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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:52:17 GMT

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Dominic pulled off one of his gloves and stretched his fingers out, working away mild stiffness and feeling cool air circulate around his digits. He glanced around the now-empty bays in Thunderbird Seven. There were small blood spatters in places, and used swabs and bandages on the floor, but overall there wasn't too much damage. Dom rubbed his face and dropped his chin to his chest. He sighed.

"Tired, Dom?"

Dianne came up to Dominic's side and placed a hand on his shoulder. Dominic opened his mouth, but closed it again. A lump had formed in his throat.

"It's just..."

Dianne patted his shoulder and squeezed.

"We'll talk when we get back."

Dom tried to say something more, but dropped his head again. His heart...hurt.

"C'mon," Dianne said, and headed for the cockpit.

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"Calling International Rescue!"

John's head snapped around to the control panel.

"Uh oh," he said.

"Calling International Rescue!"

"International Rescue here, receiving you strength five."

"International Rescue! Thank God! We need your help!"

John pushed his earbud a little further into his hear and frowned. This isn't good. The crew will already be tired...

"Who am I speaking to?" he asked.

"This is Viktorya Tarasov from the Mirny zinc mine! There has been an earthquake in our vicinity that has affected our ventilation and transport, and there are men trapped! We need your help!"

John's brow furrowed and he reached for the comm. panel. Thunderbirds are go...again!

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