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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 22:18:44 GMT

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Monday, January 21, 2069, Tracy Island, around 8 a.m.

After planning to meet with Gordon at Thunderbird Four a few days ago, Callie arrived at Pod 4 in the Thunderbird Two hangar. "Good morning, Gordon."

"Good morning, Callie. Welcome to Thunderbird Four. I figure since you're interested in training on it, showing what it looks like inside and out would help you first."

They entered the pod, where Callie looked up. "I guess we'll have to climb up to get in, won't we?"

Shaking his head, Gordon answered, "Nope. We can get in through the telescopic airlock on the side."

"I didn't even know that was there." She watched the airlock open.

"It really comes in handy in the water. When people in another craft have to come in, the airlock provides the dry link between the two."

"Even under the intense pressure of the depths?"

"Yeah, to a certain degree. If it were down around the Marianas Trench it would push it quite a bit."

As they walked into the sub, she became curious. "I know it's the smallest of the Thunderbirds, but just... how small is this thing?"

"Well, it's about 29-and-a-half feet long and nearly 10 feet wide."

With a nod she smiled. "Okay, that makes sense. It probably can't fit that many people, though, can it?"

Gordon shook his head. "There wouldn't be room for 100 people if that's what you mean. Brains and I tested it out with just the residents of the island. Everyone could fit in here safely with room for more. He calculated it to hold up to 20 people safely. In terms of weight, though, she displaces 16 tons. Brains tested it and determined we could put in that much without causing it to sink."

Callie nodded. "That's good to know." Looking around the interior, she asked, "Has it ever taken on water?"

"No. When Brains designed it, he asked me to test it out to make certain it could handle some of the deepest parts of the ocean. The good news is it's held up at every possible depth."

"What would happen if by chance it does take on water at a pretty good depth?"

Gordon had to ponder carefully. "To be honest with you, it wouldn't matter how deep Four would be. If someone's in danger, I have to get the sealant and fix the leak as soon as possible. There's no way I'm going back up when a life needs rescuing."

Callie nodded in understanding. "I assume Brains came up with the sealant?"

"Of course. He tested it himself to make sure it worked at any depth in the water."

Looking around at the controls again, she asked, "And that's the control yoke?"

"That's right. It's used just like an airplane." He had her sit down in the seat and showed her how to move the stick in the proper directions. "Yeah, that's it. You're already getting the hang of that part."

Going for another 30 minutes, he showed her the ins and outs of the sub, including the flaps for turns.

When they got back outside the sub, Callie had one last question. "I know this will sound silly, but why is Thunderbird Four yellow?"

Gordon chuckled at that one. "That's the first time I've ever been asked that question." His tone then went serious. "Yellow's usually the color associated with caution, but it can also be for emergency. Let's face it, the street signs for slowing down and such would normally be yellow for caution. In Thunderbird Four's case, though, it's a matter of people being able to see the yellow, since the deeper waters can at times be so murky. I am glad there're headlights on the front of it to make it even easier."

"That does make sense," Callie said. "I've been in murky waters before, and it really is hard to see anything."

"Got any more thought-provoking questions?" he asked.

"Not for now. If I think of any more, I'll let you know."

"Well, then, that's all for your first encounter. We'll plan things out some more after I get back from the day trip tomorrow."

"Okay. I'm gonna head to the lab to get some work done. With Brains and Tin-Tin gone, someone's got to hold down the fort."

With a nod he said, "All right. I'll see you later."

Satisfied with her first lesson, Callie left the hangar to head for the lab while Gordon searched for anything he needed for the trip the next day.