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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 04:23:08 GMT  
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 7/22/2007 4:11 PM

Tin-Tin hadn't been aboard the jet more than twenty minutes when the port wing suddenly dipped into the water. All those who were standing were thrown to that side of the jet, including Tin-Tin and the panda caretakers. The pandas' containers began to slide in that direction. Then the wing came back up, but about six feet remained just below the surface.

"Thunderbird Four from Thunderbird Two. Cousteau, what happened?"

"Not sure, Van Gogh. We think the port jet wing must have dropped under the surface. We are on the way to investigate now."

"Thunderbirds Two and Four from Thunderbird One. From where I am, it looked like a flotation device under the port wing has ruptured. If so, do you have a replacement device, Cousteau?"

"We do, Frankie. If that's what happened, we'll use ours to replace it - after we discover the cause."

"F-A-B, Cousteau. Keep me and Van Gogh advised."

"F-A-B. Thunderbird Four out."

Brandon had closed the overhead hatch during the conversation and now buckled himself in. He glanced over at Gordon, who terminated communications, and said, "Ready to go."

Gordon backed away from the jet, then dove forty feet down. Traveling under the jet, he made sure they were well beyond the fuselage before he surfaced again. The two men looked at the wing, and saw the remnants of the device floating on the surface. Brandon immediately unbuckled himself and went to the locker where they kept extra flotation devices, then to the one with the diving equipment. Gordon opened communications once again. "Thunderbird One from Thunderbird Four."

"Thunderbird One here. What's the status, Cousteau?"

"You were right, Frankie. Big Mac is getting replacement devices and our diving gear out even as we speak. I'll have to put Four on station keeping. This'll be a two man job."

"F-A-B, Cousteau. But you had better find out what caused the original to blow. Don't want it happening again while we're evacuating the passengers, or the pandas, do we?"

"We sure don't, Frankie. Oh by the way, is Sweet okay?"

"Yes, she is. Van Gogh called her to check. Just a few bumps on her part. We may have a couple of extra injuries due to the break. But that seems to be it at this time."

"F-A-B. We're on our way. I'll contact you again when we're done."

"F-A-B. Thunderbird One out."

The aquanauts quickly got into their diving gear. Brandon then asked, "What are we gonna use to keep whatever caused the jet's flotation bag to break from breaking our replacement bags? Pieces of the original one?"

"Well, we could," Gordon answered slowly, his brow furrowing as he contemplated the problem. Then his face cleared. "We'll do that, but I have something that can help." He turned back to the pilot's seat and opened a small panel, behind which was a can of...

"You're kidding. Silly Putty?" Brandon exclaimed.

"After the time we ended up rescuing Ned Cook and his cameraman, I decided that if I had to do a lot of waiting again, I wanted something to do with that time. I'm not creative like Virgil, so I had to come up with something that I could stop using at a moment's notice."

"I'm surprised you could find it; I thought they'd stopped making it. But won't the water dissolve it? And even if it doesn't, you'll never see it again."

"Not a problem. We can wrap it in a section of the jet's popped float, giving us a lot more time. And as for not seeing it again, I've got more. I got a stash some time ago, on Ebay. So I can replace it." He took the putty out of its container and put it in a pouch on his belt. "C'mon. Let's get to work."

Soon they were out in the water and heading to the submerged part of the wing. Brandon put the floats they brought on top of the wing, then they both dove to look at the underside. Soon they found the cause of the break. The explosion had caused some of the metal to bend outward in an inch long jagged point. "Wow! I'm surprised the float held as long as it did!" Brandon exclaimed.

"Me too. And it looks like we'll need the Silly Putty after all. That sucker's a bit long. I'm gonna cut a section of this float to wrap around it. Then you start folding the rest to also cover that edge."

They got to work and within fifteen minutes, were ready to inflate the two floats they needed to replace the damaged one. "Thunderbird One from Cousteau."

"Thunderbird One, reading you five-by-five."

"Frankie, we're ready to inflate our floats. You might want to warn anyone inside the jet."

"F-A-B, Cousteau. Hang on." A minute later, Elise said, "The passengers and crew have been alerted. Go ahead."

"F-A-B. Okay, Big Mac. On three. One. Two. Three."

Both devices slowly inflated and the wing rose up out of the water. "Thunderbird One from

Cousteau. Mission accomplished."

"F-A-B, Cousteau, Big Mac. Good job. Get back to Four and then head to the tail of the jet. We'll need your assistance in getting the pandas out."

F-A-B, Thunderbird One. Cousteau out."

The two aquanauts gave each other a thumbs-up and headed back to their vessel.

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