
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:28:47 GMT
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From: susanmartha Sent: 6/16/2007 11:10 AM

Scott stepped away from Thunderbird 1's entrance. The rescue had been exhausting and he wanted nothing more than something to eat and a shower. Base had told them to wait before coming back because Operation Cover Up was in effect so he had flown with Thunderbird 2. When the all clear had been given, he landed ASAP and Virgil had been right behind him. He headed for the kitchen and noticed Cherie waiting for him. "Sis, did you develop more freckles while we were gone? And what's with the pig tails?"

"Sandwiches and cake in the dining room. And this is part of my disguise. You can use make up to emphasize freckles as well as hide them. We," she said, grinning, "had a beach babe while you were gone."

"Oh, no," Scott groaned as he headed straight for the coffee pot and sandwiches already on the table. "Where is she?"

"Where is who? And where is Kyrano?" Virgil walked in followed by the rest of the crew.

Tyler was bringing another plate of sandwiches in from the kitchen. Luke followed with more coffee and some more mugs. Alex came last with some lemonade.

Scott did a double take. "Um, I may regret this but, Luke why are you wearing one of Tin-Tin's sarongs over your swimsuit?"

Just then Brains came in with the cake, still in his pink scrubs. The entire group seemed to freeze.

Gordon recovered first. "Mom, isn't that the set of scrubs Dad gave you for Valentine's last year? The ones you wear as pj's sometimes?" Whatever had happened, he had a feeling the explanation was going to be good.

"To answer Virgil's question first, 'who' is the young lady Anna found washed up on the beach about four hours ago," Jeff said. "And as to where she is, she's on the plane with Kyrano and Anna, headed home."

"Four hours!! You got rid of a beach babe in just 4 hours!!! How?" Scott put his drink down on the table before he dropped it.

"A beach babe? What, pray tell, is a beach babe?" Elise looked like she was trying to decide if she wanted to hit Scott or laugh at him.

"A bbbwbb. A Beach Babe Bimbo with Balloon Boobs," Gordon explained. "One of the hazards of being rich. Every 2 or 3 months some poor helpless thing 'accidentally' washes up on one of our beaches."

"She always seems to be scared of something and doesn't dare tell us her full name. She couldn't 'endanger' us." Alan sat down and grabbed a sandwich. "Her name is always something exotic, like Angelica or Melusine."

"Or, in this case, Jasmine." Jeff leaned back in his chair. "So do we debrief your rescue first, or do you want to hear about ours?"

"Yours first. This sounds too good to pass up." Virgil had already finished one sandwich and was working on his second.

"All right, then," Jeff took a sip of his coffee then began. "Anna discovered her on the beach, wearing what she described as 'strings with swollen glands'. According to Anna, the young lady acted like she was exhausted but she wasn't dehydrated or sunburned. What little there was of her swimsuit seemed about to fall off. So Anna told her to wait there while she went for help. When she was out of sight, she called and alerted me."

"That's why you told us not to leave the Danger Zone until we had all rested," John said. "We couldn't come home until she was gone."

"How long could that take?" Nikki shrugged. "Just load her on a plane and send her off."

"It's not that easy. If we put her on a plane against her will, it could be considered assault or even kidnapping. And even if no charges came from it, she could still sue." Gordon shook his head. "We can't afford the bad publicity. It usually takes three or four days to get rid of them."

"I've never decided which offends me more -- the assumption about our lack of intelligence or the assumption about our lack of taste." Virgil had finished off a third sandwich and reached for a piece of cake.

"And there was the time our bbbwbb turned out to work for a tabloid. She even found a way to smuggle a camera in with her," John added. "Her photographer was on a boat with a telephoto lens, filming the whole thing. Although," John had a predatory gleam in his eye, "it was amazing how all his film was ruined."

"One of the few times I've authorized using IR equipment for personal use. And I've never regretted it," Jeff put in.

"All right, I understand about beach babe bimbos, but how do balloon boobs come in?" By this time Nikki was actually curious.

Virgil answered. "There was this turn of the century science fiction artist named Phil Folio, or something like that. He always drew women with giant boobs. They looked like someone stuffed a basketball under their shirt. I never believed anyone could actually look like that, until this one beach babe showed up. What was her name?"

"Azeezee," answered Tin-Tin. "Although I was never sure if that was her name or her bra size."

"I still don't know how she walked with those things." Scott shook his head in amazement. "They

hung out in front and to the sides and she didn't believe in bras. I kept expecting her to fall over, she looked so top heavy."

