
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 22:59:58 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/23/2006 2:49 PM

Saturday, August 4, 2:15 p.m. at Danger Zone (Sunday, August 5, 7:15 a.m., Tracy Island)

"Mobile Control from Base. Come in, Mobile Control." Jeff's picture popped up inside of Scott's visor, and his voice boomed into Scott's earpiece. Wincing, the field commander turned down the volume.

"Mobile Control here. Go ahead."

"An update, Maverick."

"We've started excavating the site, trying to reach the top of the stairs and the wheelchair access ramp. It's closest to the victims, and may make getting the kids out a bit easier. Ursa has the Excavator in chewing up the debris on the ground level; her job is to make a path for the rest of us. Thunderbird Two is pulling debris off the top so that less and less will slide down and get in the Excavator's way. Firefly's shoving the bits and pieces left behind off to one side so we'll have a clear shot at the door once we're in there. The DOMO's waiting in case we need to pick up some larger slabs or hold up some restraining walls. Seven reports they're ready, and Doc has come up with a tagging system so that the victims and their equipment are easily matched up. Once we're at the head of the stairs, it'll be cutters."

"F-A-B, Maverick. Let me know when you've broken through. Has everyone eaten?"

"You think Doc would have let us go out on empty stomachs?" Dianne had pressed a Farmer's Scramble MRE into his hands the moment she saw him.

"I take that as a yes, then." Jeff paused to consider his next question. "Any guess on a time frame here?"

Scott shook his head, then realized that his father couldn't see that. "Negative, Boss."

"Thunderbird Five is getting some more calls, it seems, but none as urgent as this one. The National Guard has been called out to help deal with the devastation. They should be able to help pick up the slack, but be prepared to go elsewhere once this is done."

"F-A-B."

"Quasar's been getting weather updates. There may be more tornadoes on the way. If anything heads your way, run for shelter. And tell the others to do so, too."

"F-A-B. He's been updating me regularly. We should get enough warning."

"I hope so. Tornadoes are notoriously unpredictable." Jeff nodded. "Keep me posted on your

progress."

"F-A-B, Base. Mobile Control out."

Jeff's picture winked out, and Scott blinked, an afterimage still burning on his retina. That's one drawback to these visors.

He glanced over to the school building, where a cloud of cement dust marked the Excavator's location. Time to check in with the crew, he thought as he raised his hand toward his earpiece.
