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

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 19 Jul 2012 05:41:30 GMT

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"Brace yourselves!"

Thunderbird Two hovered close to the ocean's swells, which seemed to reach up greedily for pod seven. Because of the sea's agitation, Virgil dared not let the pod drop fully to the surface; it would make disgorging the hovercraft difficult. Instead, the pod's bottom skimmed the water as the door slowly opened to make a ramp.

"Thunderbird Seven, from Thunderbird Two."

"Go ahead, Thunderbird Two." Dianne sat at the controls, concentrating on the choppy water ahead of her. Dom was resting in the medical cabin, under the watchful eye of Luke and Rom. Elise sat in a co-pilot's seat, her face white with determination. Scott and Brains waited in the fuel tanker; once Seven was on its way, Virgil would retrieve the pod, berth his Thunderbird back in the cavern at Mateo, and join the tanker crew for the ride home. They would likely get back to the island ahead of the hovercraft, and have already started work on repairing the power plant.

"Things are about as ready as they'll ever be, Doc." Even with Lena's improvements in their communications security, old habits still died hard for Virgil.

"Ah know." Dianne took a deep breath. "Hope y'all don't get seasick, 'cause this is gonna be one bumpy ride!"

With that, she ran her hands over some controls, and Seven rose as high as she could go in the crowded pod. Another sweep and the hovercraft moved forward, not easing out onto the choppy surface but rather shooting out, rising further to keep the swelling sea at bay. Behind her, Virgil closed the pod door, spilling a goodly amount of water inside, then retrieved the pod.

"See you at base, Thunderbird Seven," he called as he turned his 'Bird to face Mateo once more.

"See you there." Elise responded this time as Dianne was fully concentrating on her piloting.
"Thunderbird Seven, out."

xxxx

The fuel tanker came in for an uneven landing on the main runway, and Scott shut down all of its systems. As the three men disembarked, Scott gave a low whistle. "Wow."

The storm had done a lot of damage on this level. The runway was half-covered with sand and driftwood from the beach. Several of the palm trees lining the airstrip were leaning away from or out over the tarmac; that is, unless they had been ripped totally out of their sockets. A portion of the switchback trail had disintegrated, leaving a sizable gap that they'd have to fill. The Cliff House was still covered by its protective dome, but some boulders had come loose from the cliff side above it, leaving marks where they hit. A few had shattered on the airstrip, but a couple of larger ones were still intact, and had left craters in the tarmac.

"I'm amazed you put the tanker down as well as you did, Scott," Brains remarked as he gazed at the damage.

"I'm amazed, too, Brains."

Virgil gazed down the runway, and across the span of beach, then shook his head. Scott nudged him. "It's gonna take them some time to get here, Virge. Let's make sure they can get inside when they do."

"Right." Turning, Virgil followed Scott down to the aircraft hanger that was set in Thunderbird Two's massive exit. The three men were wearing their civvies, just as if they'd never left home.

"If we can't get in here, we can try one of the freight elevators on either side," Scott said, popping open the manual door controls. The crank here was fairly large, but with both Scott and Virgil lending their strength, the door ground open about two feet, then stopped.

"Sand's gotten into the edges," Brains said, shaking his head. "Expect to see that a lot."

"Hey there!" A head of curly red hair stuck out from beneath the door; its owner turned so he could see outside. "Welcome home! Ready for some clean up?"

Scott grinned as Will slithered out from beneath the hanger door. "Good to see you, Will! How are things right now?"

"Well, your two brothers finally extricated themselves from the elevator by popping the emergency hatch and climbing up the cables. They were filthy when they got to the top, but your grandmother forgave them once they'd showered (with cold water from the tanks, I might add), and changed clothes. She said something about burning what they'd worn..." He turned to Brains. "The power plant is still sealed; we've been waiting for you to get back before doing anything to bring it back online."

"How's Tin-Tin?" Brains asked, ducking beneath the doorway.

"Her headache has subsided with pain meds, but she's really kinda listless. Mr. Tracy's afraid she got some of the fuel's fumes in her system, but he's been in touch with Dr. Tracy who won't let him do more than the basics until she's done some tests." Will caught the gaze of each man in turn. "I gather they're comin' back in Seven?"

"That's the plan. Dominic had a fall and was concussed. Mom wanted him monitored all the way home." Scott scratched his head. There was no sand inside the hangar, neither was there any water. "Looks like this place stayed watertight."

"Yep." The small party began to make their way up the pod vehicle ramp. "Kyrano and the missus are safe and got out of the Round House a little bit ago. The main house is still shuttered, but..." and here Will looked sheepish, "we rounded up some oxyhydrite equipment and cut a hole in the shutters. Damn, but they're made of some tough stuff!"

They had reached the lab block, and waiting for them on the steps were Callie and John. "Welcome home, everyone!" Callie called. "We're ready to fix the power plant whenever you are, Brains."

"Well, then," Scott said, rolling up his sleeves. "Let's get to work."

Consternation! by Tikatu
