
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 00:16:21 GMT
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Wednesday 7th March, 2.30pm Tracy Island

Virgil pulled out his maintenance clipboard and looked around the cockpit of his beloved Thunderbird. "This is going to take me all night," he muttered to himself. "There's so much to be done after a rescue and I haven't been able to get to it properly since I've been in charge."

He tapped his stylus on his forehead. Then his face brightened. "Hey! I shouldn't have to do this alone any more. I can recruit one of our new people to help. Christopher would be the most logical choice. He'll be learning to fly this baby."

He lifted his wrist telecomm and spoke into it. "Virgil to Christopher. Come in Christopher."

Christopher was lying on his lounger, Asterix curled up on his lap. He was in the middle of a wonderful dream, when his own wrist telecomm beeped and Virgil's voice issued from it. He groaned, then raised his wrist telecomm to his mouth. "Christopher receiving you loud and clear."

"Could you come and see me in Thunderbird 2?" Virgil said, "I need your help with the maintenance list."

"F-A-B, Virgil," Christopher said. "I'm on my way now."

He stroked Asterix's head, causing the little cat to raise his head from sleep. "Mrrrrraooow?"

"As much as I love lying here with you in the sun," Christopher said as he smiled. "I have work to do."

Christopher lifted Asterix from his lap and got up, replacing the cat onto the lounger. Stretching for a moment, he headed back into the apartment to change. Asterix just sat on the lounger, gazing at him with one eye before going back to sleep.

A little while later, after a short ride in the cargo lift down to Thunderbird Two's hangar, Christopher clambered into the craft. He found Virgil in the cockpit, checking various readings on the displays.

"Afternoon, Virgil," Christopher said breezily. "What would you like me to do?"

Virgil handed Christopher another clipboard. "I'd like you to work your way down this list. Any ideas you have, write them down."

Christopher took the clipboard, nodded his thanks, then headed down into the bowels of the huge craft. Looking around, he saw the winch, which looked as good as new. "We could have used Kat in the RAF."

He started to work. He checked the equipment, getting freshly shrink-wrapped wet weather gear

from the appropriate bin in the hangar. He checked the oxygen cylinders, replacing any that were getting low. He examined all the protective suits, making sure that none had any holes. He also looked at the first aid kits, noting down any items that were near to being out of date, then replacing said items with fresh ones.

He went all over Thunderbird 2 with a fine-toothed comb. He knew the value of checking the equipment personally; you never knew when you had to use it. His parachute instructor at the RAF had always insisted that he fold his own parachute.

"If it goes wrong, then you know who is to blame," 'Old Frank' used to say. Christopher smiled to himself as he remembered the crusty old Flight Sergeant. He walked by the area containing the spare uniforms. What happens, he thought, when we are wearing our new uniforms and we need oxygen?

"How about having a small lightweight oxygen cylinder made from plastic and a rebreather built into the uniform jacket?" He started writing his idea down. "With a small disposable plastic mask"

He read his idea back and felt pleased with himself, and then he looked around. "Needs a clean."

One of the things that had stayed with him since his time in the RAF was keeping things clean and in order. Things have to be used, but they need to be kept clean. So, he went down to the equipment bay in the hangar, and found a mop and bucket. Further explorations unearthed a bottle of cleaning fluid, some cleaning cloths and some cleaning spray.

Returning to Thunderbird Two, he began cleaning. The cockpit was first, so as to keep all the germs and the dust at bay. Then with the mop and bucket, he proceeded to mop the floors. He took his time, and after around an hour of work, he stood up and looked around. Nice to keep my hand in, he thought to himself and smiled.

Post by TheWrongTrousers on 14/09/2004
