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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:48:52 GMT  
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 10/4/2006 8:07 PM

\*\*\*\*\*Sunday, August 5, 10:10 a.m., Tracy Island time, in orbital approach to Danger Zone, Thunderbird Three (5:10 p.m., previous day, Murray Gill, KS)\*\*\*\*\*

Callie and Brains were conversing about her friends on the ISS when Alan spoke to them both. "Einstein, Ursa, we're approaching the Danger Zone. Report to the main control room immediately."

"Guess it's time," she said. "We've got to plan this out just right."

They walked to the elevator which opened for them. "There's really only room for one person," Brains said. "Therefore, ladies first."

With a blush, Callie said, "Uh, thank you, Brains." She stepped into the elevator and went up. They're really not used to having females in this vessel, she thought.

Moments later, when Callie and Brains met with Alan, he opened communications with John in Thunderbird Five and Jeff back at base. "Boss, Quasar, we've arrived at the Danger Zone. Thunderbird Three is now maintaining constant speed with the fused satellites."

Jeff nodded. "Very well, Indy. Quasar, what's the current position of the satellites in relation to the ISS?"

Checking the calculations, John answered, "The satellites are now five hours away from colliding with the ISS, and earth position is still Quito, Ecuador."

"Okay, Quasar. Now, Indy, have you and the others decided who will spacewalk to the satellites?"

Callie spoke up. "Boss, even though I haven't done a spacewalk since my last assignment at the ISS in December, it's best if I'm at least one of the people involved. This way, I won't risk being recognized by my colleagues or compromising IR's security."

Understanding she was still reeling from her encounter with the Hood, he nodded. "Very well, Ursa. However, I want you to keep your communication restricted to Thunderbird Three and Thunderbird Five."

"F-A-B, Boss." I almost blew it last time. This time it won't even be close to happening.

"Who else will go with Ursa?"

"I will be, Boss," Brains answered. "This way, Indy can keep communications open while we work."

Alan smiled. "Good idea, Einstein."

"Wait, I just realized something," said Callie seriously. "We'll need schematics for both the HDTV satellite and the GOES-4."

John said, "Ahead of you, Ursa. I already got them and am uploading them into Thunderbird Three's computer system."

Noting the sound of his voice, Alan, Brains, and Callie all looked at each other. She then asked, "Quasar, are you all right?"

"I'm fine, Ursa," he snapped. "The upload's complete. You can get this done now."

"F-A-B, Quasar. I'll get them printed out immediately and then get into my space suit." As she paced towards the computer, she became concerned. I've never heard John like this before. I hope everything's okay.

Brains walked with Callie to the main computer. "After you get the blueprints, I'll see if I can isolate the area of the ISS which may be impacted if we fail."

Jeff shook his head. "No, Einstein. We won't fail. Good luck to all three of you."

Alan said, "F-A-B, Boss. Thunderbird Three, out."

Callie completed the printouts and went back down the elevator to get into her space suit.

When Brains calculated the impact point on the ISS, he shook his head. "It'll hit the biochemstiry, botany, and agricultural labs. Indy?"

"Yeah?"

"Notify the ISS that the impact point will be the nature labs area."

"F-A-B, Einstein."

Callie was clipping the top of her space suit when she heard Brains' dreaded words. "Oh, no...Mitzi and Xiang..."

Brains joined her in the "lounge" to discuss what they would do during their spacewalk. "We'll need cutting equipment to separate the satellites, but our first order of business is to shut off the thruster."

"Right. I'll grab the cutting gear."

After a few minutes, the pair were completely dressed in their space suits. Tethered to make sure they would not drift away, they exited the airlock and floated their way to the satellites.