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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:41:18 GMT

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Scott made sure to take a good, long look at the structure before settling Thunderbird One in the already completed parking lot. He noticed the height of the beams -- A good four stories -- and the lack of floor and enclosure on the upper stories. A cautious sweep or two over the venue showed the holes where floor slabs had fallen through.

"This won't be easy," he muttered to himself as he grabbed his hard hat and visor. He opened the lower hatch to let himself out of the cockpit, and was almost immediately assailed by a frantic man in torn work shirt and dirty jeans. He was followed at a distance by others, wearing hard hats, and similarly damaged clothing.

"Thank God you're here!" he cried, grabbing Scott's jacket with both grubby hands. "They're trapped under the mall! You've got to get them out!"

Scott put his hands firmly on his assailant's arms. "We'll get them out. But I need to get some equipment out of my Thunderbird, and I need to know who's in charge."

His firm tone seemed to calm the man. "In charge... in charge... Terry Nicks is in charge, but I haven't seen him since the first quake." He followed Scott to the central portion of Thunderbird One, where the IR operative opened the cargo hatch. Automatically, he started helping Scott wrestle Mobile Control out into the open. "Jim D'Angelo... he'd be in charge, too, but I haven't seen him, either."

Scott tapped his ear piece. "Thunderbird Five from Maverick." He began opening the Mobile Control unit open, his actions automatic.

Alan responded. "Thunderbird Five here, reading you five by five."

"Indy, who placed the first call?"

The space monitor referred to his data pad. "A Blake Marshall. He says he's trapped in the west stairwell with about twenty people. There are others trapped in pockets throughout the structure, and he gave me a general count of how many and where. There may be others."

"F-A-B, Indy, and thanks. Maverick out." He turned to the worker, who stood close, watching him boot up Mobile Control. Others stood in a semi-circle, not crowding, but within hearing distance. "What's your name?"

"Jareth, Jareth Martin."

"Well, Jareth, is there a plan to this place handy?"

Jareth thought for a moment. "There should be one in the supervisors' trailer."

Another worker, a woman, jumped as if stung. "Oh, but that's fallen off its supports! You can't get

in."

Scott thought for a moment, then nodded. "Okay, thanks." He activated the communicator on Mobile Control. "Thunderbird Five from Maverick. Come in, Five."

"Thunderbird Five here. What's up, Maverick?"

"I'm going to need a site plan to this place, if possible." He glanced over at Jareth, then pulled a data pad from a storage drawer. "Here," he said, handing it to the worker. "Draw me a basic sketch of what's where. Until we get a more detailed plan, you're all I've got."

"Yes, sir!" Jareth said. He began to sketch, and others crowded in to make sure he got it right.

Posted by Tikatu on January 18, 2008

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