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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:53:18 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/4/2006 8:40 PM

Saturday, August, 4, 2068, 5:20 p.m., local time, between Wichita and Murray Gill (10:30 a.m., next day, Tracy Island)

Gavin Belle looked up from his PDA as the news van headed south towards Murray Gill. "I hope International Rescue hasn't left yet. It'd be a feather in our collective cap to get some footage of them... or even an interview."

His cameraman, Mike Triton, who was listening to the emergency scanner, shook his head. "They haven't. From what I've heard on the EMS frequencies, their mobile hospital left Wichita General just a few minutes ago. They won't leave until its back with them."

Suddenly the tornado warning sirens went off around them. "Damn!" Gavin swore. "We'd better get under cover."

"Wait!" Gavin's sound man and driver, Eric, pointed to a spot ahead of them and to their left. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Hot damn, yes!" Gavin said, excitedly. "Thunderbird Seven! And it's being chased by a tornado! Go after it!" He turned to Mike. "Get the camera on and keep your lens on that ship!"

"Whatever you say, boss." Mike hoisted the camera to his shoulders and leaned forward, shooting out through the windshield as they followed the massive medical ship's progress.

They watched as the tornado seemed to tease the white medical ship for a few moments, following its path as the Thunderbird dodged and weaved, leaving the tarmac, and heading over open fields. Then suddenly disaster struck! Thunderbird 7 was picked up into the twister and tossed around like she weighed nothing. The ship spun and Gavin thought he could almost hear the screams of the people inside.

"Keep filming!" Gavin shouted.

The twister encountered some high tension wires, and the dirty vortex was suddenly filled with blue and white electricity, arcing across the Thunderbird. To their horror, the giant medical freighter was torn into two sections. The larger back end whirled off into the brown maelstrom, showing up only now and then. The smaller section rolled, moving faster than the bigger, rectangular section. Gavin and his crew let out gasps of shock as the larger part slammed into the smaller, turning on one axis to slam again into the cab's side. It then dropped like a stone, rolling twice before coming to a stop. The smaller section hovered for what seemed like eternity, then was spit out of the tornado, falling to the ground with a sickening crunch roughly a half kilometer away.

As fast as it had started, the tornado moved off, finally dissipating in the distance.

Gavin and his crew looked at each other for a moment, then Eric put the pedal to the floor, pulling a U-turn and speeding off towards the wreckage. He burned rubber, weaving in and out of the stopped cars, and passing the people who were climbing out of the ditches, and pointing in the direction of the white vehicle. Gavin pulled open his phone, and called the office. "I've just uploaded some footage that is dynamite, and I should be uploading some more soon! Story of the Year stuff! A Thunderbird is down! Send out the chopper! We'll need aerial footage!"

Eric pulled onto a dirt road that he figured would get them close to the downed craft. It did, and he pulled up beside the field where the smaller portion had come to rest. They all climbed out of the van, and got ready to start filming.

"This is fantastic! Roll the sound! Roll the sound!!" Gavin shouted as Eric gave him the thumbs up. "This is Gavin Belle, reporting live from near Murray Gill, Kansas. Earlier today, tornados struck this sleepy Mid-west town, causing a major catastrophe. But, saviors arrived in the form of International Rescue. They valiantly did their duty, saving the trapped townspeople, knocking down potential hazards, everything we have come to expect from these extraordinary people. But now, it looks as if they are the ones in need of rescue. A rogue twister has just struck Thunderbird 7, the medical frigate." He swept his arm behind him. "As you can clearly see, it is highly unlikely that any of them have survived."

Mike panned the camera towards the disaster scene. "This appears to be the control cab of the vessel known as Thunderbird Seven. Let's see if there's anyone alive inside!"

exclusive footage by Lillehafrue and Tikatu