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Ned Cook here, my little plumeria blossoms. Writing this note to you all is going to be difficult, because the only instruments I possess are crude beyond belief...a #2 pencil and the notepad I always carry in my pocket. But I shall do my best.

Where am I? Not anywhere I should be. Not at the beach at Waikiki, working on my tan. Not taking surf lessons on the North Shore. Not ziplining at Kualoa Ranch.

I don't even know if I'm in Hawaii anymore.

What happened to me? I'm not sure. I'd had a busy morning – first I had to go over my Christmas shopping list with my new personal shopper, Dwayne, and while he was out at the Ala Moana Center working his magic, Leilani from the Hilton spa was in my office working hers with coconut oil on my poor sunburned shoulders.

After she left, I opened up the latest batch of pages from my ghostwriter (remind me to tell you what an absolute FORTUNE you can make publishing romance novels on Kindle these days!) and settled down at my desk to make notes.

I was humming "It's a Small World" to myself, as I often do, and thinking about sending Pakalaki out for caramel macchiatos, when my exquisitely sensitive nostrils (a well-known psychic told me once that I had spent a lifetime as a famous "nose" for the perfume industry!) detected something that smelled like heaven. Or possibly I was just hungry.

In any case, there was a knock at the office door and Pakalaki opened it to reveal a tall, broad-shouldered man with a yuuuuuuuge box of macadamia nut chocolates. I may have noticed briefly that there was something funny about his eyes, but when he opened the box, I was intent only on those delicious dark mounds of chocolatey goodness.

And then something hit me. I think it may have been my desk. That would explain the yuuuuuuuge egg-shaped bump on the back of my head.

Ow.

When I woke up, I wasted fifteen minutes calling out to Pakalaki to bring me a bottle of chilled Evian and some aspirin. When he didn't come, I decided I'd better try to lift my face off the floor by myself.

As I made it to my knees, I noticed that there was a strange swaying motion to the floor, almost like riding a surfboard in the swells. Before I could divine a reason, the door opened, and there he was. The tall stranger, only this time, cruelly, there were no Aloha Macs. "Who are you?" I quavered, as bravely as I could. "Where have you taken me?"

He ignored me. "Ned Cook," he intoned, in a voice like Yul Brynner being dragged over gravel, "I have you in my power at last!"

Oh, heavens, had I spurned this poor man on Match.com? It isn't just the ladies who find me irresistible.

"I'm really sorry," I said, with all the sincerity I could muster. "I know I'm a terrible flirt, but I honestly didn't mean to –"

Mr. Personality, though, didn't seem to have romance on his mind. "Shut up! You will speak only when I tell you to."

Ooookay, then. He didn't have to tell me twice.

"We are going to play a little game," he said. "I am going to ask you questions and you are going to give me the answers."

"Oh!" I said, feeling my mood brighten. "That sounds like fun. I love **Who Wants to be a Millionaire!**"

"Good," he growled. "The first question is, 'where is International Rescue's secret base?'"

Ulp. I stared at him blankly. "I don't know."

"Come now, Mister Cook. I have seen you with the men from International Rescue. I know you know them well." He leaned closer. "Where is their secret base?"

"Um," I said, "What happens if I really don't know the answer?"

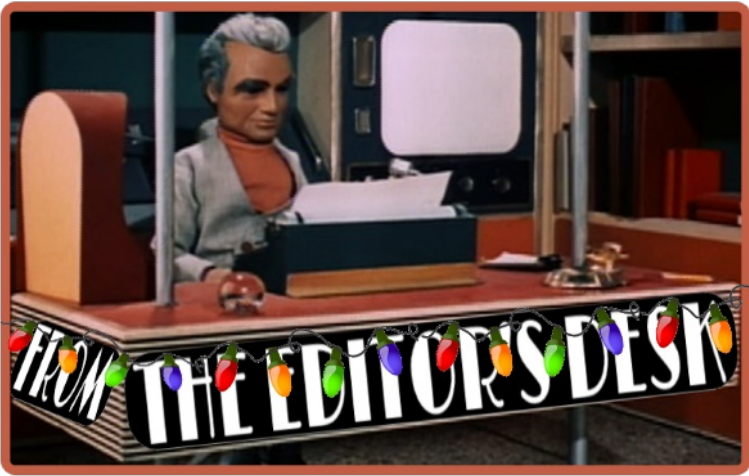
He laughed, although I honestly didn't find the sound funny, and neither did he from the look in his eyes. "Then I slit your throat and throw you to the sharks."

I was in yuuuuuuuge trouble. "I think," I said, "I'd like to phone a friend."

[Ed Note: Uh-oh, folks...this is obviously a To Be Continued... Eeeep!]

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Mele Kalikimaka, as Bing Crosby sang, and welcome to the Christmas 2016 issue of the NTBS Newsflash!

Excuse me while I finish hanging tinsel on the palm tree... Well, that was the original plan, anyway, but I can't actually reach the branches, even with that grabby thing on the long pole I ordered on the Internet. And I'm not allowed on big ladders while drinking Lil's eggnog (except in the arms of a handsome fireman!). So we have a quite normal looking tree instead, as you can see, although it's rather elegant...

Believe it or not, as I write this there are people outside already warming up their fireworks skills...they really love fireworks in Hawaii! It's never too soon to figure out their game for New Year's Eve, after all... Despite the occasional sudden loud

noises, though, Hawaii continues to be the most wonderful destination ever, although it's taken us a year to recover from the giant move itself!

After the bumper **Thunderbirds** 50th Anniversary double issue in August, the gathering and assembly of which was akin to slaying a herd of large, fire-breathing dragons, we've kept it simple for Christmas. We have a handful of headliners, of course. We've tempted episode guide maven Pennyspy out of retirement to give us the rundown on the three new original series episodes filmed last year by the **Thunderbirds 1965** crew, and we bring you the first of the three in this issue, "The Abominable Snowman." (Chosen because, snow!) Everybody's favorite British aristocrat interviews first time Tracy Island Chronicles inductee "Madilayn" in Conversations with Lady Penelope. And Co-Editor Christine (otherwise known as TB's LMC), brings us her review of the James Bond movie **The Spy Who Loved Me**, heavily slanted of course towards the co-starring turn of Scott Tracy himself, Shane Rimmer.

Speaking of Shane, he's also the latest inductee to Christine's Voice Actor Archive on TICipedia, as you'll see in this issue. We also catch you up on what's new on the Tracy Island Chronicles and treat you to a featured story selected from the most recent list of invitees, "Seeing Red" by "Tiylaya." Pen Turner brings you the next in her series on **Thunderbirds** in Print with a review of John Theydon's **Lost World**. And in case you are too stuffed with turkey to move and there's nothing on television but **The Dambusters**, it's Pen to the rescue again with two fun **Thunderbirds** quizzes!

Pen also announces the completion of a project that will make the lives of all Newsflash staff and readers much easier...and to accomplish it, she had to dig into Ned's issues. No, I'm not going to clarify that. You'll just have to read all about it for yourself!

We challenge your creativity (and hope to make you laugh!) with LOLBirds, and while you're in the mood, we treat you to another first for the Newsflash, "Ask Grandma!" Our regular "agony aunt," John, has met with a little actual agony of his own thanks to (we hear) some malfunctioning equipment (no, not that kind!), and while he recovers, Grandma Tracy has generously offered to take over. Given that she's probably banked quite a supply of advice while raising a son and five grandsons, it might be a bit of an effort for him to wrest those

letters back from her when he's feeling better...

You actually might want to save all this comedy for after you tackle Part Deux of my "Semicolons from Hell" series in Poolside Pointers, unless you're particularly feeling the need for self-flagellation. I promise there isn't a quiz later.

And of course it wouldn't be an NTBS Newsflash without going through yet another crisis with the most misfortune-prone star reporter ever, Ned Cook himself.

Most importantly of all, this holiday season, I'd like to take the opportunity to shower thankyou's onto the team who do this with me – without which this Newsflash would not have survived to be eight years old and celebrating issue number 41 (in its current form)!

First and foremost in that short list is my co-editor and MVP, Christine, who originally conceived the idea of the Newsflash way back when, and put together the first few issues in the original format (which were lost, sadly, to a computer crash somewhere along the way). Now we're on what we call "Newsflash 3.0," and she's come full circle and resumed her original job as our layout artist. That means she is the heroic person who stitches together all our diverse content, comes up with awesome graphics and makes every issue so great to look at.

We are helped so much every step of the way by Pen Turner and "mcj," who are both always there when we need them and contribute greatly to the entire process (you've all seen Pen's articles, reviews and quizzes, but for those who don't know, mcj is the power behind the pink throne with Conversations with Lady Penelope, as well as the scribe who gives us the teasers for the "New on TIC" section). And lastly but definitely not leastly (is that a word?) we've relied on Ramona Simmons ever since we moved to the 3.0 format in 2014 to be the secret voice of Dear John (and his two Christmas substitutes, Miss Edna and Grandma).

I owe an unbelievable amount to these four wonderful people. I am not exaggerating in the slightest when I tell you I could not do this without them!

But most of all I'd like to raise a glass to you, our readers, for sticking with us through the years and providing the inspiration to keep putting these issues together and sending them out for your enjoyment. We suspect that there will always be something happening in the world of **Thunderbirds** for us to cover (after all, is it me, or did the Hood win the US presidential election? I can't wait until he takes off his mask!) One thing you can count on, whenever you see the Boys in Blue, we won't be far away.

Here's to even bigger and better things for all of us in 2017!

A hui hou (Until we meet again),

Editor-in-Chief

Jaimi Sorrell

Christmas 2016





As 2016 draws to a close, I have mixed emotions about it. On the one hand: **new episodes of original series Thunderbirds!!!** Thanks to **Thunderbirds 1965** there was a lot of excitement on that front for me. On a personal note, I also had a stellar year physically, culminating in a total weight loss of 150 pounds and getting so fit and healthy that I'm slated to run a 10k in March of 2017. There have been other triumphs for me as well, but this is not the platform to be talking about those things. This is about **Thunderbirds** and so I shall keep it as close to that mark as I can!

In the States, a bunch of strange things happened in 2016 (as I'm sure everyone in the world is aware) which are a real bummer to many Americans, myself included. But I kid you not, I always look back to **Thunderbirds** – or more specifically to the characters therein whom I love so very much – for inspiration and guidance, no matter how sticky things seem to be. I thought it might be cool to share with you what I get from each of the characters...who among them I go to for which types of help or inspiration. And hey, you're welcome to join me. From what I understand, the Tracys and their friends make time for those in need.

Grandma:

She's not really all that character-developed, unfortunately, but there's one thing I can say of her with certainty and that is that she is the matriarch of the most selfless, giving, philanthropic family I have ever heard of. So whether my family consists of blood (my two children) or my 'ohana (those I choose to make my family who aren't related by blood) I strive to be the example I know Grandma must have been to both Jeff and her grandsons in order to inspire and raise them to be the honest, integrity-driven and giving souls they are as adults. I can only hope to inspire those I love to be the same kinds of people, and so I look to Grandma whenever I need to be reminded to lead by example.

Jeff Tracy:

Leadership. Integrity. Inner strength (having to raise five sons after losing his wife). Being a genuine, loving, caring human being. After all, the man sends his most treasured, beloved creations – his five sons – out to risk life and limb in the hopes of saving complete strangers. If you want a shining example of giving without expectation of receiving anything in return, you need look no further than Jeff and that's precisely what I do.

Scott Tracy:

Decisiveness. Action. Selflessness. If I get selfish or stuck trying to figure out what to do when multiple options present themselves, or if I don't want to do the thing I need to do, I look to Scott for inspiration. He loves his brothers, loves complete strangers and is always ready to swing into action the moment someone else needs help. He sees

something needs to be done and does it. Period. Everyone could learn an awful lot from this man.

Virgil Tracy:

Calm. Even-tempered. Collected. Precise. Let it go (and not like Elsa in **Frozen**). If a situation is causing me angst on any level, I look to Virgil's centeredness for my example of remaining composed and levelheaded no matter what's exploding around me. Be laid back, even in the most trying circumstances, is what he exudes. Yes, Virgil is definitely the soothing balm for my soul when I'm winding myself up tighter than a new snare drum!

John Tracy:

Though he is probably the least character-developed of any of the Tracys, I have always picked up one thing loud and clear from him. Whether it's while he's on **Thunderbird Five** out of sight (thanks to Gerry Anderson's dislike of the character), whether he's on Tracy Island or whether he's out on the one rescue we got to see him go on, my takeaway is this: he is comfortable with who he is and confident in what he's doing at all times. If I start doubting my abilities, whether I'm in the right place, whether I'm really the expert on whatever I think I am, I look to John and relax into my true self just like I feel he does.

Gordon Tracy:

I think this one's pretty obvious because in a family of flyboys (whether in Earth's skies or out in the vacuum of space), Gordon marches to the beat of a different drummer as an aquanaut and lover of all things water, including swimming for Olympic gold. I am indeed the odd duck in my family and always have been, but Gordon's cheerful, easygoing "I am who I am and love being who I am" nature is inspirational all the time. It's okay to be different, is what he tells us. After all, he's still helping to save lives and still loved by his family even though he doesn't do or like all of the same things as the rest of them. Kudos to you, Gordon, and thank you for showing us that standing out from the crowd is not a bad thing!

Alan Tracy:

This one is fearlessness, plain and simple. Now, I don't mean taking stupid chances with your life, of course not. But when there is a job to be done, Alan jumps in whole-body to do it with barely a thought outside of, "That person needs my help!" I have always referred to that as 'jumping off the cliff' because I do the same thing quite frequently, always trusting the Universe to provide the invisible net or bridge right when I need it. But on those occasions when I become hesitant or get cold feet about whatever plunge I'm contemplating, I look to Alan and his bravery for my inspiration.

