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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 21:49:06 GMT

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"Base from Thunderbird 8."

"Base here. Go ahead," Jeff replied, setting his cup of coffee down on the desk and sitting up a little straighter in anticipation for the report from the field.

"Good news, Commander. The dive teams report that the goo is taking and effectively sealing the cracks in the research colony's dome."

"Glad to hear it. What kind of progress have they made?"

"Best estimate from TB4 is that about a quarter of the cracks have been sealed at this time."

"FAB. I'll contact Alan and have him report to Dr. Strand the progress we've made. Keep me updated."

"FAB. Thunderbird 8 out."

Ending the call with his eldest son, Jeff made a call to his youngest son.

"Thunderbird 5 from Base."

"Thunderbird 5 here."

"Alan, relay to Dr. Strand that our method of sealing the cracks in the dome is successful."

"Will do. I'm sure he'll be happy to hear that. My last conversation with him was interrupted when he got a report of someone attempting to launch a sub despite the bay doors still being jammed."

Jeff shook his head. It still amazes me what people will attempt when panic sets in, he thought to himself, as he once again ended a call. At least things seem to be going smoothly, he thought, picking up his cup of coffee as he felt a hand come to rest on his shoulder. Looking up, he saw his wife was standing behind him. Reaching up with his other hand, he let his hand come to rest on top of hers.

Report to Base . . . written by icarus1982

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