
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 21:19:07 GMT
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Virgil sighed with relief when he heard that the captain and Brandon had been recovered and that Thunderbird Four was on its way to the Excelsior. That reminds me, how are we going to get Four back into the pod? I'll dump that problem in Alan's lap.

"Thunderbird Two to Mobile Control. Ay, how are we going to get Four back into the pod?"

"Mobile Control to Thunderbird Two. Vee, Four will have to rendezvous with you on the shore at Peterhead. You have to go there to let Seven out anyway for the trip to the hospital."

"F-A-B, Mobile Control. Speaking of which, I'm headed for Peterhead now."

So saying, he turned his green machine towards the shore, getting the coordinates he needed from John in Thunderbird Five.

Christopher checked that everything was secure as Thunderbird Two banked slightly. He made his way up to the cockpit and sat himself down, securing the safety belt.

"What do I do now?" He looked at Virgil as the latter turned his craft toward shore.

"Do me a favor and give Doc a holler and find out their status back there? It won't take long to get to shore and I need to know if they're ready to go," Virgil asked.

"Okay." Christopher unbuckled his safety belt and made his way down to where Thunderbird Seven was sitting. He opened the door to the cab and went inside. He peered through the window of the door between the cab and the medical cabin and pressed the buzzer on the intercom.

"Hello in there!" Christopher waved to the people inside. "Our pilot would like to know your status."

Nikki responded. "I'm sorry, CJ, but Doc is still in surgery. The splenectomy is done but there were a couple of small bleeders that needed repair. What do you need?"

"Vee needs to know if you're ready to go," Christopher said. "He's heading for shore to rendezvous with Thunderbird Four, and let Seven go to the hospital."

Nikki shook her head. "No, we're not ready. Doc is the only one who can pilot this and she's just not finished." She sighed. "Tell Vee the situation."

"Will do." Christopher left the cab of Seven and made his way back up to the cockpit to tell Virgil. "Doc isn't finished yet." He looked grave. "And she is the only one who can pilot Seven."

"Damn. I suppose that means I'll have to pilot Seven myself." Virgil gave Christopher a keen look. "Hmm. Maybe you can keep an eye on things while I take Seven to the hospital."

"Me?" Christopher pointed to himself, but Virgil looked serious. "Okay, I'll hold the fort." He looked

at the controls. "Just tell me what I need to know."

"Okay. This is the switch that will raise the body up off the pod, and lower it back down," Virgil indicated a white toggle. "I'll let you know when to put it up and down and Gordon can tell you when he gets here."

"Right."

He indicated a green light on a panel. "This is the camera detector. I expect some sightseers to come and try to take photos. If this starts flashing red, it means that someone's taking pictures."

"Check."

He indicated another switch. "This activates the fogger, which will erase and disrupt pictures of any kind. You can also switch this on; it's a loudspeaker and you can politely ask them to stop."

"If I may have the seat, then I can begin." Christopher smiled nervously. This was not going to be like that Hercules Firestorm. "I'm ready to go."

"Let me set her down on this beach here, and we'll get started," Virgil said with a grin. He could remember how excited he was when he started working with Thunderbird Two.

Christopher watched as Virgil set the giant craft onto the beach; he did it with finesse. Virgil unbuckled himself and left the cockpit to go down to Thunderbird Seven.

"Vee to CJ." Christopher sat himself down in the main seat. "You can raise the fuselage now." Christopher flicked the switch that started to lift the main body of Thunderbird Two upwards.

Virgil called back to Nikki. "You folks secure back there?"

"As secure as we can, be Vee. Doc is almost ready to close."

"F-A-B. Vee to CJ, lowering the pod door now." Virgil toggled a switch on Seven and the door lowered like a flap. Another switch, and Seven rose up on its whisper-soft hover jets. He activated the lights and siren and eased the medical craft out, first briefly over the waves then back over the sand and into the town.

Christopher watched with wonder as Thunderbird Seven floated away. He kept his eyes on all the control panels, including the camera detector. "CJ to Vee," Christopher said, "should I lower the body again?"

"Yes, CJ. I've already put the door back up."

"F-A-B." Christopher smiled as he flicked the switch and felt the body lower itself again. Suddenly the warning lights of the camera detector flashed, and he caught a glimpse of a small child with a camera on a cliff nearby. He activated the fogger and the loudspeaker. "I'm sorry young lady but I can't allow you to take any pictures of us."

In the meantime, Gordon was approaching the rendezvous point. He was tired; the cold had taken a lot out of him, and his back ached. Brandon was nearly asleep in his seat.

"Thunderbird Four to Thunderbird Two. Knock, knock. Let us in," Gordon said wearily.

