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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:34:54 GMT

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Tuesday, October 9, 2068, 9:30 a.m., Thunderbird Two, en route to Mateo Island

Luke sat back and watched his new teammates, a shiver of excitement running up his spine. This was his first excursion in Thunderbird Two, and already he was impressed. Though he had seen Thunderbird One launch during the airliner rescue, he hadn't been able to see Thunderbird Two do the same. He'd looked at the vessel time and time again and wondered how, with so short a runway, it managed to get off the ground. Now he knew, and that launch had put his heart in his throat for a few long moments.

He glanced down at his uniform. It felt strange to be wearing it, but as this was an official excursion, the call had been to be properly dressed -- for those who had uniforms. Cassie and Will did not. Cassie was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt marked with the logo of the FDNY, while Will had opted for a mechanic's coverall.

"All right, everyone." Scott stood behind the pilot's chair, clapping his hands once to get everyone's attention. When he had it, he continued. "A little bit of background on Mateo Island. It was originally, like our base, a volcano, but one that blew its top several hundred years ago, leaving behind what's basically a big rock in the middle of the ocean. It still had some impressive lava caves and tubes, and as a result, Japanese forces used it as a way station during World War Two." There were a few glances in Cassie's direction, but she didn't seem to notice. "It was sold as part of the larger spread of islands and atolls that included our base, and didn't seem to be of any particular use... at first. But we discovered that -- with very little effort on our part - the natural caverns of Mateo would make excellent secondary hangars and repair facilities for the Thunderbirds." He paused and grinned. "It just didn't make for a very nice place to live, that's all."

There was a ripple of laughter through the cockpit, and Virgil piped up. "Better strap in, Scott. We're coming up on Mateo."

"Right." Scott took his seat, fastening his safety belt. Those others who had relaxed enough to undo theirs -- Gordon, Brandon, Elise -- also redid theirs. Luke noticed that, although both nurses were in attendance, Dr. Tracy was not. Nor was John, who had left for some function in Australia the day before and had evidently not yet returned.

Thunderbird Two made a wide sweeping turn, changing its direction entirely. The island became visible to those in the cockpit, and Luke realized that Scott was being literal in his description -- Mateo was a rock sticking up out of the sea. There seemed to be a bit of greenery at the top of the cliff they were heading for, but it didn't capture his attention for long. Instead, the rapidly approaching wall of rock drew his eye, and he almost held his breath. It didn't seem like they would stop in time!

But, as he watched, a dark line appeared in the cliff face. Portions of it separated, sliding both upwards and downwards, creating an wide opening two thirds of the way to the peak. Thunderbird Two slowed, and the VTOLs took over so that they eased into the huge cavern beyond. It was big enough to accommodate Two... and for the cargo carrier to turn around to face the opening again.

Virgil eased his baby to the floor, where lights marked the landing spot. The opening began to close again, cutting off the sunlight.

Scott unbuckled himself again, and stood. "Okay, everyone. To the pod."

--Mateo Island, part 1

Posted by Tikatu on October 23, 2007

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