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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:44:55 GMT

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Tracy Island, Thursday, September 13th, 1:45 pm...

It was an uncharacteristically rainy day on Tracy Island. A minor tropical storm had moved in during the night, drenching the area with rain. Gordon was forced to stay inside and out of his beloved pool.

Gordon was bored stiff.

A bored Gordon is a dangerous thing.

He had already spiked the sugar bowl with salt; hidden all of Alan's underwear; and convinced Tyler that if the rain continued at this rate, the island would be torn off of its artificial mountings and float away.

He had finally been instructed with a stern, "Find something productive to do," from his father.

So, Gordon was sitting at his desk in his room, surfing the internet. He'd already checked eBay for any new prank materials, not finding anything of interest. He then moved on to another website where he placed a large order of colored shampoo and skin dyes. Making a mental note to be on hand when the supply plane brought it in a few weeks, he settled his account and grinned in anticipation.

He then decided to do a quick check on International Rescue before he shut down. After the last few anti-IR articles had been published, Jeff had asked them all to keep an eye out for any new information. He typed "International Rescue" into a search engine and waited to see what would come up. Almost instantly he received information on a number of pages. Gordon scanned through them, not really finding anything new. He was about to close down when a page caught his eye. Frowning, he clicked on it and waited for the page to load. When it came up, he burst out laughing.

The title of the page read: "International Rescue, Our Tryikalican Brethren".

"This is great!" He quickly surveyed the navigation page. "Oh, God! They have names for us! Let me see....Jhutu... Lightning bird, that has to be Scott...Qiophana... Mighty Green one--Virge!!" By now Gordon had tears running down his face. "Oh man, this is priceless! I gotta see what else they have." He found yet another page with their humble beginnings, starting with a sign from "Undlieek" and how they were sent to earth to become "Jestreethzi n'Hildrathuk", the Savivors. There was more on the alien technology of the ships, even a few fuzzy pictures with brightly colored blobs, assuring the viewer that these were "authentic photos of the mighty craft".

"I have to do something; this is too good an opportunity to pass up!" Gordon quickly composed an email. There was no fear of it being traced back to him or the island; the security features were too strong to crack. "I knew those pictures of Scott would come in handy." He pulled up the photos and did a few modifications; deleting Scott's head, blurring the scene enough that one could tell it

was a scantily clothed man, but all identifying features were distorted; taking out the background and creating a new one. He also added a few names of his own to their list, adding that he was a member of the Jestreethzi n'Hildrathuk's inner sanctum. He also signed himself up for the Brethren's newsletter.

Hitting "send", Gordon sat back with a contented sigh. He had a feeling life was going to get a lot more interesting.

Posted by lillehafrue on August 14, 2007

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