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

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 19 Jul 2012 05:23:02 GMT

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Dianne slung her medical bag over her shoulder, glancing around at the crowds that were being kept at a respectable distance by the park staff. The entire situation had put her on edge. Thankfully, there hadn't been anything more serious than a few rattled nerves, and the IR medical crew had done nothing more than give a few soothing words of comfort. Dianne watched as Dominic shook hands with one of the younger riders and sent him trotting back off to his waiting parents. His mother embraced him so tightly he spluttered and began to grouse. The doctor couldn't help but smile a little. She would have done the same.

"Well, Doc, that's that," Dom said as he sauntered back over to her.

"Yes it is, Tynan," Dianne said. "Let's get home."

They walked together to the rescue cage where Brains was waiting for them and as the little group began to rise up back into the belly of the beast that was Thunderbird Two, there was a colossal cheer from the crowds below. Dominic grinned and wagged his eyebrows.

"I feel like a celebrity," he said.

Dianne shook her head.

"Young man, even if no one knows your name, you already are a celebrity."

It didn't take long for them to settle back in with the rest of the crew in the cabin, and Virgil beckoned his stepmother over.

"Dad said he wanted to hear your voice rather than mine," he said with a tone of mock offense.

He gave Dianne a wink as she rolled her eyes, turned his attention back to the controls of the great machine as Dianne headed over to the little locker where personal belongings were stowed for safety if the crew was heading out of the craft. Most of them didn't bring cell phones with them, but Dianne's 'better-safe-than-sorry' attitude was justified considering the fact they now needed it to contact home. Scott had called through earlier to tell them about the power outage on Tracy Island. As Dianne popped open the locker and grabbed the cell she frowned. The power cut and the storm meant that it was unlikely they would be able to return right to the island and instead had to divert to Mateo for the time being. She flicked to her most used contacts; Jeff's name was right at the top. She dialled, and it was only a few seconds before the call connected.

"Dianne!" Jeff said; his voice was clear as crystal on the modern satellite phone. "How is everyone? Mission accomplished, I assume?"

"Yes indeed," Dianne said. "Everyone is safely back on the ground, and we're about to head home. We'll fill y'all in on the details later when we debrief."

"That's great news, love," Jeff said. He paused for a moment. "The unfortunate news is that

because of this storm, it's going to be at least tomorrow before you're able to come home. You'll have to go to Mateo."

"Ah thought as much," Dianne said, frowning. "But there's nothing we can do about it. Is everyone okay there?"

"Everyone's safe and accounted for. The kids are all with Mother. Although," he paused again briefly, "Will has taken Tin-Tin to the sick room. She seems to have taken some kind of severe headache after being down in the plant area."

Dianne frowned deeply.

"Now that doesn't sound good," she said. "Get Will to call me once he's free to give me an update on her condition. Now Ah'm even more annoyed that we can't get home."

"I know, love," Jeff said. "Let me know as soon as you're on approach to Mateo."

"Ah will," Dianne said. "Ah'll talk t' you soon."

The call disconnected with a quiet beep and Dianne pocketed the cell. Every set of eyes was on her.

"Tin-Tin's been taken to the sick room," she said.

"Oh, no," Elise said. "Anything serious?"

"Ah'm not sure yet," Dianne said. "Will'll keep me posted."

"She'll be fine," Luke said, placing a hand on Elise's arm.

Dianne raised an eyebrow as she noticed Virgil's face darken slightly at Luke's action, and he turned away to face the controls.

"Well, let's get home," he said, and then chuckled, though the sound was not a mirthful as it should have been. "Or at least, as close to home as we can get for now."

The assembled crew took their seats, and began the final leg of their journey back to base.

The burden of celebrity by ArtisticRainey

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