
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:01:24 GMT
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 5/17/2007 2:44 PM

Callie drove the Fire Tender in the dangerous heat of the fire. Whew, it's hot...just like in the jungle. No, this is a different rescue and a different location. And I'm not alone this time, either. "How's it going, Brains?" she asked.

"We're ahead of the fire now, and about 10 miles from the rum plant. Keep going for another three miles and we'll stop there."

"I assume we're making a fire break before it can reach the plant."

"Correct, Callie," he said while adjusting his glasses. "Hopefully with the three dicetyline missiles, we can stop this fire from getting that far." Looking at the GPS monitor, she saw that they had reached their destination. "Okay, we can stop right here."

Applying the brakes, she brought the vehicle to a complete stop. "There's so much dry brush around here. Alabama's got nothing on this area."

"All right. Now I'll need your help for this part."

She shifted over and said, "Okay, what do you want me to do?"

"Get ready to work your nozzle. We're going to create a dicetyline fire break, mine on the left, yours on the right."

"Sounds good to me." Taking the controls, she started calculating where to fire the stream. Okay, I need to go over about two degrees. I need to make sure the fire break's in the best possible position. When the nozzle locked into the proper position, she said, "Activating nozzle now." Watching the dicetyline launch into the area just ahead of the perimeter, her mind went back to the time she was with the World Space Agency. Man, I can't believe I was trying to understand dicetyline only a few months ago.

Just then, they heard another voice. "Fire Tender from Mobile Control," said Elise through the radio. "Need a status report, please."

"It's looking good so far, Frankie," said Callie. "Einstein and I have launched two streams of dicetyline at the perimeter of the fire seven miles from the rum plant. I think we'll be able to make the fire break hold up, at least I hope."

"Well, maybe this will help. The chopper crew's been rescued, but just in time. Now it's your turn. If the alcohol and molasses explode--"

"F-A-B, Frankie," said Brains. "We'll make sure that doesn't happen."

For Callie, being on a rescue mission at all brought a sense of calm. She focused so much on the job she had no trouble casting the Hood from her mind. This is great! I've got such a rush right now. If this works, I won't have to hear Gordon ranting about rising rum prices. She smiled to herself as she noticed the results of the dicetyline. "Looks like the break's holding up," she said.

Brains nodded. "You're right. The fire's not advancing in the line over here, either." He then contacted Elise. "The fire break here's working well. We'll give it another few minutes, Frankie. If it breaks before then, we'll let you know."

"F-A-B, Einstein. Good luck."

They looked carefully for the next several minutes, but the fire was unable to advance past the dicetyline line. "Mobile Control from Fire Tender," said Callie. "Fire break successful. The fire will not reach the rum plant."

"Good work, both of you. The other fire breaks are holding up, so I think we've completed the mission. I'll contact base for stand-down."

"F-A-B," said Brains. He looked at Callie, who had a relieved smile on her face. "You seem satisfied."

"Yeah, I am. At least Gordon will be happy to know rum hasn't been completely lost yet."

"That's good," Brains said with a chuckle. "I'll contact Thunderbird Two to have Virgil come pick us up."

As Brains radioed him, she sat back in the chair and just relaxed. Boy, that felt really good. When we get home, I'm going to see if I can find a romance novel in the library.
