
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:54:34 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/5/2006 7:28 AM

Once Callie and Brains were gone, Alan kept his eyes on the viewscreen that showed him what was going on outside, but put his earphone in, and tapped it.

"Indy to Quasar."

John, in the middle of updating both Virgil and Elise on Thunderbird Seven's position, reached over and keyed in his brother's call, adding it to the two others he had going. "What is it, Indy? I'm a little busy right now."

"What's going on?" Alan asked, frowning. "You don't speak to people the way you spoke to Ursa without a damn good reason."

"I don't have time for this, Indy," John said, his tone warning. He paused, peering at the locator screen. "Finally! They've stopped moving. Thunderbirds One and Two from Thunderbird Five, Thunderbird Seven has stopped moving. I'm downloading coordinates for you now."

"F-A-B," came the overlapping voices of Virgil and Elise. "Proceeding to that position now," Elise added.

"F-A-B," John replied. He turned back to Alan, and sighed. "We have a code red, Indy. Thunderbird Seven's in trouble, big trouble. I don't have time to explain it more than that."

"Code red!?" Alan, who had heard the whole exchange between the other three Thunderbirds, bit back his questions. "All right. I'll let you deal with it. But as soon as we're done here, I want all the details."

"You'll get them, I promise." John looked up at one of the nearby vid screens. It picked up the satellite news programs, filtering them through a program similar to the one used on the audio pick up. The screen had settled on the M.W.A.N. station, and John groaned as he saw a line of text crawl along the blue stripe at the bottom of the screen. "Damn!"

"What is it?"

"The media's already gotten wind of this! 'International Rescue craft downed by tornado; more details as they become available'," John read.

Alan gasped as his brother read the notice. "Downed by a tornado? Is everyone okay? What the hell happened?!"

"I don't know!" John cried. "All I know is that it got swept up in a tornado, and it seems to have landed somewhere. One and Two are on their way."

"Does Da... the Boss know?" Alan asked, his eyes big with disbelief.

"Oh God." John groaned. "No, Indy, he doesn't, and I'm not going to be the one to tell him, either!" He shook his head. "I need to keep this open so I can listen for calls from Seven, okay? Please, Indy. I'll get you details as soon as I have them!"

Alan let out a deep breath, and nodded. "All right." He glanced up. "Einstein and Ursa are at the satellite now. Get back to me as soon as you can."

"F-A-B," John replied. He paused, then added, "Indy?"

"Yeah?"

"Pray."

Alan bit his lower lip, and nodded again. "I'm not much of a praying man, but... yeah. Talk to you soon, Quasar."

John nodded curtly. "Thunderbird Five out."

God, I hope they're okay, Alan prayed. Dad couldn't stand to lose... Mom. And Dom... Joshua can't lose him! Oh dear God... Nikki's in there too! Please, please let them be okay!

He rubbed his eyes, ridding them of a sudden, unexpected moisture, then turned his attention back to the spacewalking duo just in time to hear Brains say, "We're going to deal with the thruster first."