
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:56:56 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 10/5/2006 4:09 PM

"I think...yes, there is it, and it's intact." Brains smiled briefly in thanks. "We're going to be able to deal with the thruster without having to get inside."

He and Callie had made their way across the void of space to the fused satellites, their tethers snaking behind them like streamers. Callie's eyes caught the access panel Brains was talking about. She was certain it was the correct one, as it had 'Emergency Thruster Control' emblazoned across it.

"Nice of them to label things in case of emergency," she quipped.

"Somehow, I doubt they ever thought something like this would happen," Brains said.

The two anchored themselves by the satellite's bulkhead, and Callie felt around the edges of the panel for the release mechanism. With a few tugs, it came loose and slid aside on purpose-built runners, revealing the controls.

"Excellent. They're in perfect condition."

Brains reached across with one gloved hand to punch in the code for the deactivation sequence...and nothing happened.

"What?"

He tried again, and still nothing.

"There's no sign of any damage -- there couldn't have been unless the outer panel was compromised, which it wasn't," Callie said.

"Unless," Brains said, "the force of the collision has caused a problem with the internal circuitry."

"That's possible," Callie said. "We'd need to get underneath this control panel."

"Exactly. Can you see anything that may be some sort of release for this panel?"

The two scrutinized the panel, lit by their helmet lights, before Callie reached out and pushed in an innocuous-looking button in the upper left corner.

"Hey presto!" she said as the casing of the control panel slid to the side, revealing the technology it was designed to protect.

"You're good at that," Brains said.

Callie chuckled.

"Someone's got to be."

Brains scrutinized the circuitry before him for a few moments, before reaching into his utility belt and pulling out a thin, long-handled tool. Callie was familiar with it; it acted as a sort of screwdriver and soldering iron all in one, fit for use in space.

"I wonder... It could be as simple as one circuit being damaged. If I can perhaps ascertain whether power can be brought back online..." After a few moments of diagnostic work, Brains clucked his tongue. "Yes, I think we're in luck. Hold this for me, will you?"

Brains handed the thin tool to Callie, and pulled out a thin strip of metal.

"I get it," Callie said. "It's so simple, like something a kid would do in a tech class."

"Indeed. But, as I've always believed, sometimes the old methods are the best methods."

Together, the two worked to repair the damaged circuitry of the control panel using a simple practice akin to soldering -- though using more appropriate materials for their job than the average technology student would have possessed -- and soon enough, power returned and the panel burst to life.

"Look what I made today, Ma: a real working satellite!"

Brains chuckled at Callie's words, before sliding the inner cover back into place. He keyed in the deactivation sequence again, and this time he was rewarded with the sight of the thruster shutting down, and having it confirmed as fact on the panel before them.

"There we have it," he said.

"Great! Now all we have to do is separate these babies," Callie said. "But something tells me it's not going to be easy..."