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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:15:38 GMT

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Monday, November 12, 10:00 a.m., Tracy Island

"Damn!" Dianne slammed her fists down on the console before her.

Virgil poked his head into the simulator, which had been set up with the new Thunderbird Seven controls. "That didn't go well, did it?"

Dianne shook her head, scowling. "No, it did not. The controls are so touchy! I move my hand the least little bit -- or have it moved for me..." Her scowl deepened at she looked at her stepson.

"...and Seven is just jerked away from where I want it to go."

"You have to learn to work with these controls under any circumstances," Virgil cautioned. "That means in high winds, on bumpy terrain... you know that most rescues are under the worst conditions possible."

Dianne held his gaze for a few moments, then snorted. She released her straps and stood up to stretch. "I need a break."

Virgil stepped out of her way. "Not too long. Ten minutes."

She nodded. "I'll be back soon."

Leaving the simulator, she caught the waiting monorail car and rode it down to the lab. The lights on the side of the doors were green, so she let herself in.

"Hello, Dianne," Brains said, looking up from the electronic drawing table. "What brings you here?"

"Taking a break from training." Dianne sighed. She moved over to the window that overlooked the repair bay and folded her arms.

Brains went back to what he was doing, adding some dimensions to the plans of the long-overdue Thunderbird Eight. He looked up again when she said quietly, "They're painting her."

He smiled, and joined her at the window. "Yes. They're on the first coat of white. Three coats, the decals, lights and sealer, then we calibrate all the systems inside. I estimate it should be done by the end of the week."

Dianne shot him a look. "So soon?"

He nodded wordlessly, and she let out a deep sigh. "Well, then, I have a lot more work to do in the simulator." Running a hand through her hair, she gave him a small smile. "I'd better get back to it."

"Good idea."

Going back to his drawing table, he nevertheless watched from the corner of his eye when she left. When she was gone, he turned his attention back to his task.

Dianne took the monorail car back to the simulator, where Virgil waited. He glanced pointedly at his watch.

"Sorry if I'm late," she said as she stepped back into the cockpit and began fastening herself in again. "Did you know that they've started painting her?"

"Yes. I'm supposed to help out after the simulator sessions are over." He prepared to enter the programming and viewing booth. "Are you ready?"

Dianne nodded. "Yeah, I guess so. Let's try it again." She paused as she grasped the padded, rubberized handles. "Whose bright idea was this joystick business anyway?"

"I believe it was Dad's." Virgil's voice came over the intercom.

She huffed, and smiled slightly, a wry expression, muttering under her breath. "Well, Mr. Tracy, this had better work, or you'll be sleeping on the couch tonight."

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