
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 18:41:55 GMT
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*****Tuesday, March 13, 2068; Thunderbird Five; 9 a.m.*****

"Oh, that was good!" John said, patting his stomach. "Kyrano's pancakes are still delicious, even if they are flash frozen for reheating." He turned to Callie. "Would you mind if I took a couple of hours in the astrodome? We're in a perfect position right now for me to get some great images of Boötes for my next book."

Callie smiled. "Not at all, John. We've both been working hard. I'll stick by the monitors in case a call comes."

He smiled at her. "Thanks, Callie. I appreciate it. I'll take a turn on my own later on so you can have some time for yourself, okay?"

"Okay. Perhaps I can get an update on the Crimson Tide basketball team. They're supposed to be in the NCAA tourney, but we were so busy with the rescue, I'm not even sure they made it past the SEC tournament."

"Ah! A basketball fan! Well, we can trade off later when the games start, too. Right now, though, I'm off to the astrodome." John gave her a wave. "Call me if there's an emergency."

Back down at Tracy Island, Tin-Tin went over her formula for the Penelon/Kevlar blend again. She frowned at it, then turned to Brains. "I got another email from Kabul today. They're not having any luck with the fabric blend. I just don't understand why! Everything works out in the chemical formula!"

"I know," Brains replied. "It looks fine to me, too." He looked over at Lena, who was hard at work trying to improve his mail program. "Hmm. I have an idea, Tin-Tin. Why don't you ask Callie for a third opinion? She's a chemical engineer."

Tin-Tin's face cleared a bit. "That's a good idea, Brains. I'll get in touch with her now. The sooner I get another opinion, the better."

She went up to the lounge, where Scott was getting ready to sit behind his father's desk. "You'd better not get too comfortable there, Scott. Your father will want that chair back soon," she chided with a smile. "I need to talk to Callie and possibly upload a file. Can I do it from here?"

Scott offered her Jeff's chair with a flourish. "Your seat awaits, milady."

Tin-Tin laughed and sat down, toggling the switch that put her in contact with Thunderbird Five. "Thunderbird Five from Base. Come in, Thunderbird Five."

At the space station, Callie heard Tin-Tin's voice. "Base from Thunderbird Five, reading you, Tin-Tin, strength five. Is anything wrong?"

"Yes and no, Callie. I have a problem that you might be able to help me solve," Tin-Tin told her. "You know that I've been working on a Penelon/Kevlar blend fabric for our new uniforms." Callie nodded, and Tin-Tin smiled widely. Her discovery still delighted her. "Well I did it!"

Callie's eyes widened, and she clapped. "Congratulations!"

"Thank you! The problem is, even though everything checked out in the chemical equations, the plant in Kabul says it's having trouble with the manufacture and names the formula as the source of the problem. I'd like you to go over the formula for me and see if you notice anything wrong with it."

"I'll see what I can do, Tin-Tin. Upload formula and I'll bring it up on the screen." After receiving the formula, she opened the file and looked at it. She looked at each component of the formula at least seven different times and shook her head. "Sorry, Tin-Tin, but I don't see anything wrong in the formula, either. I wonder if perhaps there's an error happening at the Kabul plant, but they can't see it, either?"

Tin-Tin shook her head. "That must be it, Callie. Neither you nor I nor Brains can find anything wrong with it. I guess I'll be taking a trip to Kabul after all." She sighed, then smiled at the new recruit. "Thanks for confirming it, Callie. I appreciate your effort."

"Glad I could assist, even though I really wasn't able to help as much as I hoped." Callie sighed. "How are things going on the ground? John told me yesterday about Alan's birthday."

"Things are okay so far. Mr. Tracy was at breakfast, and there are plans for a birthday party this evening at dinner," Tin-Tin told her. Scott came up behind Tin-Tin.

"Callie, would you please tell John that I found the gift he had stashed away for Alan," Scott said. "And that I'll make sure the squirt gets it."

"I'll be more than happy to tell him," said Callie with a giggle. "If I had known it was Alan's birthday while I was up here, I would've gotten him something, too."

"Don't worry about it," Scott said with a smile. "He'll have one next year, too."

"Thanks again, Callie, for looking over the formula. You have a good day up there," Tin-Tin said.

"F-A-B, Tin-Tin. Take it easy on terra firma." After the connection turned off, Callie said to herself, "I'm glad I'll be back on terra firma when Joe's birthday comes up next month."

Back in the lounge, Tin-Tin looked at Scott. "I think I need to go to Kabul. Can I file a flight plan for tomorrow? Take Ladybird and stay there a few days to iron this out?"

Scott nodded. "I don't see why not. I can run it past Dad if you like."

"Please do. I'd like to see him get back into the loop here at home," Tin-Tin said. She rose from behind Jeff's desk. "I'd better get busy packing and preparing. And let Kabul know I'm coming."

