
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:56:09 GMT
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Virgil put Thunderbird 2 on automatic pilot and helped to strap Kat into a harness attached to the winch. When he was happy that she was secure, he slowly lowered her down, down to the stricken bus. She stood beside Christopher; the air was cold and she drew the hood of her warm jacket closer over her head, pulling it down, almost covering her eyes.

Christopher pointed to a small broken window at the back of the bus.

"That's the only entry I could find that is big enough for a small adult," he told her. "I can boost you up there." He cupped his hands like a stirrup, his fingers intertwined. Kat took a breath, stepped into his hands, and found herself propelled upwards, headed for the small aperture. Squeezing and wriggling, she managed to get inside the bus. She was very careful, for the slightest movement could make the bus move precariously. She looked around her, a sea of anxious little white faces turned back to look at her.

Softly she asked, "Does anyone speak English?"

A light brown haired young man replied, "I speak English, but not good. My name is Ilya."

Kat nodded at him. Gently she said, "I am with International Rescue. My job is to find out what the situation is here on the bus."

Ilya attempted to translate this back to the frightened children and adults. One small toddler spoke in Russian and his friends giggled nervously.

Ilya turned to Kat. "They want to know if you are an angel because you came from the sky."

Kat laughed and pushed her hood down off her face. "No, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I am just an ordinary young woman."

Ilya looked at Kat, a warm expression in his eyes. "No, you are special. No one from International Rescue can be... how you say?... ordinary."

Kat looked around her. There was a man slumped against the back door. She moved carefully among the children. There were two babies, no older than six months. Four or five youngsters appeared to be under the age of seven, and the remaining children ranged from eight to fourteen. The girls were very frightened, some crying, some moaning. The boys were obviously trying to put on a brave face, but Kat could see that they were also very frightened.

Kat asked, "What injuries are the children suffering?"

Again Ilya attempted to translate, but Ilya's English was not as good as he had led Kat to believe. The children stared back at Kat, blank looks on their faces.

Okay, Kat thought, this is not going to be easy.

At that moment, Virgil contacted her. "Kay, what is happening? Are you okay?"

Kat replied. "It's not going to be easy, Vee. I have an interpreter but he is not too fluent with his English."

Virgil groaned, then he added, "Maybe Jay or Cee can help you."

"Leave it to me for the moment, Vee. I have an idea," Kat said quietly.

Kat looked at the adults. Using sign language, she indicated on herself, a sore head, sore tummy, and by making her arms floppy, broken limbs. Then she pointed to the children and adults. One of the adults seemed to realise what Kat was trying to do. She smiled and told Kat, through Ilya, that she was called Yulja. She spoke to Ilya slowly, indicating on herself certain problems and pointing to one of two of the children. Ilya glanced at Kat. In slow, halting English he told Kat that one of the young toddlers had a broken arm, one of the older boys seemed to have broken his jaw, and that the rest of the passengers were suffering cuts and bruises. Kat pointed to the man on the floor. Ilya indicated that they believed he had a concussion.

The children were all shivering and Kat could see that if they panicked there was a very real danger of the bus sliding over the edge.

"Vee?" she called.

"Hello, Kay. how's it going?"

"Tell Doc we have we have at least two broken bones and a concussion. The rest appear to just have superficial cuts and bruises."

"F-A-B, Kay," Virgil replied. "Doc reports an ETA of ten minutes. The suspension bridge is slowing them down. Christopher will be putting the magnetic mega grabs on the front of the bus to stabilize it."

"F-A-B, Vee," Kat responded. "I shall try to keep them occupied so as not to panic them."

Kat felt someone tugging her trousers. She looked down and saw a small boy, his gappy smile proclaiming his tender years. He put his arms out to her. Instinctively she picked him up. He cuddled into her and spoke to Ilya. "He says you are pretty." Ilya said.

Kat smiled at that remark. "Won't their parents be worrying about all this? I suppose they have been notified?" Kat asked Ilya.

Sadly, Ilya shook his head. "No parents," he replied.

Kat spoke to John. "Jay?" she asked, her voice sounding tearful. "What's the Russian for 'orphan'?" John told her. Kat asked Ilya if the children were orphans. He nodded.

"Kay, is everything all right?" John had noted the tremor in her voice and was concerned.

"Oh, Jay," Kat answered him, "all these children are orphans. There will be no one to hug them when they are rescued, no one to kiss them and tell them how brave they have been. It is so very sad."

John spoke again to Kat. "Kay, I am so sorry about the kids. I will relay that message back to the Doc.." He added, "Are you quite sure you are okay? Do you need any help with any more translations?"

"Yes," Kat replied, "Can you let me know how to say, 'I am going to sing some songs and I hope you will join in', in Russian. I think it is the only way to distract the children."

"Gosh! Kay, what a clever idea." He told her and made her repeat it back to him. When she did, she seemed fairly fluent. "Good luck, Kay," he remarked.

"Thanks, Jay," Kat replied.

Kat looked at the children. Turning to Ilya, she said in halting Russian, "I am going to sing a song. I hope they will join in." Ilya looked again at her with admiration in his eyes. Turning away from him to face the children and putting her fingers to her lips to indicate that they sing softly, she began.

Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky

The children all began to smile, momentarily forgetting their dangerous situation.

Above in Thunderbird 2, Virgil heard the singing over the radio. He grinned and remarked to no one in particular, "Sounds like Kat has got things under control."

Back in the bus, several of the children said something in Russian. Ilya interpreted for them. "They want more singing."

Kat sighed. What on earth can I sing? She began to go through her repertoire of nursery rhymes. Just as she was at a loss what to sing next, Virgil's came over the radio. "Kat? Doc, En and Dee are at your position."

Kat silently prayed, Thank goodness!

Post by Tawnyangel22 on 19/10/2004
