
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 21:31:06 GMT
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Thunderbird One and its two passengers were well on their way to New York. Both weary and hungry, they traveled in relative silence. There wasn't much to say that already hadn't been said. The rescue was a success, even though there were tense moments.

Everyone had pulled together as a team, and now they were heading home. "Alan?" Dianne noticed the young pilot seemed to be far away from the present.

"Hmm?" came his reply.

"I asked if you were okay. You're very quiet."

"Sure, Mom, I'm okay. Just tired, I guess, from the rescue. You know, even though I was at Mobile Control, I feel as stressed and worn out as I do when I'm actually out in the field."

"I'm sure you do. It's not easy being Field Commander. Scott makes it look that way, but I'm sure you'll appreciate him more than ever now, won't you?"

Alan looked at his stepmother who was smiling at him. "Oh yeah! He can have this gig anytime!"

Dianne chuckled and leaned back in her seat. Her eyes heavy, she finally gave in and let herself fall asleep.

Alan had already talked to base and Thunderbird 2, and hearing Gordon and Virgil sound more like his normal brothers, he felt relieved. Feeling his mind drifting again, Alan thought back on this whole rescue from the moment Virgil had told him he was to fly his eldest brother's most precious commodity! As soon as the words had left Virgil's mouth, that he was to fly TB1, Alan had felt an knot in his stomach; not a large one, but just big enough to be annoying.

Leaving Scott behind in New York and flying off in TB1 had not been one of his finer moments as an International Rescue operative, and the thought of going on another rig rescue brought back memories that were none too pleasant. He remembered the looks from the rig crew as he set up Mobile Control, and then sat there waiting for TB2. Alan had felt uncomfortable just sitting there. He was so used to being with Virgil or Gordon and in the thick of it at the Danger Zone. Not this time though. No, this time he had to sit... and wait. He had rubbed his eyes, hoping that he wouldn't get a nasty headache, and then his stomach had growled, reminding him that the last thing he'd eaten was the bagel and coffee that Dianne had brought him when he'd picked her up in New York. To think that he'd actually enjoyed being Field Commander at that point made Alan laugh.

Man! How does Scott stand this rescue after rescue? He recalled sitting at the controls, drumming his fingers, waiting... waiting for someone to do or say something! The not knowing got to Alan more than he was prepared for. He was too antsy and wanted to just jump off the rig and go help. Once TB2 had arrived, things improved... or so Alan had thought. The pregnant silence on the other end of the radio was not expected.

He'd cleared his plan of action with Brains and thought it was great... until he passed it on to Virgil and Gordon. The sound of Gordon's voice asking him if he was crazy stung him then, and it still stung even now, when he thought about it. Gordon was his closest sibling, and it had really hurt to hear him question his own brother's sanity. Virgil's angry tone hadn't made him feel any better either. Still, being the stubborn Tracy that he was, Alan Tracy, Field Commander, was determined to see his plan through and wouldn't budge.

When Gordon had called him from TB4 for coordinates, Alan had given them and even asked if they were all okay, and Gordon had replied with contempt in his voice. Normally Alan would have called him on it, but being the fearless leader at this point, he'd kept his mouth shut. As the rescue had progressed, he'd kept contact with TB2, TB4, the Saucy Lady, and John in TB5.

He'd managed to keep all transmissions accurate and realised what a level head you have to have in order to make things run smoothly. He knew now that Scott did so much more than sit around and bark orders to everyone. Scott kept the entire show running, hopefully without glitches... and it wasn't easy.

Alan's mind came back to the present. Glancing at the controls, he was pleased to see everything was still running like clockwork. When they landed in New York, he decided that not only was he going to tell Scott he could have his job back, he was going to tell him how much he appreciated him and hadn't known how important Mobile Control was to a rescue. It was the core of the entire operation and without... without Scott, the team would fail. He might be the youngest Tracy son, but he knew deep down that he'd grown up a lot faster today than any of his brothers had done. Stirrings from behind him brought him back to the present.

"Did you enjoy your nap, Mom?"

"Mmmm... Yes I did! I'm going to enjoy myself more when I see your father again, though."

Alan smiled, "Yep, Dad is definitely going to be relieved that this one is over, and so is Scott!"

This time they both laughed. Scott was ready and waiting for them when Thunderbird One touched down. Scott was actually quite taken back with Alan's smooth landing. Dianne was the first out of the craft and she ran over to Scott, and with a quick hug, immediately asked "How's Jeff? Is he okay? Does he know how the rescue went?"

"Yes, yes, and yes!" Scott answered, smiling.

Alan walked up to the two of them. "Hey Squirt! Glad to see you brought my machine back in one piece!"

"Did you honestly think I wouldn't?" Alan smirked.

Scott shot him a look that confirmed what Alan was thinking.

"Well, let's get you to the penthouse to change and then off to see Dad!" Scott and Dianne started towards the cab.

"Scott?" Scott turned back to his brother.

"What's up, Al?"

"Thanks," was all Alan said. He smiled, then turned and headed back inside TB1.

"Thanks for what?" asked Scott, puzzled.

"I think he's trying to say he's thankful for who you are, and what you are to this organization," came Dianne's reply. Scott looked back and watched his Thunderbird take off, making a mental note to talk to Alan more when they got back home.

Post by FrankieCTB2 on 22/08/2004
