

Wednesday March 7th, 2068, 5:00pm, Tracy Island

Nikki sat in the sun lounge by the pool with her eyes closed behind her sunglasses, listening to her personal stereo and tapping her fingers against her abdomen to the beat.

A smile played across her lips as her favourite song began to play. The drumming of her fingers began rapid along with the beat to the song.

Nikki was so into her music that she didn't hear Alan when he arrived.

He sat down in the lounge next to her before tapping her on her shoulder, causing her to jump slightly.

Alan smiled as Nikki pulled her earphones out. "Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you."

"It's alright. It wouldn't have happened if I didn't have the volume up full blast." Nikki answered as she turned her music off. "So have you been busy today?"

"If performing maintenance on Thunderbird One constitutes as being busy, then yeah I've been busy." Alan got comfortable in his seat. "How about you?"

Nikki lifted her glasses from her face and fixed them to rest on her head. "Well along with Dom and under the supervision of Brains, I performed a detailed clean up and inspection of Thunderbird Seven. Brains also showed us the basic controls of the craft."

"Cleaning." Alan raised his eyebrows and nodded. "Sounds like fun. A whole day of cleaning."

Nikki narrowed her eyes slightly, but she couldn't help but smile at his sarcastic remark. He reminded her of one of her friends back home. "You know full well that it wasn't the whole day. And I'm used to cleaning. Part of the job description."

"Well then you can clean Thunderbird Three and my room anytime. Don't let me stop you."

Nikki laughed. "Nah, it's ok. I'll leave those jobs to you. Wouldn't want you to miss out on the fun."

"Sure, fun." Alan stretched and leaned back in his seat. "Well, it's your loss."

"No. Not really." Nikki replaced her glasses over her eyes. "So did Scott check over your work? Give his final approval of his craft."

Alan looked at Nikki and saw her trying her best to contain her laugh. "Don't get me started on Scott. I'm surprised that he didn't fix some camera on me to keep a close eye on what I'm doing. He's really protective of Thunderbird One."

Nikki looked at Alan over the top of her glasses. "And you're not of your own craft?"

"No."

"So if I, let's just say, spray painted it pink?"

"I'd catch you before you open the tin of paint," Alan replied. "Ok, so I am a bit protective of my ship, but not like Scott is of his own."

"Sure," Nikki mouthed.

"Hey I saw that." Alan smiled.

They both went back to relaxing and talking about the last rescue mission.

Post by Nikki-Browneyes11 on 13/09/2004

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