
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 21:10:50 GMT

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Brandon was unsure how long he had been in the water. The intense cold had penetrated his suit and it took all of his effort to focus on the survival of the two of them. Captain Bowers looked into Brandon's eyes and noticed the effort it took for him to keep his grip tight around him.

"Y-you should h-h-have let the s-sea take m-m-me. Th-that way you would h-h-have had a b-b-better chance of surviving."

"No way, captain. In our line of work, nobody, and I mean nobody, gets left behind." Come on Tee, where are you?

In Thunderbird Four, Tin-Tin fought the shifting current as she searched for Brandon. She was about to change course to search another area when the sonar pinged, indicating something above her. Looking out the view port, she could just distinguish the outline of something dangling in the water. Bringing Thunderbird Four closer to the dangling object, she saw what it was and realized that she had found Brandon.

"Tee to Bee. Do you copy? I'm a few feet behind you. I'm going to surface as close to you as I can. I'll need you to swim to Thunderbird Four's upper airlock. I'll keep her as stable as I can."

"F-A-B, Tee. We'll be ready." Brandon readied himself and Captain Bowers for the rough swim and waited for the mini-sub to surface. A few seconds later, Tin-Tin surfaced so just the upper hatch of the sub was above the water and pulled to within three feet of the struggling men.

"Okay Bee, I'm as close as I can get to you."

"F-A-B, we're on our way." Brandon put one arm around Captain Bowers and, using the other one to propel them through the water, started the treacherous swim to Thunderbird Four. There was a tense moment when a swell threatened to separate them from their goal.

"No-Damn-Way!" Brandon said through gritted teeth. With a final surge of energy, he climbed onto the top of Thunderbird Four and, with Captain Bowers at his side, slid his way over to the airlock.

"We're in, Tee, and the airlock's secure. Let's get moving. The sooner we get the captain to Thunderbird Seven, the quicker he can get treated for the hypothermia."

"Okay, Bee," Tin-Tin activated her telecomm. "Thunderbird Four to Thunderbird Two. We have another patient for Seven. Lower the rescue cage."

"No can do, Four, the cage winch is offline," Virgil replied.

Tin-Tin swore under her breath, making Brandon's eyes widen. "Four to Mobile Control, We have a problem."

"Mobile Control here, Tee," Alan replied. "What is your situation?"

"We have rescued a man who went overboard. He's hypothermic and has frostbite. I am informed that we cannot get him into Two because the rescue capsule is offline. What are your orders?"

Alan thought for a moment, and then snapped his fingers. "Tee, I will inform the Excelsior of the situation and ask their assistance." He toggled another switch. "This is International Rescue to WNS Excelsior. We require your assistance...."

"International Rescue this is the Excelsior. How can we be of service?"

"We have a hypothermic patient in our submersible and no way to get him to our sickbay. Can you oblige with your sickbay?"

"Roger, International Rescue. We'll have our medics standing by." Alan gave his thanks to the Excelsior's commander and got back with Tin-Tin.

"Aye to Tee. Proceed to the WNS Excelsior. Their medics will be standing by to receive your patient."

"Gee to Thunderbird Four. I'm about to finish cutting through the chain. We can't let the mine get loose. I need Four over here to grab it and tow it away."

"If that mine gets away from us, the rig will be in danger," Tin-Tin murmured. She turned to Brandon. "We'll have to take care of the mine first. I'll turn up the internal heat and hope for the best."

So saying, Tin-Tin turned up the heat in the little cabin. Brandon soon found himself stripping off his drysuit. Getting Gordon's coordinates from John, she turned the little vessel and sped it beneath the waves to where the Saucy Lady lay, half submerged and ready to go down.

"Okay, Gee, I'm here. Activating the grab." The long arm with its pincers grip slid out from the nose of the submersible. Tin-Tin very carefully used it to grab the chain at one of the links nearest the end.

"Got it, Gee."

"Good, Tee. As soon as I'm aboard, we'll tow it to the Excelsior for detonation. Then we'll get your patient to their medical facilities."

Gordon took a deep breath and cut through the last link, then swam, hell bent for leather, towards his Thunderbird. He reached the airlock just as the Saucy Lady, filled with water and covered with ice, began her descent to her watery grave.

Post by MagicMaster8 and Tikatu on 20/08/2004