Kyrano:

Yet another character without a whole lot of development, but there's one thing about him I think everyone will agree with, regardless whether you buy into all the stuff I have personally written about him in fan fiction: Kyrano is kind, quiet and of service to others. I'm not talking about the "houseboy" caricatured portrayal we saw on the series. I always got the feeling that Kyrano genuinely wants to be of service to those he loves (not because he 'has to') and by extension to the same people the rest of International Rescue tries to help. He just does it in an unassuming way. He's not piloting a Thunderbird craft. He's not crawling around burning rubble or trying to stop buildings from collapsing onto people. But he's there taking care of the family he loves behind the scenes, which gives them what they need to keep doing

what they do. So when I get a little selfish or self-centered, I turn my attention to Kyrano and remind myself that only good can come from emulating him more in my daily life.

Tin-Tin:

She's lovely. She's exotic. She's intelligent. During the time period **Thunderbirds** was made she was also unusual in that she was not a white person (sorry, but I'm just being honest...things have changed a lot since that era of television!). Though the Andersons also thrust Tin-Tin into a stereotypical role quite often via things like 'taking dictation' for Jeff or being called 'honey' by a man who not only wasn't her beau but also wasn't even related to her (Virgil), I don't hold them responsible because that's how women's roles were viewed back then. Let's face it, Sylvia Anderson – as an accomplished female television producer and writer – was way ahead of the curve in terms of what women were expected to do in the 1960s! But the two things I look to Tin-Tin for are: she is proof that the combination of beauty and brains is possible, and she has an unbelievable inner strength from surviving a childhood where her and her father's lives were constantly in danger from her half-uncle. If things get tough I just remind myself that Tin-Tin survived hell and came out of it to devote her life to saving others, risking her own neck just like the Tracys (as we see her do in 'Sun Probe') and manages to be fashionable, lovely and sweet on top of all that!

Lady Penelope:

I have less in common with this British Lady than the Tracy family, simply because I am American Midwesterner (like the Tracys!) and not part of any sort of aristocratic class. But the thing about Penny I think all girls back during the show's initial run saw, and that I still turn to today for inspiration, is she teaches us to never judge a book by its cover. Meaning, in my interpretation, to not think that a person's appearance is all there is to know about them, because if you assume that with Penny it'll be to your cost! I will be honest and say that the tendency to judge others has been a lifelong struggle for me to overcome, but these days I often think of Lady Penelope when I find myself inclined to do that with a fellow human being. I'm certain that if I were to meet up with her and think she is just some pink-inclined, airheaded, gorgeous-but-dumb blonde, I could find myself dead on the pavement! Not that I think everyone I meet is a secret agent who might kill me – but the point is that 'er Ladyship inspires me to NOT judge other peoples' lives, personalities or motives by what you see on the outside.

Parker:

No, I have nothing at all in common with Aloysius 'Nosey' Parker. However, there's one huge thing he teaches me and that's loyalty. Penny took a common crook and put his talents to good use because she, too, didn't judge the book by its cover...and as a result, Parker is now her most loyal companion, helper and often, savior. Did Penny know when she recruited this thief that he might one day save her life? Not unless she was psychic, too! But what Parker has shown me is the quality of allegiance to those who treat me well and love me. So when I feel like pushing loved ones away because I "want my own space" or just am feeling too crowded in my world, I look to Parker and see that dependability means an awful lot, especially to those who have helped you already.

The Hood:

Yes, I even look to him sometimes for help or inspiration, and not in the way you



might think! Of course he's a good example of what NOT to do – you know, all the bad guy stuff like triggering a nuclear meltdown, holding people at gunpoint, trying to abscond with International Rescue's secrets. But what I get from Baldy, as I not-so-affectionately refer to him, is persistence. Good God, that man not only never dies, but he never gives up! In fact, that's pretty ironic considering International Rescue's motto, no? Baldy doesn't throw in the towel no matter how many times his submarine gets blown up, no matter how many times his plane crashes with him in it, and no matter how many times his car goes off the road and explodes (also with him in it – and you wonder why I give him a supernatural bent in my fan fiction because how the hell else does he survive, you know?). He

keeps coming back because he wants what he wants and he's not going to stop going after it. So while I promise you I won't do anything illegal, immoral or dishonest in pursuit of my goals, when I feel like giving up I look to the Hood for inspiration to rise from the ashes, dust the detritus from my body and try, try again. He's kind of the phoenix of the Thunderbirds world!

So there you have it. Psychotherapy Thunderbirds style. Hmm, maybe I could go into business as the first ever Tracy therapist. Hey, stranger things have happened. After all, we got brand-new original Thunderbirds episodes, didn't we?

I wish you Happy Holidays no matter what you are celebrating during this time

of the year. I have the same hope for each and every one of you that I have for myself and those in my 'ohana: May 2017 bring you all the health and success and happiness you seek. May your hearts be filled with joy and laughter and love, just like when the Tracys are sitting around the lounge singing off-key and reveling in simply being together. That one scene in an otherwise boring (for me) episode – 'Give or Take a Million' – says it all. That is what I want for me and for everyone in the world: Harmony. Joy. Peace. And above all else, Love.

Mele Kalikimaka me ka Hau'oli Makahiki Hou (Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year) from Hawai'i!

Christine Davis



Have a look at some of the great fanfic that has been posted to the [Tracy Island Chronicles](#) since our last issue!

ASCENT – TB's LMC

Visibility has dropped to zero in a heartbeat, and John's hanging on the side of a mountain called Denali in the state of Alaska, five thousand meters above sea level, in a raging snowstorm, alone. He knows full well how he got here. He's just not sure how he's going to get out.!

A BIT OF A CHALLENGE – MADILAYN

"I'm only a call away," the technician responded, glancing nervously at the figure of Jeff Tracy who now approached the bed. "Mr Tracy has arranged for a room in the hotel across the road. I can be here within ten minutes."

BUSINESS AS USUAL — TB's LMC

Losing his grip on the mug, it fell to the floor, the sound of it shattering reverberating inside his skull. John's legs buckled and he went down hard, hands slapping the hardwood floor as he tried to prevent himself from faceplanting completely.

FIRE! — quiller

I've spent hours cutting away the debris and now time is running out and so are my options. If I fire the missiles, I might save the men in that capsule, or I might blow them to smithereens, and myself along with them.

THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE — quiller

"What's that? No, Jeff, I don't want one of the boys to come over and collect me. For one thing, I know I'll have to give a statement to the police and identify the kidnappers when they catch them, so I'll need to be here."

MAROONED — quiller

It was so tempting to just sink to his knees and collapse on the spot, but Jeff knew he had to find some shelter from the driving rain or he would die of hypothermia. Looking along the shore he saw a dark slash in the cliff face and stumbled towards it. The fissure turned out to be the entrance to a cave and the bedraggled castaway hauled his soaked and battered body in just far enough to be out of the reach of the rain before collapsing on the floor.

THE MORNING AFTER — TB's LMC

I suppose that's a good way to describe how I feel now, as I open my eyes and see the blond hair on the pillow next to me. In the night, he has wrapped his long arms and long legs around me, effectively trapping me within his embrace, but I'm not complaining. Because last night I felt like I was the focus of his entire world.

SEEING RED — Tiylaya

"It just doesn't make sense." Scott bit off the words, his brow creasing into a deep frown he'd hidden from his younger brothers, and he saw Virgil's confusion morph into something more like understanding. Scott Tracy wasn't a man who liked disorder or unknowns in his world — at least not beyond the compartment he set aside for them.

THREE THINGS — Tiylaya

Now there's a bitten-off oath from Two's pilot, and Scott is demanding answers again, but Virgil doesn't let me down. A hatch opens in the bulbous nose that swells above my head, and the small metal box descends, rocking as it hits the ground, while cable coils down over it to lie slack before the winch stops.



What would an alien civilization from the future think of our Thunderbirds fan fiction, five thousand years from now?

For as long as language has existed, people have been telling stories. In ancient times, before humans developed a way to write things down, they told their tales with spoken words and gestures. The myths and legends of ancient civilizations have been handed down the centuries to us because mankind has always had a need to preserve their history and tell their children and grandchildren about their heroes. As to what is fact and what is fiction, well, who knows? Let's go all the way back to what is considered the first real civilization, the ancient Sumerians.

Written about extensively by many authors, including Zechariah Sitchin in his *Earth Chronicles* series of books, the Sumerians were located in ancient Mesopotamia. And here we get into that fact vs. fiction debate, as Sitchin has posited that the gods of the Sumerians were not mythological beings but aliens from another world who once walked among us – and in fact actually created "man" as we know him today.

Why am I telling you all this? Because our modern civilization looks at the cuneiform writings of those ancient people pretty much the same way as the alien civilization of five thousand years from now would look at anything we wrote. How would they tell fact from fiction? How do we?

The truth is, we can't. We just assume that anything we believe isn't possible, must be fiction. Sitchin and others have suggested that the ancients described things they saw but didn't have any context for, by equating them to their known world. As Arthur C. Clarke said, "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic." When Sumerians saw a spaceship or airplane, they had no frame of reference except to call it a bird, because that was the only thing they knew in the natural world that could fly. Imagine if *Apollo 11* went through a time warp? You can bet it would have turned up in bas reliefs on temple walls by now! But we wouldn't think it was real...even though it was.

So when we read Sumerian stories of two birds battling in the skies with "balls of fire" and "lightning bolts," were they just telling fairy tales? Or were they describing real things but could only equate them to the natural world they knew? Were those "birds" really ships? Were the "balls of fire" explosions and the "lightning bolts" laser fire? Were they all just stories? Or were they actually recording history?

It doesn't matter whether we believe in so-called "Ancient Astronaut Theory." We're still left with evidence of disturbingly modern situations, recorded by ancient man with crude styluses on clay tablets. Fact or fiction? Unless time machines are one day invented, we will probably never know.

So let's go back to those aliens visiting Earth five thousand years in the future. What do you believe they will think of stories about pink wheeled vehicles that can run atop the water or silver rocket planes that can go ten thousand miles per hour? Why, they might just think we were making it all up.

But they wouldn't know for SURE...

A sample of Sumerian cuneiform writing on a clay tablet.





“Dear John” is currently recovering from a bit of a nasty jetpack accident (the nurses apparently heard him muttering “my brother moved it!” as he was wheeled into the ER), and fortunately for us his grandmother has offered to step in and answer two outstanding letters. Merry Christmas, John...we hope you can eat turkey in that position!

ASK GRANDMA

Dear ~~John~~ Grandma,

I'm the 'ead cook – well, the only cook, there's been budget cuts – for this well to do aristocratic lady. You'd know 'er if I told you 'er name. I'm a dab hand in the kitchen if I do say so meself, and she's always seemed satisfied, but all of a sudden like, she tells me she wants to “shake up the menu.” Gobsnacked, I was. What's wrong with bangers and mash, toad in the hole, kippers and spotted dick? Good solid English food, I says. I never have no complaints from 'er driver, that's for sure! Tucks right in to my steak an' kidney pie every Tuesday an' never acts like my cookin's stuck in a rut.

It's not like 'er ladyship don't get stuck in ruts 'erself, either. Pink, pink, everythin's got to be pink. Even down in me kitchen. Pink egg flippers, pink toothpick holders, pink garlic press, pink egg timer. She sent down pink panini tongs just last week. What the 'eck is a panini? All I know is, it's probably pink an' all. I hate pink. But does I complain? No. Does I tell 'er she needs to familiarize 'erself with a more diverse color palette? No! An' if all this wasn't enough, there I was the other day, up to me elbows in bubble and squeak, and she comes down the stairs and 'ands me a French cookbook with pink sticky notes on every other page! An' to top it all, she says no smokin' anymore while I cook! It ain't right. I need some advice before I go completely off me 'ead!

Signed,
Knackered in Kent

Dear Knackered,

When I was young and newly married, we lived on a farm which



(And don't we know it...)

The particular issues I'm talking about today, though, are of the Newsflash kind. If you're anything like me, you've sometimes found yourself sitting there and thinking, 'I'd love to reread that “Dear John” that made me laugh more than the Monty Python 'dead parrot' sketch'. Or 'I wish I could find that article about that convention, the one with all the great pictures. Or you're doing the Times crossword and you're suddenly faced with a grammar dilemma that you just know was in the 'Poolside Pointers'... But was that last year? Five years ago? Seven?

Over the decade since it first appeared, our newsletter has gone through several name changes – but what we know now as the NTBS Newsflash has grown and developed from a three-page magazine containing episode summaries and story extracts to something ten times that size featuring reviews, interviews and reports of Thunderbirds-related events, culminating in our bumper

had an apple orchard. My husband always told me he really liked apples and apple pie was his favorite dessert. Well, of course I wanted to please him, big, handsome, strapping young man that he was. So for the next two or three weeks I tried to show him how good I was in the kitchen by serving his favorite food in every possible way I could find.

I canned apples, dried apples, made applesauce, apple butter, apple jam, and apple chutney. I baked apples, bottled apple juice and apple cider, and cooked apple fritters. We had stewed apples and apple hash for breakfast, fried apples for lunch and apple pie for dessert. I even once – in desperation, running out of ideas – tried a recipe for an apple meat substitute and made apple meat loaf with an apple sauce glaze. I think the breaking point was the night I served mashed garlic apples for dinner. My husband sat there clutching a dull butter knife in his fist, staring at me with a wild expression in his eye.

They say when in the wild, whatever you do, don't run. I remembered this and moved slowly and silently as I carefully removed the plate in front of him and backed away into the kitchen. I never looked at an apple the same way. Can't stand 'em to this very day. I still get flashbacks in the produce aisle.

I suggest you keep an eye on your employer and hide all the butter knives.

Dear ~~John~~ Grandma,

Our family is being threatened by scandal of monumental proportions! I just heard shocking news from a friend of a friend, who happened to stop in for a little bubble and squeak at a country house we know of in England. Apparently the cook there has it on very good authority that our grandmother, winner of dozens of county fair blue ribbons for her pies, actually hates apples! She claims that Grandma made a secret deal with a local bakery many years ago to smuggle their apple pies into the house so she could pass them off as her own! Life as we know it has come to a halt! We'll be facing traumatic trust issues for years to come if this is true! How could she have done this to her own grandchildren?

