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

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 19 Jul 2012 05:06:54 GMT

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Dianne folded her arms and shifted her stance so she could better watch the retreating rescue cage. Far above them hovered the Thunderbird Two, positioned precisely to keep the ride safe from the VTOL impellers' backwash. Dom stood beside her, his curiosity leading him to gaze around at the amusement park's features. They were both within the ride's parameters, relatively sheltered from curious on-lookers. One thing that both Scott and Virgil hadn't accounted for was the attraction of a Thunderbird hovering in one place. People who should have been evacuating the park were now stopping, transfixed, or ignoring park security to hurry over and watch the rescue in progress.

"I'm sure there'll be a lot of long distance or zoom lens pictures taken today," Dianne grouched. "A lot of people bring cameras to a place like this."

"The way you're talking, Doc, it sounds as if you don't like amusement parks," Dom said, grinning.

Dianne sighed. "I like them fine, but not as rescue venues. Far too public." She craned her neck for another view of the rescue capsule, which had stopped at the top of the ride, and now obscured the people on that side. "You sure wouldn't get me on this thing."

In the rescue capsule, Brains clutched a rail with one hand and the device he'd been given with the other. He was securely linked in with a harness, yet despite all of Virgil's efforts to keep the capsule from moving, the laws of physics said that it would rock a bit and turn on the axis of the cable above. Grabbing onto the rail at this point gave him an added feeling of security, one he'd have to abandon once he reached his destination.

The tower, which had all but filled his line of sight, was abruptly interrupted by four pairs of feet, then legs, then knees, and finally, the anxious faces of those he'd come to rescue. He gave them what he hoped was an encouraging smile, before glancing upward. "Van Gogh, I need a bit of spin to the left, point one-zero degrees, then lock the cable."

"F-A-B, Einstein," came the answer, a reply that only he could hear through his ear-piece. Thunderbird Two moved ever so slightly, and with it the rescue capsule turned so it was directly facing the riders, some of whom now looked relieved to see him. There was a sudden buzzing noise, and a small thunk as current was run through the cable, making it stiff and unyielding. This was a new innovation, invented specifically for the dicetyline cannon, but it worked as well on the other cable-bound devices. Brains spared a fleeting thought for Cassie, whose invention necessitated the alteration, and a longer, thankful thought for Tin-Tin, who had actually developed it.

"Van Gogh, move forward about three meters. Stay directly on this heading, and take it slow."

"F-A-B, Einstein."

If Virgil sounded a bit peeved, Brains had no time for it to register. Slowly, the rescue capsule moved forward until it was almost touching the tower beside their first rescuee, a boy whose wide

eyes showed no fear at all.

"All right, everyone," Brains called in what he hoped was his most reassuring, yet commanding voice. "I have a gadget here that will unlock all four harnesses at once. I'm told, however, that each harness can be lifted individually, so when you hear the devices unlock, hold on tight until I can help you out. Once I have the four of you safely inside the rescue capsule, Thunderbird Two will lower us down and you'll be evaluated by our medics before being released." He indicated the wide belts that were linked by carbiners to permanent anchors set just below the rails in the capsule. "I'll help the first person with their belt, but each of you will have to help the others. As you can see, there are only four spots, but there is a railing, and when we're ready to go down, I'll hold on to that, while the rest of you are clipped in." He paused, scanning their faces. "Do you understand?"

There were four nods, and a couple murmurs of acknowledgment.

"Okay. I'm going to unlock you all now." Brains put the gadget into the slot meant for it, and with a sharp click, the harnesses were unlocked. Knuckles whitened on those who were waiting, and there was at least one audible gulp. But the young man who was going first grinned widely.

"Let's get you out of here," Brains said, drawing the harness over the boy's head with one hand, and grabbing his arm with the other. A swift pull, and the boy was in the cage. Brains helped him attach the safety belt, and clipped him in.

"What's your name?" he asked.

The boy gave him a big grin. "Bobby. Bobby Pernon." He paused, then asked, "What's yours?"

"You can call me Einstein." Brains moved to the next person on the ride, a woman. "Now, Bobby Pernon. Let's get everybody out of here."

Taming the tower by Tikatu

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