

8:30 p.m.

Callie was contentedly happy to be at the party with everyone else, and she was having a good time.

Parker saw her approaching the bar. "Good evening, Miss Callie. What would you like t' drink?"

"Do you have anything...non-alcoholic?"

"H'Of course. Would yeh like a virgin fruit punch?"

With a smile on her face, she said, "I'll accept that."

"H'It will be done shortly."

Gordon walked up to her with his video camera. "Hey, Callie, looks like you've ordered up."

"Yeah. I took a virgin fruit punch."

Just as Parker was about to give her the glass, Gordon said, "You know that punch has been spiked, right?"

"What?" she gasped.

Parker cleared up the matter. "Relax, miss. The punch is not at h'all what yeh might call spiked." Shaking his head, he added, "That Mister Gordon. Yeh can never quite tell h'if 'e's tellin' you the truth."

Callie grabbed the glass and glared at Gordon. "You know that wasn't funny."

Gordon quickly put the camera down on the counter. "Okay, okay, Callie, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that."

With a speculative look, she huffed, "Well, this is a party, and we should be enjoying ourselves." Then she smiled and said, "I'll forgive ya."

Gordon sighed in relief. "Whew, thanks. Anyway, how's the party been?"

"Pretty good. It's been fun mingling with everybody."

"So, now that you've discovered the antidote to the jet fuel, what's next for you?"

"Actually, I was seriously going to talk to you about that. I'd like to do some training on Thunderbird Four."

"Really?" Gordon was pleasantly surprised. "What made you come to this decision?"

"Being an astronaut's great and all, but I like the idea of cross-training. I've been wanting to learn something completely new for myself and see what it's like."

"I understand. Astronauts and aquanauts have a lot more in common than most people realize. I know when you're training in the space suit, you have to go underwater for that zero-gravity simulation."

"Right." Taking a sip from her punch, she added, "I personally would like to one day be able to handle all of the Thunderbirds, but only in a back-up role. I don't want to take the jobs of the main pilots."

"A Jack--er, Jill-of-all-Trades." He smiled at the idea. "I like that. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if several people could be qualified to handle them all."

Callie nodded. "When do you think I can start?"

"Let me check my schedule first, and I'll let you know as soon as I can." Grabbing his camera again, he said, "If you don't mind now, I've got to finish filming the party."

"Sure thing. And thanks."

"You're welcome."

Gordon went back to filming the events of the party while Callie continued enjoying her alcohol-free fruit punch.