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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:43:21 GMT

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While Brains and Callie were getting the Laser truck ready for use, Scott looked up at the sky again, then at the group of people who were gathered around Thunderbird Seven's ramp. "I really hope those storms ease up by the time they get here. But whether or not they do, we're going to need some shelter," he muttered. Glancing around to see if any of the other operatives were available, he swore under his breath. "Thunderbird Five from Mobile Control," he called.

"Thunderbird Five here, reading you strength five. What do you need, Mav?"

Scott rolled his eyes at the new nickname. "I'm locking up Mobile Control for a bit. We're going to need some shelter over the victims before those storms arrive. Keep an eye on Mobile Control for me long distance, will you? And if there's anything urgent that needs my attention while I'm working on the tent, send it to my visor."

"F-A-B," Alan said. He called up a schematic of the rescue site, then pulled aside another window with just Mobile Control and its immediate vicinity on it, and zoomed in tight. A blue dot glowed brightly near the unit.

"Locking up... now." Scott flipped a switch and the screens powered down. The keyboard locked, and the mike switched off. "I'm off to get the Penelar tent."

Inside Thunderbird Seven's surgical suite, Dianne was just shucking her gloves after finishing a quick and dirty surgery on Jim D'Angelo. She glanced up at the scanner's readings; the broken bones still showed clearly, even though they'd been splinted. His vitals made her lips thin, and she shook her head slightly. She glanced up at Nikki. "Okay, Angel. Let's move him and make room foah some o' our other patients."

"F-A-B." Nikki brought the antigravity stretcher up to the level of the surgical scanner, and together they transferred Jim to it. "Where do you want him?"

"Neah the doah," Dianne said as she helped ease the stretcher out. "Ah'm gonna see if'n we can get an airlift foah this one. We just don't have the time to finish the job heah, an' Ah'm afraid he won't last."

"At least he was the first," Nikki reminded her. She and Dianne moved Jim to one of the biobeds, and she slid the doctor's chart into its slot to record his vital signs. "Now we can focus on the others. Alpine and Tynan have been helping to triage when they've brought patients back, so everyone should be tagged so far." She tweaked the blanket that covered Jim. "Want me to see if Tynan is available?"

Dianne sighed. "Just bring in the worst o' the red or yellow tags and we'll start working. Let Tynan finish what he's started. We can corral Alpine if'n he gets back heah first." She looked down at her bloodied scrubs. "Ah'd bettah change real quick. Don't wanna scare the patients."

Nikki smiled wearily, and Dianne headed for the door to the cockpit... only to pull up short as she

remembered that there was no cockpit. With another sigh, she headed back towards the tiny storage area at the back... only to nearly collide with the next patient. "Bring her in heah, Angel," she said, dismissing her former problem. A glance at the doctor's station on the way to the surgery showed her Jim's bioreadings, and she touched her earpiece. "Mobile Control from Thunderbird Seven. Ah need an airlift, if it can be arranged."

Scott, who was carrying the backpack containing the large Penelar tent, answered her call. "I'll see what I can do, Doc, but we've got some storms approaching and we need to get the other patients under cover."

"Maverick, the medical airlift first, if you please," Dianne said with a scowl, as she cleaned her hands. "Theyah have got to be some able-bodied men out theyah who can help you put up a tent."

Scott was about to reply, when a big dark fellow came up to him, and offered his hand. "Uh, sir? I'm Terry Nicks, construction foreman. I heard that you folks found Jim D'Angelo, our architect. Do you know how he is?"

"I'm not the one to ask, Mr. Nicks," Scott said as he headed back to Mobile Control. He put down the backpack and spoke into his earphone. "Thunderbird Five from Maverick. Unlocking Mobile Control now."

"F-A-B," Alan replied, watching as the blinking letters "MCon" stopped blinking.

"Indy, I need a medical airlift. One critical patient at this location."

"I'm on it, Maverick." Alan's voice rang in one of Scott's ears as Terry's rang in the other.

"Would that be Jim?" Terry shifted from foot to foot, a frown of concern on his face. "I heard he was in bad shape."

"I'm not sure, Mr. Nicks." Scott kept his eyes on the screens; the weather screen concerned him the most.

"Well, is there anything my men and I can do?" The near plea in Terry's voice caught Scott's ear. "I know Jareth gave you a hand earlier. Is there anything else you need?"

Scott glanced down at the backpack, and back up at the foreman. "Y'know, I think there is something you could help me with."

Post by Tikatu

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