

\*\*\*\*\*Wednesday, May 30, 2068; Thunderbird Five; 5:12 p.m.\*\*\*\*\*

Callie was preparing her dinner of fried chicken and okra in the microwave oven. "Mmm-mmmm. That smells deee-licious." She looked around and sighed. "It's too bad there isn't a cooler on Thunderbird Three or a regular stove and oven up here, but cooking on a space station is a lot different than in the kitchen at home."

Looking at the calendar on the wall, she realized she was going home in two days. "I can't wait to cook in the kitchen again." An idea began to formulate in her mind. "Yeah, I'll try cooking for everyone on the island."

When she heard the microwave beep, Callie took her dinner out and walked to the table with it. "All right, mouth, teeth, and gums; look out, stomach, here it comes." She took her fork and knife and cut into the fried chicken. But seconds before she could take that first bite, she heard a beeping she hadn't heard before. "What is that?" she asked, curious. Putting the fork with that first bite of chicken on the plate, she stepped up from the table and went to the main control room.

Observing the console, she saw only a light flashing. "If I remember what John showed me, this means one of the agents is in trouble. I'd better contact Base." She pressed another button and said, "Base from Thunderbird Five, do you copy?"

Jeff was looking at his latest report when he saw the eyes on John's portrait flashing. Pressing the button on the desk, he said, "Go ahead, Ursa."

"Sir, I'm getting an emergency signal from one of our agents."

Looking at Penelope's portrait, he knew it wasn't from her. "Check to see who's--"

Callie had to interrupt him. "Wait, sir, I'm receiving audio."

"All right, keep the channel open so I can hear it."

"F-A-B."

Adjusting the volume, Callie and Jeff were able to hear pieces of a conversation.

"I want to know where we're going," said a woman with an African accent. "Who hired you?"

One man with a deep voice replied, "We can't tell you that."

After a pause, the woman spoke again. "I see dat we're crossing de ocean. You both have British accents, so we are probably heading dere, specifically London." Silence lasted for a few seconds again. "I also believe de Hightowers hired you. Am I right?"

"Very clever, lady. I'd lay odds on you figuring out why."

"Quiet, you fool!" said another man angrily. "You're getting too close to giving us away, and you know our orders!"

Jeff gasped; he knew who was in trouble. "Lena Matumbo's been kidnapped by associates of the Hightowers. She's sending us the conversation through her PDA."

The strange conversation continued. "Well, gentlemen," said Lena, "since I do have dat right, I tink the Hightowers want to make me join dem. If dat is true, dey don't have a prayer."

"Yes, well, neither do you," said the first man.

Closing her eyes, Callie silently prayed for Lena's safety. "Sir, is there anything I can do?"

"Just keep listening in and keep us informed."

"Yes, sir."

When Callie's image was replaced with John's portrait photo again, Jeff pressed another button. "This is Base calling International Rescue, England."

\*\*\*\*\*By TracyFan4Ever. Thanks to Hobbeth for the Lena part.\*\*\*\*\*  
Sent: 11/1/2005 11:02 PM