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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 21:40:59 GMT

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Alan lay in his bed on TB5 not able to fall asleep. He stared up at the ceiling, his thoughts on Nikki and the current state of their relationship. The alarm for an incoming call was a welcomed relief. Alan sprang out of the bed and headed for the control room.

"This is Dr Strand of the research colony Capullo calling International Rescue," came the voice over the radio.

"This is International Rescue," Alan said, responding to the call as he sat down in front of the console. "What's the nature of your emergency?"

"Oh, thank God I could get through," came the relieved voice of Dr Strand. "I'm in charge of the seafloor research center Capullo in the Mediterranean. We've experienced an unexpected quake here and the colony has taken damage. There are cracks in the protective dome causing the colony to take on water. Our launch bay doors have taken impaired and we can't open them. Maintenance crews are currently assessing what other damage we have sustained. I put in a call to WASP. They're responding but the colony can't hold out that long. Can you help us?"

"We will definitely do our best. What are the current conditions there?"

"We're on emergency power. Security is currently moving people toward the central locations of the colony."

"Any injuries?"

"Some minor injuries have been reported but nothing our medical staff can't handle."

"What's the complement of the colony?"

"There is a total of 432," Dr Strand began but then corrected himself. "No, 433 people here at the colony. One of the researchers and his wife here just welcomed their first child last night."

"Understood," Alan replied. There is no way we'll be able to evacuate all those people, he thought to himself. Thunderbird 4 doesn't have the capacity. I sure hope Brains can think of a way of saving the colony itself. "Keep this line open, Dr Strand. I'll need updated information and I'll also let you know when to expect people on scene."

"Of course. Please hurry."

"We'll do our best. I need to contact our main base now. Please stand-by." Alan just barely heard Strand's response as he switched frequencies. "Base from Thunderbird 5," he said, putting in the call to the island. It seemed like ages before his father's face appeared on the screen in front of him.

"This is base. What have you got, Alan?" Jeff asked, and then stifled a yawn. He didn't miss the fact that Alan seemed to be pretty wide awake, though he didn't have time to dwell on it.

"We've received a request for help from the undersea research colony Capullo," Alan told him and then glanced down at the information the computer had pulled up about the colony's location. "It's in the Mediterranean, southeast of Majorca . . ."

A Call for Help . . . written by icarus1982

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