
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:01:38 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 10/5/2006 4:38 PM

Scott, Gordon, and Brandon hurried towards the mangled wreck that had hours before been a fully-functioning Thunderbird. They carried with them the cutting equipment that would get the trapped crew out, as well as a medical supply kit from Thunderbird Two's sickbay. Where the hell is Elise? Scott thought for the thousandth time. We're going to need One's speed. A substantial group of emergency services personnel had gathered at the crash site. Scott motioned for Gordon and Brandon to get started while he turned to address the people who were approaching them.

"Thanks for the support, folks," he said. "We've got the equipment to get our operatives out, but we could use some more substantial medical equipment."

"We'll be glad to help you out," said one man, who proffered a large hand. "Dave Kandagaye, Kansas Region II EMS."

"Thanks," Scott said, accepting the handshake.

Meanwhile, Gordon and Brandon had donned their protective gear.

"Thunderbird Seven from Cousteau, we're coming in. Keep clear of the starboard door and stay as far back from the windshield as you can. We're going to pass cutting gear through to you to release Doc, but you'll be exiting through the side."

"F-A-B, Cousteau," Dom said. "The sooner the better."

Don't I know it, Gordon thought. He took up his position at the front of the wreck beside Brandon, who handed him a crowbar. The taller aquanaut had a caladium hammer in his hands already, poised to start the demolition work.

"Ready?" Gordon asked.

"As always," came the reply.

"Okay, on three. One, two, THREE!"

The strength of the two men took a substantial chunk out of the windshield, and they stood back, satisfied. Then Brandon passed his cutter and some safety gear through the gap, while Gordon made his way to the side door, and began to cut.