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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:46:00 GMT

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Mid-afternoon, Friday, November 2; the Pod Storage Bay.

"So you see, Brains, we could attach a track to the ceiling of the pods. It could allow the platforms to move forward and back, as well as side to side. Even if it couldn't hold the larger equipment, we could put enough up there to clear space down here. And have more room for the field crew members to move around."

Brains and Will were standing in the entrance of one of the pods. Brains was nodding as Will spoke, and looking at the young man's sketches that were uploaded to his data padd. "You're right. I believe we have motors strong enough to move what we'd put up there safely, and quickly enough to make using the platforms feasible. Or we can order them."

He made some notes in his padd while Will waited, then said, "I think, though, that we should install them in one or two pods first, to see how they work out. Then, if they do as well as I expect, we'll get more materials and do the other pods. We may have to try something different in the pod holding Thunderbird Four, but that can wait for now."

Brains and Will exited the pod and the engineer looked up at the redhead. "Well done; it was a good idea. We need them, and I can't be the one to come up with them all the time." He grinned, and Will chuckled. Then Brains looked toward where Thunderbird Two was housed and said, "Have you seen the cockpits of any of the Thunderbirds?"

"Not yet."

"Well, now's as good a time as any. Follow me."

He took Will into Virgil's favorite craft and let him into the control area. Will's face took on a look of awe as he examined the controls in front of the pilot's seat. He whistled. "Now this is somethin'. I recognize several things, but what's that?" He pointed.

"That's the camera detector. If it senses any cameras -- still or otherwise -- in use, it signals the pilot who switches on the fogger, here." He indicated the control.

"Why doesn't it automatically do that? I think it would be a lot better. Or even automatically switch on when the craft is a certain distance from the rescue site. That way, you can be sure."

Brains looked at the mechanic approvingly. "Where were you when I was inventing this? You are coming up with some very good ideas."

Will laughed. "I was probably somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean on the McCain, workin' on the fighter jets with my crew."

"That's probably right. Tell me, what rank did you have when you left?"

"Lieutenant Commander. Why?"

"Just curious. Do you ever miss it?"

"I did, sometimes. But working here is something like being there, except for not having a crew to boss around."

As they turned to leave, Will gave one more admiring look around, then followed Brains out.

"Did you say you served aboard the McCain?" the engineer asked.

"Yes, I did. Why? Did you know someone else who served aboard her?"

"Not exactly. But I seem to remember hearing that Scott was aboard her for some exercises. Did you ever meet him?"

"No, but I did work on his jet."

"Really? What can you tell me about it?"

"Well. . ."

If anyone had been around listening at the time, the voices would have faded as the two men moved on.

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