
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:50:39 GMT
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 10/17/2006 6:37 PM

Alan and Brains had successfully placed the fused satellites into a special net. Callie had tethered the line and had activated the hull magnets on Thunderbird Three's exterior. As soon as the men were safely back inside the space rocket and the satellites were locked onto the exterior, they moved to a point 100 miles southwest of the International Space Station's trajectory. As a result, neither Thunderbird Three nor the ISS was in any danger of a collision in space.

Alan smiled at Callie and Brains. "That part of the mission is now complete. With no one in danger, all we have to do now is place a tracker on the satellites and then send them off into space."

"I guess all those HDTV customers will have to go without it for a while," Callie joked, "at least until a new one can take the faulty one's place."

Brains shook his head. "Most TV companies nowadays have several replacements, so don't be surprised if a new one gets up there within three days."

Standing up, Alan said, "Okay, I'm heading back out there with a tracker and remote device. I don't want Three to be caught up in the thruster. Callie, go ahead and release the hull magnets' hold on the satellites."

"F-A-B, Alan," she said as she pressed the button. "How long will this take?"

"Probably no more than 30 minutes. I can get the net off, and you can bring it in. I'll hook up the thruster's wiring to the control device, and we'll have plenty of time to get out of here before firing it."

Brains said, "The thruster should fire just fine by the way we have it set up."

Checking how far the satellites were, Callie noticed the safety zone. "The net's now out of range, so I'll deactivate the magnets." Pressing the button to turn off the magnets, she said, "Okay, Alan, she's all yours."

"Thanks, Callie. As soon as we fire the thrusters, contact Thunderbird Five and base for stand down time."

As she nodded, Alan put on his helmet and placed the tether line on his back. Floating out into space, he went up to where the satellites were and took off the net surrounding them. "Ursa, bring in the net."

"F-A-B, Indy. Tether net coming in now."

Alan had no trouble connecting the thruster's wires to the remote device. Then, he placed the

tracker on the top of the HDTV satellite. "That should do it." Returning to Thunderbird Three, Alan undressed himself from his space suit and said, "Everything's set. Callie, press the button to activate remote device."

She did so, and the thruster activated, sending the satellites safely out of Earth's orbit and into the depths of space. "Thunderbird Five and base from Thunderbird Three. Mission completed. Satellites are now moving away from Earth. Stand down time is at 1503 hours local time."

On Tracy Island, Virgil heard Callie's stand down time. "F-A-B, Ursa. Good work, all of you. Now I need you to make a side trip to Thunderbird Five so Quasar can switch out with Einstein for a few days."

Surprised to hear Virgil on the other end, she thought, That's weird. It's usually Scott who's behind the desk when Mr. Tracy's gone. What's going on? Oh, never mind, I'd rather just get this over with so John can get to be with his mother, too. She shrugged and said, "F-A-B, Van Gogh. We're on our way now."

John spoke up. "I've contacted ISS, ISC, and ElecSignal. They're all saying thanks. Right now, though, I feel like going home."

"Don't worry, Quasar," said Alan. "We're on the way to pick you up now."

"F-A-B, Indy," said a clearly exhausted John. "Just give me time to pack some clothes for a few days."