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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 21:45:38 GMT

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Jeff turned towards his gathered crew and set his face in his usual stern and encouraging expression as he processed the information Alan had relayed.

"Well, Brains. Any immediate ideas for repair?"

Brains took off his glasses and rubbed the lenses with the cuff of his sleeve before replacing them and nodding his head.

"Yes. From what Alan has told us, the colony is taking on water, but slowly. With that many people, and the damage to their launch bays, we need to focus on plugging the cracks."

"Yeah," Scott said. "In any case, we couldn't evacuate that many people with just Thunderbird Four. We would need WASP."

"And they're too far away to get there in time," Alan chimed in, his handsome face scrunched with concern.

"Well, I believe that a combination of certain polymers I have developed may just do the trick," Brains said.

"Your blue goo?" Dianne asked, placing her hands on her hips.

"Yes, that would be one of them," Brains said. "I believe that if we can get a big enough work crew down there, we should be able to identify the worst of the cracks and inject the polymers into them. That would stem the flow of water, and give the colonists time for WASP to arrive and help with repairs, or evacuate if necessary."

"Can you figure out which polymers will work en route?" Jeff asked.

Brains nodded.

"If Alan can patch me through to the engineers at the colony while we're on our way, I'm sure that I can."

Jeff nodded.

"Good."

Gordon folded his arms, his face pulled with thought.

"I think this might need to be Thunderbird Eight's maiden voyage," he said. "How many divers are we talking about, Brains?"

"And we're talking some far depths. We'll need the JIM suits," Vince said, standing at Gordon's

side.

The gathered crew could practically see the thoughts racing through Brains's head.

"To be safe, a dive crew of four, plus someone to man TB4 to provide light, as well as someone in TB8 to monitor the divers. Thunderbird Four isn't designed to support that many divers at once. Especially not at the depths we're talking about," he said, nodding at Vince. "We can load the JIM suits into TB8 in a manner of minutes."

Jeff set his lips in a firm line, before placing one hand on his desk.

"Well, Thunderbird Eight has passed all of its trials, and we're not talking about travelling at high speeds," he said, suppressing a glance at Gordon. "She can go." He glanced at the faces around him, all set like his own, and he nodded. "The crew will be Virgil, Brains, Tin-Tin, Scott, Vince, Gordon and Dominic."

The Irishman barely stopped his mouth from falling open, and Jeff pinned him with a hard gaze. Gordon clapped a hand on Dom's shoulder.

"I'll take care of ya," he said. "You've got to start somewhere."

"Actually," Jeff said, "You will be piloting Thunderbird Four, Gordon." Gordon opened his mouth to protest but Jeff held up a hand to stop him. "Think about it, son. WASP could arrive on the scene at any time we're there -- we can't take the risk of you being recognised, however slim it may be."

Dianne nodded.

"Your father's right, Gordon."

Gordon cleared the expression from his face and stood up straighter.

"Of course you're right, Dad." He turned to Vince. "Well, looks like you'll be in charge of the dive, amigo," he said.

"I'll be piloting Thunderbird Eight?" Scott asked.

"Yes, Scott. We need your expertise there. Thunderbird One won't be needed." Jeff said. He looked at his crew one last time, before nodding again. "Let's get to it," he said. "There's no time to waste."

There was a chorus of "FAB!" before the six-strong crew scrambled to their places. Thunderbirds are go, Jeff thought as he watched them disappear.

Jeff deploys . . . written by ArtisticRainey