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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 02:52:35 GMT

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Lady Penelope's plane had long since touched down on Tracy Island. In one of the guest suites, Izarra Soto Fernandez touched up her eye shadow and ran a well-manicured finger over the crow's feet around her eyes. I am not getting any younger, she thought, but my Sébastien would have wanted me to continue my work. I owe it to his memory. It was true that her late husband had introduced her to the world of spying. It was also true that she wanted to live up to the potential he saw in her.

There was a chime at the door and Izarra walked across the room. She opened the door to see Parker standing there, his hands clasped gently in front of him.

"Good afternoon, madam," he said. "'Er Ladyship 'as sent me to h'accompany you to the interview."

"Thank you," Izarra said. "I believe I am ready."

They made their way from the Villa guest room to the study. Parker showed her in before excusing himself. Izarra found herself faced with one of the richest men in the world, and one of the most demure ladies of England.

"Good afternoon," Jeff Tracy said, extending a hand in greeting. Izarra shook it confidently. Penelope held out her smaller, softer hand. Izarra shook that too. Jeff smiled. "Thank you for coming. Please, take a seat."

The trio sat down, Jeff and Penelope behind Jeff's lavish desk. Izarra settled herself as comfortably and correctly as she could. Her heart began to beat a little faster.

"Okay. We've brought you here today on Lady Penelope's recommendation as an experienced intelligence operative. Can you tell me about your previous experience in this field?"

The interview continued for around a half hour. Izarra spoke enthusiastically about her previous work with both the French and Spanish secret services, both in the field and behind a desk doing background checks. Penelope nodded as she recounted the time when they had both been involved in cracking a drug smuggling ring. It seemed like yesterday to Izarra as she felt the familiar fire burn within her. Yes, I need this. I want this job.

At length Jeff tapped his pad and it powered down. He cast a sidelong glance at Lady Penelope. Izarra's brows drew together slightly as Penny nodded almost imperceptibly, before she gave Izarra a smile and a nod.

"Ms Soto Fernandez, we believe that you are an ideal candidate for our... organisation."

Izarra raised one eyebrow and sat forward a little, her pulse quickening.

"Oh?" she asked. "What type of organisation is it that you are involved in? I must admit that I

assumed it was within Tracy Industries."

"It will be as part of one of Jeff Tracy's more philanthropic endeavours. You shall be working for me as part of a network of agents all around the world, who work for International Rescue."

Izarra felt as though her mind had gone blank, and she reached forward to lay her hands on the desk. She looked Jeff and then Penny squarely in the eyes.

"International Rescue?" she asked. "You are International Rescue?"

"Yes, we are," Jeff said. "We have agents in almost every country in the world. We want you to become our new agent in New Zealand, working under the auspices of myself and Lady Penelope. It will be your job to investigate any leads or perform any operations needed by International Rescue in New Zealand -- under total secrecy. We would like to use your skills to aid in exploring potential threats to International Rescue both within your particular area and around the world."

Izarra retracted her hands and folded them in her lap.

"This was not what I was expecting," she said. "I mean you no offense, but this seems... unlikely to say the least. How do I know that what you are telling me is the truth?"

"I assure you, this is the truth. However, proof can be supplied," Jeff said.

He stood up and motioned for Izarra to do the same. Izzie followed as Jeff and Penelope walked out of the study and through the lounge. They brought her into a small monorail car. Izarra remained tight-lipped as the car began to move off. After a short journey, Jeff slowed the car down and fixed Izarra with a firm stare.

"This is your proof," he said.

The monorail car slipped through into a large chamber, and it took Izarra's brain several moments to comprehend what she was seeing. The car was travelling through a huge hanger, in the centre of which was one of the most enormous contraptions she had ever seen. Her jaw dropped.

"This is Thunderbird Three," Jeff said. "It's our space ship, used for rescues outside the earth's atmosphere."

"I... my God. It is true," Izarra breathed. "I... I can barely believe it."

"With your proof, what do you think now of our offer?" Lady Penelope asked.

"Without question," Izarra said, "I accept."