

In the tunnel, Callie and Brandon continued their clean-up efforts on the spill.

"I think four canisters of baking soda should do it," said Callie.

"I'm not so sure, Ursa. This is a pretty big spill," Brandon replied, taking one of the canisters and opening it, spreading the contents on the ground.

As Callie spread some from another container, she said, "Yeah, you're right, Big Mac. We should make it eight. That should definitely be enough."

He looked around the site. ~I'm still not sure, but Callie's the expert. I'll go with what she says. "Just make sure we cover every area of the spill, right?"

"Yeah. Even one little area left can still be dangerous."

"Tell me about it," Brandon replied, opening another container. Lifting it with a grunt, he started carrying it down the tunnel, stopping ever so often to cover the spill, leaving Callie to work on the area closest to the damaged car.

~I just need to put enough baking soda over this area, and it should neutralize the problem completely, she said to herself.

About an hour later, the pair finished pouring the sodium bicarbonate, and the effects started to show immediately.

"Eww," said Callie. "Mobile Control from Ursa. Spill has been neutralized. The liquid is now harmless, but it looks like someone just lost their lunch."

At Mobile Control, Elise raised her eyebrow at Callie's description of the neutralized spill.

"F-A-B. And, Ursa? That was a little too much detail," Elise said dryly.

Standing behind Callie, Brandon heard her graphic description and let out a small 'erp', his face turning pale. She heard the little sound and looked over at her partner, noticing his paleness.

"Big Mac? Are you okay?" she asked with concern.

"Uh, yeah, I'm fine," he replied hastily. "Come on, we've gotta finish cleaning this up. Grab a shovel and let's go, Ursa."

The two worked side by side, scooping up the neutralized chemicals and putting them in the empty sodium bicarbonate containers. Callie noticed how quickly Brandon was shoveling up the chemical piles.

"Whoa, take it easy, Big Mac. What's the rush?"

"I... just... want... to get it done, that's all."

"You're getting sick just seeing this vile shade of green, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," Brandon said defensively. "I just want to get the job done, that's all."

"Whatever you say. I just hope, for your sake, you don't lose it in that HAZMAT suit."

"If I do, I'll blame you," he replied in an attempt to lighten the seriousness of the situation.

"If you do," Callie said sweetly, "I'll tell Gordon what REALLY happened."

"Oh, no!" Brandon said in mock horror. "If you tell him that, he won't let me live it down," he said with a laugh. Another 20 minutes went by and their task was complete.

"Whew," said Brandon with a sigh of relief. "I'm glad that's done. Now, can we please get out of here?"

"Come on, let's go," Callie said in reply. The two walked back to the Excavator, both having one nervous thought. They hoped Kat would get the ventilation fans working soon.

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