
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 04:15:08 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/18/2007 7:55 PM

"Roger that, Flight 7002," Elise said in response to Liang's terse message. She clicked on her earpiece. "Thunderbird Two from Thunderbird One. They're on their final approach. Any suggestions?"

Virgil's eyebrow went up. "I thought you were the commercial airliner expert."

"I am," Elise replied, her tone totally serious. "But I can't see much of any way for us to help them down that's not either going to break them up or put us in the drink."

"Then I've got nothing either, Frankie," Virgil replied with a sigh. "This isn't like the KLA satellite. That bugger fit on my wing, and I was able to bring it in. The tailplane ramjets make it impossible for me to get underneath and provide lift."

"I know," Elise admitted. "At least this plane was in development at the same time as Fireflash. It should withstand a landing on the sea." Her incoming message light blinked at her. "They're calling. Be right back."

"Thunderbird One from Flight 7002." Liang sounded even more tense than before. "Do you have a plan?"

Elise took a deep breath. "Cut number two engine, Flight 7002, and stabilize your flight path. Gradually reduce your speed; get your flaps down and your nose in the air. Your plane is just about to become a duck."

"Copy that, Thunderbird One," Liang replied.

Cai looked murderous. "Some help they turned out to be," she muttered in Mandarin. "Inform the passengers. We are going down."

Elise paced the stricken plane down, watching with satisfaction as the nose began to rise, just as if they were coming in to land on a regular air strip. Speed began to lessen, flaps were down as far as they could go. The tail end of the plane dipped once into the water and rose; it dipped again, the water trying to keep hold of it as it rose a third time, mere meters above the surface now. Finally it settled in, and the rest of the plane eased down into the swells like a duck landing on a pond. Elise grinned and pulled up as bright yellow flotation cushions burst from confinement, filling rapidly with air and surrounding the plane with a neon corona.

"Flight 7002, from Thunderbird One. Nice work, Captain. Very nice work," Elise said in a relieved tone. "Now it's our turn."
