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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:42:18 GMT

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Wednesday, October 10, 2068, 12:45 p.m., local time. (6:45 a.m. Thursday, October 11, Tracy Island)

"Good to have you here, Frankie," Scott said as Elise approached Mobile Control. He nodded toward the far end of the parking lot, where the remaining building equipment was being moved by those construction workers who were still able-bodied. In comparison, the necessary equipment brought by IR was rolling out. "I've got a preliminary schematic of the place, and have been in touch with some of the groups trapped in the mall."

"Where do we start?" Elise stood at his shoulder, peering at the schematic he'd gotten uploaded to Mobile Control's screens.

He glanced up again to see the DOMO pulling Thunderbird Seven's medical cabin out of the pod. "Get Alpine working with... his dog." Luke's new code name felt weird, and he had no idea what to call Rommel that wouldn't give away anything. "Pair him up with Cousteau, send them to see if there's anyone trapped outside of these areas." He indicated the four spots where he knew people were trapped. "Excavator needs to find a way in here; the people inside have been getting quieter and quieter. It can go through the elevator shaft, here."

"HAZMAT suits? There was talk of methane..."

"Yeah. Sweet and Tynan should go in, taking oxygen containers with masks. Last count was nine people. Einstein and Ursa should follow; they can help get people out then work on finding a way to dissipate the methane so we don't have an explosion on top of everything else." He pressed a couple of keys, and the task list, with the schematic, was uploaded to the operatives' visors. "Take the DOMO to this stairway here." He indicated the west stairwell. "The biggest group is there, and if we can clear the debris before the first floor door, they should be able to get out."

"Quasar and I can take that."

Scott added it to the list, just as Thunderbird Seven was towed into position near Mobile Control. It had been decided en route that the best way to keep an eye on both Mobile Control and its operator, as well as the cabin -- should the operatives have to leave it, was for the two to be in close proximity.

John swung down out of the cab, and went to disconnect the DOMO from Thunderbird Seven. The doors to the medical cabin opened, and the ramp descended, barely clearing the caterpillar tracks. Dom, a medikit over one shoulder, came down the ramp. "I'll go back and get suited up, then," he said to Scott.

"F-A-B." Scott nodded, and Dom went off at a run. Gordon and Luke were already out, riding the hoverbikes. Gordon's had an oxyhydrite set up strapped to the back; Luke's had been altered, leaving room for Rom to travel on it. But Rommel wasn't secured to the back of the bike; he was ranging in front of them, his nose to the ground.

Scott checked the equipment manifest again. "Mobile Crane's left... hmm, who tucked the Laser Truck in there? Whoever it was, it was good thinking. We may need it." He glanced up again as the DOMO, now free of its burden, rumbled off, Elise and John in the cockpit. Another roar caught his attention as the Excavator, its drivers both in white HAZMAT suits headed out of the pod and to the area he'd specified.

With a nod, he toggled a switch. "Thunderbird Five and Base from Mobile Control. The rescue is now underway."

Posted by Tikatu on January 26, 2008

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