
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 04:18:54 GMT
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From: lynnbrody Sent: 7/22/2007 12:39 PM

Shopping mall, Christchurch, New Zealand.

The new electronics completely forgotten, Scott walked around the mall, looking for a quiet place. Someplace he could make a call without the chance of anyone overhearing. Unfortunately, the mall was crowded. Every place he looked had people in it. Even the hallway where a set of bathrooms was located, which was normally fairly empty, was crowded.

Starting to get frustrated, Scott headed toward entrance of the mall. I'll just have to make the call from my car, he thought to himself. His mind made up, he strode purposefully toward the entrance, wanting to get there quickly but not wanting to attract too much attention. Reaching the front door, he exited the building and headed toward his car. Placing the bag in the passenger seat, Scott got into the car and pulling out his phone, he dialed his father's number.

When the phone was finally answered, it wasn't his father's voice. "Hello."

It didn't take Scott long to recognize his mother's voice. Dad must be busy with the rescue and told her to answer it, he thought. "Mom, I heard about what happened," he said choosing his words carefully. "What's going on?"

"Things are under control," Dianne told him. "The group is just arriving and getting things underway."

"Who's on point?" he asked, wanting to know who was flying Thunderbird 1, doing the job that he should've been doing.

"Elise," Dianne told him.

Scott had been expecting his Mom to tell him Alan. Not that I really want him flying my "bird but he does have more experience with her than Elise.

"Don't worry. You prepared her well," Dianne said reassuringly, guessing the reason for her eldest son's silence. "Besides, she flew commercial jets. She's the best qualified, given the situation."

Scott found himself nodding. What she said made sense but he still didn't like the idea of anyone else flying Thunderbird 1. "I'm heading to the airport now," Scott told her. "I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Scott, it isn't necessary. Things are under control. Enjoy your time off."

"I'm heading home," he told her, knowing he wouldn't be able to enjoy himself now that he knew what was going on. Granted, there wasn't much he would be able to do there except watch the rescue unfold, but at least he wouldn't be in the dark. Not to mention, what if something went

wrong? He wanted to be on hand just in case.

"I'll let your father know," Dianne told him, knowing she wasn't going to be able to change Scott's mind. That boy can be so stubborn sometimes, she thought. "Have a safe trip."

"Thanks. See you when I get there. Bye, Mom."

"Bye," Dianne said.

Ending the call, Scott put his phone into his pocket. He quickly put his seatbelt on and started the car. Moments later, he was pulling the car into the Christchurch traffic on his way to the airport. The sooner he was back on the island, the better he would feel. I should be out there with them, he couldn't help but think.
