

Thursday, January 10, just before 11 am

Scenario Complete.

Vince saw those words on the screen before him and let out a sigh of relief. He let go of the simulator controls. The years away from flying jets had certainly made him rusty but he figured he hadn't done too bad. At least between looking over the manual he had been given and Scott's instructions at the beginning of the session, he had been able to remember where most of the controls and readouts were.

At least I survived the simulations today Vince thought as he reached up to unbuckle the safety restraints. He hadn't fared so well with piloting Thunderbird 4, which he had managed to sink. Despite his protests that he had only served aboard a submarine before and not piloted one, the former SEAL was pretty sure he was going to get razzed by Gordon for some time to come.

Vince climbed out of the simulator. Not far away, he saw Scott standing looking in his direction, with a neutral expression.

At least he don't look grumpy, Vince thought. He had learned quickly at the Naval academy that when an instructor or superior officer had a scowl, it was never a good thing.

"So, what's the verdict?" Vince asked as he reached Thunderbird One's main pilot.

"Not bad for your first attempt," Scott told him before going into detail the mistakes that Vince had made and how to correct them. "We'll run the silo landing scenario when we meet again on Monday and see how you do with that."

"Sounds like a plan."

The two men headed out of the simulator room.

"So how are you settling in so far?" Scott asked.

"With training or into the apartment?"

"Both," Scott said with a grin.

"Well, let's just say the apartment is nowhere near being ready for company yet, though I have gotten a start on painting our bedroom walls," Vince told him. The paint for the bedroom had been picked out before they had moved. "Lana's still busy trying to decide what to do with the walls as she refuses to leave them plain white. Not to mention we're letting Lea pick out colors for her own room. I'm afraid to see what she finally decides on."

They stopped walking as they reached the point where they would go separate ways.

"She's five, right?" Scott asked trying to remember the girl's age. Vince nodded. "That could definitely be dangerous. How about training? We're not throwing things at you too fast are we?"

"No, training I can handle much better than interior decorating. Once I get the physical over with this afternoon, the administrative stuff will be out of the way and I can concentrate on the training."

"You came up with a code name then?" Scott asked, curious as to what it was.

"Yeah. I'm going with Ace."

"Feeling a bit confident are we?" Scott said jokingly.

"Not a bit," Vince told him. "It's not something I would have picked for myself but another dangerous thing to do is to let a five year old pick your code name."

Scott laughed as Vince told him about the card game that had led to his new alias. "Letting brothers choose them for you isn't much safer," Scott informed him when he was finished. At Vince's questioning look he continued. "Both Virgil and I were having a hard time coming up with our code names, and I made the mistake of suggesting we picked each other's. The idea was that we could change them after a month, however we both forgot about it."

It was Vince's turn to laugh.

"You didn't happen to let her choose your uniform color, did you?" Scott asked.

"Are you kidding? I'd be wearing pink."

"I think pink is taken, actually." Scott told him. "I guess I'll catch up with you later."

As Scott headed in the direction of the Villa, Vince headed for his apartment.

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