
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:04:54 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 10/7/2006 5:50 PM

Callie and Brains had successfully shut down the thruster to the HDTV satellite, which had been fused with an antiquated weather satellite.

"So far, so good," said Callie. "I'd better notify Indy. Ursa to Indy. Ursa calling Indy. Do you copy?"

Inside Thunderbird Three, Alan was in a state of disbelief when he heard her calling. I'd better not show any emotion right now. Shaking off any feelings he had about Thunderbird Seven's dire situation, he concentrated on what his two comrades were doing on the satellite. "This is Indy. What's the status of the thruster?"

"The good news is we've shut down the rocket thruster, and we're finally slowing down." After breathing a sigh of relief, she added, "That also means the ISS won't collide within the time frame over Quito, Ecuador."

Brains was more cautious. "Yes, but it changes things around. It won't be within four hours, but it can still collide with this pair of satellites."

Alan rubbed his chin. "Hmm, what do you think we need to do?"

"We've got to separate these satellites," Callie said firmly. "The problem is, the way these satellites are fused together, we may not get them separated in time to prevent the collision."

Thinking carefully, Brains contacted Alan. "Indy, do us a favor. Get Quasar to contact the ISS and tell them we've stopped the satellite's movement. Our current position places us over the open Pacific Ocean, approximately 2000 miles south of Hawaii."

With a nod, Alan said, "F-A-B, Einstein. I know exactly what you and Ursa need right now." The ISS's position in relation to where the satellite is now to see if it will still collide. He opened communications with John. "Thunderbird Five from Thunderbird Three, do you copy?"

In the space station, John heard Alan's call. Trying to handle both emergencies started taking an emotional toll on him. "Thunderbird Five, reading you strength five. How are the satellites?"

"Stopped. I hate to do this to you, Quasar, but you need to contact the ISS and tell them to give you their current position. It's important because the satellites are now positioned over the open Pacific Ocean."

John breathed deeply in attempt to calm down. "All right, Indy. I'll do it. I'm still keeping communications open with Seven at the moment, and some people have volunteered to help Maverick, Big Mac, and Cousteau with getting the med team out." After taking another breath slowly, he asked, "Do Ursa and Einstein know about--"

"No, I haven't told them yet. Telling them might distract them from trying to separate the two satellites."

John opened up communications to the ISS. "International Rescue calling International Space Station. Can you read me?"

In the ISS, Colonel Roberts answered the call. "This is the ISS, International Rescue. You're coming in at full strength. How goes the situation?"

"We've been able to stop the thruster on the fused satellites, and it's now in a position over the open southern Pacific Ocean. What I need from you now is your present position. Even though we did stop the satellites, we have to check to see if you're still on any collision course."

Peter nodded. "Understood. Our current position places us over the Sahara Desert. At our present orbital path, I fear we'll collide with the satellites within two hours. That won't give you a lot of time to get the satellites out of the way."

"Don't worry, ISS. We've got our team working on the problem right now. I'll let them know what's going on. International Rescue, out." Although he thought he was calming down, John was still very anxious in his heart. Mom...please, God, don't let anything happen to her. She means everything to Dad and all of us. She's kept everything glued together for not just our family, but for all the new recruits we've gained in these past months.

On the satellite, Callie and Brains worked feverishly to separate the two satellites. "We'll need that position soon," Brains said nervously. "I'm not even sure how much time we have."

"I know," she said. "The problem is these two satellites are so heavily fused, I'm afraid time may be running out."

Alan waited for John to return with the coordinates. "Thunderbird Three from Thunderbird Five. I've got the current coordinates for the ISS. Unfortunately, now the window has dropped to just two hours."

"Two hours!? Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. Orbital path will put it on the collision course again."

Alan spoke with Callie and Brains. "Listen, time has gotten much shorter now. There's only two hours before the ISS will collide with the satellites. We need a plan, now."

Callie shook her head. "Our only option is to send the satellites out of Earth orbit entirely. To do that, though, we'll have to literally turn the satellite and then activate the thruster again."

Brains said, "Wait. We'll need to move the satellites out of orbit, but instead of us turning the satellite, we tether it to Three."

Alan concurred. "I agree. Einstein, I want you to come back to Three and grab the special net and tether line. You two will put the net over the satellites. Then I'll tether that to the hull with magnets."

"That sounds good," Callie said. "Then we move it out of the trajectory, and reactivate the thruster."

"And finally," said Brains, "before we send it off, we place a tracking marker to alert other space traffic. I'll get the net and tether line. You stay here and keep working on this as best you can."

She nodded. "F-A-B, Einstein."
