
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 03:54:22 GMT
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 7/1/2007 4:31 PM

*****Wednesday, September 12, 2068; Thunderbird Five; 3:10 p.m. (Tracy Island time)*****

After eating a good lunch and watching SportsCenter in the lounge, Callie was busy flagging calls, checking if any would require International Rescue's services. In the back of her mind, though, was what her college alma mater would have to face the following Saturday. Alabama's won both their games, she thought, but the team's had its troubles with Florida's tough defense. The coaching staff really needs to concentrate on stopping them so the offense can penetrate and--

"Calling International Rescue. Calling International Rescue, this is China Airways Flight 7002. We have an emergency."

Oriental by the voice, she thought as she quickly ran to the controls and pressed a button, making communication with the plane. "This is International Rescue, receiving your call strength five. Please state your emergency."

"One of our port engines has exploded, and we are losing fuel from the tanks."

"Do you have any injuries on board?"

"From what our flight attendants have reported, no one is seriously injured at present. However, we will have to crash into the ocean. There are no available places to land at this time."

Callie knew this wasn't a good situation. They're over open ocean. "Flight 7002, please give me your present position, speed, and direction."

After receiving the information from the communication officer, she said, "Thank you. Please stand by for further information."

"Wait, please; there's something important you must be told. We have two pandas on board, along with their trainer and their veterinarian. They are on loan from the Beijing Zoo to Santiago, Chile. If we don't get them to the Santiago Zoo alive and well, this could create an international incident."

"I see. All right, we'll get help to you as soon as we possibly can." She pressed the button to stop communication with the plane and pressed another to contact Jeff. "Base from Thunderbird Five. Base from Thunderbird Five, come in please."

*****Tracy Island (in the Lounge)*****

Jeff was typing an order for supplies to the office in Chicago when he saw John's eyes light up in the portrait. He pressed a button to open communication. "Go ahead, Callie."

"Sir, we have an emergency call from China Airways Flight 7002, en route from Beijing, China, to Santiago, Chile. One of their port side engines exploded, and fuel's leaking from the wing." After she gave pertinent details, including the two pandas, she added, "There's nowhere for the plane to land...except the ocean."

"If that plane takes on water, those pandas won't survive." Hitting the emergency button, he added, "I'll get the team organized immediately. In the meantime, I want you to contact the plane and tell the pilot to change course so the plane can get closer to the shipping lanes. Afterward, lock on to the plane's GPS signal."

"Yes, sir. Anything else?"

As he noticed some of the others entering the lounge, he answered, "Yes. Get an estimation of the probable crash site and send those coordinates when you use the maritime emergency frequency to send out a general call to all ships within 50 miles of the area."

"F-A-B. I'll contact the plane immediately. Thunderbird Five out."

As soon as the portrait changed back to John, Jeff was concerned. "Now this is really a job for International Rescue."
