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

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 19 Jul 2012 05:05:04 GMT

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Knowing of the power outage on Tracy Island, Scott was concerned for the well-being of his family back home. He almost couldn't find his cell phone, until he checked the left arm pocket of his uniform jacket. "Whew," he said to himself. "The last thing I need is no way to contact home at all."

He contacted Virgil and Alan. "Thunderbird Two and Thunderbird Five from Thunderbird One. I've got my cell phone now. I'm heading back to base."

"F-A-B, Maverick," said Alan. "Tell the boss we're all praying for them."

"And we'll meet you on Mateo," added Virgil.

Scott started leaving the Ekka Amusement Park rescue mission and called his father. "Come on, Dad, answer."

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In the lounge, Callie held on to the flashlight as Jeff continued to crank the lounge door open by hand.

"Callie," he said calmly, "could you move the flashlight a little to the right, please?"

Looking down, she realized she shifted it slightly. "Oh, sorry about that, Mr. Tracy."

"It's okay. We'll be out of here soon enough." He remained cool, but on the inside his anxiety grew for the safety of everyone else on the island.

He heard his cell phone ring and grabbed it. Looking at the caller ID, he smiled as he answered. "Scott! I'm glad to hear from you."

"Same here, Dad. How are things at home?"

"Right now, a little on the rough side. I've almost got the lounge door open with the hand crank, and we've gotten in contact with everyone on the island." He explained where each group was as well as what was happening. "The old comm system works okay on the emergency power. Until we can find the source of the power outage, though, you know what you'll have to do."

"Yeah," Scott said with grave concern. "Looks like we'll have to spend at least one night on Mateo."

"Afraid so, son. We're about to get the brunt of the storm shortly, but Mateo should only get some squally weather by the time you get there."

"Okay, Dad. I'll head to Mateo and use the cliffside entrance on the west side. I'll let Virgil know that immediately."

Jeff nodded. "That's fine. We'll keep ourselves entertained here while the rest of you will have to do the same on Mateo."

"F-A-B, Dad. Take care over there."

"Count on it, son."

After he disconnected the call, he went back to cranking the wheel to get the lounge door opened. Within three minutes, there was enough width for the pair to leave. "Ah, at last. We can finally get out of here."

"Oh, don't I know it, sir," she said with a smile on her face.

"Now let's get to the others and see if we can help them out."

With a nod, she passed the flashlight to him and let him go first before she walked out of the lounge herself.

\*\*\*\*\*

Scott contacted Virgil to let him know the situation. "Van Gogh, as soon as you and the others are done with the rescue, head straight to Mateo. Getting back to the base itself now is out of the question. They're getting the worst of the typhoon now."

"F-A-B, Maverick. I'll let the others know right away. Be careful getting to Mateo."

"Don't worry, I will."

As Scott continued flew closer to Mateo, he was able to see the dark clouds of the typhoon about 100 miles in front of him. "Wow, what a storm," he said to himself. "I'd better check with Alan about exactly where the storm is."

On Thunderbird Five, Alan continued looking at the radar when he heard Scott call in. "Reading you four-by-four, Maverick. What's going on?"

"Indy, can you give me the latest conditions on Mateo Island?"

Alan looked up the Pacific radar and said, "Good news, Maverick. Mateo's getting one last squall from the western edge of the outer bands."

"Why am I still seeing very dark clouds then?" Scott questioned.

"The cyclone itself's over 300 miles long with a 30-mile wide eyewall. You'll probably get tropical-storm force winds when you reach Mateo, but the outer rain bands will have moved out completely."

"Thanks, Indy. I should reach Mateo within the next 10 to 15 minutes, provided I don't run into any

cross winds from the typhoon."

"F-A-B, Maverick. Take it easy."

After flying another 11 1/2 minutes, Scott could see Mateo Island. Going toward the western side of the island, he pressed a button on his control panel, which opened a cliff-side door, similar to that of Thunderbird Two's door on Tracy Island.

As soon as Thunderbird One entered the cliff door, he set the reconnaissance rocket down in its horizontal mode. "Made it," he said with a sigh of relief. Soon, he called Virgil, Alan, and his father to let him know he arrived safely.

"Now comes the hard part, waiting for everyone else from the rescue to get here while the others do their best at home."

Anxiety on the way to Mateo by TracyFan4Ever

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