
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 20:17:48 GMT
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Monday, March 5, 2068, 2:45 p.m. local time, Highland NGRig3, The North Sea.

Alan whistled.

The flight from New York to the gas rigs of the North Sea took a total of fifteen minutes, just long enough for him to finish his coffee and bagel and to update Dianne on the situation. Now he was flying over the rig in question, trying to figure out what to do when the rest of the equipment showed up.

"There's the Saucy Lady! And I think I see the Excelsior as well!" he exclaimed as they passed overhead. Dianne looked at his monitor; all she saw from this height was a vaguely boat shaped white blob bouncing up and down.

"Man, these swells are something else!" he exclaimed again. "There's no way that Virgil's gonna be able to put the pod down on the surface. It's just too rough."

"Where else is he going to put it?" Dianne asked, peering over his shoulder again. "It doesn't look like that rig is going to be big enough for Thunderbird One, never mind adding Thunderbird Two!"

"I know. Let me talk to the guys here at Rig 3 and see what we can do," Alan said. He turned on his wireless connection. "Highland Rig 3, this is International Rescue Thunderbird One calling. Come in, NGRig3."

A Scot's accented voice replied, "NGRig3 here, g'ahead Thunderbird One. My, but ye lads're fast!"

Alan chuckled. "I'm afraid I'm only the advance party. The rest of the heavy equipment is a good hour behind me. I'm trying to get a feel for the situation. Now, I plan on landing on your rig to set up my equipment, but our other vessel, which is a whole lot bigger, will need a place to land, too. Are any of the other rigs in the vicinity bigger than yours?"

"None 'r big enow fer a runway, if tha's wha' yer askin'," the voice told Alan.

"Not a problem. We just need helipad space, not runway," Alan replied.

"Then ye'll fin' Rig5'll hae th' space ye need, lad."

"Many thanks. Can you contact Rig5 for me? I need to drop off a colleague who'll be needed on our other vessel."

"Aye, that'll be nae problem." There was silence for a few minutes then the voice returned. "Rig 5 reports they're ready fer yer colleague. I'll gi' ye th' coordinates." The upload took but a few seconds and Alan, after running it through the GPS, entered the coordinates in his directional computer.

"Thanks again, Rig 3. I'll return momentarily. Thunderbird One out."

Dianne shrugged on her jacket again and zipped it up, resettling her hat and visor on her head and face.

"Seems I've been doing a lot of this lately," she commented. "Jumping in and out of Thunderbird One...."

Alan laughed. "Well, at least this time I can land before you have to jump. Not like I understand things were in New Hampshire."

"Right," Dianne replied, her mood suddenly somber. Then she reached up and kissed Alan on the cheek. "Love you, kiddo. See you again soon."

"F-A-B, Mom," he said, smiling softly. "Highland Gas Rig 5, this is International Rescue Thunderbird One, requesting permission to land. One passenger disembarking."

"This is NGRig5, Thunderbird One. Permission granted and welcome. We'll take good care of your colleague."

Alan touched down lightly cutting back on the VTOLs, and Dianne climbed out using the rope ladder, and then ran for the lowest door in the superstructure, slipping a bit on the icy tarmac. Alan watched her go and then lifted off again, heading for Rig 3 to wait for Thunderbird Two's arrival.

Post by Tikatu on 10/08/2004
