

---

Subject: Re: Another Really Rather Marvellous Chapter...

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 19 Jul 2012 04:47:43 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

"That should do it."

Gordon hopped out of the cabin of the Recovery Vehicle and let out a satisfied sigh, stretching his arms up high as he exited the pod into the hangar. It was the last of the equipment to be stored away safely before the incoming storm hit.

"Oh, man, I'm glad that's over," he said. "I can't wait to go get a snack!"

John shook his head.

"It won't be long before dinner," he said. "You'll ruin your appetite."

Gordon rolled his eyes.

"No I won't," he said. He patted his stomach. "This baby has room for snacks and dinner."

John chuckled.

"Soon it'll look like there is a baby in there if you're not careful."

Gordon clapped a hand on John's shoulder and smiled.

"Relax, Johnny. You won't be getting any nieces or nephews from me any time soon." Gordon's face took on a faraway look for a moment. Things hadn't worked out with Alysha. Hanging out with her in a group was fine, great even. One on one, however, they soon found that they didn't have a lot to say. He shook himself back to reality, and began to walk to the service lift. "Let's get out of here. I'm sick of looking at the inside of Two's hangar."

John raised an eyebrow at the brief interlude in his brother's good mood, but said nothing. They walked the short distance to the service lift. Gordon pressed the button for the Villa's lower level and they began to rise.

"I wonder what Grandma's making for dinner?" Gordon said.

"I thought you wanted a snack?" John asked.

"I want both!" Gordon said. "I--"

There was a jolt as the lift car stopped suddenly. The main lights cut out, and the illuminated red strips on the floor kicked in as emergency lighting.

"What the --?" Gordon said.

John shook his head and sighed again, this time in annoyance.

"Oh, Gordon," he said. "I was hoping you would have left the April Fool's jokes for another day. We're going to be hit by a typhoon!"

Gordon pressed the lift buttons but nothing happened.

"Hey, don't look at me!" he said. "While it would have made a good joke, I'm afraid this is nothing to do with me."

He pressed the emergency intercom button. Thankfully, it ran on a backup battery supply like the rest of the vital comms systems.

"Hey, Dad? Dad, can you hear me?"

"Gordon! Where are you? Where's John?"

"Dad, we're trapped in the service lift from TB2's hangar. We got in, but it seems like the power's cut out."

"We're without power, too," Jeff said.

"Well don't blame me!" Gordon said, casting John a mock-angry glance. "Someone down here thought it was my fault!"

"No, son, I think it's an island-wide power outage. How, we don't know yet. Are you boys okay?"

"We're fine, Dad," John said. "Hopefully we won't be trapped here for long."

"Sit tight," Jeff said. "I'll keep you both updated."

"F-A-B," Gordon said.

The line clicked off, and Gordon let his arms fall loosely to his sides.

"Sooo," he said. "What's new with you?"

John put his face in his hands.

Stuck! by ArtisticRainey

---