
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:22:11 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/4/2007 7:45 PM

Friday, August 31, 2058, 2:30 p.m., Tracy Island and Thunderbird Five

Dianne rubbed the bridge of her nose with finger and thumb. A headache was threatening to form around her eyes. "Okay, let's try that again. Ursa, you stay in range of sensors fifteen and sixteen. Einstein, you get out of range until I tell you."

The calibration was not going well. The sensor bubbles weren't designed to work with so much other electronic equipment around. Brains had written a bit of code to straighten out the problem, but this meant that each bubble had to be checked to make sure they were reading not only the biosigns of each member, but also the locator chip. The latter helped identify which of the operatives was up there, and would be keyed into the latest baseline information that Dianne had. That way, if there was something out of sync with the data Dianne had on file, a warning would sound and communications would be opened to check on the operative's physical status.

Right now, Callie's electric blue locator dot was showing up on Dianne's screen, superimposed on a simplified schematic of Thunderbird Five's layout, a constantly fluctuating reading of Callie's blood pressure, pulse, heart rate, and temperature floating to one side of the dot. I wish I could have done this when Callie wasn't so stirred up with excitement and frustration. Vital signs in space are different than those on Earth, even with the proper gravity and atmosphere. Maybe in a couple of days I can get her to let me scan her long distance and take another baseline reading. She should be calmer then... I hope.

"Okay, Einstein," she said into her microphone. "That looks as good as can be expected. How are things going with the biobeds and the scanner?"

"Quasar reports he's found the problem in biobed one," Brains said, a CGI picture of him popping up into Dianne's screen, much like it would on Jeff's. "He believes that the problem is replicated in biobed two, and he's set Indy to fixing it. Then we'll run the diagnostics again."

"F-A-B, Einstein." Someone softly clearing their throat made Dianne look up. Tyler stood there, a tray in his hands. On it rested a glass of milk, some apples slices and some chocolate chip cookies. Dianne muted her mike; the words "voice muted" appeared on the screen in large red letters.

"Grandma Tracy sent me with this," Tyler said as Dianne took the glass from the tray. "She said you should have a snack."

"Thanks, Spud," Dianne said as he handed her the plate. "C'mere. I could use a good hug right about now."

She opened her arms and Tyler came to them, giving his mother almost as hard and as long a squeeze as she gave him. Then she kissed him on the cheek. He responded by planting a short,

but wet, raspberry on hers.

She smiled, and would have responded in kind, but a chiming from her computer interrupted. "What's got Callie all hot and bothered?" She murmured under her breath. Opening up her mike again, she was about to ask when the emergency signal went off.

Both she and Tyler looked up, then glanced at each other. "Well, that answers that question," she said wryly, rising from her seat. "I guess we'd better find out what's going down."
