
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 19:39:30 GMT
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Monday, March 5, 11:13 a.m., World Navy Naval base, Lossiemouth, Scotland

"We've picked up a mayday from the fishing trawler, Saucy Lady, Commander," the communications specialist informed his superior. "They're in heavy seas and seemed to have picked up a... mine? It's wrapped around their propellers and they can't get it loose. Engines stopped dead."

"A mine, ye say? Mus' be one o' those ol' World War Two moored ordnances. They were nae all accounted for after the war. E'en now they kin be a real danger," Commander Charles McDivitt explained. "Better have the Excelsior set out with their explosives specialists aboard. Usually with those mines, whether it's one, their's or mine, it'll be found."

"Aye-aye, sir," the radioman said as he passed on the orders to the Excelsior.

Monday, March 5, 11:20 p.m., Thunderbird Five

"John?" Callie called to her teacher as she listened to the myriad messages that murmured over the airwaves and ended up coming out of the speakers in Thunderbird Five's control room.

"Yes, Callie?" John moved towards the speaker system, his ears already trying to catch what had piqued his student's attention.

"There was a mayday out of the North Sea, giving coordinates. It was a fishing trawler that picked up a... a... mine." Callie looked at John with a puzzled expression. "Mine? Are those the explosive devices that were laid in the sea to disable ships?"

"Yes. Let me hear what you've got."

Callie played the mayday over again and found that this time, an acknowledgment of the mayday had been sent from the naval station at Lossiemouth. John frowned.

"Their ships are fast, but experience with mines has shown that where there's one, there are usually more. Especially with the kind they're dealing with."

"Those things are over a century old! How dangerous could they be?"

"Very dangerous. Most of them are still live and they're hard to spot in that particular piece of ocean."

"The Navy has dispatched a ship from Lossiemouth to aid the trawler," Callie told him. "They should be able to deal with it."

"Just the same, put a priority flag on that one and continue to monitor it. I'd like to be prepared if we're needed on that one."

"F-A-B," Callie said and turned back to do as she had been instructed.

Post by Tikatu on 04/08/2004
