
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 19:41:19 GMT
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Monday, March 5, 2068; Thunderbird 5; 11:50 p.m.

Callie continued listening to the transmissions and started to grow concerned. "John, should we contact base to let them know what's going on?"

John thought for a moment, and then nodded. "It wouldn't hurt to give Virgil a heads up. The situation sounds like something we just might get called in on."

"So, who's going to make the call? You or me?"

"You should, Callie. This will be good practice for you in understanding Thunderbird 5's main function."

Callie pressed the button to contact Tracy Island. "Thunderbird 5 to base. Thunderbird 5 to base, come in, please."

*****Same time at Tracy Island, Tracy Villa Lounge*****

Virgil noticed the clock on his father's desk. The sooner Dad's back here, the better, he thought uncomfortably. He saw John's eyes flashing on the portrait. "Uh-oh, I hope it's not the time for a rescue, not with all the new recruits." He pressed the button on the desk to activate the radio. "Go ahead, John." To his surprise, it was Callie's face and not John's. "Oh, sorry, Callie. I thought it was John."

"It's okay, Virgil. John's letting me practice this part of the job. Speaking of which, we wanted to let you know of a possible situation in the North Sea."

"Really? Okay, Callie, give me as much detail as you can."

"Apparently a fishing ship in the North Sea has caught a live World War II land mine. It's sent out a distress call to the Navy, and we're keeping track of the transmissions."

"F-A-B. Keep an ear out and let me know if things start to escalate. I'll have Gordon prep Thunderbird 4, just in case, and have Alan get the cold weather gear ready, too."

"F-A-B, Virgil." Callie's image was replaced with John's portrait.

Virgil contacted Gordon and Alan via their telecomms. "Alan, Gordon, come to the lounge immediately."

The two younger brothers arrived fast. "What's going on, Virg?" asked Alan.

"We've got a possible situation developing. John and Callie are listening to constant transmissions between a fishing vessel in the North Sea and the Navy. Gordon, have Thunderbird 4 in its pod

and underneath Thunderbird 2, ready for launch if we get the call."

"Sure, Virg," Gordon said.

"Alan," said Virgil, "get as much of the cold weather gear ready. We may need all the new recruits on this one."

"Do you think they're ready, Virg?" asked Alan.

"We can't wait for them to be 'ready.' They'll have to use the skills they already possess." Virgil smiled ruefully. "If this situation turns into a rescue, they'll be getting some on-the-job training."

Post by TracyFan4Ever on 06/08/2004
