
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:12:42 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/29/2006 5:01 PM

Saturday, August 5, 2068, 8:25 a.m., Thunderbird Five (3:25 p.m., previous day, Danger Zone)

"Acknowledge, Dr. Windham. We'll be launching as soon as we possibly can. International Rescue, out."

John shook his head as he looked over the notes he'd garnered from his talk with Dr. Windham. "At least we don't need Thunderbird Two to be in two places at once," he muttered as he reached for the switch to turn his communicator back on. He had muted his conversation with his father in order to concentrate on the call. "Base from Thunderbird Five," he said, going over the notes once again.

Jeff wiped the bacon grease from his lips and put his napkin down, then reached for the switch. "Go ahead, Thunderbird Five."

"Boss, we have another call."

"Another?" Jeff asked, a startled frown creasing his forehead. "Give me the details, Quasar."

"I'm downloading what I have. I think we can swing it if Maverick can get the astronauts back to base quickly."

Jeff pulled up the file that John had just downloaded to him. He read it through carefully, humming tonelessly under his breath. Finally, he nodded. "Yes. We'll send Einstein out with them, too. The ISS is Ursa's old stomping grounds. Don't want any chance of her being recognized."

"F-A-B," John replied.

"How does the weather look out there?"

John glanced over at the weather map, zooming in on the area where most of his family were working. "Tornado warning is still on for the region. There seem to be more forming -- I hope they're spared this batch." He paused, then asked, "Have you heard anything...?"

Jeff sighed and shook his head. "No. I've been calling, but there's no answer."

John bit back a curse. "I hope you hear something soon," he said.

"Me, too." Jeff nodded. "I'd better get in touch with Mobile Control and give Maverick the new assignment. Stand by to brief them on their way back to base, and I'll bring Einstein up to speed."

"F-A-B. Thunderbird Five, standing by."

The picture went mute, and Jeff reached first for the intercom. "Brains? I need you up here, pronto." Without waiting for an answer, he switched over to his communicator. "Mobile Control from base. Come in, Mobile Control."
