

Saturday, June 2, 2068, 3:50 p.m., Thunderbird Five

"Base from Thunderbird Five. Base from Thunderbird Five. Come in, base." John frowned as he called his home for what seemed like the umpteenth time. "Where are you, Dad?" he muttered to himself. "We have an emergency call!"

At last the screen switched on. "Finally!" he murmured.

But instead of the resolute face of his father, the weary visage of Brains looked back at him from behind the desk.

"Go ahead, Thunderbird Five," Brains said.

John was dying to ask what the problem was, and why his father wasn't sitting in his usual spot, but he knew that time was precious so he put his questions aside for the moment.

"We have an emergency call, Einstein," he told the scientist. "A monorail has been trapped in a tunnel by a rockslide. The tunnel is in the Pir Panjal area of India. I'm sending coordinates now. The caller said that there seem to be injuries and some kind of dangerous gas is leaking from one of the cars. The power is out, the ventilation fans aren't working, and the maintenance entrances are blocked."

"All right, Quasar. Send me the details. I'll call up the troops," Brains replied, activating Jeff's computer. He also hit the button on the desk that sent the emergency signal ringing through the house and its environs.

"F-A-B, Einstein." John transmitted the requested data, then asked hesitantly, "Uh, Einstein? Where's the Commander?"

Brains sighed. "He's sick, Quasar. Pretty much all of the veterans are sick."

"All of the veterans?" John asked, incredulous.

"Everyone but me and Sweet," Brains informed him. "They all had fresh caught fish last night and it turned out to be contaminated."

"You mean... everyone's sick? Even GM?"

"Not quite everyone. GM is sick, but not K and his lady. Or our visiting Agent 62. The four of us are helping Dak and Angel take care of the ill ones. Sweet should be back soon with medication that will help."

"How long will this illness last? And just who is going to go out on this rescue call?" John demanded to know.

"I don't know how long it will last, but not one of the veterans is going to be able to take on this mission." Brains adjusted his glasses and gazed at John's concerned expression. "It seems that International Rescue is now in the hands of its new recruits."

From: Tikatu Sent: 11/30/2005

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