Signed,
Betrayed in the South Pacific

Dear Betrayed,

I wouldn't trust the word of anyone who owned a pair of pink panini tongs, would you?

double issue earlier this year celebrating our beloved show's 50th Anniversary.

With so much material, covering more than 40 issues, even your editorial team often struggle to remember when we covered a particular topic, if we need to find it again. Until now, though, the idea of searching the Newsflash for something specific was, well, science fiction – even though trust me, Ned is ALL for people digging into his issues.

So earlier this year, I realised Brains was probably never going to get back to me (there's apparently a waiting list for his inventions, these days) and I decided to go ahead and index all the back issues. The result is available [here](#) and is accessible by issue/author/title and subject. The final page of the spreadsheet contains the links to all issues so when you do find what you're looking for, it's easy to pull it up!

With this, searching the Newsflash is now an achievable dream! You can check through all of Pennyspy's episode guides for that perfect description of Parker, read our interview with Shane Rimmer or take a look at the reports on the Barry Gray 50th Anniversary Concert, simply by looking up the appropriate issue and clicking the link located on the final tab of the spreadsheet.

One important thing to mention: All the links you'll find in the indexed list are older than one year. This is deliberate – we have taken the decision to exclude links to the issues sent out within the past 12 months so that those of you who are signed up to the Newsflash subscription list will always retain the privilege of being the first folks to read the newest issues.

With that in mind, we ask that you do not copy or share this index to anyone who is not a member of the [Tracy Island Writers Forum](#) (TIWF) or a Newsflash subscriber. [You can always tell them to drop us a line at ticomobilecontrol1@gmail.com and we'll fix them up with their own subscription! – Ed]

Creating this Newsflash index has made me realise what a wealth of material we have covered over the years, and that we owe a big vote of thanks to Ned and his staff (aka those women who used to be in high heels on the 42nd floor but are now in 'slippahs' on the lanai!) for all their hard work providing us with such a valuable – and fun – resource.

Pen Turner





Some things in life are cyclical. Tornado season. El Niño. Cadbury crème eggs. And now we can add one more usual suspect to the list: Ned Cook is missing AGAIN.

What's slightly more disturbing is that unlike most of the other times this has happened, it doesn't seem to be his own fault. This time the local authorities, and International Rescue, are actually leaning toward the theory that he's been kidnapped.

Yes, folks, I know. I have no idea why, either. Ned is really only a legend in his own mind – most people have no idea about his connection to the Tracy family (trust me, the family works really hard to keep it that way, for more reasons than just IR's need for secrecy!). The only person the average criminal would ever think might pay a ransom to get him back is his doddery, formerly rich Great Aunt Edith. Why formerly rich? She loaned all her money last year to an oil company in Nigeria that kept sending her emails about having trouble moving its millions out of the country.

So what happened? That's anybody's guess. The Honolulu Police Department got the request to make inquiries after Ned missed two NTBS deadlines in a row and nobody answered the phone at his office. When they couldn't get an answer either, they sent officers round to Waikiki and found his new assistant, Pakalaki, sitting behind his desk in some kind of trance. They managed to get him to snap out of it with the help of a police psychologist, but he doesn't have any idea what happened to Ned. The last thing he remembers is a man stopping by the office with a big box of macadamia nut chocolates...a man with a heavy accent and "very bright eyes."

Now, here's where it gets interesting.



If you've been looking for some inspiration to kick your writing muses into gear, TIWF has your back! Or, at least, a warren full of adoptable (and in some cases kinda cute) plot bunnies!

Just grab one and make it yours today by visiting [Braman's Brainbox on TIWF](#). Be sure to indicate when you've adopted one so other potential adopters know that bunny's taken!

Here are a few to wet your whistle:

Because despite the obvious upside to all this – the potential for peace and quiet on the island without Ned's frequent visits to clog the pool filter with his hair products and whine about how Tin-Tin never invites him to help her look for a water mamba –Jeff and the boys seem to be really worried this time. The description of the bright-eyed stranger got them quite upset. They're all in the conference room upstairs in the villa right now, trying to agree on what to do as their caffeine addictions overload the industrial-sized Keurig again.

I'm not worried. Gordon will come up with the solution. He pretty much always does in situations like these.

As they occupy themselves doing manly planning, I'm going to have a little chat with you about something that I hope doesn't make you wish you could reach for that box of chocolate Aloha Macs:

Semicolons of Doom – Part Deux

In the last issue, we dealt with the first of three different ways to use semicolons, likening that scary little period-comma combination to one of Virgil's pod vehicles. It's all about choosing the right vehicle for the job. (For Part I of this two-part series, see our [August 2016 issue](#). Go ahead, click on the link and catch up. We'll wait.)

Back? OK, here goes.

SEMICOLON DANGER ZONE TYPE 2

WHEN USING A TRANSITION LIKE: "HOWEVER," "THEREFORE," "MEANWHILE," "MOREOVER," "NONETHELESS," ETC.

I mentioned last time that one of the remaining two uses of a semicolon was similar to the one we discussed then. This

would be that use. As Parker would say, "it's the same, only different." Like last time, you're dealing with sentences that have related meanings, but in this case the difference is that you're explaining the connection or discussing it further. Thus the need for a "conjunctive adverb" (or "joining adverb") like the ones in the header.

Here are a few examples:

Scott is usually the only person in Thunderbird One's cockpit; **however**, he can carry passengers if necessary.

The rescue area was still experiencing aftershocks from the earthquake; **therefore**, Brains advised Virgil not to use the Mole.

By the time the team all made it home again, it was very late; **consequently**, Jeff postponed the debriefing session until the next morning.

Gordon volunteered to fly to the mainland to pick up supplies because he wanted some time to himself; **also**, he needed to buy a birthday present for Grandma.

See? That was a darn sight easier than figuring out why the Excavator keeps overheating when you use the rock grinder. We'll leave that to the engineers among us.

OK, almost there now... it's time for:

SEMICOLON DANGER ZONE TYPE 3

SEPARATING ITEMS THAT CONTAIN COMMAS IN A SERIES

This one's easy. Honest. It's mostly to avoid confusion. When you have a list of, say, place names, like London, England and Brisbane, Australia, it can get hard to separate them if all you use are commas.

It was a busy time for International Rescue. In one week they had tackled rescue operations in Penang, Malaysia, Darwin, Australia, Rotorua, New Zealand and Nome, Alaska.

At a quick glance that looks like an awful lot of places. Using semicolons makes it much more readable:

It was a busy time for International Rescue. In one week they had tackled rescue operations in Penang, Malaysia; Darwin, Australia; Rotorua, New Zealand and Nome, Alaska.

Now we can see what place is where in the globe without having to look them all up first! The key thing to remember is NOT to use semicolons where there are no extra commas in the sentence:

Jeff, Penelope, Grandma, Tin-Tin and Parker flew in the executive jet.

No confusion there, so no need to separate each item with a semicolon.

That's it, folks! You've survived Parts I and Deux of "Semicolons from Hell!" Wasn't so bad, was it? Now all you have to do is practice using them. Shall we have a Semicolon Slumber Party? I'll bring the grammar guides...

Wait...where are you all going? Come back...! There'll be snacks...



Do you have what it takes to adopt a Tracy Island Writers Forum Plot Bunny and make it your own?

"A government spy/assassin satellite goes berserk, sending random shots of laser-like energy to the earth. The satellite is shielded and will defend itself from any attack. Our boys in blue have two jobs... Rescue people from damaged boats and skyscrapers without getting zapped, and putting an end to the satellite's reign of terror."

"An underwater hotel experiences a problem that requires the assistance of International Rescue to save guests and staff before the water makes it implode, but Gordon's not available for some (plausible) reason. Who's going to effect the rescue? How? Will Gordon help remotely or is he completely out of contact for some reason?"

"A rich billionaire who collects rare items, and, unknown to the rest of the world, people, decides that what they really want is a member of International Rescue... oh, and that odd man who keeps almost getting photographs of their equipment. Now it's up to the kidnapped Tracy boy and the Hood to work together if they want to escape this madman's secret 'habitat' before he grows bored of them and has them killed, stuffed and mounted in his special trophy room."

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM OZ!



Compliments of the season from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia!

Santa's on a surfboard, we've chucked another prawn on the barbie, the thermometer is about to hit 35 degrees Celsius (**again**) and we've just officially swatted our one millionth bloody fly for the season!

Best wishes to all from your down-under List Aunt who, like the residents of Tracy Island, is ever hopeful of one day experiencing a white Christmas in the tropics. If only I had Brains sneaking around on my roof to oblige!

2016 has been an interesting year in our favourite fandom. During the excitement of celebrating the 50th birthday year of International Rescue in 2015, the new ITV series *Thunderbirds* are Go hit the screen and whether you're a fan or not (and there are plenty of voices on both sides!), it's now in its second season. The Tracy Island Writers Forum now has a private

Facebook page and after feedback from its membership, ended its popular writing challenges, where the winner was decided by a membership vote. The group moved instead to monthly writing prompts and an occasional challenge with no voting involved. I've also enjoyed being a part of the editorial team of the NTBS Newsflash and setting those tricky writing challenges for Lady P's special guests.

If I had one wish for this world this holiday season, it would be that we all stopped for just one minute to reflect on the values Gerry Anderson bought to the world when he created International Rescue - the importance placed on human life, a willingness to help others, caring for our family and friends and above all never giving up at any cost.

I leave you with [this special link](#), so you can sing along Aussie-style this Christmas/New Year season.

See you in 2017!



mej



We have a lot of new things to show you on TICipedia! For starters, we've added the following new entries to the Canon Foundry:

The Characters

- Grandma
- Brains

The Vehicles

- Elevator Car
- Firefly

The Places

- Tracy Villa
- Transit System (on Tracy Island)

The Organisations

- International Rescue

And new to the **Voice Actor Archive** this time around is actor Shane Rimmer, who voiced Scott Tracy. Want to know more about a Canadian-born man whose career has seen him traveling all over the world for various movie and television roles? Come check out his page on TICipedia!

Also new to TICipedia - though not new to our Newsflash subscribers - is 'The Date Debate: 2026 vs. 2065'. Arguments for both sides of this longstanding *Thunderbirds* fan debate are presented by Newsflash Editor-in-Chief Jaimi Sorrell and longtime contributor Pen Turner. Go have a look and draw your own conclusions from the plethora of information supporting both sides!

If you have a question, [TICipedia](#) has the answer....in many cases, more than one. Check it out today!

NEW ON THE TIC EPISODE GUIDE

For your reading pleasure we have an amusing look at the movie *Thunderbirds Are Go*, which was released in 1966.

This synopsis of the movie was originally written by Lee and published as a series in Newsflash issues July-August 2012 through April-June 2013. It is now available on the Tracy Island Chronicles in its entirety. Here is an excerpt, with the link at the end to ferry you to Thunderbird Three's Silo so you can enjoy the whole thing!

I'm sure most readers would agree that the 32-episode run of *Thunderbirds* was sadly all too short. And while we were fortunate enough to score two feature-length movies out of *Thunderbirds'* brief run, I think most of us would have preferred another full season of *Thunderbirds* to round us out (and give us another DVD box-set to lust after). The first *Thunderbirds* movie, *Thunderbirds Are Go*, was sandwiched between the final episode of Season 1 ('Security Hazard'), and the first episode of Season 2 ('Atlantic Inferno'). And while *Thunderbirds Are Go* is only half an hour longer than a standard *Thunderbirds* episode, in terms of stylistic content it is literally worlds away. The differences are evident the moment the MGM lion roars, followed by the staccato United Artists drum roll, and the futuristic and shiny new logo for Century 21 Cinema Productions. This is followed by five colourcoded arrows slicing across the screen to the announcement (decidedly not by Jeff Tracy), that *Thunderbirds are GO!* But wait – we're only a couple of minutes into the movie and the thrills are not over yet! A brand new set of introductory panels of our heroes are trotted out, their freshlychiselled visages profiting well from the new format.

And when I say 'freshly-chiselled,' that's exactly what I mean. The expanded format naturally came with an expanded budget, so everything has had an overhaul. Or, at the very least, a very good cleanup. The cinema screen is far less forgiving than a television screen, so the sets and models have been re-made, revamped and revitalised to take this into account. Most interestingly, and to mixed effect, the characters' heads have been remodelled – hairstyles have been updated and in some cases re-coloured, make-up has been applied (some of our heroes might have gone a bit too heavy on the blush), and the wardrobe has been pulled straight from a Mary Quant catalogue. In the words of Austin Powers, our heroes are now groovy, baby! By far the most exciting thing about *Thunderbirds Are Go* is the use of Cinemascope, with its widescreen format.

[CLICK HERE TO READ ON!](#)

THUNDERBIRDS



Tracy Island Chronicles Fanfic 'Guess the Story' Quiz

Name the story in which ...

1. ... you get a *Thunderbirds* version of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*
2. ... a roller coaster is featured
3. ... Tracy Island is invaded by robbers
4. ... Gordon encounters a mermaid

Answers on the last page (but see if you can guess first!)



PENNYSPY'S EPISODE GUIDE



"The Abominable Snowman"



DIRECTED BY
STEPHEN LA RIVIÈRE



ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
ANDREW T. SMITH

'The Abominable Snowman' is actually the second of the three new Thunderbirds 1965 episodes produced in 2015 for the show's 50th Anniversary by the triumvirate of Stephen La Rivière, Andrew T. Smith and Justin T. Lee (plus a very talented crew that included original series director David Elliott and original series puppeteer Mary Turner) for Pod 4 Productions. But this one had snow, and this review is for our Christmas edition, so...

