

---

Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:45:44 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

"How's he doing?" Luke asked, climbing through the rear door of Seven's medical cabin.

Dianne paused in her clearing of the doctor's charts long enough to toss her head in the direction of the biobeds. "Go see for yourself."

He nodded, and entered the near-empty cabin. Local ambulances and LifeFlight helijets had taken the patients on to local hospitals, as Thunderbird Seven couldn't make the trip in its current condition. Rom was on one of the biobeds, snoring, fastened in by a strap to keep him falling off. Luke went to his dog's side and stroked the sleek head. "You big goof," he muttered, a smile coming to his face. "You did good work today."

In Thunderbird Two's cockpit, the topic of conversation was their new-found "brothers and sisters".

"So, Brains," Gordon said conversationally, "Did you find out what your Tyrikalican name was?"

"No," Brains said. "I didn't have any contact with those posers."

"Posers?" Dom asked.

"Yes, of course," Brains replied, taking off his visor and replacing it with his glasses. "Nothing sentient could possibly evolve on Jupiter; it's a gas giant, made of hydrogen and helium. They claim that they -- and we -- are from Jupiter. Ergo, they are posers."

There was a ripple of laughter through the cockpit. Callie pulled off her visor, too, and rubbed at her eyes. "Man, I'm bushed." She sighed a little. "It would have been fun to know the name they gave me... if they gave me one."

Gordon gave her a small smile. "I overheard a couple of them talking as you and Brains hooked Thunderbird Seven up to the Laser Truck," he said smoothly. "They called one of you -- let's see if I can pronounce this right -- Bacqgiuy, and the other, Wamtopoe."

"Whoa! How do you spell those words?" Callie asked, a puzzled frown on her face. "And which one was me?"

Gordon shrugged. "I don't know which was which," he said, adding to his lie.

John glanced between Callie and Gordon. "There is a way to find out," he suggested quietly. "They do have a website..."

"Really?" "Where is it?" "Can you send me a link?" "That must be one funny site!" The chorus of comments made John put up his hands.

"Email me when we get home and debriefed. Then I'll send you a link and you can look at their site for yourself."

The matter more or less resolved, the conversation turned to other things as they winged their way home.

In Thunderbird One, Scott was going over in his mind what he wanted to say in the debriefing. Before he left, the big construction foreman, Terry Nicks, had a crew help him take down the Penelar tent.

"Looks like the rain didn't materialize like you thought it would," Nicks said.

"True, but it's always good to be prepared," Scott had replied as he pushed a button and telescoped the supporting rods back down to a size that would fit in the backpack. He slipped it into the pouch where it belonged, completing the set, and took the neatly folded tent material from Terry.

Terry smoothed a hand over it before handing the bundle over. "What's that made of, anyway? Feels so lightweight..."

"Trade secret," Scott replied. He zipped up the bag and held out his hand. "Thanks for your help today."

"No, thank you. If you hadn't come, there's no telling when we would have gotten out and how many more people would have died here." Nicks looked over at the half-standing mall, and sighed. He looked as if he were going to say something more, but thought better of it.

Scott nodded. "Well, goodbye." Then he headed for Thunderbird One and soon was airborne.

I have to wonder about that mall, he mused on the way home. Should it have collapsed like that? Don't they have to be prepared for earthquakes? Maybe I'll check up a little on that when I get home.

With that, he turned his attention back toward his destination -- Tracy Island. Home.

Post by Tikatu

---