

]\*\*\*\*\*Saturday, June 2, 2068; Tracy Island Monorail; 3:55 p.m. \*\*\*\*\*[/I]

Brandon, Callie, and Elise were all riding in the monorail car to the Villa, having just received an emergency call.

Callie shook her head. "I can't believe the Tracys got sick from the fish."

"I can't either," Brandon replied. What I can't figure out is how the fish got tainted in the first place. As far as I know, there are no contaminants in the water."

When Elise had spoken to Scott earlier, she knew he didn't sound so good. "Poor Scott, his voice sounded like he had every cold and flu symptom imaginable."

"I know what you mean, Elise. Virgil sounded the same way when he called me this morning. I could hardly understand what he was saying." Brandon looked thoughtful as the monorail continued its journey.

When the three arrived at the Villa, they passed by the sick room, where Dom came out.

"How's the family doing?" asked Callie.

"Well, they're still sick, but at least they're not as bad as they were earlier. Tin-Tin should be back with the medication soon enough."

"Do you have any idea how long they'll be bedridden, Dom?" Elise asked with concern.

"We can't be certain of that, I'm afraid. I also know there's an emergency, so tell whoever is in charge that Nikki and I will be there as soon as we tend to the boys."

The three newbies continued quickly to the lounge where they found Kat keeping Joshua amused. Brandon gave her a quick nod hello before turning to face Brains. Callie and Elise came and stood beside him, followed a couple of minutes later by Nikki and Dom.

"What do we have?" Brandon asked, feeling the familiar adrenaline surge.

Brains looked up at the line of recruits and nodded in approval. "There's a monorail train trapped in a tunnel in the Pir Panjal region of India. An avalanche and some loose rocks have created a dangerous situation. There's no ventilation, and a lot of people are in danger of poisoning from a cloud of toxic gas."

"How much time do they have before the air runs completely out?"

"From what John told me, there's a window of eight hours. After that point, the toxic gas will become too much for everyone trapped."

"That doesn't give us much time to get to the danger zone," Callie remarked to Brains.

"You're right, so we've got to move fast." Brains made his decision. "Elise, you'll fly Thunderbird One to the danger zone and set up Mobile Control. Dom will be the pilot for Thunderbird Two. Brandon, Callie, Kat and Nikki, you'll travel with him. I'll need you to load Pod Five with the Monobrake, the Excavator, and a couple of extra hover bikes."

"Yes, sir," said Dom. "I'll make sure the pod's loaded. Anything else we need to do before we go?"

"Yes. HAZMAT suits, cold weather gear, and oxygen tanks with masks. This is high in the mountain ranges, so the air will be a lot thinner and you're not used to it. You'll find the new heads-up display visors with your uniforms."

Callie nodded. "All right. Brandon and I will check the equipment on our way."

"Very well. If there's nothing else, Thunderbirds Are Go!"

\*\*\*\*\*By MagicMaster8 and TracyFan4Ever Sent: 12/2/2005

---