A reminder here of the special circumstances surrounding these new Thunderbirds episodes. The original audio, which is used as much of the soundtrack, was recorded back in the 1960s by the original cast, from a screenplay by David Graham and Desmond Saunders. This makes the episodes a unique mixture of old and new. The Thunderbirds 1965 crew do such a good job with the visuals that it's easy to forget how recently they were filmed, and slip seamlessly into believing that 'The Abominable Snowman' (directed by Stephen La Rivière) could actually be a long-lost, original 1960s episode they've just uncovered intact in someone's attic...

So here goes!

The introductory teaser scenes, set up just like a regular episode before the credits, are promising, because there are helijets, and snow, and ice, and explosions, and Penelope tied up, and Scott Tracy! Yaaaaaaay!



ARTISTIC SUPERVISION
JUSTIN T. LEE

Lots of explosions from the outset here in the episode proper. Multiple sirens going off, *awooga*, because the 'Meddings' Uranium Plant is blowing up (nice shout out to Derek Meddings there). Ned Cook (or a reporter who looks very much like him!) is on the scene; he explains the explosion is happening in New Mexico and that the fire cannot be contained.

Alert! All hope looks lost, but then Ned gets excited as International Rescue are arriving to save the day! Scott lands Thunderbird 1, calls Virgil with footage from another episode, and Virgil announces that he's approaching the Danger Zone!

Scott – new puppet now, not a perfect match but pretty damn good – gives Virgil the brief. Virgil swoops in and opens a hatch in the bottom of the pod. He releases something – a charge – and gives a frowny face. The charge knocks out the main fire but then something ELSE explodes! Scott urges Virgil to 'hurry it up' and looks worried. Virgil, still frowning, drops two more charges and is surrounded by huge explosions – and then it all dies down and all is peaceful. Phew. Virgil pulls away. Yay, they did it and the uranium plant is saved (at least the parts of it that didn't blow up already!). Ned Cook wonders who is behind all these 'deadly attacks'. Hmm, so we're already thinking it's someone 'abominable', right?





In Thunderbird 5 now, someone is calling International Rescue, saying that something is outside trying to get in, and the title drops: 'The Abominable Snowman'! Crash zoom on a clearly staggered John.



Penny agrees to check it out, as she 'missed winter sports this year' and 'would love to see a snowman, abominable or otherwise'. Okey-dokey, then...

We cut then to somewhere in the mountains, and are treated to a fairly monstrous POV shot of snow-covered ground, and hear the noises created by a scary beast (maybe). It approaches what looks like a small cabin, throws open a wooden door and closes in on some hapless guy, who cringes away in fear until the back of the beast blocks him from view. That was all very abominable, so perhaps the legends are real!



Down on earth, it's a lazy day on Tracy Island; the family are chilling out. Perched near his dad's desk, Scott has an interesting pastel Mondrian pullover on. Right then, John radios in to report that although he knows his dad has been 'kind of sceptical' on the subject, there are more reports of attacks from this 'so-called abominable snowman' in the Everest area and three more people have disappeared. Jeff reminds him that 'as you know', International Rescue will only intervene if there is direct threat to life, and that these abominable snowman stories have been going around 'for years'. Then, just when you think he's going to dismiss this out of hand, he redeems himself by telling John to leave it with him and he'll see what he can do. Scott suggests that, as Penny is in Delhi right now, perhaps she could go and check it out. What, there are no slightly more local IR agent people they could get to help out? Sheesh, Jeff needs to check his diversity policy...



Meanwhile, we rejoin Parker, who is now driving a horse-drawn cart. He mutters his disgust that he, someone with a 'million luxury motoring hours' under his belt, should be reduced to driving a 'deadbeat old nag like this' (we hope he doesn't mean Penelope!). He considers it a 'bit of a liberty' as he gives Penny and an unnamed companion a ride. He always had a bit of disproportionate snobbery, did Parker. Given how he's sometimes treated, he's just damn lucky he isn't pulling them in a rickshaw...



So, of course, it's handed over to Lady Penelope, who is living it up in Delhi with Parker and FAB1. Penelope is grateful that Parker suggested bringing FAB1 with them, and Parker agrees that the air conditioning is 'working a treat' in this awful heat. Then Penelope answers a call on her radio mirror-compact, and Jeff tells her about the mysterious abominable snowman threat. He asks if she could do some 'investigating' for them.



Penelope's new friend appears to be an authority on the area where the disappearances have been happening. (And here's where a little background can actually be somewhat reassuring, on the subject of Jeff's diversity policy at least! In the original audio version of this episode, Penny's companion is explained by Jeff as IR's local agent, an Indian gentleman with the very punny name of 'Gallup Din'. Perhaps wisely, his name

is not mentioned in this new version! His puppet for this on-screen update was modelled – with permission – on British actor and comedian Sanjeev Bhaskar.)



The agent says they have searched every 'crook and nanny', uh huh. (Vaguely troubling use of stereotypes...*drink* – But of course we do have to remember the original audio was recorded in a time when that kind of thing didn't really bother most viewers!). Penelope tells her friend that she's after evidence of this 'snowman', and he assures his 'highborn titled lady' that the clues are 'underwhelming' (he means 'overwhelming', naturally).

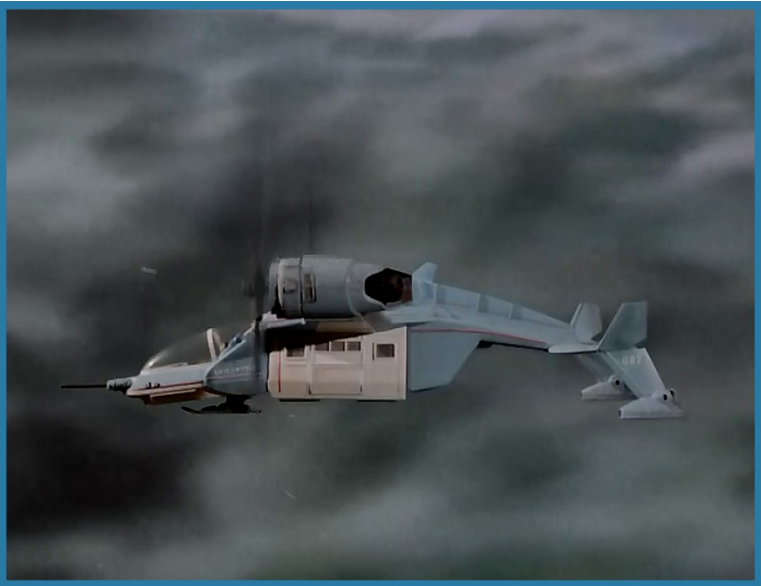


Footprints 'of a huge circumference' have been found – he even produces a photo of one. Penelope asks to see the 'scene of the crime' and observe the footprints. He tells her he has arranged for a guide for her journey, 'a well-known Asiatic explorer' who has been in the area for many years, and produces another photo.

It's definitely not the Hood with facial hair, faithful viewers!! The agent drops her off and instructs her to change into her warmest clothing, as there's a 'biting wind'.



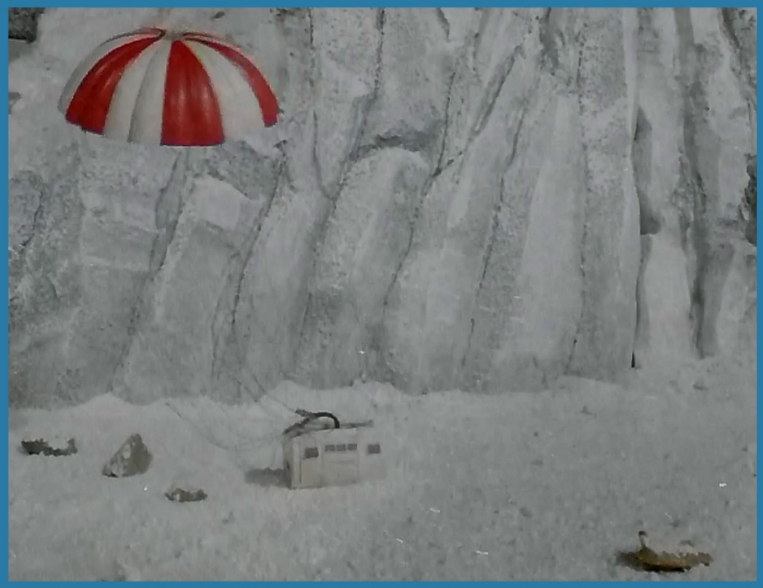
Spooky clarinet! They take off in a vehicle that's not quite a helijet (the Indian agent calls it a 'ski-copter'), during what looks like some very rough weather in the mountains. Creepy and effectively ominous mood set here. Parker is nervously



looking at the deep drop beneath them. Penelope is a little concerned as well. Good thing they don't know who's really flying! The pilot's face is hidden for the moment, but we know it's our favourite evil villain, the Hood, who mutters 'perfect' as they approach the uranium mine, and promptly ejects all the fuel! 'Now to deal with that meddlesome Lady Penelope!'



The rotor blades come to a stop and they plummet toward the ground! They use an escape pod (basically the entire cabin of the ski-copter) which detaches and floats downward under a parachute while the rest of the ski-copter nosedives into a mountain and ASPLODES!



Dramatic flourish, end scene. Next, the escape pod lands with a thud under a mountain. Things do not look good for our agents. No seatbelts, of course. Unfortunately, Penelope has twisted her ankle. Their guide, who is totally not the Hood, calls it 'unfortunate' (she agrees!) and we get to check out her body double's rather chic matching manicure/pedicure. Pink, of course.



Wait, wait, wait. So the Hood has deliberately crashed himself here WITH them? What's his plan? How is he going to get back when he needs to restock his Pot-noodles and orange juice? Seems a bit ill-thought-out, really. And isn't this mine pretty much exactly where Penny and Parker were trying to go anyway? He's just sped up the process of their whole investigation.



Ah well, no one can accuse the Hood of being **efficiently** evil, in the TV universe anyway. But he has stranded them for now, and Penelope wonders what she should do. Their pilot/guide-who-is-**definitely-not-the-Hood** recommends that she rests in the passenger compartment while he and her 'servant' go and check out the footprints that may or may not belong to the

snowman. They did notice the full scale blizzard out there, right? Just how deep are these 'abominable' footprints? Penny is sure that Parker will be 'amenable', which he is. Parker reckons he will have this business cleared up 'before you can say FAB1'. Penny wishes them 'good hunting' and their guide once again refers to Parker as her 'servant', at which Parker bristles and says, 'The name is Parker, if you don't mind,' as they leave.

Once again, what was the not-Hood's plan if Penelope hadn't been injured in the rough landing? Two of them are more than capable of overpowering him, right? Or is this just a typical case of our favorite villain's overconfidence?

Having walked a little way, Parker and their 'guide' loiter by a mountain cave. The guide says that 'strange things happen in this part of the world,' and asks if Parker has spotted the big steel door in the ice cave. To be fair, it is as white as the rest of the snowy wall. Parker agrees that the door is a bit odd, and then it slides open, uh oh...The guide asks, 'Shall we go in?' Clearly Parker never watched 'The Uninvited', as creepy doors opening in the middle of nowhere are rarely healthy on this show. Also, **spoilers**, the evil secret bases behind them have a tendency to explode...



Back in the escape pod, a frustrated Penny checks out her ankle and winces as she tries to use it. She's still out of commission, until needed I guess. Meanwhile, in the cave, Parker is wondering where all the 'blokes' working there came from, and what they're up to – there's lots of drilling and pickaxing going on, although not quite enough to drown out Parker and not-the -Hood's conversation. The 'guide' snarls at Parker, 'Quiet, you fool!' Taken aback, Parker demands to know what the 'game' is. And the guide – the Hood of COURSE – announces that HE is the Abominable Snowman (gasp!), and that he had lured Parker here 'like all the others'. Parker is now his 'slave' and will dig as well to add to the piles of the 'priceless uranium', which will make the Hood the 'richest man in the world'.



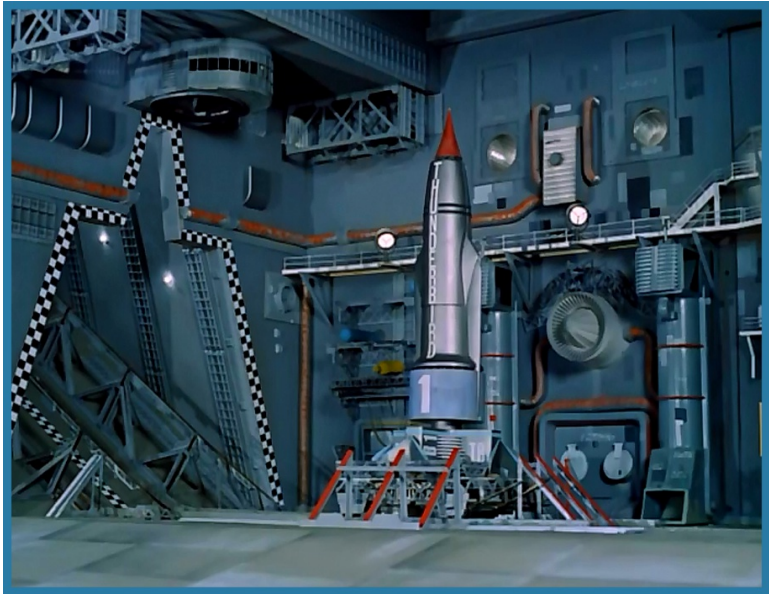
Parker snarks that the Hood 'might not be a snowman', but he's 'certainly abominable'! Want some snow for that burn, Hoody? Sadly, the Hood is in 'no mood' for Parker's 'insolence' and claims to have a way of dealing with people like him. He warns Parker not to leave. Oh, and he has a gun. A really tiny gun, but still...he closes the door on poor Parker, announcing that once it closes there is no other means of escape. Oh, bugger... it looks like they're doomed! Then Parker opens his snack box. Hmm.

Parker radios Penelope to warn her about the villainous guide/snowman/Hood. Penelope assures Parker that she's going to call Jeff for help, and to leave everything to her – or IR, at least, considering her ankle. Seriously, can't she just shoot the Hood, rescue Parker, and get a lift home from Scott later on?



