

Christopher clung onto the struts connecting the grabs to Thunderbird Two.

"CJ to Vee," he said over the combined sounds of the ship's engines and the biting wind, "move right a few degrees"

"F-A-B, CJ." Virgil's voice echoed in his ear. "Right a few degrees."

Christopher looked down; he was getting closer to the roof of the bus. The wind and the wash from the retros were buffeting things a little.

"Left a bit!" Christopher shouted, as he unbuckled his harness so he could ease himself onto the roof. Jumping down gently, he guided the grabs onto the roof.

"CJ to Vee and Bee." He smiled to himself. "Grabs are attached!"

"Thanks, CJ," Virgil said as he flicked the switches to activate the magnetic grabs.

"Thanks also, CJ." Brandon's voice issued from his communicator. Christopher looked and saw a figure waving from a recovery vehicle a little way away.

He heard some frightened whimpers from within the bus. Maneuvering himself to the back window, he looked inside.

"Nothing to worry about, we have attached magnetic grabs so we can lift the bus to safety." Christopher grinned, the grin drooping when he didn't get a response from those nearest him. He saw that Kat was helping to move the passengers away from the back door and didn't see or hear him over the noise of Thunderbird Two's engines.

"CJ to Thunderbird Five." He sat up on the roof again. "Come in Cee, I need your help."

"Go ahead, CJ," Callie answered.

Christopher repeated what he wanted to say to the passengers. "I'm afraid I only know a few words of Russian. Da, Nyet, and Russian for 'Can I have a Vodka, please?'."

Callie stifled a laugh, then gave him the translation.

"Thanks for that," Christopher said gratefully, as he leant back down to the window and repeated Callie's words to the scared group in the bus.

Then after looking up at Thunderbird Two, he slid off the bus.

"CJ to Vee and Bee," he said, "they are ready to go!"

