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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Tue, 31 Jul 2012 03:11:56 GMT

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In the pilot's seat of Thunderbird 4, Vince listened patiently as Gordon went through some instructions as they waited for John. The copper-haired aquanaut was standing behind him, one arm resting on the chair back as he leaned over Vince's shoulder. The plan was for Vince to pilot Thunderbird 4 out to Mateo and back. It was the first time the former Navy Seal would be behind the controls of the little sub outside the simulator. Though his performance had improved greatly from his first time in the simulator, the blonde was a bit nervous at the prospect of piloting the yellow sub. And apparently I'm not the only one, he thought, as he listened patiently to Gordon tell him things he had told him before.

"Sorry to keep you guys waiting," John said as he entered the cockpit of the sub.

"Not a problem," Gordon said, glancing in John's direction. He smiled as he saw what John was carrying with him. "Was just going over a few last minute things."

Hearing the amusement in Gordon's voice, Vince shifted in the seat enough so that he could see John. He saw that the blonde Tracy had brought scuba gear with him. "And just what is that for?" Vince asked.

"Well, seeing as you're piloting Four out to Mateo, I figured it would be best to be prepared just in case you sink her for real."

"I'm never going to live that down, am I?" Vince said, though he had a smile himself, taking the comment good-naturedly, as he had the other jokes at his expense since the 'fatal' simulator experience. He cast a questioning glance over at Gordon who was grinning.

"Probably not," the two Tracys said in unison.

Vince just shook his head. "Why don't we get this trip started," he suggested, turning to face the controls again.

Gordon and John got themselves settled in the two other seats in the cockpit and strapped themselves in. Vince radioed for clearance to leave. Receiving clearance from Scott, Vince fired the hover jets on the craft and maneuvered Thunderbird 4 out of the hangar and down the runway normally used by Thunderbird 2. Reaching the end, the sub made its way down the lowered end of the runway and slipped beneath the surface. Gordon refrained from making any comment as Vince pointed the yellow submersible toward Mateo.

With a little coaching from Gordon, Vince piloted the sub away from Tracy Island and toward Mateo. Without incident Thunderbird 4 reached the smaller island and was docked inside the hangar built there.

"There you go. No scuba gear necessary," Vince commented as he powered down the submersible.

"We've still got the return trip," Gordon quipped, before John had a chance to make any comment.

"Keep it up and I might sink her on purpose," the older man told him as they stood from their seats.

"Got it," came the aquanaut's reply. He still wasn't sure how far he could push Vince's sense of humor sometimes and he figured now wasn't the time to find out. While Gordon knew the older man wouldn't actually sink the sub on purpose he was convinced Vince would find a way to get even.

Gordon and Vince followed John into the small hangar where the TB4 was now docked. Vince glanced around the small area though there wasn't much to see. Without a word, he followed the blonde headed Tracy across the cavern to a set of stairs leading upwards, trying not to think about the fact that like the hangars back on the island, they were underground.

Get a grip, Vince chided himself as a shiver went up his spine. They would have made sure the place was perfectly sound when they built these caverns.

"We'll give you a tour of the facility before we take the fuel tanker to the island," John said as he led the small group up the steps.

"Good. I've heard people mention Mateo on the island. I've been looking forward to getting to see the place first hand."

"Well, you didn't have to wait as long as some of the recruits. Not to mention that Dad thought this would be a good opportunity for you to see the routine for the fuel run and get some experience with the VTOL engines for real. Scott said you've been doing well with the simulator."

"Yeah. Piloting air craft comes more naturally to me than piloting submarines," Vince said, casting a glance back over his shoulder at Gordon.

Gordon held his hands up in mock surrender, indicating that he wasn't going to touch the comment. I'll let him cool down a little, first, the aquanaut thought.

As they made their way through the complex John told Vince much of the same information Scott had given the other recruits a few months earlier, answering questions as they came up.

"And these are the medical facilities here," John said as the three of them stepped into the room off of the temporary quarters.

"Not one of the most impressive things I've seen since coming to the island," Vince commented.

"Yeah," Gordon said, standing on Vince's left. "Scott and I were going to mention the fact that this place could use some renovations." He leaned forward slightly to look around Vince. "Maybe that's something you could bring up to Mom when she gets back?"

John nodded. "I can do that. We leave it to you and you'll probably forget again."

"I've got a lot of things on my mind."

"Sure you do," the older Tracy said. "Well, now that you've seen most of the complex, how about I show you what you get to fly back to the island now?" he said addressing Vince.

"Just lead the way," Vince replied.

While the other two headed to the fuel tanker's berth, Gordon hung behind. He'd run the necessary diagnostics while they made the fuel run.

Fuel Run by icarus1982 and starrynebula

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