
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:14:06 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/30/2006 7:14 PM

Saturday, August 4, 2068, 3:35 p.m., Danger Zone (8:35 a.m., next day, Tracy Island)

"Mobile Control to Frankie," Scott's voice resonated in Elise's ear. She was checking to see the grabs were secure when he called.

"Go ahead, Mobile Control." Her reply was followed by an 'oomph' as she jumped off of a large piece of debris to the ground.

"Return to Mobile Control immediately."

Elise was momentarily stunned by the almost sharp request. "F-A-B," she managed to blurt out before the link was disconnected. "Frankie to Van Gogh."

"Go ahead, Frankie."

"I've been ordered to return to Mobile Control immediately. Grabs are secure."

Virgil frowned, puzzled as to why Scott had suddenly ordered Elise back to Mobile Control. "What! Why?"

"I have no idea, Van Gogh. I'll let you know. Frankie out."

As Elise made her way towards Scott, Virgil called his brother. "Mobile Control from Thunderbird Two?."

"Mobile Control here, what's up, Van Gogh?"

"Are you planning on telling me what's going on, Mav?"

"Slight change of plans, Van Gogh..." Scott continued to inform Virgil of the call John received from the World Space Agency and of the staff switch around. "I need you to land so MGM can take over on the DOMO."

Virgil shook his head. "I'll send her down in the rescue cage," he said.

"Works for me," Scott replied. "Send her to me. But I still want you to land; we could use an extra pair of hands down here."

"F-A-B."

As Elise approached Mobile Control, she saw that Callie and Alan, arms folded across his chest, were already there.

"What's the deal, Mav? Why did you call us? We have a ton of work to do!" Alan almost demanded in his impatience to return to the rescue.

"I know, Indy, believe me, I know. Base just called in. They received a rescue call from WSA; two satellites have collided and are on a collision course for the International Space Station."

A sharp intake of breath could be heard from Callie. The three team members exchanged glances. "How did it happen?" Callie asked.

"Quasar can give you details when you're on your way. Right now I need to get you back to base to launch Thunderbird Three." Turning to Elise, Scott continued, "Frankie you'll fly One and take Indy and Callie."

At this point, Kat came running up. "Van Gogh told me to see you," she said, looking at the assembly.

"Right. MGM, I need you to take over the DOMO for Indy," Scott told her. "Van Gogh will be joining us momentarily."

With a collective, "F-A-B," the team turned and 3 ran towards Thunderbird One, the other toward the ruined high school.

Callie, Alan and Elise scrambled through the pilot's hatch, Alan pulling in the folding ladder behind him and closing the hatch. Seating for him and Callie would be cramped, but speed was what they needed and Thunderbird One could deliver.

"Everyone secure?" Elise asked as she settled herself into the pilot's seat.

"Yes," they both replied.

"Ok, let's get this show on the road." Elise powered up the engines, obtained clearance from Scott and was airborne in what seemed like seconds. After contacting base to advise them of the ETA, she then called John. "Thunderbird Five from Thunderbird One?."

"Thunderbird Five receiving you strength five; go ahead, Frankie," John's voice replied. Callie smiled to herself, picturing him up there in space and silently thanking him again for the reason he was there.

"Hey, Quasar, just checking in for details on the space accident. I got two 'wannabe astronauts' here hounding me for info!" She turned and grinned to Callie and Alan as she spoke. They didn't seem amused.

John could be heard laughing softly just before he replied, "Well, it seems that one satellite's thruster malfunctioned and it collided with another satellite. Unfortunately, they are both fused together and on a collision course for the ISS. The WSA can't get anyone up to the ISS fast enough to avoid a disaster, hence the reason we got the call." Alan let out a slow whistle.

"Is anyone else going up with us?" asked Callie.

"Einstein will be ready as soon as you land."

"Okay, Quasar, thanks."

"No problem, Thunderbird Five out."

"Sounds like you guys will have your work cut out for you up there," said Elise.

"Nothing like back to back rescues to keep your spirits up!" Alan added. *"Base from Thunderbird One, on final approach."

"F-A-B, Thunderbird One, retracting pool now."

With a blast from the engines and boosters, Elise switched back to vertical flight for the descent into One's launch bay. She felt her hands start to sweat and flexed her fingers as they guided the controls. This part always made her nervous, especially as she'd messed up royally a couple of times when in training. Guiding the craft down carefully, she breathed a sigh of relief as Thunderbird One came to rest perfectly on her launch pad.

"Your hands sweat, too?" Alan asked. Callie and Elise both looked at him, somewhat shocked. "It happens to the best of us, believe me, but I want you to swear this stays between us." He looked at each of them waiting for confirmation. They both nodded and the topic was closed.

As soon as the engines were quiet, Alan and Callie were out of the craft and on their way to Thunderbird Three's silo as Jeff had requested. Elise had wished them luck and headed towards the lounge for a short debrief and some food before heading back to Kansas.

This is going to be a very long day. Oh well, goes with the job description I suppose. She sighed and entered the lounge.

--ferry duty by FrankieCTB2