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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:08:23 GMT

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Thursday, November 8, 10:30 AM

Work was progressing on Thunderbird Seven's cab, and Will thought the light at the end of the tunnel could be seen. He'd worked on it with some of the others for a few hours, then took a power nap when they went to get some parts out of storage. He was still beat; the previous day had been a long one.

When he woke, the others hadn't returned yet. He moved toward Seven, then turned when he heard a sound, to see a bleary eyed Luke walking toward him. "Man, you look as tired as I feel, Morel. Are you okay?"

"Will, next time you're extra tired, close your doors and windows before you hit the sack, okay? You even kept Rom awake."

"Was that you, Abbott?" They turned to see Gordon walking in, followed by Scott. They both had the parts they'd gone for. "I thought someone was using power tools over at Cliff House and couldn't figure out why."

"Right, Gordon. As if anything short of a clap of thunder inside your room could wake you." He turned back to Luke. "Sorry about that. It was so busy yesterday, I didn't get my usual power naps."

"Okay. Since I'm heading home for a vacation tomorrow, I need some sleep. And so does Rom."

"You're leaving tomorrow? That sure came up fast. I guess I've been so busy, I forgot when you were going," Will replied.

He moved toward the other redhead, and took a couple of items from him. "And for your information, I don't snore that loud under any circumstances."

"Don't be too sure about that," said Scott, as he handed a box to Luke. "I've heard you sawing logs down here a couple of times. I even felt the vibrations."

"Yeah, sure you did," Will replied sarcastically. "Hey, I never had anyone complain when I was in the Navy. And I got tired plenty of times there, too."

"That's because all the Navy boys snore loud. I remember when I was on the McCain for a couple of weeks during a combined services training exercise. The pilots found it very hard to get a good night's sleep. We finally figured that it wasn't the ship's engines that made the most noise." Scott grinned.

As if they could hear us over the sound of their own snoring, Will thought to himself. He turned once again to Luke, winked, and said, "We Navy men say that the main difference between a fighter pilot and his jet was that the jet quit whining when the engines were shut down." He then

glanced at Gordon, who had let out a guffaw. Finally he looked at Scott.

"Well, you don't want to hear what we fighter pilots said about you sailors."

"I think I just did," Will responded with a grin. "But we'd better get back to work. The sooner we get this thing back in service completely, the better."

The four of them headed back over to the medical vehicle.

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