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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 22:48:22 GMT  
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 9/17/2006 2:28 PM

The emergency klaxon sounded as clear as the morning sky, and Jeff blinked a few times before his mind fog cleared and he realized what was happening. He wrenched back the bedcovers and stepped into his slippers, as his wife held out his dressing gown for him, already clad in her own. Without a word the pair made their way to the lounge and arrived just after Scott, who was tousled, but obviously clear-headed. Jeff reached for the switch to activate the hidden commlink with Thunderbird Five, and a live feed of John, dressed in his own robe, appeared where his portrait had been.

"Go ahead, John."

"Father, several tornadoes are powering their way through lower Kansas state," the space monitor said. Jeff's eyes widened a fraction, but he let John continue. "We've had a call for help from a high school in Murray Gill. Several people have been trapped in the basement of a high school, including the participants of a Special Olympics Challenge Day."

Jeff's mouth thinned as John relayed the rest of the details. His family were not strangers to the power of a Kansas tornado. Fortunately, they had been always been spared in terms of property and, more importantly, life. He put aside any latent fears, however, as his commander's mask slipped into place.

"Okay, John. Give Scott the co-ordinates when he's airborne, and keep that commlink open."

"Will do. I'll relay more information as I receive it. Thunderbird Five, out."

John's portrait clicked back into view, and Jeff turned to the assembled crew.

"Scott, off you go," he said, though his eldest son was already heading towards Thunderbird One's access point. "Virgil, take pod Seven, loaded with the DOMO, Excavator, Firefly, Laser Truck, as well as the oxyhydrite cutting gear. We'll need the med team, as well as Gordon, Alan, Tin-Tin, Brandon, Callie, Elise, and Kat. This is going to be a big one. Off you go."

The crew scrambled in a whirl of dressing gown ties and loose pyjamas, and Dianne placed a swift kiss on her husband's cheek before following after the others. Jeff resisted the urge to say, 'be careful', knowing that it wasn't necessary. And now, he thought, the cycle begins once more.