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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:48:58 GMT

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"Hey, Grandma?"

"Yes, Alex?"

"Where did they go this time?"

Vince looked up the steps to where Emily Tracy was herding the youngest children into a side room. It suddenly struck him that these children weren't questioning whether or not their siblings (and parent, since Dr. Tracy had gone) were on a rescue; they just took it in stride. Would Lea? he asked himself. Not for the first time he thought about how different his children's early years had been. He and Lana had gotten married when Aaron was about Lea's age. Before that, he had only seen his son when his career had allowed him to. He wasn't even sure Lea really even remembered her father being in the military.

"They're in Iceland right now, Alex."

"Is it snowing there?" Tyler wanted to know.

"Yes, I believe it is. Why don't we check the weather stations...?" The conversation was cut off by a door sliding shut.

Vince turned to Tin-Tin. "How do they deal with all this?"

Tin-Tin paused on the step. "The children? It depends."

"Depends on what?"

A thoughtful frown creased her brow as she searched for what to say. "Well... it can be very stressful. There have been times during this past year where they've nearly lost one of their parents, and then there was the recent tsunami..."

He started. "That tsunami hit here, too?"

"Yes, it did, but we were lucky. It wasn't as bad as it was elsewhere." Tin-Tin resumed climbing the steps and Vince followed her. "As I said, it can be stressful on the children. I think Tyler in particular has been affected by all the rescues and the touch-and-go situations with his parents. We try hard to make things as normal as possible for them, but it's not easy. That's why we have Mrs. Hanson."

"Mrs. Hanson?" Vince remembered being introduced to the middle-aged lady who had lunched with them. She had been talking a lot to the children, he recalled.

"Yes. She's our counselor. She comes out one day a week to see and talk to whomever needs her services." Tin-Tin pressed a button to open the door to the study. "This life isn't difficult on just

the children, but also on the adults, as well."

Vince hesitated inside the study door. "I have another question," he said quietly, "and I'd rather ask it here so I don't disturb Mr. Tracy. Do the children have the opportunity to socialize with others of their own age?"

Tin-Tin stopped, looking thoughtful. "Well, Tyler and Alex have had each other to play with, but recently Cherie has been taking weekly art classes in Christchurch. It's a half-hour flight from here. She seems to be enjoying herself, and I understand she's made some new friends." She smiled a little. "I think I'm next on the roster to take her to class. I'll get in some shopping while she's there."

"But the boys... they don't go off-island for classes or social activities?"

"Not at the moment." She hesitated. "You might want to ask Mr. Tracy during a break in the rescue, or after it's over; he'd know if they have any plans for the boys along those lines."

Vince nodded slowly. "I'll ask when things settle down. Thank you."

They passed through the study and back into the lounge. Jeff looked up briefly and smiled, a tight expression. Vince noticed the tray of half-eaten food on the desk.

"How is it going?" Tin-Tin asked, as she sat down on the sofa again.

"As well as can be expected," Jeff said. "They're cutting into the lodge from the back with oxyhydrite cutters, and Brains has just cleared the front doors with the Laser Truck. Miraculously, they've found some survivors on the slopes. I guess the skiers were well-prepared with breathing gear and location beepers."

"That is a miracle," Tin-Tin said, nodding. "Most skiers wouldn't think of being prepared for avalanches."

"I would guess that the unusual amount of powder they had prompted some extra caution."

Jeff turned back to the portraits, and once again, Vince found himself feeling a little superfluous.

"Base from Thunderbird Five." John appeared in his portrait, a data pad in hand. "I've picked up some comm signals from the World Government agents. They're on their way out of Reykjavik; ETA to Bláfjöll, 15 minutes."

"Any news on whether or not they're going to impede our progress?" Jeff asked, his eyes narrowing.

"None, Dad. They're keeping comm contact to a minimum for the time being. I'll stay on it, though."

"F-A-B, John. Keep me posted. Base out."

Vince cleared his throat, and Jeff turned his attention to his potential team member. "Yes, Vince?"

"Excuse me for asking, but I'm very curious. What exactly does 'F-A-B' stand for?"

Jeff and Tin-Tin exchanged amused glances. "Well, Vince," Jeff began. "It's like this..."

questions, with help from Icarus1982 on Vince's dialog

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