

Monday, March 5, 2068, 3:10 p.m. local time, Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City

"Dad, Aye just called 'stand-down'," John told him through Scott's telecomm. "Thunderbird Two is headed back to base. Thunderbird One is headed back to New York. Doctor's orders. He'll be landing at the airport, so you might want to mention it to Ess...."

"Casualties?" Jeff asked quietly.

"None on our part. However, I think I've figured out how we 'lost' Bee there for a bit. His telecomm developed a short while rescuing a man who went overboard."

Jeff frowned. "How did that happen? I want a report on it as soon as debriefing is done!"

"I'll pass that on to base," John promised, running his hand through his blond locks. "No fatalities on the trawler either."

"Good news then, Jay. Sounds like our new recruits did themselves, and us, proud on this first rescue." Someone was knocking on Jeff's door. "Got to go, son. Someone's here. I'll talk to you, and to base, later."

"F-A-B," John said. "Signing off." His picture disappeared from the telecomm, and Jeff slid it under the blanket. An intern came in, frowning.

"Hey, Dad," Scott said with a jaunty wave. "Feeling better?"

"I see your heart rate has fallen back into a normal range," the intern said sternly. "I don't know what was getting you so agitated, but it had better not happen again. This could set back your recovery, Mr. Tracy."

"I'm sorry, Doctor. I'll try not to get so worked up again," Jeff said contritely.

"You see to it, Mr. Tracy," the doctor said. He shook a finger at Scott. "And you do what you can to keep him calm. Where is Doctor Tracy, anyway? She's usually here to keep this from happening."

"Really, Doctor. That's none of your business," Scott said, eyebrow raised.

"I suppose not," the young man admitted. He pointed at Jeff. "You get some rest."

Scott closed the door behind him. "What news on the rescue?" he asked as soon as he returned to Jeff's side. Jeff handed him his telecomm.

"To answer your question, Alan has called 'stand-down'. Virgil is headed back to the island, and Alan is flying here... with Dianne. He plans to land at the airport, so you might want to warn them

he's coming. No casualties on either side, but Brandon was lost for a bit when he went after a man overboard and somehow lost his telecomm signal. Tin-Tin found both of them and picked them up, but we have to come up with a strategy so that this doesn't happen again."

"Right. I'll have a word with Brains about it," Scott said, putting his telecomm back on his wrist. "Right now, I'm going make arrangements at the airport for Thunderbird One and head there to wait for Alan. Make sure Mom is okay. I'll call you as soon as I see her."

"Good, son. I'll be waiting." As soon as his oldest had left, Jeff sat back against the bed, sighing mightily. His face revealed the exhaustion and the relief he felt now that he knew his family, and the new recruits, were safe and on their way home.

Post by Tikatu on 21/08/2004

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