

Friday 01 June 2068, en route to TB5, 10.30am

John had always thought that Thunderbird Three seemed to be alive. He knew it was a stupid notion; the rocket was nothing more than a man-made construction of cahelium alloy, held together by bolts and seals, running on fuel, not blood. Even so, sometimes he felt that every thrum was a heartbeat, and that the great rocket, the big sister of the other 'Birds, was alive. He imagined her knowing the well-travelled route to Thunderbird Five by heart. John shook his head. It was a dumb notion.

There was a dull swish amongst the harmony of humming, and John turned to see Scott enter the control room with two cups of steaming coffee. The smell was rich, and John accepted his drink gratefully. It smelled so good, and it was actually liquid. That meant it wasn't Scott's. Kyrano thought of everything.

"Thanks, Scott," he said, taking a deep sniff of the aroma.

"I don't think we could survive without Kyrano," Scott commented. "He sent a whole carafe with us."

"I'll be taking that on board," John said.

Scott took a sip of his drink, and then cradled the cup in his hands.

"Are you looking forward to going back up to the Tin Can?" he asked, casting a sidelong glance at his brother.

John shrugged, and cast his eyes across the flickering displays on the control panels.

"I guess so. It'll be kind of nice to get some peace and quiet for once," he said with a grin. "The island's sudden population increase has made that a rare commodity."

Scott chuckled.

"You can say that again." Immediately he held up one silencing finger just as John, with a sharp grin, opened his mouth. "I meant that metaphorically."

John clicked his fingers and muttered an unconvincing, "Damn," before laughing.

"You know me too well, Scott."

"That's true." Scott's face sobered. "Speaking of which, how goes that thing that we talked about a few weeks back?"

"I'd say pretty good," John said after a moment. "We've talked a bit, and we're going to get to

know each other some more. We'll see where it goes."

Scott nodded sagely and leant back in his seat, taking another sip.

"And have you finally got it into that blond head of yours that you physically can't bring IR crashing down around you?"

John reddened lightly, but rolled his eyes. "Yes, Mom."

"That's Auntie."

"What?"

"Nothing."

From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 11/10/2005

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