, let me call my back up and we'll get you guys out of here in no time. Indy to Thunderbird Two."

"Go ahead, Indy," Virgil answered.

"I've found the chopper crew; they have injured and need to be evacuated at once."

"FAB, on my way."

Alan turned back to Jake. "My colleague is on his way; let's get everyone ready."

When Thunderbird Two came into view a few minutes later, the crew looked up in surprise. "Crikey, she's a big 'un," one of the men muttered.

Alan grinned and watched as the rescue platform lowered. He spied Nikki at the controls and made his way over to her. "Angel, we have two criticals inside the tent. The medic says internal injuries and burns. We also have one broken arm; the others seem unharmed."

Nikki nodded. "FAB, let's get the injured out first." She hopped down from the platform and together with Alan and the other medics, managed to get the two injured firefighters onboard the platform. They ascended up into Thunderbird Two and a few minutes later, the platform lowered again and the rest of the crew climbed up. Nikki activated the controls and the platform rose upwards again. To Alan's surprise, Nikki stayed on the ground.

"Angel?" he questioned.

"Tynan has things under control up there; in fact, with the paramedics he has more than enough help. Van Gogh sent me back to help you with the Firefly."

Alan smiled. "Great, let's get moving." Together they made their way back to the vehicle. "Firefly to Mobile Control," Alan called out as he pulled off his helmet.

"Go ahead, Firefly," Elise answered.

He glanced up as Thunderbird Two blasted off. "The injured have been evacuated. Angel and I are going to tackle the rest of this fire."

"FAB, Firefly. Be careful and keep me posted."

"Will do." Alan turned to Nikki. "All set?"

She shook her head. "We're not moving until I take a look at you." She leaned forward and shone a light into his eyes. "Pupils are active and responsive; are you having a ringing in your ears?"

Alan nodded. "A little, but nothing like before."

Nikki frowned thoughtfully. "I don't see any signs of concussion. But I want you looked at again when we get back to base."

"FAB," Alan replied. "Now, let's get this over with; I want to get home in time for breakfast!"

---