
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 04:30:31 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/29/2007 6:16 PM

"Thunderbird One from Thunderbird Four, what's next, Frankie?" Gordon asked. He and Brandon had been patrolling around the plane, checking the other flotation cushions, making sure they were stable.

"We've got Indy and Quasar on board the plane. Their job is to seal up the pandas' crates with that waterproof stuff of Einstein's." Elise said, reviewing her plans in her head. "Sweet suggests that we use the plane's emergency chutes to evacuate the passengers. That means moving the pod closer."

"How many chutes can we use?" Gordon asked. "How far apart are they?"

"In this model of jet, the emergency exits are roughly 30 to 35 feet apart. The door on the pod is 40 feet across, so we should be able to use two."

"I guess that means our next task is to move the pod, right?" Brandon said from the jump seat behind Gordon.

"You've got it, Big Mac." Elise grinned. "I'll have them deploy the chutes and help direct you. One of you might have to get out and pull the chutes into the pod. Neither Tynan nor Angel will be able to grab them without getting dunked."

"F-A-B," Gordon said. "Let's get this show on the road."

"F-A-B." Elise toggled a switch. "Flight 7002, this is Thunderbird One. Please deploy starboard emergency chutes 1 and 2 so we can begin evacuation."

Thunderbird Four surfaced close to the front of the pod, and Brandon stepped out of the side airlock onto the ramp. There was a muted thump, and in the glow provided by Thunderbird Two's spotlights, two wide, yellow ramps opened up, inflating with a loud hissing sound. Gordon took Thunderbird Four down.

"What's going on?" Nikki asked of Brandon as he entered the pod, fully equipped for a dive.

"We're going to move the pod closer to the plane, and pull those emergency chutes into the pod," he explained. "You might want to sit down somewhere so you don't fall down." He suited his actions to his words, and sat on the edge of Thunderbird Four's platform.

Nikki glanced back at Dom. "Better put the ramp up or it'll make moving difficult." Dom, who was closest to the door's controls, reached over to raise the door. Water spilled inside as it rose from the water. The two nurses then found seats for themselves on Thunderbird Four's platform.

Behind the pod, Gordon deployed Four's two hydraulic rams, and with help from Elise in a

hovering Thunderbird One, he pushed the empty pod slowly toward the plane. When they were a dozen meters from the bobbing ends of the chutes, Brandon opened the door again, and jumped in.

It was dangerous. The pod was still moving forward from momentum; the water was dark. Gordon moved Four from the rear to the side, nudging the pod carefully into position. Brandon got under the first chute, pushing it upwards, climbing the pod's wide door to bring the chute's end within. The pod was still moving sideways when he went for the second one.

Inside the pod, Dom and Nikki fastened the chute to the floor, pulling it to within two feet of the door's edge. Outside, Brandon pushed the second chute upwards, just as Gordon, under Elise's instruction, brought the pod to a halt.

"Thunderbird One from Thunderbird Four. I'm on stationkeeping, Frankie," Gordon informed Elise.

"F-A-B, Cousteau." She tapped her earpiece. "Tynan from Frankie. Are you ready?"

"Nik?" Dom asked. "Are we ready?"

She turned from helping Brandon secure the second chute. "As ready as we can be."

"F-A-B." Dom tapped his earpiece. "Frankie, we're ready."

"F-A-B." Elise toggled a switch. "Thunderbird One to Flight 7002. We're ready to begin the evacuation. Injured and women with children first."
