

Saturday, June 2nd -- Banihal Tunnel, Pir Panjol Range, India, 12.00 noon (6.30 pm Tracy Island)

"I've got to get this relay device up and running," Kat muttered to herself. She managed to secure her data pad and the case containing the relay device equipment onto the hover bike. Then she started it up, rode it out of the pod, and disappeared inside the tunnel.

She remembered earlier when they had gathered in the lounge. Brains had told them about the rescue call. He had handed her a large case and data pad, saying, "Kat, you will need to set up this relay device, so that you can all communicate with Mobile Control from inside the tunnel. You can download the instructions on to the data pad on your way to the danger zone. If you think of any problems or questions, you can contact me before you enter the tunnel."

~Now where is the best place to set this thing up? she wondered as she drove slowly into the tunnel. Callie and Brandon drove past her on the Excavator, followed by Nikki and Dom on the Monobrake.

Finally stopping about a mile inside the tunnel, she found a good spot, and began to unpack the equipment. Setting up her data pad, she began working on the device by the light of the hover bike's headlamp.

~This is not going to be easy. How on earth am I to construct it? she thought.

Picking up the poles, which made up the base of the relay device, she managed to fit them together. Struggling to raise them into a tripod was definitely not easy. Reading her notes again, she realised that she should have put the device together before constructing the legs. Sighing to herself, she managed to lay the poles back down on the ground.

Kat reached in the case for the large dome and the antenna. The antenna was small and fitted neatly in to the top of the dome, which could be turned to any direction. Once more she studied her data pad.

~Oh Brains, I do wish you were here, she thought as she retrieved the last piece of equipment from the case. Rumbling noises from further down the tunnel, made her wonder how the others were getting on.

She screwed together the sections to form a cylindrical object. Plugging in the connecting wires and switches; she finally fitted the dome and antenna. Now all that was left was for Kat to place the cylinder and dome on the tripod, and then see if it worked. She managed to raise the tripod once again. Once everything felt steady, she gingerly stretched as high as she could and fitted the device to the tripod.

Turning the 'out' switch to the 'on' position, Kat listened. There was a great deal of crackling and buzzing. Twisting the multidirectional dome in one direction, the crackling was greatly increased; but the buzzing stopped. Turning it in the opposite direction, the crackling disappeared; but the

buzzing was louder. ~Come on, come on, Kat was silently praying. Eventually, after she had turned the dome in what seemed every conceivable direction; the buzzing and crackling suddenly ceased.

~Fingers crossed, here goes! Kat muttered to herself
"MGM to Mobile Control, can you hear me?"

Nothing.

"MGM to Mobile Control, come in Mobile Control."

Then to much to her relief "Mobile Control to MGM. Receiving you loud and clear."

"MGM to Frankie. Good to hear you." Kat's relief was great.

From: Tawnyangel22 Sent: 12/6/2005