Scott and Jeff are gazing out the Tracy Villa's window as Penelope calls in for help. She tells Jeff she needs their 'urgent assistance' and gives them the position. What was the point of her going there, again? Thank God she's more useful in the comics. Scott immediately sets off to the rescue, and Jeff tells Penny he will be there in fifty-five minutes. He then turns and says 'Off you go, Virgil!' to his second son. Despite no idea of what he needs to take along... Never mind – it's launch time, and we're always up for a Thunderbird 1 and 2 launch sequence, after all!

Blast off!



As Scott changes to horizontal flight, Jeff gives them Penny's coordinates. Scott announces his estimated time of arrival as '18:05 local time'. (Which is actually impossible, since to arrive in the Everest area at that time, he'd have to have taken off in the middle of the night...and it's quite obviously still daylight on Tracy Island! Considering the dearth of available nighttime launch footage, though, the crew did what they could!)

Back in the Himalayas, we now get the POV of the snowman/Hood/'guide' as he approaches the passenger pod. Penelope asks him where Parker is, and the 'guide' claims (displaying a flair for dramatic storytelling) to have lost him down a crevasse despite the 'Herculean' efforts he made to save him! Penelope does not seem very upset at this, although obviously she knows he's lying. Come on, Penny, is there a

single valid reason why you don't just shoot him as he opens the door? Or even why the Hood doesn't just shoot her? Penny tells him that his story was almost convincing, but declares that she will not believe him, 'because you, sir, are a blaggard'. Hmm, I think Parker's 'abominable' burn was stronger, to be honest.

Still flying at top speed, Scott calls in to Jeff, saying that there's no problem, he's just checking if there's any change. Nope, no change, but Jeff tells him to make it snappy as, although Penny is good at 'talking herself out of tight spots', they don't want her to have to 'talk too much'. Whatever that means...

Ironically, back in the escape pod, the Hood is now declaring that Penny 'talks too much' and suggests that to prove his 'devotion' to her welfare, that they fly over the crevasse where Parker 'met his untimely end' (how?! They blew up the ski-copter!). Penny sarcastically responds that if he hasn't 'disposed' of her by then, they might 'go on to have tea with the abominable snowman'. OK, that's a bona-fide zing – good one, Penny! She tells him that they are 'not as stupid as you suppose' – and that she's already called up International Rescue. Um...is that smart? To confirm her link to IR? Maybe that's what Jeff was worried about.



Anyway, she at least pulls a gun on the Hood now, yay! Unfortunately the Hood then zaps her with his scary glowy-eyed mind powers and she conks out without the slightest protest. Yikes. Creepy Hood music plays. He then removes his beard to reveal his true identity! Just in case you were in the slightest doubt – OMG, it IS the Hood!! He sneers to the unconscious Penelope that they're going 'on a little trip'. Outside, another ski-copter comes in for a landing behind the escape pod!



Scott arrives at last, yay. Thunderbird 1 sleekly zooms over the snowswept mountainside. Nice snowstorm filter on the shot of Scott looking out the window, which again, regular viewers may recognize, but it is smoothly integrated into the new footage here. Scott reports in that he's 'arrived at the danger zone', but apart from ski-copter marks in the snow, 'there's no sign of them'. He's going to have to look for Penelope. Will he save her in time?

It's looking doubtful as we next see Penny strapped to a metal bar in the Hood's chilly torture chamber, which is apparently equipped with 'every modern device' (you know, it has Wi-Fi and a Nespresso machine and a remote controlled Iron Maiden, probably...) Oh boy. In fact, I'm guessing that the Hood means he has James Bond villain lasers, right? Penelope pluckily claims that he won't get away with it, 'your kind never do', and he retorts by telling her there's no need to lose her temper. He asks, 'Are those straps too tight?'



demands she tell him the codes for International Rescue's secret messages. So, what's his plan overall? There are two? He gets random folk to work in his uranium mine, without any sort of protection it seems, and has also lured IR there on the off-chance that they showed up and needed a guide that he could pose as and... OK, OK, I'm overthinking it. But I can't shake the feeling that he seems to have rigged up this torture room ESPECIALLY for Penny. He tells her he knows she is the London Agent for IR, and she assures him that wherever he got his information, it's 'quite false'. Kudos to her for keeping her cool, more or less.

Scoffing, he sets off the beam to 'stimulate' her memory, telling her he will move it slowly. 'Now', he says, 'Will you tell me their secrets?!'



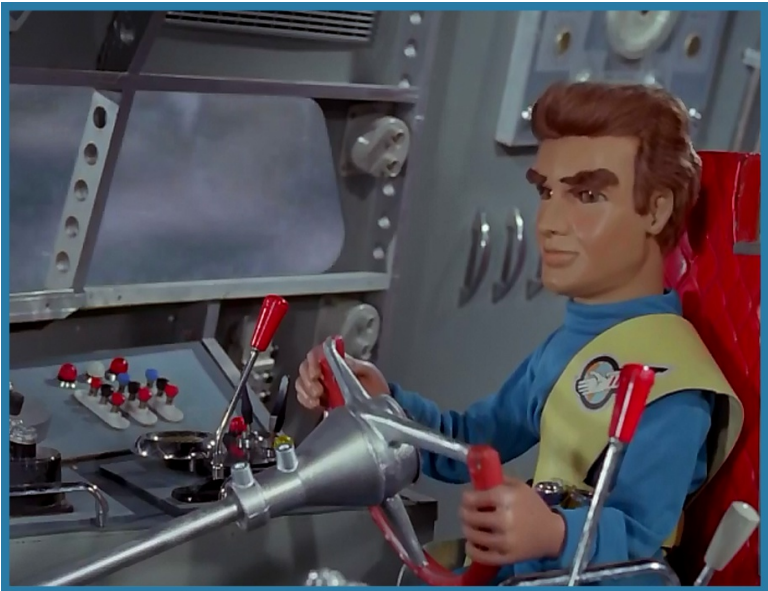
And then his eyes glow maniacally...which raises the question, why didn't he just hypnotise her and get the information that way...?

Overthinking it again...



You can't scare her, Hoody, she's been to a finishing school... I bet that metal bar she's tied to is freezing, though, considering the ice walls and the snow on the ground. Brrr. Penny's body double (just the arm) struggles. She responds 'I may be a mere woman, but don't underestimate me'. Oh come on, she's already called some guys to save her – as much as we love seeing the Tracys, it's aggravating, dammit. At least she isn't crying and screaming. But wow, that line is annoying. (Once again, of course, a relic of the time period in which it was originally written! As we remember, IR came to Penny's rescue somewhat frequently in the original series.)

Hood warns her not to underestimate him, either. 'This little piece of machinery', he says, will perhaps persuade her to treat him 'with more respect'. He draws her attention to another solid steel girder and says 'watch'. Ah hah, it IS a James Bond laser! Uh oh. What is he trying to get out of her? The laser easily cuts the steel girder in half. Perhaps sweating a little now, Penelope asks him what he wants. The Hood isn't in any rush, and points the massively overcompensating laser beam device at Penny now, threatening to cut through the girder in line with her 'swanlike neck'. Gulp.



Outside, Scott is still circling around, looking very serious. He's watching an oscillating signal on what must be a tracking receiver. Nothing yet, though. Then, success! The signal changes to a boop-boop-boop and a flashing light, and he calls in to base, commenting that the new metal detector works great. He's located the ski-copter, and lands nearby.

Virgil's on his way, also homing in on the metal detector signal. What's his plan? Why is he there? (Yes, we know, 'it's in the script'!)

Scott enters the ice cave, gun drawn, and spots the metal door!

Inside, things are looking bad for Penelope. The Hood

The otherworldly music used for the Sun Probe's doomed mission plays, as the Hood threatens her with the laser some



more. Penny makes suggestive sounds while she struggles. With 'only inches to go', the Hood graphically describes that 'it may be painful' as she will feel it cut before she loses consciousness (you know, as it slowly slices off her head...). Wow. Penelope stubbornly (and bravely!) tells him he's wasting his time, and the Hood says, 'All right, you asked for it' and raises the beam to a higher or faster intensity (we don't know which, but the sound goes higher!).

Fortunately, right then Scott arrives and barks, 'You've got three seconds to switch off that beam'. Of course, the Hood resists, although he **never** seems to try his hypnosis on the Tracy brothers, which I find slightly disappointing. Penelope shouts for Scott to look out! Scott ducks, then fires, hitting the Hood. The villain falls on his face and lies still.



Penelope yells at Scott to switch off the beam! Quickly! As Scott can't find the master switch, he shoots the crap out of the machine, and it explodes. The beam dies. He asks if Penelope is OK.



Parker then appears, armed with a pickaxe, hoping Penelope hasn't been 'too incommoded'. Well, er...looks like he arrived too late. Then Penelope asks if the Hood is dead, but Scott assures her he only used 'his tranquiliser gun', which raises the question, when did he have time to switch to live bullets to shoot up the laser machine?

Scott adds that the Hood will have a 'nice quiet siesta' til the 'airborne police' get to them. Also known as, 'the police'? Now Scott's just going to get them out of here. 'What a relief', says



Penny as Parker gives her his jacket. How splendid to see Parker, she adds. Parker says getting out was 'a pushover' and reveals he used a hairpin (classic!). Scott explains that found her with the help of Brains' new metal defector, which can pick up a metal object from a thousand feet. During this exposition, the Hood starts waking up. What the dickens was in that tranq bullet, Scott, aspirin?

The other slaves that the Hood was keeping in the cave will be taken care of by the police, Scott says in answer to Penelope's question. He thinks that when the Hood wakes he won't be in any state to take on International Rescue again – and the Hood instantly proves Scott utterly wrong. The villain leaps to his feet, cursing, 'You will never escape this icy eternal grave', and shoots up the equipment, promptly making his Dr Evil run for it as the huge laser short circuits and sets fire to, well, the ice....as well as all the explodiest parts of the machinery in the caves. Also, let's not forget about all that freshly mined uranium, eh?

Parker, Penny and Scott run like crazy through the ice cave as Virgil comes in for a landing nearby (yes, this is EXACTLY like 'The Uninvited'). Wait, what about the hapless slaves in the cave? And how is Penelope running with a knackered ankle anyway? Grah. Just like in 'The Uninvited', Scott yells at Virgil to keep away as the cave is about to blow up! Thunderbird 2 swings around and blasts away again. At the last possible second, Scott takes off in Thunderbird 1 as the mine explodes, and...seriously, original writers of this episode, what the heck happens to the poor guys in the slave cave? The entire mine goes up in flames and is gone forever... All we can do is hope that Parker let them go before he came to find Lady P.



And that the explosions buried the Hood's ski-copter so he had a very long, cold walk ahead of him...

Reporting in to Tracy Island, Penelope tells Jeff that what started off as a 'lighthearted adventure' turned into 'something quite nasty'. No kidding! We don't like to think about all those poor 'slaves' who might have been buried in that cave...

Scott agrees that it's 'quite a story', and Jeff tells him to bring Penny and Parker back and they can tell him the whole thing then. What about FAB1? Isn't that still in Delhi? I bet their local agent will have fun 'taking care' of it until they return! Also, what was the point of Virgil coming to the rescue at all? Launch quotas?

Never mind, apparently Grandma will have a nice meal ready for them all when they get back (presuming here that Kyrano has the day off) and as far as Penny is concerned, the legend of the Abominable Snowman can be buried forever. Want to bet she's going to gloss over the fact that the Hood actually did most of the work here? After all, he led them to his operation and solved the mystery for her, even telling Parker that HE was the abominable snowman.





Close up on a large footprint, which is promptly buried by the blizzard. Thunderbird s 1 and 2 fly off blissfully together into the snow-filled sky. The end.

Yeah. OK, a LOT of this episode's problems fall under the mitigation of 'time constraint' and you can add 'it was the 1960s' to explain away the unaddressed holes in the storytelling. Comparisons to 'The Uninvited', unavoidable especially because of the ending, really do apply as everyone seems a bit lackadaisical about the deaths that were pretty obviously involved while rescuing one of their own (although in the case of the earlier episode, only the 'villains' of the piece, the Zombites, were killed in the pyramid). The Hood was appropriately creepy here but still an utter moron, which is pretty standard in any TV portrayal of the character. But 'The Abominable Snowman' is actually an episode that would benefit from the extra twenty minutes to build up something resembling a real plot.

However, it looked amazing, and I cannot fault it at all there. As I said at the beginning, it felt exactly like watching a missing Season 1 episode that was totally perfect in feel and sound and texture on screen. And there was a lot to enjoy.

An exciting 8/10!



LOLBIRDS

What's the next line? You get to be the writer! Send your caption to TICMobileControl1@gmail.com and it may be chosen to appear in the next issue of the NTBS Newsflash! We dare you to share that rapier wit with more than just your bathroom mirror...



From the last issue (left), the winning caption is:

"Alan knew exactly what Gordon was thinking - did he fire 650 shots or 651? Did he feel lucky? Well, did he?"
- Harold Callahan

This issue's new LOLBirds photo is of Lady Penelope and Gallup Din from "The Abominable Snowman." It's your turn to come up with some hilarity!



Email your suggestion to ticmobilecontrol1@gmail.com and your caption could be featured in the next issue!

FEATURED TIC FIC!

Going forward, since we no longer have competitive challenges at the [Tracy Island Writers Forum](#), we've decided to randomly select one of the stories that is new to the [Tracy Island Chronicles](#) to showcase in each issue of the Newsflash.

This issue, the featured story is "Seeing Red" by Tiylaya. To learn more about Tiylaya, check out Lady Penelope's recent Conversation with her in our [August 2016 issue](#)!



SEEING RED

by Tiylaya

Written for the TIWF monthly prompt forum, prompt: "Write a short story that includes Scott and the theme of 'red' (short story for purposes of this prompt is between 500 and 5,000 words)."

- o - o -

"Mr Tracy!"

"Wait, Mr Tracy, wait!"

