
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 04:27:42 GMT
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 7/26/2007 2:35 PM

Luke stood and offered to help Kyrano, who was burdened down with a tray full of coffee and teacups. The servitor nodded, and he took the carafe of coffee from the laden tray. Kyrano set the tray down on a low table, and retrieved the carafe, pouring coffee for those who indicated they wanted it.

As he chose a cup for himself, Luke tuned in to the talkback again. He felt antsy; he realized he would have loved to be out there as the team worked.

"Lowering the rescue cage now." Virgil's voice sounded out from his picture.

"F-A-B," responded John. "You're right on target. Ten meters more..."

The tension in the room began to rise as the rescue cage, holding Alan, John, and a supply of Brains's blue goo, descended to the wing of the stricken plane.

"Five more meters," John said.

"F-A-B," Virgil replied.

Luke frowned, suddenly puzzled. He approached the desk. "Mr. Tracy?" He spoke quietly so he wouldn't be picked up by the microphone that Jeff wore.

Jeff, who had been handed a cup of coffee by his wife, took a sip, then put the cup back down in the saucer. He tapped his earpiece, and turned his attention to the newest recruit.

"Yes, Luke?"

"Uh... well, I keep hearing the team use the term, 'F-A-B'," Luke said. "I was wondering... what exactly does it mean?"

To Luke's surprise, a faint blush flooded Jeff's face. "Well, um....it...ah...."

Dianne grinned at her husband's discomfiture. "Yes, dear. Tell him what it means."

Jeff shot her a look. "You're not helping."

"I know."

Luke glanced from husband to wife and back again. "If there's something... embarrassing..." His words trailed off.

Jeff sighed and turned back to Luke. "In the early days of space exploration, one of the Mercury

astronauts, Gus Grissom - for whom my son, Virgil, is named - used a particular phrase a lot when he was in agreement with something that someone else said." He blushed a little redder. "During the building of Thunderbird Five, I sort of... let loose with it a few times."

Dianne nudged him. "And.....?"

"And, the phrase was 'F--kin' A Bubba'." Jeff let out a big breath. "It sorta stuck, and we cleaned it up for our purposes."

"In other words," Dianne said, still grinning, "Our little acronym is more appropriate for an open mike and... uh... tender ears."

Luke chuckled. "I can understand that. We used 'Roger' until one of the other teams actually hired a Roger. We ended up with 'Gotcha.'" He shrugged. "Kind of lame, I know, but it worked for us."

Jeff heaved a deep breath, then smiled a little. "Y'know, Luke, you're the only one of our recruits who has asked that question."

Luke looked surprised. "Really? I would think it would be a logical question."

"I guess no one has really wondered." Dianne took a sip of her coffee. "Or they've asked one of the boys... I know neither of the nurses has asked me."

"Maybe it was something they thought they should already know?" Luke responded as Virgil's voice sounded across the speaker again.

"Could be," Jeff replied, then turned his attention back to the rescue.

--The Origins of FAB, by Tikatu and Lillehafrue--
