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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sun, 22 Jul 2012 03:34:18 GMT

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The monorail glided along on the tracks, and Dominic ooh-ed and ah-ed as they passed through each of the hangars and silos. He had still been impressed at Thunderbirds One and Two, as they stood, proud and stoic in their hangars, even though he had seen them both in action already. The monorail car made its way through from the boat pen - the Tracys had an extensive fleet, it seemed - and as they entered the next silo, what Dominic saw more than took his breath away.

A gleaming red rocket rose upwards through the silo, standing on three pronged jet engines. It was a huge cylindrical ship with dark fan-like objects adorning the middle, and it tapered into a blunted point at the top. Dominic was amazed at the sheer size of the thing; he had never seen any ship as big in his life. The monorail car did a circuit of the silo, and Gordon chuckled at Dominic's blatant open-mouthed amazement.

"It's very impressive, isn't it?" He said.

Dominic could do nothing more than gape and nod dumbly. Brandon whistled through his teeth and stared up to the top of the rocket. Nikki didn't seem to be able to believe what she was seeing, either.

"Thunderbird Three is Alan and John's baby, International Rescue's rocket." Tin-Tin said as Gordon stopped the car so they could look for a little longer. "It's nearly 300 feet high and 80 feet wide down near the rockets. Vertical launch, with a launch thrust of 4.5 million pounds. It has an acceleration of 1-6Gs. We use it on space rescues and also as a link to Thunderbird Five, our space station."

Dominic's face twisted into a confused frown as he tried to digest the strange information. He pushed his black bangs from his face and adjusted his glasses.

"I have no idea what you just said, but it sounded impressive. And this rocket sure looks it! It's amazing! But, that's one thing," he said. "You will never find me in space."

Brandon quirked an eyebrow; Gordon cocked his head to the side inquisitively.

"Really?" he asked.

Dominic pointed a finger at him and shook his head again. "Not on your life, sonny-Jim. Much as I like thrills, an explosive death in space does not appeal to me."

Gordon chuckled, and Tin-Tin smiled, but Dominic suddenly realized everyone in the monorail car was staring at him. He was hit by a wave of shyness and laughed nervously. "Well, at least, that's what I think, anyway." He gave them a wobbly smile.

Tin-Tin tried to look encouraging; she knew that nervous feeling. Gordon started the monorail car once more, and they picked up speed quickly.

"Next stop, the pod bay."

Post by ArtisticRainey on 16/07/2004

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