Scott paused, one hand on the ladder to his Thunderbird's cabin, and tried hard to marshal his face into something approximating a smile. The voices, and the twin patter of the children's feet pursuing him heedless of their father's frustrated call, warned him of company a second or two before a tug on his sash announced its presence.

"I almost forgot, Mr Tracy!" Tony raised a small face towards his saviour, his eyes wide with pleading. "I just wanted to ask you one more thing."

The last thing Tony and his brother Bob asked ended up sending Scott on an impromptu ride down their Heath-Robinson-inspired 'launch tube' and straight into the weather station's midden. The detritus had sloughed off from Brains' stain-free fabric but, even so, enough of an odour lingered to sour both the warm air rising to Scott's nostrils and his attitude towards these two young fans.

"Say, fellas, it's been fun and all, but I really do need to get back to Base."

"Tony, Bob," Mr Williams arrived on his sons' heels. "Mr Tracy has been very patient now..."

"But we just wanted to know, Dad," Bob protested. Raising a hand, he pointed up at the craft towering above him and the nose-cone that tapered to a slender point. "How come Thunderbird One's nose is red?"

Scott blinked, his face adopting a practised expression of neutrality as he thought fast.

"Tony says it's just like Dad's go-faster stripes," Bob confided, his tone pouring on all the scorn a nine-year-old could muster for his foolish younger brother. "Just to look exciting and cool. But I reckon it's probably something really technical. Right, Mr Tracy?"

Mr Williams had backed off a step. The man rolled his eyes in good-humoured sympathy, but saw no harm in leaving Thunderbird One's pilot to answer this parting question. Scott half turned away. He gave the ladder an unnecessary tug to seat it firmly in place, and straightened his sash with another before fixing the boys with a stern look.

"We've got a really smart engineer, and he always has a good reason for doing things." Now, if only Scott could work this one out. He paused, nodding to himself. Being right or wrong was important at a rescue, but being confident in your answers even more so. "You know it's smart to wear bright colours when it's getting dark, don't you? So your dad can see you and fetch you home. Well, it's just like that."

Bob's eyes opened wide. "And you'll be able to see it through a blizzard and everything."

Scott's eyes swept the arid Australian landscape, and then turned down to the two awed faces gazing up at him. He was willing to bet neither boy had ever seen a real white-out blizzard.

He had.

When you can't see your hand in front of your face, a flashing neon sign wasn't much help, let alone a shiny red cone. He smiled a wan smile, waving to Mr Williams as the man towed his sons back out of thruster-range, and climbed up to the cabin. It was the work of moments to settle into his seat and launch Thunderbird One towards home.

He could fly the Thunderbird with his eyes closed. Usually that was relaxing, in the quiet after a mission. Today he could have done with a bit more of a distraction. If nothing else it would get his mind off a question that he'd simply never stopped to consider before.

Just who had decided on the crafts' colour schemes? And why – just why – was Thunderbird One's nose-cone bright red?

- o - o -

"I always thought it was some kind of special coating. You know, to help with the supersonic stuff," Alan shrugged.

Dismissing the question without a second thought, he turned to strike out for another length of the pool. Gordon, sitting on the tiled edge, frowned after his brother, and not just because of Alan's lazy, inefficient strokes.

"That doesn't make sense, right? If it was, it would have to be red on the wings too. And doesn't Brains bake that stuff into the metal anyway?" He glanced up at the loungers, getting a shrug from Scott and a nod of affirmation from Virgil. Gordon shook his head. "Yellow's kind of traditional for submarines, and it's pretty good for visibility, so I guess I know why Four is the way she is. But I

know for a fact that Thunderbird Three's only red because Brains knows it's Alan's favourite. It's not like the colour's all that important in space."

Virgil raised an amused eyebrow. "You know that for a fact?" he repeated.

Gordon grinned. "Deep-sea testing in Four could get pretty dull. Playing truth or dare with Brains kind of helped pass the time."

"And that's the best question you could come up with?"

"Well, I hadn't known the fella long. I figured it was a safe place to start."

Alan was on his way back across the pool now, and Gordon slipped into the water, tracking his brother with his eyes. The moment Alan touched the wall, Gordon pushed off, laying down the challenge to an impromptu race.

Virgil rolled his eyes at the sudden flurry of splashes as Alan caught on and struck out a body-length behind. He settled back on his sun lounger, reaching for the magazine he'd let fall. A deep and frustrated sigh from Scott made him pause in mid motion. He eyed his eldest brother in a mixture of amusement and mild concern.

"Are you sure you didn't get a knock on the head from that launch chute? You seem kind of worked up over this colour thing."

"It just doesn't make sense." Scott bit off the words, his brow creasing into a deep frown he'd hidden from his younger brothers, and he saw Virgil's confusion morph into something more like understanding. Scott Tracy wasn't a man who liked disorder or unknowns in his world – at least not beyond the compartment he set aside for them. As much as he enjoyed the rough and tumble of life at home with four brothers, International Rescue wasn't the place for it. The rescue organisation was the place in his life for the order and discipline he'd learned in the air force. He had that in common with his father; both preferred the organization to run along clear and almost military lines. Scott Tracy might not understand everything that made the Thunderbirds run, but the fact of them – and the day-to-day operations of International Rescue – were tangible and understandable, things that fell entirely within his grasp. Until this.

Sighing, Virgil sat up a little straighter.

"Alan might be right. Could it be something to do with the radar, or the electromagnetic field generator? Those are both in the nose-cone."



Maybe something to do with reflectivity?" His voice trailed off into the same dubious scepticism written clearly across Scott's face. He shook his head, thinking back to those early days, before Scott had left the air force to join his family's effort. "I'm pretty sure the colours were on most of the designs early on, before Dad and Brains first showed them to us. I argued a bit about Thunderbird Two. Camouflaging something that big would be pretty tough if we ever had to go to ground, without it being dark blue into the bargain." He tilted his head, thoughtful hazel eyes gazing into the past. "Dad signed off on One pretty much without a word. Red nose-cone and all."

"So why, Virg? Brains always has a reason. You know as well as I do it's not a special coating – friction, radar or otherwise – and I'm pretty sure it's nothing to do with low visibility." Thunderbird One had flashing spotlights that could be deployed for that, and a beacon that was tuned to their wrist-communicators. In situations where anything less was needed, the hundred-foot-long rocket ship was kind of hard to miss, however it was painted. He gazed inwards, summoning an image of his Thunderbird before his minds' eye and looking seriously at it for the first time in years. "Grey and blue I can kind of understand – it's not like we want to catch the eye every time I pass overhead, and those colours are a better disguise for One than green would be. So why, when the ship's meant to blur into the clouds, do I carry around a bright red nose?"

"Uh, I'm guessing this isn't the time to make clown jokes?" Two glares, one from chestnut brown eyes, the other from steely blue, gave the newly-returned Gordon his answer. He raised both hands in playful surrender, his lips sealed.

Alan heaved himself up beside his brother with a splutter and a splash, finishing his double-length of the pool respectably close to Gordon's heel and in time to hear that last comment. He ran a hand back through his blond hair, combing out the excess water, and gave an exasperated, if somewhat-breathless, sigh.

"Brains is in his lab, isn't he? Look, if it bothers you that much, Scott, why not just go ask him?"

- o - o -

Why not just ask him?

Scott hesitated, hand raised to knock on the door of the lab and heard the words play in his memory.

They were easy enough for Alan to say. At twenty-years-old and with a frankly prodigious mind hidden behind his innocuous mask, the youngest of Scott's brothers had yet to fully grasp that some questions were hard to ask, and some answers better not to know.

Gee, Brains, I've been flying this supersonic rocket for three years and I've only just noticed it's got a minty colour scheme. Want to tell me why?

Yes, that was going to go down well.

"Ah... Scott?"

The door had swung open in deceptive silence, leaving Scott's hand poised to knock on the tall forehead and broad-rimmed glasses of Brains himself. He let his hand fall in a hurry, his expression a grimace of apology. It was several seconds before he realised that Brains was still waiting for an explanation, looking as bemused now as Scott himself.

"Right, er, Brains. How are you?" As compared to how he'd been at breakfast? It was a dumb question, and Scott pushed on before the engineer had time for more than a nonplussed hesitation. "I've kind of been meaning to ask..."

Well, this was going well. For a change it was

Brains waiting with an encouraging expression, and International Rescue's fearless, quick-thinking field commander struggling to find the words he needed. Scott shook the thought away, shifted his stance and put a firm note back into his voice.

"I've been thinking... Thunderbird One's looking a little the worse for wear, and it might be time for a repaint."

That got a reaction. Brains' confusion was replaced by focused attention, his hand coming up to nudge his glasses higher onto the bridge of his nose.

"You've noticed scratches in the paint? Chips? Where? Is the surface beneath is damaged? That could cause micro-turbulence. Where on the craft, Scott? At supersonic speeds... this could be serious."

"Ah, no!" Scott raised a hand, warding off the flurry of rapid questions. "No. Nothing like that." He gritted his teeth. "I was just wondering if we had enough paint in stock if it was needed. The red on the nose-cone, for instance. If it's a special formulation it might take a while to order in, and if there was damage and we needed a repaint in a hurry..."

"It's just ordinary, ah, paint, Scott." There was a note of accusation in Brains voice now; a mild reproach for the alarm Scott had caused him. "The surface enamel beneath is the truly, ah, complicated formula." The engineer frowned, head tilted quizzically to one side. "You know that."

"Yeah, I guess I did." But... ordinary paint? An exasperated sigh escaped Scott. He ran one hand back through his dark brown hair, frowning down at the shorter man in front of him. "So, I gotta ask: why red?"

The words burst out of him with the force of machine gun fire. Brains was driven back a pace or two by the sheer intensity of them. The engineer flushed, his eyes shying suddenly away. His hand came up to take his glasses and polish them nervously on the hem of his shirt.

"Well, ah... I thought go-faster stripes would be, ah, over the top, but the red nose-cone..." Brains reclaimed a step, peering up at Scott. He replaced his glasses, his blue eyes suddenly seeming impossibly large and shining with the same hopeful expression as young Tony Williams' a few hours before.

His voice too took on that high-pitched and unspoken plea for approval. "Don't you think, ah, it looks kind of... well... cool?"

Out of the mouths of babes...

Scott nodded, turning away without another word. It was an answer. Brains always had a reason for what he did. That didn't mean it had to be a good one.

- o - o -

Alan had claimed Scott's abandoned lounge, Virgil had taken refuge from their younger brother's aimless chatter behind his magazine, and Gordon was floating on his back, sculling across the pool with lazy strokes of his hands and feet. The three were a picture of relaxation, but that didn't stop all three faces turning at the sound of Scott's footsteps on the tiled patio.

"Well?" Gordon asked.

"Special design feature." Scott shrugged, strolling on past and heading up to the lounge without stopping. "Too technical for me."

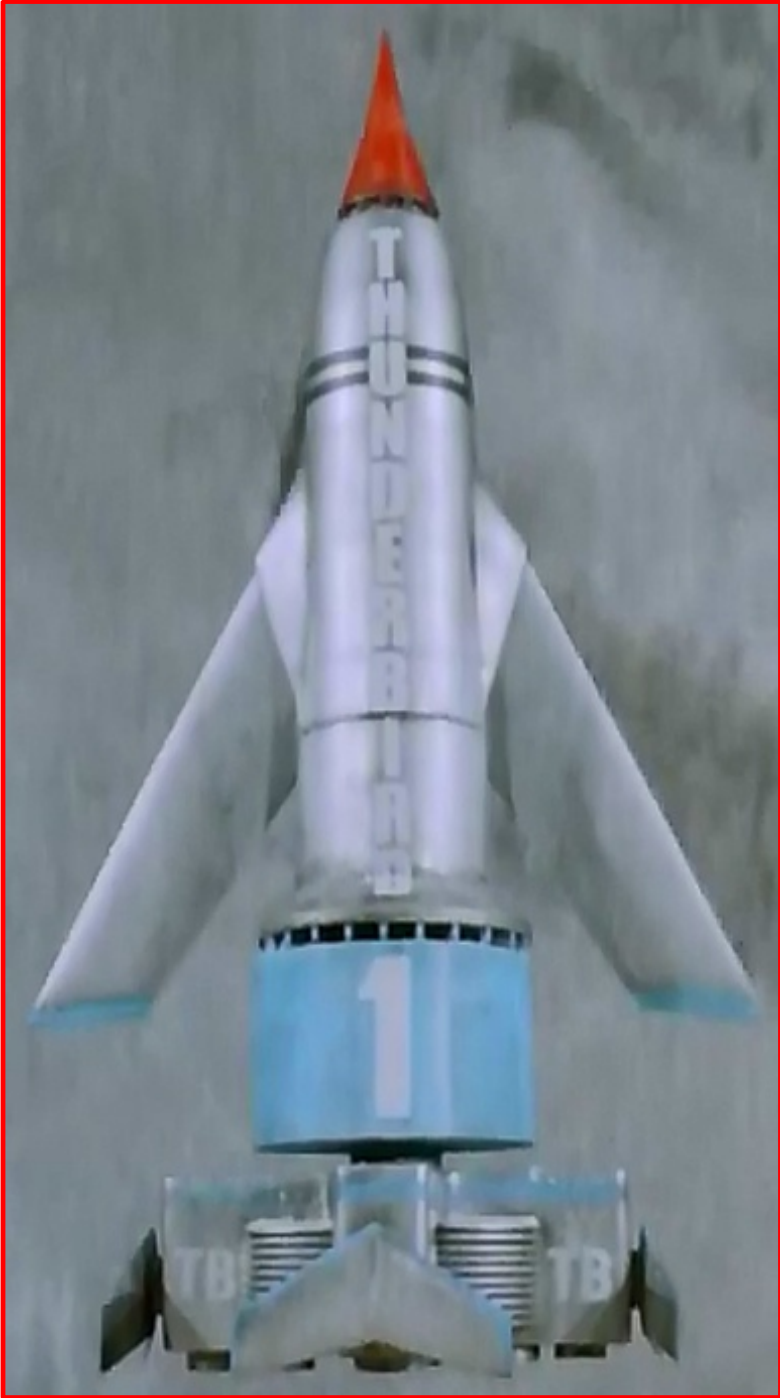
And if Alan and Gordon exchanged sceptical looks, if Virgil gazed after his retreating back with an expression of open speculation, well, so be it.

