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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:46:28 GMT

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"We have everything ready? Dom? Nikki?" Dianne asked.

"We're nearing the first set of coordinates," Nikki responded from her place in the control cabin.

"I've got my snow gear on." Dom gave Dianne a quizzical look. "First day jitters, Doc?"

Dianne chuckled and smiled. "I guess you could say that." She glanced around the cabin -- so familiar, yet somehow, new as well. "It feels good to be really back in the saddle."

"It does at that, Doc. It does at that," Dom said, a grin lighting up his face.

"We've reached the first coordinates, and I'm told we have a live one," Nikki said, her voice coming from the control cabin. "I'm keying on the outside lights."

"Keep us afloat and steady, Angel. We'll be back in a flash." Dianne pressed a button and half of the double doors slid aside. Dom jumped out into the night, making the shielding that kept heat inside the treatment cabin flare with a blue shimmer. The wide base of his snow boots kept him from falling more than six inches into the snow. He turned and reached up for the antigravity stretcher. Dianne handed it through the field, settled her medical pack more comfortably on her shoulders, and took the plunge.

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"Van Gogh to Mobile Control." Virgil checked the controls on his hover bike, and threw a grin at Elise, who was pulling hers to the pod's entrance.

"Mobile Control here, Van Gogh. What's your status?"

Virgil adjusted his earpiece, fitting it more snugly in place and covering it with the thin, insulated flap of his winter hat. "We're ready to set out. Do you have coordinates for us?"

"Here are the coordinates of one of the victims. The Ski Patrol is heading there now, but they could use your help."

"F-A-B. We're on our way. Van Gogh, out."

"Virgil?" Now it was Elise's voice that rang in his ear. "I'm having a little trouble adjusting my visor to night vision..."

He waved her up to his side, and he gently took the visor from her face. The snow was still swirling down, and in the lights of Thunderbird Two's underbelly, he watched a few flakes attach themselves to her eyelashes. It held him mesmerized for a moment, until Elise reached out a hand and, her tone concerned, said, "Virgil? Are you all right?"

He cleared his throat. "Yeah. I'm fine. Let me see here..." He fiddled with the adjustment buttons, peering through the visor to see the telltales that indicated which setting it was on. When the appropriate tiny blue light came on, he smiled and handed them back. "Is this okay?"

She slid them on over her eyes, reconnecting them to the earpiece. "Perfect. Thanks."

"You're welcome. Let's go."

They started off across the snow, pacing each other as they headed up the slope toward their destination. He glanced at the pack strapped behind her. "You have the thermic lances?"

"Yes, though I've never used them before."

"Hm. Training on some of our smaller devices might be in order after this." He looked thoughtful for a moment, then said, "You've use the thermal imager before. Why don't you use that, while I use the lances?"

"Sounds good."

Virgil nodded, then turned his attention to the snowy slopes ahead. They passed Thunderbird Seven, where Dom and Dianne where lifting their patient into the treatment cabin. And while one part of his mind was concerned with what they would do when they arrived at their destination, another, quiet part was storing up the image of the snow-brushed lashes and the green eyes they shaded for a later, more suitable time.

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