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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 19:58:42 GMT  
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Monday, March 5th, 2068, 9:23 a.m. JFK Heliport VIP waiting area, New York City

Dianne stood before the tall windows that looked out on the tarmac, looking but not seeing. Her mind was going over the rushed half-hour or so that had just passed.

"Vee! I've got to go!" Scott had shouted angrily into his telecomm as he came into the dining room. Dianne had just sat down with the children for breakfast and the denizens of the table were startled to hear him arguing with his brother. He looked up at her sharply.

"Where's your telecomm?" he asked angrily.

"In my room. I've just showered and hadn't...." she replied but before she could finish her sentence he had whipped his off and thrust it at her.

"Here! Virgil wants to talk to you!"

She took the telecomm with a look of concern then glanced down at the screen where Virgil, his face also red with anger, looked back at her.

"Doc, there's a rescue going down in the North Sea and we need you there. Ay is on his way to pick you up at JFK heliport. He'll be there within a half hour."

"What!" she cried. "That barely gives me time to get dressed, never mind make it to JFK in time! And what about... the boss?"

"You can make it if you try, Doc. Ay will wait for you for ten minutes but no more. And Ess will be on call there." Virgil returned. "I'm already launched myself and I have Dee, En, and Seven with me. You know that En knows nothing about Seven and Dee barely knows anything. We need you, Doc."

Dianne sighed resignedly. "Okay, Vee. I'm on my way. Tell Ay I'll be there."

Virgil finally smiled a little. "F-A-B, Doc. I'll see you in the North Sea. Thunderbird Two out."

Dianne got up from the table. "Kyrano? Please fix me something that I can take along with me on the way to JFK. Kids, behave and obey Grandma. Scott, I'll need Bernie." She headed for her bedroom when Scott's voice stopped her.

"I'm going, too. Alan can stay here."

She rounded on him. "Scott, while your father's out of commission, and you're here in New York, Virgil is in charge. Now, Ah know you don't like the idea of Alan handling One, but for now, it's got to be." She stepped over to him. "Ah'd rathah not be goin' at all. But Ah have to; live are dependin' on me. Ah need someone here with yoah fathah that Ah can depend on. An' he needs someone

at corporate that HE can depend on. So, please, stay here an' look aftah things. Ah'll be back aftah the rescue."

Scott glared at her all the time she spoke until she spoke of Jeff's need for someone he could depend upon. Then he sighed and looked down.

"Okay. I'll get Bernie. Are you going out in uniform?"

"Yes. My uniform is new enough not to cause comment... yet. And we both know that Bernie is trustworthy; your father wouldn't have made him an agent if he weren't."

Scott snorted a laugh. "You're right about that." He looked at his watch. "You'd better move along. Time's a' wasting."

Dianne smiled and disappeared into her room.

The ride out to the airport with Bernie was wild and crazy but he was given clearance to drop her off right in front of the VIP lounge, out on tarmac. She was very happy that Kyrano had put her coffee in a spill-proof container. The VIP lounge had been cleared, much to the grumbling of several executives who were waiting for their flights. They grumbled, that is, until they learned that a Thunderbird was on the way. Now she stood, wearing her full, new uniform, visor and hat in place, her medical duffel over her shoulder, sipping her coffee and munching on a bagel filled with egg and cheese. She looked up as she heard the muted sounds of Thunderbird One descending to the tarmac.

"Looks like your ride is here, ma'am," said the heliport manager.

"Yes, it is. Thank you very much for your cooperation," she returned, smiling, as he held open the door for her. She scurried across the asphalt, and, handing up her duffel first, hauled herself up into Thunderbird One's cockpit.

"Good morning, Mom," Alan said cheerfully as she settled herself into the small passenger seat and buckled in.

"Good morning, son," she replied, pulling out the rest of her bagel and coffee as he lifted off.

"That smells good!" Alan said. "Got any for me?"

"As a matter of fact, yes, I do. Kyrano packed a bagel and coffee for you, too." She pulled out the travel mug and the foil-wrapped package and handed them up. "Now, what's the deal with this rescue?"

Alan sipped his coffee, and around a bite of bagel, began to brief her on the unfolding drama in the North Sea.

Post by Tikatu on 09/08/2004

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