"Thunderbird Two receiving," Christopher said as he flicked the switch to raise the body again. "I'm sorry but Vee is not around to take your call at the moment. Would I do?"

"Hey, CJ. What are you doing there? Where'd Vee go?" Gordon asked good-humoredly.

"He had to take Thunderbird Seven to the hospital," Christopher said apologetically. "I'm holding the fort for a while till he gets back."

"Well, well. Looks like you've earned his confidence if he's left you with his big green baby," Gordon said with a wicked grin. "Thunderbird Four is stowed, CJ. You can lower away."

"F-A-B, Gee," Christopher said. "Lowering away." He paused. "I'll get some warm blankets for you," he continued, "and I'll make you a nice cup of English tea when we get back."

"Sounds good to me, CJ. I'm just looking forward to crashing in crew's quarters. Tin-Tin can move Four when Seven gets back," Gordon said, stretching and wincing. Tin-Tin noticed the wince, but wisely said nothing. She was determined, however, to put a word in the ear of one or more of the medics.

Christopher locked everything down, and went to get some blankets for the crew of Thunderbird Four. "Here we go." He handed them out to the exhausted trio. "I have the utmost respect for all of you going out in weather like that."

"You'll have your turn sometime, CJ," Gordon warned him as he steered a half-conscious Brandon to the crews' quarters. "We work in all kinds of weather."

Tin-Tin followed CJ up to the cockpit and sat down behind and to one side of him. "So, what did you think of your first rescue?"

Christopher chuckled quietly, then shot a shy look towards her. "Very exciting and very rewarding. I was impressed at the way you handled things. I went to pieces when the winch went on the fritz; not very good really."

"What exactly happened to the winch?" Tin-Tin asked with a frown. "I know I checked it out after that last rescue. The spool was a bit off, but I fixed that. What happened this time?"

"Just jammed." Christopher shrugged. "The servomotors, I think."

"I just gave the motor a good thump and that freed it." He smiled shyly. "A bit of luck that's all."

Tin-Tin chuckled. "Just gave it a thump, huh? Wish all our maintenance problems were so easily cured." Then she became sober. "Mr. Tracy will not be happy when he finds that winch failed twice in a row. Looks like Kat will have her first big repair job in replacing it when we get back."

"She is a nice girl." Christopher grinned. "Although I can see the looks she gives John."

"Thunderbird Seven to Thunderbird Two," came Virgil's voice over the radio.

"CJ here Thunderbird Seven," Christopher said, "go ahead."

"Patients have been admitted to the hospital and now we're ready to put this baby to bed. Open says me!"

"Oh, I've got to move Four!" Tin-Tin said, hurrying out to the pod.

"And I shall obey." Christopher flicked the switch. "Welcome home."

A loud burst of engines signalled the arrival of Thunderbird One. Alan set the silver rocket plane down next to the much larger cargo transport.

"Thunderbird One to Thunderbird Two. I'm here for my passenger pick up!"

"CJ to Doc," Christopher called into his telecomm. "Your chariot awaits."

"F-A-B, CJ. Thanks for the heads up," Dianne said from Seven. She was giving last minute instructions to Nikki and Dom on clean up when they got back to base.

Alan's voice rang out over all the telecomms. "Stellar job today, people. Stand down at 20:05 hours GMT."

Virgil contacted CJ. "We're all secure down here, CJ. Bring her back down."

"F-A-B Vee." Christopher flicked the switch to lower the body of Thunderbird Two down. He looked around and let out a long held breath. "That was the most exhilarating experience I've ever had."

Virgil returned to the cockpit, followed closely by Tin-Tin, Dom, and Nikki.

"Nikki, would you take a look at our two aquanauts?" Virgil asked. "They were out in that water quite a while."

"F-A-B, Virgil," Nikki said cheerfully.

Dom sat down and put his head back. "That was one rough rescue. I'm glad we got everyone off safe, though."

"Very true, mate," Christopher said, "very true I'm proud to have worked with you."

"You can get out of my chair, now, CJ," Virgil said, giving his shoulder a small, friendly push.

"Hokey Cokey," Christopher said as he got out. "Not a scratch, as you can see."

"All the better for you!" Tin-Tin said with a grin.

"I know!" Christopher strapped himself in one of the passenger seats. He looked over at Tin-Tin.

"Thanks for that chat earlier."

Tin-Tin said nothing, just gave him a bright smile. Christopher reached across to take her hand, but he thought better of it.

"There goes Alan, on his way to New York," Virgil said as he powered up the green beetle. "Let's go home, people."

Post by TheWrongTrousers and Tikatu on 21/08/2004
