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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:43:57 GMT

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Scott glanced up at the sky behind him. It was turning an ominous looking black, and the wind was starting to pick up. Alan's latest reports had the storm slowing, but not enough to give the crew enough time to finish. At least let it wait until we get most of the victims under cover, Scott thought to himself.

He checked the location of the rest of the team. Elise and John were on their way back in the DOMO. Looking up he could see the red vehicle moving slowly towards him. Brains and Callie were venting the methane, and should be finished shortly. Tin-Tin and Dominic had returned to Seven, and were tending to the least of the wounded. Dianne and Nikki were seeing to the more serious cases. The helicopter had left a short time ago, taking the wounded architect, Jim D'Angelo, to a local hospital. Gordon called in saying that he and Luke would be back shortly. Scott let out a sigh of relief. Things were going well. They were almost done.

A movement behind him caught his attention and he turned to see a white van pulling up. Figuring it was some of the locals finally able to get through, he turned back to Mobile Control.

"Greetings, Jhutu. We have come."

Scott turned, startled, then let out a groan. "Oh God, you've got to be kidding me."

"Maverick, is something wrong?" Alan's voice sounded in his headset.

"No, Indy. We've just got some...unexpected company," Scott replied.

The occupants of the van were all bald, with a ruby earring in one ear. Each was dressed in royal blue robes, accented by a burgundy sash. One man had a multi-colored sash, green, blue, burgundy, yellow and white. He stepped forward and bowed to Scott. "We are here, Jhutu, to assist you in whatever way you deem necessary." A second van pulled up, then a third, each full of more people.

For one of the few times in his life, Scott was at a loss for words. But the man didn't seem to notice. He gestured to his followers. "Spread out, do what you can." Most gave a bow and moved off towards the medical tent. Some went to comfort those not injured. A small knot gathered around Scott, the leader included. "We shall stay here and offer our prayers to Undlieek."

"Yeah, uh...that would be great...thanks," Scott stammered. "But, uh...please, stay back from the equipment."

The man nodded and moved his followers to a short distance from Mobile Control. Scott shook his head and turned back as the DOMO arrived. John and Elise stepped out. Seeing the Brethren, John did a double take as he and Elise hurried over.

"Is that the group from L.A.?" John asked.

Scott nodded. "Yeah, they're here to offer their 'support and prayers'."

Elise unsuccessfully tried to hold back a giggle. "How long have they been here?"

"Not long." Scott nodded towards the group. "That one with the colored sash appears to be their leader."

"All joking aside, I think we'd better keep an eye on this bunch. I've checked out their website, but maybe we should dig a little deeper," John said.

"Good idea," Scott replied.

Elise looked back towards the strange group. They all had their eyes closed and were chanting something she couldn't understand. "Why don't I go let Doc and the others know what's going on?" She then noticed the group near the tent. "Though at this point, I think they might have already figured it out." She headed off in that direction.

John glanced at them again and chuckled. "You've got to admit, they seem to be helping."

"Oh yeah, they're a big help," Scott muttered.

"That one on the left, the girl. She seems to like you. She keeps staring at you." John grinned at his brother's discomfiture.

"Shut up, John."

Post by Lillehafrue

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