
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:24:11 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/4/2007 8:04 PM

Friday, August 31, 2068, 6 p.m., Tracy Island

"Rough one, huh?" Virgil asked Scott as the tired, dirty and obviously cranky pilot dropped into the nearest chair, exhausted.

"Yeah, you could say that."

Virgil waited, knowing that Scott needed a few moments before going on. Unfortunately, that moment was lost when the other tired, dirty and cranky pilot came into the lounge, followed by the guy who rode 'shotgun' on the rescue, and who was equally tired, dirty and cranky.

"Don't even think about sitting down, Frankie. We're not done!" Scott warned. Virgil, slightly taken back by his brother's tone, glanced at Gordon's dirty face.

Gordon squeezed his temples and ran his hand across his face. "Here we go again," he sighed.

Her temper already frayed, Elise turned towards Scott and angrily answered, "Don't start again with me Tracy! I've had 'it' up to here already and I am done!"

Scott was now on his feet and he wasn't happy. Gordon looked at each one of them before shaking his head in resignation and walking over towards Virgil. "Next time those two are assigned to a rescue, send Alan, NOT ME!"

"I thought everything went okay? Scott called in stand down and you guys seemed to have it all under control." Virgil was confused.

"Oh yeah, it was under control until those two couldn't decide who knew more about airport control and procedures. Brother, you only heard the pertinent info on the radio. You should have heard what I had to listen to all the way home on the other frequency between both of them."

Gordon and Virgil both looked at Scott and Elise who were now up in each other's face trying not to scream at each other. "She's got guts, I'll give her that." Gordon said.

Virgil didn't answer, knowing full well what Gordon meant. Elise was the only person outside of immediate family that Virgil had known to challenge Scott right to his face... and live another day. The generator fire at McCarran Airport, Las Vegas, Nevada had started small but quickly spread, threatening terminal buildings and shutting down computer systems across the board. Local fire crews were soon overpowered by the fierce flames, and for the safety of aircraft and passengers, International Rescue had been called. Jeff had left Virgil in charge while he went down to help Dianne with the calibrations in Thunderbird Five, using a different frequency to communicate with the space station.

Virgil had no problems with being head honcho; after all, it was a cut and dry rescue. Gordon drove the Firefly and was able to get the blaze under control in very little time. The other problem started when airport authorities, concerned with flight delays, runway shortages, energy output and various other problems associated with daily airport operations, approached Scott with their concerns. Elise had heard over the radio and contacted Scott with her 10 cents worth. Being an experienced pilot, her points were valid, however, they'd differed from Scott's. Both acting professionally, they helped the authorities as best they could and kept their differences to themselves until they were airborne and out of McCarran's tower's range. Then the sparks flew.

Practically all the way home Gordon heard Scott and Elise arguing, yelling, insulting and generally being rude to each other. At one point, Elise cut radio contact in the middle of what Scott was saying. Gordon knew that would be straw that broke the camel's back. He had been right. Scott rarely lost his cool on a rescue, if ever, but this time Elise had pushed all the wrong buttons.

"Scott, you know damn well the repercussions of re-routing those aircraft! That runway could've been operational within hours! But no, you had to tell them that runway would be out of commission for days! Do you know how many flights that affected nationwide?"

Scott let out a slow breath and gave a deadly look to Elise. It didn't phase her at all. "I know exactly how many flights it affected! And exactly how many passengers' lives would be saved by not allowing that runway to re-open. That generator's heat and fire came close enough to damage the runway surface more than was originally thought. One unstable landing ... and there would have been another disaster! So don't stand there questioning my decision!"

Virgil had heard enough and before Elise could get another chance to reply, he stepped in. "All right! Enough, you two! It won't solve anything now so go get cleaned up and get back here for a debriefing. A quiet debriefing, please." He turned to Gordon "You too, Squirt!"

"Funny," Gordon replied, clearly not amused as he left the room. Elise slowly followed, too tired to even think anymore.

Scott sighed. "Why do I let her get to me like she does, Virge? She irks me like none of you guys ever did!"

"Thanks!" Virgil smirked.

Scott softened a little. "I swear she was put on this earth to make my life miserable! Apparently, God thinks my six brothers weren't enough punishment!"

Virgil now laughed. "Scott, she's just like you! You trained her to be the best. She thinks she is. Well, she knows she is and she'll take a stand for what she believes. You did your job well, big brother!"

Scott had always admired how his closest brother had always managed to settle him down, and he found himself laughing a little at Virgil, who merely winked and walked back to the desk.

"I'm heading for a shower, be back in 10." Scott headed for the study door. Virgil laughed until Scott stopped, turned, and threw back, "You won't be laughing when you ask her about your

Thunderbird!"

"WHAT!?"

Now it was Scott's turn to laugh.

--rough day on rescue row by FrankieCTB2
