
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 18:59:37 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

Saturday, March 3, 2068; 1:45 p.m.; Tracy Villa Lounge

John started to grow concerned. "Callie's going to put this a little too close for comfort."

She ran into the lounge with her suitcase full of clothes. "Sorry, John. Tin-Tin wanted to take my measurements for the new uniform. I decided on the neon aqua look for the shirt. Anyway, I'm here, and I'm rarin' to go!"

"Good to hear it. I'm glad to see how eager you are about going up to Thunderbird 5. You'll love it."

"It'll be amazing to see, since I never saw it at all while working at the International Space Station."

Virgil smiled. "Well, it's nearly time. It'll be nice to have a Tracy back at the space station again. This time, though, you get to train someone about the controls, functions, and the like."

"And something tells me," said John, "that Callie will be just fine once she gets all the controls mastered."

Callie blushed slightly. "I don't know if I can do it in just a month, but I can certainly try." She looked at Elise and said, "Miss Collins, I want to get to know you better, but today's just not the day for me."

"I understand," Elise said with a smile. "Now be careful going up there."

Alan looked at the clock. "It's time to go."

"Right," said Virgil as he nodded. "Have a nice trip, you three, and Callie, just relax and enjoy the ride."

"Yes, sir."

Virgil pressed a button behind the desk, allowing the sofa to go down on a hydraulic lift.

Callie turned around and noticed another sofa going up. "What's that for?"

"That sofa takes the place of the one we're sitting on now," said Alan. "Some people would get suspicious if they saw an open floor and no sofa."

The sofa came to a rest on an open railroad car, which traveled down a long corridor to the Thunderbird 3 hangar. When the car came to a stop underneath the space rocket, the sofa was lifted into the lounge level of the ship by the same hydraulic lift used to lower it.

John stood up and said, "Take up launch positions."

"F.A.B.," Alan said.

Callie was a little confused. "What does this 'F.A.B.' mean?"

"It's just our code for 'Roger' or 'Will do.'"

"I may have a hard time getting used to saying that." She took one of the seats and fastened the belt around her waist. "Tell me, Alan, how long does it take on average for Thunderbird 3 to get to the space station?"

"It takes about 3.5 hours in standard acceleration." Alan raised an eyebrow. "Oh, by the way, one of the reasons you've never seen Thunderbird Five is that the ISS is in geosynchronous low Earth orbit. Five is in geostationary high orbit. There's no way you could have seen it."

John took an elevator up to the main control room of Thunderbird 3 and sat down at the controls. "Thunderbird 3 to base. Ready for blast-off."

Virgil spoke into the microphone. "You're clear to go, John. Good luck."

"Stand by for blast off." He pressed a button, and the engines quickly fired up. "Lift-off." He pressed another button, causing the space rocket to lift into the sky through the hole in the center of the Round House.

Inside, Callie felt a slight increase in pressure. "Must admit, it's not half as bad as some of the lift-offs I've been a part of."

"Once you get used to it, it'll become second nature."

John spoke to them over the intercom. "We'll be leaving Earth's atmosphere in 10 seconds. Callie, join Alan in coming up to the control room. We're going to show you how to work the controls."

"Yes--I mean, F.A.B."

Alan laughed lightly. "You're getting used to it already."

The pair took the elevator to the control room to join John.

John went over all the controls carefully. "You never know when you might need to go to 10 G in an emergency situation."

"Like you had to do with the first Sun Probe mission," Callie said.

"Right," said Alan. "Even at that speed, it took us nearly three days to reach it."

Callie looked at every button to make sure she was ready to fly it soon. "So, when it's time for one of us to switch with the other, the third person will pilot Thunderbird 3?"

"Not quite yet," said John. "We'll have to get you on the simulator when we get back to Earth. And in normal switch-overs, Scott's usually piloting our way up. It puts a little less pressure on us."

Alan smiled. "Don't worry, Callie. Once you've got the training covered, we can fly each other and take a little pressure off Scott."

John sent out a call to the space station. "Thunderbird 3 to Thunderbird 5. Approaching space station."

Braman responded, "Docking. Permission. Granted."

"Thanks, Braman."

"Uh, who?" asked Callie.

"Braman, Brains's robot. Since Alan came to Earth to visit Dad, Braman's had to keep tabs on all transmissions around the world."

"I guess Braman will go home as well?"

Alan nodded. "I'll be taking him back to the base. He's earned a vacation."

"Okay, you two," said John. "Take the seats here and buckle up. We're about ready to dock."

"F.A.B.," Alan and Callie said in unison, causing a giggle between them.

John moved the rocket around to where its nosecone fit into the airlock hole of the space station. It only took a couple of minutes for Thunderbird 3 to complete its docking procedure. "Well, we're here." He talked into the microphone again. "Braman, we're here. Open airlock please."

"Open. Airlock."

When the airlock opened, Callie's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wow..."

John said, "Callie, welcome to Thunderbird 5."

Post by TracyFan4Ever on 29/07/2004
