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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:43:10 GMT

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Will was restless.

Once he'd finished helping the others load the pod, he sped up to his apartment to watch Thunderbird Two launch. He'd only gotten to see it once since he arrived on the island, and it fascinated him. He wanted to see it again. But once it was out of sight, he didn't know what to do with himself. He paced his apartment, thinking.

I wish I could talk to someone about how I feel. I wish I was with them; Brains did say I probably would occasionally have to go on rescues. But that's not what I came here to do. I'm part of the support team. Still...

He mentally went through the names of people he felt comfortable with. Most of them are en route to Iceland. Mr. Tracy is otherwise occupied; I can't interrupt him. And Luke... He shook his head. I sure hope he's going to recover completely and return someday.

He decided to head down to the repair bay. He knew that there would probably be plenty of work to do once the rescue team returned. He wanted to be sure he'd have everything ready to get started as soon as they did.

But once he arrived in the bay, he realized that there was nothing he could do to prepare; everything was in place, ready to be used. He sighed. "Damn! I need something to do; I can't just sit around, waiting."

Once again, he started pacing. Finally he remembered that after being called back from heading to the boat pen, he hadn't returned there, once he and the others had heard the news about Luke. He stopped, thinking. I can check out Gordon's new catamaran and maybe give one of the smaller craft a once-over.

Then, having made his decision, he checked to make sure he had his wristcomm on, and headed out.

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