
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:26:13 GMT
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 10/13/2006 7:28 PM

Callie had finished getting out of her space suit and had entered the main control bridge for Thunderbird Three while Alan and Brains were working on getting the fused satellites tethered to the space rocket. She sat at the controls and contacted John. "Thunderbird Five from Thunderbird Three," said Callie. "Come in, Thunderbird Five."

In the IR space station, John rubbed the temples of his head, the emotional trauma of his stepmother's injuries clearly taking its toll on him. He heard Callie's call and answered wearily, "Thunderbird Five here, Ursa. How's the satellite situation?"

"Indy and Einstein are putting the special net around the satellites, and hopefully we'll get it tethered to Three within the next 30 to 45 minutes. I know it's going to cut it awfully close with the ISS coming, but they're doing as best they can right now."

"F-A-B, Ursa. Knowing them, they'll get the job done."

Hearing the strain in John's voice, she knew something wasn't right. "Quasar, is everything all right? I've never heard you sound so tense before."

"I'm all right," he answered, exhaustion prominent in his voice.

"You don't sound all right to me. Quasar, I want to know what's going on."

Hearing her persistent tone, he sighed. "All right. Since Indy already knows most of the story, I may as well go ahead and tell you. The rescue in Kansas...Doc, Angel, and Tynan were all caught in a rogue tornado. All three were inside Thunderbird Seven, and it's suffered severe damage."

"Oh, my God," she gasped. Growing more concerned, she quickly asked, "How are they?"

"Angel and Tynan's injuries aren't that serious. Doc, though, has suffered internal injuries."

Callie pushed her head into the back of the chair. "Damn it!" she muttered. "First the Boss and now Doc?! What did they do to deserve this? I would give anything to have stayed in Kansas--"

"No, Ursa," John said clearly. "Your expertise in space was more needed on this current mission. Even if we both were in Kansas, there's nothing we could've done. Even International Rescue can't stop Mother Nature's fury."

Trying to fight back tears, she said, "I know, but Doc had just helped me last week with my nightmares. I'm also going home for my birthday in a few days. Maybe I should cancel the trip."

John shook his head. "Don't do that, Ursa. Doc would want you to be there with the ones you love. Your family is the most important thing you have."

"You know what's really bad about this? I can't tell my family about my encounter with the Hood or the very fact I work with IR. I hate the idea of not being able to tell them the t."

"I know; it's never an easy situation. Oh, excuse me, the ISS is calling in. Let me handle this part, okay? You keep an eye on Indy and Einstein."

"F-A-B, Quasar." She changed frequencies to contact Alan and Brains. "Ursa to Indy and Einstein. How much longer?"

Outside, they just finished putting the net around the satellites. "Good news, Ursa," said Einstein. "We've completed the first part of the task. Now you just need to pull the tether in and connect the satellite to the hull magnets."

"F-A-B, Einstein." Pressing a button on the controls, she watched the tether line slowly approach the hull of the space rocket. "I suggest you guys get back in here fast before I accidentally magnetize both of you to the hull."

"F-A-B," said Alan and Brains.

She heard a beeping sound on the control panel. "John's calling in," she said to herself. "Go ahead, Quasar."

"ISS just called in. They'll be in your area in 45 minutes. The satellites won't be a threat anymore with the tether, but Thunderbird Three is only a few feet away from the ISS's trajectory. You need to move it out of the way, or there could be a collision between you guys and the ISS."

"Thanks for the tip, Quasar. Satellites are now inside the net, and the tether line is moving in. Hull magnets will be activated when net is within 100 feet of the exterior."

John breathed a sigh of relief. "F-A-B, Ursa. Keep me updated."

"Right. Thunderbird Three out."