Scott slipped past his father's desk, spinning through into Thunderbird One's hangar with a practiced movement before dropping his arms from the lamps and folding them across his broad chest. From the gantry, Thunderbird One filled his entire field of view, her elegantly tapered nose-cone vivid in the spotlights from above. Head tilted to one side, he tried to imagine the scarlet paint replaced with silver-grey, with blue or even simple white.

Hidden in the dim hangar, alone with his craft, he let a slow smile creep across his face. He'd never say it out loud, never in a thousand years.

But yeah, sometimes the obvious reason was reason enough. And he had to admit – it did look kind of cool.

The End



CONVERSATIONS



Greetings, dear readers, and a very Merry Christmas to you and yours! I trust you are keeping warm by the fire and have a good supply of mince pies...I find the merriment always increases when I accompany them with a good brandy. I am especially excited to bring you the interview that follows, as my subject is a writer who is a brand new inductee to the [Tracy Island Chronicles](#)! Her story "A Bit of a Challenge" was written in response to a prompt on TIWF's new "International Rescue Calling" forum recently, and we were all quite impressed by it! Please join me in raising a glass to welcome "Madilayn."

Lady Penelope: Madilayn, my dear girl, I am absolutely delighted to hear that your latest writing piece has been accepted for inclusion in the Tracy Island Chronicles. Do tell us a little about "A Bit of a Challenge" and how it feels to be the site's latest author?

Madilayn: Thank you, Lady Penelope, for taking the time out to chat to me. I am incredibly honoured to be included in the Tracy Island Chronicles – I had not thought that my writing was good enough. I feel that I am part of some very illustrious and talented authors!

"A Bit of a Challenge" came to me somewhat out of the blue and I realised that prior to International Rescue, the two youngest Tracy boys would have been "celebrities" though sporting accomplishments (Alan in racing, and Gordon in swimming). I also looked at the information we have on Gordon and it was rather odd that he held the world record for freestyle, but gold medalled in butterfly. And then I looked at Gordon himself and could see him choosing to specialise in the hardest swimming stroke, because he liked a challenge.

Add in the whole hydrofoil accident, and I thought of a nurse who might be caring for him. I've a huge admiration for nurses, and the thought of making one of these unsung heroes as the centre of a fic appealed to me.

The rest just fell into place.

Now, I understand that you're an Australian. I've interviewed a few Australian writers in my time and never get tired of hearing about the place. What is life Down Under really like and are you able to teach my readers some Australian?

I always think that there is something about Australia that affects those of us born there. The Australian Aboriginals call it "a sense of Country" and it often seems to me that those born in Australia, no matter what their ancestry, seem to have been gifted with that same feeling about Australia.

No matter where an Aussie goes, they seem to take that sense of "Country" with them. One of the most common things that seems to come out of an Australian's mouth overseas is "Nah, I'm an Aussie, mate" – or words to that effect. Often said with a quiet pride.

With your sheep station, you know much of what the outback of Australia is like, and I'm sure you've visited some of the cities as

well. It's a land of contrasts, and there is rarely a middle ground. We talk about the weather a lot, but not in a small talk way. For us, the weather is deadly serious, no matter whether you live in the city or country. We all know when "bushfire season" starts in our district, and in Queensland we add "storm season" and "cyclone season" to that (note – in Queensland all of these overlap, or happen at the same time).

As for teaching your readers some Australian – I will stick to two things. "Mate" – the tone of it, or how long you extend the "a" or how clipped you make the "te" can change exactly what you mean. Beware the clipped, one syllable "mate" utterance with a very pronounced "te". Run away. Fast. If you hang around, not even International Rescue can save you.

That and "Bonza". "Bonza" is a beaut word. It's better than good. It's better than beaut. "Bonza" means something is fantastic. The only thing better is "You little ripper".

And finally – "Bugger". This is not the same as bugger used in other countries. In Australia it means "oh gosh darn" or "how unfortunate". Once again, like "mate", there are a whole range of inflections that can indicate how bad the situation is.

I hear that you have a secret passion that is rather unusual. What is the SCA and how did you get involved with it?

I do historical re-enactment, and belong to a worldwide organisation called the SCA – short for the Society for Creative Anachronism. For an explanation of the name, the SCA was founded in 1966 by a group of college students from Berkley, California. Interestingly, one of those people was Marion Zimmer Bradley.

The SCA covers everything from Ancient Rome to 1600, so we have a lot of history to play in. Members are encouraged to create a "persona" from a particular period, and to research how that person would have lived. We also research and learn period arts and sciences, and some people choose to learn how to fight (swords, archery, fencing, etc). My own areas of research are embroidery and clothing, and the role of women in the Medieval and Renaissance society.

My own persona is a 15th century English cloth merchant, Madelaine le Mercer, who is unusual for the time in that she has regular contact with the world outside her own home. For her business, she keeps up to date with the latest "trends" in fabrics and fashion for both secular and ecclesiastical use. I've included a picture of me in case you'd like to check it out.



Madilayn in her persona as a 15th century English cloth merchant

Can you share with us at what point your life collided with writing about International Rescue?

I shall completely blame Ste Beresford for that. I've been a Thunderbirds fan for most of my life, but I hadn't written anything. After meeting Ste, I wrote a small drabble and then didn't revisit

IR again as a writer for quite a few years, until I wrote **Flood Rescue** in early 2015 – that fic is totally [fellow fanfic writer] Maria's fault!

There are things though that always fascinated me about IR – not so much about the organisation, but about the family dynamics. After all, life in a household with 5 Alpha Males would be... interesting. That and I thought that the late Mrs Tracy must have been a rather amazing woman to have influenced her sons to the extent that I think she has (at least the older ones).

And then there is their life before IR – what they were doing. What they thought when they were told of IR by their father, and his (perhaps unspoken) expectations that they give up their lives to join IR.

When the new **Thunderbirds Are Go** series came out in 2015, I was completely inspired to write about International Rescue – not only the new incarnations, but also the original ones. (I actually view the three different incarnations – original series, 2004 movie and TAG as three different universes and don't even try to make them match up any more).

Do you have a favourite character, one that you simply have to write about?

To Ste's disappointment, I've always been a Scott girl. It totally boggles me how a fibreglass puppet can smoulder, but he manages it!! So I often tend to write about Scott.

Lately, however, I have become fascinated with Gordon and the side we catch glimpses of – but only glimpses...the Gordon that is ex-WASP...the Gordon who was the crack marksman and who had absolutely no qualms about shooting to kill.

I absolutely need to write about that Gordon. :-)

Which episode from the original series is your favourite and what makes it stand out from the rest?

Do I have to pick only one? 'Terror in New York City'. There are so many reasons it stands out. We see that amazing sequence of Thunderbird 2 crashing, and Shane Rimmer and David Holliday's acting during it. It's dramatic and they manage to get over to the watcher the fear that Scott and Virgil are feeling, the concern that Scott has for Virgil and yet we still see Scott go into his previous USAF "flight commander" role, in talking Virgil down.

And then we see IR having to make do with TB2 and her pilot out of action and really do see Jeff Tracy's "clout" when he can pretty

much commandeer the **Sentinel** to get TB4 to (and I am going to assume back from) New York.

To me, it's just a standout all through. None of it is really any "filler" – even though I do think that once again the whole "nobody knows who we are" is blown rather out of the water especially at the end. I mean, really? All five of your sons basically wearing the same dinner jacket? Can you scream "uniform" any louder?

Is **Thunderbirds** your only fandom or do you write for any others?

I've written for the **Harry Potter** fandom (particularly the **Wolfstar** ship), and for both **Gatchaman** and **Battle of the Planets** as well as both original series **Thunderbirds** and **Thunderbirds Are Go**.

You are one of two people marooned on a tropical island for six months. Would you prefer to tough it out with Parker, Ned Cook, or that dastardly evil rascal, Olsen?

Parker. Absolutely Parker. After all, who else will ensure I have a good cup of tea?

Do you have any advice for up and coming **Thunderbirds** writers?

Always keep writing. You don't get any better if you don't keep writing. And write because you enjoy it. Once you stop enjoying writing, then it's best to stop until you start enjoying it. And now for my biggest recommendation – PLEASE USE A BETA. Not your best friend who will like whatever you do, but a good, objective beta who will help you to hone your work until it's the best it can be. Remember – they aren't out to hurt you, but help you.

In honour of your story's selection for the **Tracy Island Chronicles** the Committee has asked me if you will pencil a future writing prompt, to be used in January, 2017 (after this issue of the **Newsflash** comes out) as part of **International Rescue Calling on the Tracy Island Writer's Forum**. This requires a visual scene of no more than two hundred words for to lead our writers into another exciting **International Rescue** adventure. No characters or dialogue are necessary. Just set the scene. Good luck, my dear. It's been a pleasure.

That is hard.... Hmm... here goes...

An unexpected situation leads to a member of IR hearing a particularly unflattering (but possibly semi-accurate) opinion of IR. How do they deal with the situation and the opinion, and can they turn that opinion around?



THUNDERBIRDS

In Print

Pen Turner Reviews the Original "Thunderbirds" Novels

Continuing her reviews of the Original Thunderbirds novels, Pen Turner looks at John Jennison's *Lost World*

Episode 4: *Lost World*, 1966
By John Jennison

Lost World is the fourth *Thunderbirds* book by author John Theydon (real name John W. Jennison, under which he wrote several of the books in this series). Like its predecessor, *Operation Asteroids*, this one only came out in hardback format, and again, I only read it as an adult, which might account for the way I view it.

It clearly is a sequel to both *Operation Asteroids* and the earlier Theydon novels as it continues the theme that the Tracys have learnt the control the Hood can exert over Kyrano, though at the start of the book they believe their adversary might have perished in the explosion of the Tibetan monastery that was the climax of the last book. *Lost World* also references the Hood's role in both original series episodes 'Trapped in the Sky' and 'The Mighty Atom'.

I think I should start by confessing that this is my least favourite of all the Theydon/Jennison books.

It starts well enough – in the opening few pages we have an airliner

carrying 600 passengers pulled off course over New Guinea by some mysterious force, and learn that the same fate had befallen another aircraft only a few weeks before. The plane then vanishes off radar, leaving no trace.

When Scott takes *Thunderbird One* over the same area he encounters a similar force and makes a narrow escape, though is forced to crash-land in the jungle. Writing in the style of 'action rather than plot', the author has Scott getting caught in a flash flood and riding a tree trunk down a torrential river before *Thunderbird Two* arrives to make the necessary repairs so both 'birds can return home.

The action takes a breather now when Jeff receives a letter from an old friend, Professor Peterkin, who is an expert on 'anthropology, archaeology and electronics' (authors certainly didn't pander to the vocabulary of children in the 1960s – if you didn't know a word you were expected to look it up!). The professor asks Jeff to meet him in London, which gives the Hood a chance to learn of their plans as well as giving Lady Penelope and Parker an opportunity to join the story.

When Jeff learns that the professor is intending to visit New Guinea, he gives his friend an emergency beacon in case he runs into trouble.

A week later the beacon is activated, and Scott heads for New Guinea. After some searching, he finds the device being worn as an ornament by the chief of a local tribe of spear-wielding natives. Scott's Pidgin English grates uncomfortably on modern ears, though young readers of the time probably didn't worry about it. The natives lead Scott to a series of caves under the hills, where he finds a diary written by Peterkin's daughter, Moira, which tells how they were kidnapped by a mysterious flying machine.

Meanwhile, *Thunderbird Two* is on its way to New Guinea, with Virgil, Gordon, Brains and Tin Tin on board. Tin Tin is now apparently 'an expert in Asiatic languages' (though quite how that will help in New Guinea, where, we have already been told, each valley can have its own dialect, is not explained). However, the Hood is also on the scene and ambushes the craft as it lands, stealing their hovercraft and leaving the Tracys and their friends unconscious.

Luckily, Brains has also brought along some hoverbelts, so they are able to set off in pursuit through the underground tunnels until they emerge into a hidden valley and are greeted by a member of a hidden civilisation riding an anti-gravity disc. This person escorts them back to their city, where they see the missing planes and learn that the passengers and crew have been set to work as slaves to help this secret race achieve world domination.

