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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 21:06:01 GMT

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"How's it going on, Bee?" Gordon asked, looking down from his vantage point on the deck. He paused a moment, catching himself as his feet slipped on the icy deck. Cutting the chain on the mine was dangerous enough without the constant rolling of the deck beneath their feet.

"It's going, Gee," Brandon answered as he cut loose another section of chain. "Can't we go any faster? These lasers aren't doing too well in this cold."

"No we can't," Gordon replied. "It's too risky. If it were to break loose and detonate, it could kill us both. This way we have, at least, a little control over it." Brandon nodded in agreement, a shiver passing through his body. Gordon looked at him keenly.

"Time to switch, Bee."

"Okay. I won't argue." Brandon handed the laser cutter up to Gordon, then reached up a hand. Gordon grabbed it and pulled, hard. Brandon burst from the water, clutching at the stern and climbing over. Gordon then jumped into the frigid water, and Brandon handed him the laser. The two men continued their job in tense silence, only occasionally speaking to one another.

Brandon was concentrating on Gordon's work when he felt a hand touch his shoulder. He flinched and looked up at Captain Bowers, who had come back to thank them for saving his men. Brandon had just taken his hand to shake it when a violent wave pulled the captain from his grasp and flung him overboard!

"Captain!" Brandon shouted, attempting to make his way to the side of the boat. "Gee, we have a man over..." Brandon's words were cut off as another wave crashed on the deck, dragging him into the icy water of the sea below.

Gordon's head jerked up when he heard the urgency in Brandon's voice. "Bee, this is Gee. Do you copy? Come in, Bee!" The only thing he got in reply was the howl of the wind and the roar of the waves.

Brandon bobbed around in the storm-tossed water. He knew that he had to find the captain and quickly. Even with the protective clothing he wore, the captain would not last more than a few minutes. Already he could feel the cold through the walls of his dry suit. Looking around, he thought he could see a figure floating in the water and tossed by the waves. With strong, sure strokes, he started swimming towards the figure. As he got closer, he could see Captain Bowers and his desperate attempts at keeping awake, the signs of frostbite present on his face. Brandon swam closer, grabbing at the captain. Suddenly, a wave welled up between the two men and pushed them farther apart.

Come on, McCain, you can do it. You have to do it. With renewed effort, he reached out towards Bowers and smiled grimly as he felt Bowers grab his arm frantically, pulling himself into Brandon's strong grip.

"Th-thank y-you," Captain Bowers said through chattering teeth. "I-I th-thought th-that the s-s-sea would h-h-have her w-way w-with m-m-me."

Brandon smiled wryly. "Not on my shift, she won't." The aquanaut looked at Bower's face and noticed the telltale signs of hypothermia. I'd better let Gee know what's going on, Brandon thought, hanging on tightly to Bower's shivering body.

Post by Magicmaster8 and Tikatu on 20/08/2004

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