"Then Brains came up with the theory that they were actually air sacks filled with helium to hold them up. So Alan and Gordon started to come up with a plan to stick a pin in them to see if they would actually pop." Jeff shook his head. "After she 'accidentally' fell into the pool wearing nothing but a t-shirt and a bikini bottom, I was ready to help them."

"So was I." Emily Tracy didn't normally stay for debriefings, but this time she had. After all she had been part of the 'rescue' on Tracy Island. "Fortunately, the Coast Guard showed up and took her off our hands that afternoon."

"We've finally started to call the Coast Guard as soon as one shows up. They've started calling it the 'Tracy Island Taxi Service'." Gordon grinned, somewhat viciously. "There is this one female captain who has this 'look'. She comes onto the dock, starts at the top of the girl, looks all the way down, then slowly all the way back up. Then she just looks at the girl, and smiles. She always makes me think of a third grade Sunday school teacher who just caught you taking money out of the collection plate. Usually they go with her without a problem after that."

"But it can take 3 or 4 days for a cruiser to have time to get here," added John. "We've always been terrified that there would be a rescue while one of them was here. That happened once."

"Don't remind me." Gordon shuddered. "I had to take her down to the theater and keep her occupied long enough for Thunderbird 3 to launch. Then Virgil flew Tracy One off, so we could claim that he, Scott and Alan had left for the mainland for a couple days. Alan and Scott stayed on Five until the Coast Guard could come get her." Gordon shuddered. "That hour was enough to make me want to be gay."

Luke grinned. "Having met a bbbwbb myself, I don't blame you. Although," he looked at Brains and his voice changed as he went on. "Sitting and staring into the wonderful eyes of my beloved was," deep sigh, "such rapture." He fluttered his eyelashes at Brains.

Virgil choked and nearly spit some cake out. Scott spilled his coffee. Luke grinned. "I had a friend in college who loved to flame any chance he could. He was always winning the 'Best Poof' award at the annual P-Flag picnic."

"P-Flag?"

"Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. They had a Best Butch award, too. The year I attended it was won by a girl I was friends with. She worked on her car when she got upset. I called her when ever I needed help with an engine."

"Maybe we should just let you us tell what happened," John said, picking up his own cake.

So Jeff started with the phone call from Anna. Tyler and Alex jumped in with picking Jasmine up from the beach. When they got to the vinegar and potassium salts, Dianne started laughing. "That would actually work, but I don't think I'd prescribe it."

When they got to the purple hair, Gordon grinned. "So that was why you called me during a rescue."

"I knew you were wrapping it up by then," Jeff replied. He went on to explain about John's 'punk' phase, and the whole group started sniggering. By the time he got through with the itching powder in the sweat pants, Joshua's hair pulling, and Luke's comments, both Gordon and Alan were rolling on the floor. The Bible study sent John down there with them. When Tyler, Alex and Cherie did their 'snake feeding' routine, Dianne put her head in her hands and shook.

Gordon finally stopped laughing and caught his breath. "Hey, Dad. Does this mean I need to keep some itching powder and shampoo around at all times? For International Rescue's sake?" He put on his best innocent look. "And I can get some soap that will dye your skin blue."

"Only if Dad gets to keep it under lock and key." Scott tried to glare at his brother, but couldn't sustain it. "Dad, did you dump the rest of the shampoo and itching powder?"

Jeff shook his head. "Sorry. Anna promised him immunity if he would tell her where it was. And anyway, she wouldn't let me see where he hid it."

"Are you sure you can't get her to move to the island? We could use someone with that devious of a brain." Alan pushed himself off the floor.

"I wonder if I could recruit her to help with something." The look on Gordon's face sent alarm bells ringing in everyone's head. The "No!" was a chorus.

"My first wife's brats'. I can imagine Lucy's response to that." Emily Tracy looked at her son.

He smiled, if a bit ruefully. "She'd have been rolling on the floor with everyone else. Gordon didn't get his sense of humor from me, you know."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Your father could have kept a straight face through it all. I can just hear him going, 'youth today have no manners'. But afterward, he would have been rolling on the floor himself. The idea of popping the 'balloon boobs' would have appealed to him, too."

"Maybe we need to decide how to handle beach babes ourselves." Nikki looked like she still didn't quite believe what she had just heard.

"Pretend this is Paradise Island and we're all Amazon warriors? Send all the men into hiding and tell the beach babe she's now in basic training?" Elise looked around at the other women. "I can do a great basic training sergeant if I need to."

Nikki grinned. The ladies moved from the dining room to the lounge and started tossing ideas around.

"Mr. Tracy? I hate to say this, but I think you may have just created a monster." Dominic left the table to check on Joshua.