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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:43:56 GMT

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Onboard Thunderbird 5 . . .

"There we go," John said out loud as he was finally able to bring up a recent aerial shot of the ski resort. The picture was still a little over a year old, but it was the most recent shot he had located. A chat with Mr. Andresson will tell me if there has been any recent renovations.

"International Rescue to Bláfjöll Ski Resort."

John waited a few moments for a reply. When one didn't come, he tried the resort again.

"International Rescue this is Bláfjöll Ski Resort," the manager replied finally. "Please don't tell me your organization isn't coming after all." The desperation in the man's voice was evident.

"Relax. Our ships are both en route," John assured the man. "Is everything okay down there? It took awhile for you to respond."

"The situation is about the same here at the lodge. My staff is trying to keep our guests calm. I was talking to the ski patrol supervisor. We were exchanging information."

Ski patrol. He didn't mention them before. Wonder if they were in his original count? Only one way to find out.

"Were the members of the ski patrol in the original count of people at the resort you gave me?" John asked.

John listened to the manager's answer making notes. After a few more questions, John had a better idea of what Scott and the others were heading into. He was also able to determine that no new structures had been added to the resort in the past two years, so the picture he had found would give them an accurate layout of the resort. Ending his conversation with the resort manager, the space monitor's next task was to update his elder brother of the situation at the resort.

"Thunderbird One from Thunderbird Five."

"Thunderbird One here."

"I was able to locate an aerial shot of the resort. You'll have a layout of the grounds when you get there."

"That's good to know," Scott replied, even though he knew that pinpointing things underneath the snow wasn't going to be easy even with the map.

"I've also have an updated headcount for the resort. The manager hadn't included his lift operators or ski patrol in his original count of the number of staff on hand. Seems they only had five lifts

running at the time. The ski patrol supervisor reports that the two main lift operators are not responding. Chances are they were buried in the avalanche, too. One of the missing guests is reported to be at one of the unaffected lift stations. That leaves four guests unaccounted for. Along with the two lift operators, two ski patrol members are MIA. With the two missing staff members from the lodge, that leaves six staff unaccounted for and four guests. The ski patrol is beginning a search of the slopes for people who were caught up in the avalanche."

"Copy that, Thunderbird Five," Scott replied. It was a relief to know that a search had been started. Chances were that IR would not be able to reach the area in time to help possible survivors on the slopes. Time was limited for anyone who had been caught up in the avalanche itself. "Where is the ski patrol supervisor located?"

"Ski patrol headquarters is located in the lift station at the bottom of the run off to the east of the lodge. They are unaffected by the avalanche."

"Can you try to patch me through to them?" Scott asked, wanting to talk to the supervisor himself.

"Stand by, and I'll give it a try," John replied. He closed the connection with his brother and contacted the ski resort once again.

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