
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:50:29 GMT
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The atmosphere was heavy in Thunderbird Two's cockpit as the great craft sped towards the Pir Panjal range. This was weird. This was bizarre. This was happening. And yet, somehow, none of them seemed able to believe it. Dominic had never felt so afraid in his life, but he pushed the feeling into the back of his mind. There was no time for that. He had a job to do and he would do it right. They all would, because they were more than able. I think this is what they call 'just lucky', he thought. It's just lucky that Elise and I were cross-training on TB2 recently. It's just lucky that this didn't happen a few months ago when we first joined IR. Let's hope that our luck keeps on running... Soon into the trip, Elise's voice rang out from the radio.

"Thunderbird Two from Thunderbird One."

"Thunderbird Two here," Dom replied.

"I've arrived at Danger Zone and am looking for somewhere to set up Mobile Control. What's your ETA?"

"ETA one hour, Thunderbird One," Dom replied.

"FAB. I'll keep you informed of developments here. Try and get as much speed out of her as you can; we need all the time we can get."

"FAB."

"And Dak?"

"Yeah?"

"You're doing great."

"Thanks, Frankie."

"Thunderbird One out."

Dom could hear the smile in her voice, and found himself heartened a little bit more. She knows it, I know it, we all know it. We can do this.

It seemed like no time before Thunderbird Two arrived at Danger Zone. Elise had landed TB1 in a safe spot, and was sitting at Mobile Control, thankful for the protective clothing and O2, when the ship came into sight.

"Base from Mobile Control," she said into the radio.

"Base here."

"Thunderbird Two has arrived."

"Good. Tell them to unload the equipment and head into that tunnel right away."

"FAB. I'll make sure everyone is suited up properly."

"Right. Keep me informed. Base out."

Elise watched as Dom circled for a moment before brining the craft down safely, and then raising the hydraulic legs to reveal the pod. Let's do this, she thought, and reached for the radio again to relay Brains' instructions.

From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 12/4/2005
