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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:44:13 GMT

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9.35pm local time...

Scott's brow furrowed as his eyes roved over the scans of the ski resort area. He quickly identified the best places to land the Thunderbird craft and relayed the appropriate co-ordinates to Virgil in Thunderbird Two. He then turned his deft hands to the controls and brought his own craft in to land. The great silver rocket landed gently on the snow, its landing jets causing some of it to melt instantly and flow off down the small incline. Hmm. I hope we don't cause too much more of that, he thought. We don't want to start a flood as well.

He called up the aerial shot once more and made a few quick calculations of distance in his head. All right, he thought. As soon as Virgil and the crew arrive we'll get straight to action. I know he'll fly as fast as possible, but I wish he could get here sooner...

Scott unbuckled himself from the pilot's chair and collected his few belongings before heading quickly to the hatch and out into the snowy weather to liaise further with the staff.

xxxx

11.17pm local time...

"Mobile Control from Thunderbird Two."

"Mobile Control here. What's the story, Thunderbird Two?"

"ETA two and one half minutes," Virgil said as he brought the huge green craft around on final approach. "Will land at the co-ordinates and immediately deploy equipment."

"Is everyone clear on their assignments?"

"Briefed and double briefed, Mobile Control," Virgil replied, before adding, "and raring to go."

"FAB. Get those lights up ASAP. We can't see a damn thing here. And be careful with your VTOLs. Turn them off as soon as you can; we don't want to melt too much snow or start another avalanche."

"FAB. Thunderbird Two out."

Virgil glanced at the radar screen and nodded as the great craft reached the landing co-ordinates. He looked over his shoulder briefly.

"I'm going to shut the jets when we're about half a meter above ground, so there might be a slight bump."

"Nothing different than usual, then," Gordon said, winking at Alan.

"I'll throw you out at about ten meters if you aren't careful," Virgil joked.

The laughter in the cabin broke the rising tension, and the crew braced themselves for the impact.

"Cutting engines," Virgil said.

Several hands gripped tighter on the seats as Thunderbird Two dropped the last half a meter. They shook slightly at the force, but it was forgotten in an instant as the crew unbuckled themselves and waited for the go-ahead. Virgil stood up and clapped his hands.

"All right people, first we get the flood lights up and then we get to work rescuing the trapped. Doc, Angel and Tynan, go straight down to Thunderbird Seven and get ready there. The rest of us will get the lights."

"FAB," Dianne said, and immediately she and her crew departed for the pod.

"Okay, let's get to it," Gordon said, and led the way to the equipment.

It wasn't long before the dark Iceland night was illuminated by the brightness of International Rescue's presence, and the hard work could begin.