
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:01:33 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/11/2007 6:29 PM

Sunday, September 2, 2068, 2 p.m., Tracy Island (Saturday, September 1, 10 p.m., Maryland)

"Good news, Mr. Tracy," Brains said as he strode out onto the balcony. Jeff was sitting in a lounge, reading the latest issue of Time. Dianne relaxed next to him with a thick romance novel. Both looked up as the scientist addressed Jeff.

"Good news? What good news?" Jeff pulled his sunglasses off so he could better see the engineer.

"I spoke with Lena a couple of hours ago. She's done it!"

"Done what?" Dianne asked, confused.

Jeff was getting out of his seat. "She's finished the program?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, sir, she has! She sent it to me when we spoke and I've been testing it ever since." Brains walked with Jeff back into the lounge.

"That explains why you weren't at lunch," Dianne muttered as she went back to her book. But within a few minutes, she had huffed in exasperation, put the book face down on Jeff's chair, and hauled herself to her feet to find out what was so exciting.

When she entered the lounge, she saw John's portrait activated, and Callie's face looking out within the frame. "Hello, Dianne!" the space monitor chirped.

Dianne frowned as she approached the desk. "Shouldn't you be using code names, Ursa?"

"Not necessary anymore," Brains explained. "Lena's program gives us secure communications to and from Thunderbird Five, to and from base, including any downloads to the visors, Mobile Control, and the other Thunderbirds." He held up a data stick. "I'll be downloading this to all of the Thunderbirds and the auxiliary equipment within the next day, but communications between Thunderbird Five and base is most important, so once I was finished testing it, I set it up here."

"No more code names during debriefing!" Jeff said, his eyes alight. "And we can use the system to actually talk to whoever's in Five without fear of the conversation being overheard if the signal's intercepted."

"In fact, the program will mask the signal as ordinary communications traffic from the island." Brains was almost bouncing with excitement. "Between this and the security upgrades to the actual satellite phone system that Tin-Tin's working on, we shouldn't have to worry about our conversations with Thunderbird Five being overheard at all."

"Until someone comes up with something to counter it," Callie said. When Brains and Jeff both turned to glare at her, she put her hands up and shrugged. "You know it's always a possibility that someone could figure it out."

"Yes, it's possible, but a remote one at best," Jeff said briskly. "Still, we'll keep testing the system every so often to make sure it's working properly."

Brains turned back to Callie. "I think we're done here for the moment. I may send some data files up a little later."

"Sounds good, Brains," Callie said. "Tell everyone hello for me!"

"We will, Callie," Jeff promised. "Take care now."

"I will. Thunderbird Five out."

Callie's pretty face was replaced by John's portrait, and Jeff sat back in his chair, looking very pleased. "I'd better send a thank you email to Lena for this. It's going to make life a lot easier."

"That reminds me; I need to find out how far along she is in her recovery," Dianne said with a wry grin. "She and I have a little wager on; whichever one of us is fully released by their doctor first buys dinner for the other next time I'm in the States."

"Oh? And who do you think will win?" Jeff asked, a grin spreading over his face.

"I don't know," Dianne said with a shrug. "But no matter which of us pays for it, I'm looking forward to the meal."