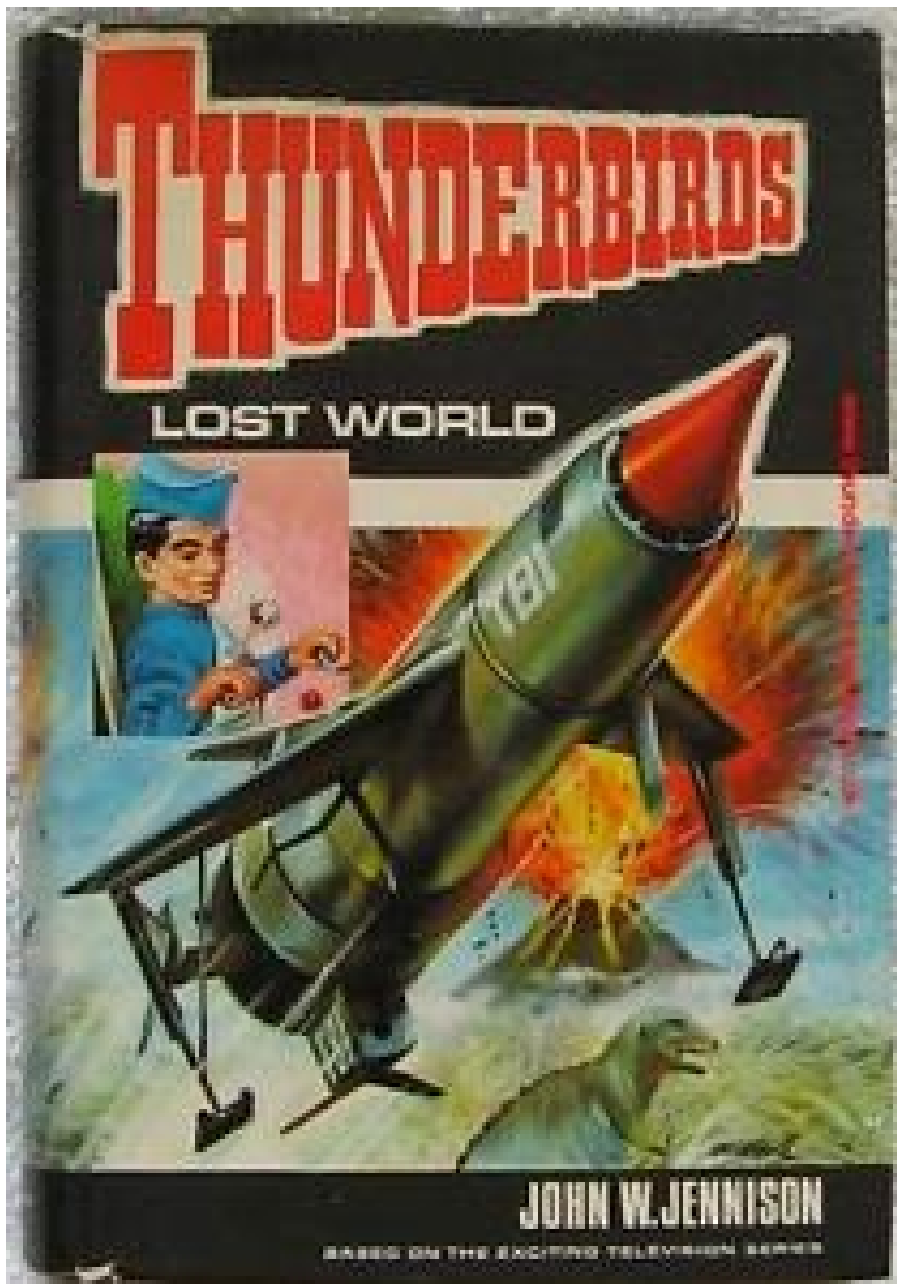
They also discover that the Hood has already arrived and aligned himself with these people as their aims coincide with his own.

I said earlier that this was my least favourite of all the Theydon/Jennison novels, and writing this review has made me work out just why this is. To me, the plot has now just reached the most interesting point, but by now we have less than twenty pages of the book left. To my mind, this dilemma should have come much earlier and the idea been given chance to develop properly, instead of the writer spending so much time on Scott's adventures during his first visit to the island. It can't be purely that I am reading this as an adult rather than a ten-year-old, as I read *Operation Asteroids* at the same time and found that thoroughly enjoyable.

As it happens, when our heroes are imprisoned, it is fortunate that geology is on their side. Having been stable long enough for this community to flourish, the valley's volcano now chooses this moment to erupt, freeing all the prisoners and shutting off the force field and radio blackout that previously hid the valley. This means Scott can now summon Virgil and *Thunderbird Two* to come to everyone's rescue.

One last amusing note; the artist who drew the cover picture clearly did not read the book. Yes, it has Scott, *Thunderbird One* and a volcano, but the dinosaur seems to have wandered in from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book of the same title. (And if you haven't read that, then you're missing out!)

Up Next Issue: *Ring of Fire* by John Theydon



MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE UK!

After all the celebrations and events to mark last year's 50th anniversary, it was inevitable that 2016 would be a quieter year in the world of Thunderbirds.

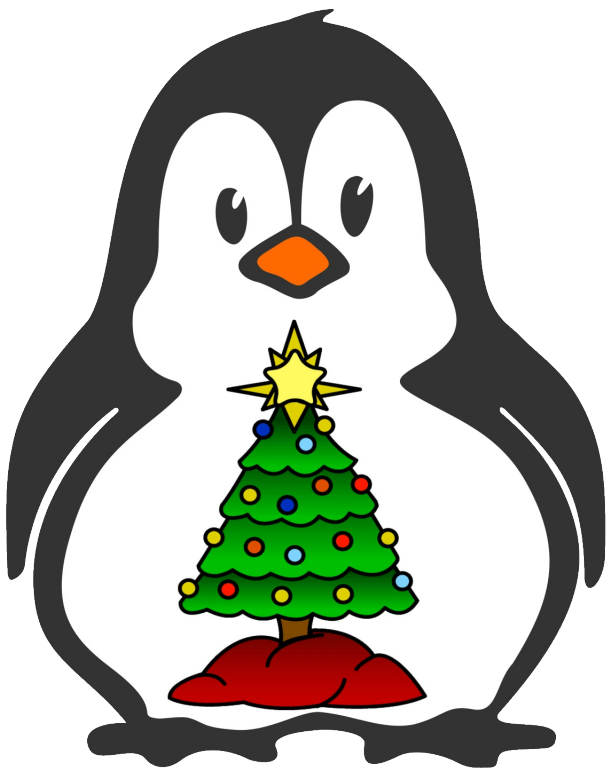
However, our small corner has still been going strong. When I first joined this group, more than ten years ago (where has the time gone?) it consisted of the Tracy Island Chronicles website and a Yahoo list group. Now members can keep in touch via the new Tracy Island Writers Forum (TIWF) Facebook group, share ideas and respond to monthly writing prompts on our own dedicated forum and check Thunderbirds facts and information on our growing resource, the TICipedia website.

I look on my fellow TIWF members as part of an extended family spread around the world. We may not be close physically, but we can share information and ideas, writing tips or grammar problems. In addition we share the ups and downs of our own lives and I like to think we are there for each other when needed.

On a personal note, this has not been a good year for me and I would like to thank all my TB friends who have sent me messages of comfort and support and offered to spend time with me or invited me for a visit.

Merry Christmas everybody!

Pen Turner



THUNDERBIRDS



GUESS THE EPISODE!

How well do you know *Thunderbirds*?

Well, here's your chance to find out!

In which episodes do you see the below images?

Answers on the last page
(but see if you can guess first!)





BONDed to Shane

Or...A Really Biased Fan Review of The Spy Who Loved Me



You have to understand, before you read one word further, that I am unlikely to be considered an expert on anything to do with movies and what's more, I am the most biased person I know when it comes to watching movies that star people and sound effects that I like. This particular review is happening right now to help celebrate the appearance of Shane Rimmer on the [TICipedia Voice Actor Archive](#). Check out his debut there where you'll find biographical info, photos, videos and sound bites...including Shane singing! Now on to the movie...

In the case of *The Spy Who Loved Me*, arguably one of the most fun Bond movies if for no other reason than Jaws or cars that turn into submersibles (smacking deliciously of FAB 1 flying off the dock in *Thunderbirds Are Go* to chase Baldy over the waves), there is a quadruple whammy that makes it the only 007 flick I would personally watch as many times as I have personally watched it. Which, let's just say I'm afraid it's gone well into the triple digits at this point and leave it at that.

So what's the quadruple whammy? In a nutshell:

- 1. Roger Moore's Bond
- 2. Shane Rimmer in a fairly large role (and often sounding just like Scott Tracy)
- 3. The Cham-Cham (!!!!)
- 4. Derek Meddings (BOOM! Er...literally)

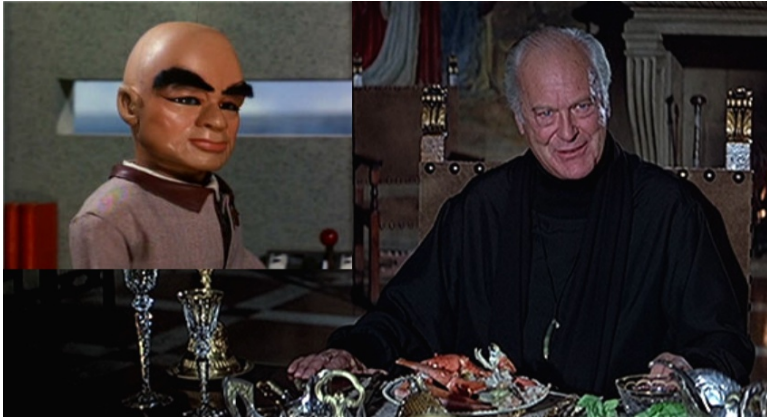
Now, for the true *Thunderbirds* aficionados among you...and I'm kind of hoping that's all of you seeing how this is a *Thunderbirds* newsletter...you will recognize numbers 2, 3 and 4 as being things that have to do with our beloved TV show.

Number one not so much except...actually...there is also a tie-in with *Thunderbirds* there, too! Two tie-ins! Without further ado, let's get after it so I can explain myself a bit.



Barbara Bach as Anya (aka Agent XXX)

James Bond and a Russian agent, sworn enemies because hello, England and Russia especially back in the day, have to team up to solve a huge problem that sees US, Russian and British submarines and their crews disappearing without a trace. Of course, the Russian agent is female. Of course, she's Barbara Bach-gorgeous (and that's not just a random comparison -- the character is actually played by Barbara Bach!). And of course her extremely inappropriate moniker is Agent XXX. Typical Bond (you can't tell me *Octopussy* escaped your notice).



Bad and Badder: The Hood vs. Curt Jurgens as Stromberg



EEEEEEK! Richard Kiel as Jaws *runs and hides*

While Curd Jürgens (billed as Curt Jurgens) makes a good evil mastermind with his portrayal of Karl Stromberg (although never as scrumptious as our baldheaded bushy-eyebrowed glowy-eyed Hood), the real fun (read: pee-your-pants frightening-no-kid-will-ever-sleep-again-horror) is the bad guy named Jaws, whose huge silver teeth are simply freaky to look at, never mind his penchant for biting such varied things as sharks, peoples' necks or metal chains and padlocks. Richard Kiel (Jaws) still creeps me out to this day in spite of having watched this film as many times as I have!

While Bond is off sharing his bed with a woman who betrays him (standard Bond setup?), XXX is also getting her own on at a Peoples' Rest and Recuperation Center (read: Russian hidden fortress where I'm sure every little thing is monitored including whatever it was she was doing in bed with her man). Bond gets away from his baddies in the Alps, one of whom was XXX's boyfriend whom Bond killed during the getaway, all leading up to (in my not-so-humble opinion) the most memorable Bond opening from any of the franchise's offerings: James skis right off the edge of a ridiculously tall cliff. As he's falling in complete silence...the chase music stopped when he went over...suddenly a parachute unfolds. But it's not just any parachute...it's the Union Jack! I'm telling you, it just doesn't get any better than that! Check out [this video](#) of the opening sequence to see what I mean.



Let's return to the first item in my quadruple whammy list: Roger Moore's Bond. He's not everyone's cup of tea, especially those who adored Sean Connery's 007. I long detested Bond movies simply because my idea of a good role model isn't a guy who treats women like sex objects, which is basically what Bond does (well, all except for the awesome Diana Rigg in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, but that's another story). However, in Moore I have a portrayal I can appreciate, and one that makes me laugh.

Unlike the other Bonds, he didn't take the thing so seriously as to make me want to punch James in the face for being such a user. In fact our beloved Shane Rimmer wrote (in his autobiography *From Thunderbirds to Pterodactyls* available on [Amazon US](#) and [Amazon UK](#)) of Moore's outings as Bond that "Roger was quite a tactician, though. Sean couldn't be outgunned on his own terms; his playing of the Bond character was 22 carat gold. So Moore had to come at the role from a

different angle. Where Connery used brawn, Moore opted for finesse. Where Connery's eyes could hold a swift danger for those who risked a look, Moore's were a guileless sky blue until an acutely raised eyebrow turned them into lasers..." He finished the section in his autobiography about this movie with the point I agree with him on the most: "His Bond was affable, charming and irresistible – and it worked."



Peter Dyneley and Roger Moore in The Saint episode 'To Kill a Saint'

I could not agree more. But Shane is not the only connection Roger Moore has to the **Thunderbirds** voice actors. Both Peter Dyneley (Jeff Tracy's voice) and Sylvia Anderson (I think we all know for sure who that is) knew, hung out with, worked with and talked with Moore, with one notable story Peter told recounted for you by his son Richard on our Peter Dyneley [TICipedia page](#). Apparently, Peter, Roger and another fellow rode horses to a producer's home just to prove to the guy they could ride horses and get the acting parts they were after!

In her autobiography *Yes, M'Lady* (available at [Amazon US](#) and [Amazon UK](#)), Sylvia tells about the time she interviewed Roger Moore for her 'Lady Penelope Investigates' column while he was filming *The Saint*. This was a couple of years before Roger appeared in *The Persuaders* with Tony Curtis while Anderson was working on *UFO*, and as Sylvia said, "there was no hint then that Roger would, one day, step into Sean Connery's shoes as James Bond."

While I absolutely adore every second of this movie, the real fun for **Thunderbirds** fans starts more than an hour into it. Well, one hour, twenty-four minutes and eleven seconds, to tickle





Shane Rimmer as Captain Carter

Virgil's penchant for precision ("Arriving in two-and-one-half minutes, Scott."). Enter #2 on my whammy list: Shane Rimmer, the unforgettable, always recognizable voice of dashing and heroic Scott Tracy (whose face, funnily enough, was supposedly modeled after Sean Connery...).

Shane is Captain Carter, the skipper of the **USS Wayne**, an American sub that – while James and Anya are onboard – is captured by a massive vessel called **Liparus** which has been making Russian, US and British subs disappear. Now, it can't only be me who, when looking at said massive vessel, instantly thinks of **Ocean Pioneer** and **Ocean Pioneer II** of 'Danger at Ocean Deep' fame. Well, I just skipped us ahead of #3 on my whammy list all the way to #4, so we'll go with that for now with two words: Derek Meddings. (Don't worry, I'll come back to Shane's performance, I promise!)



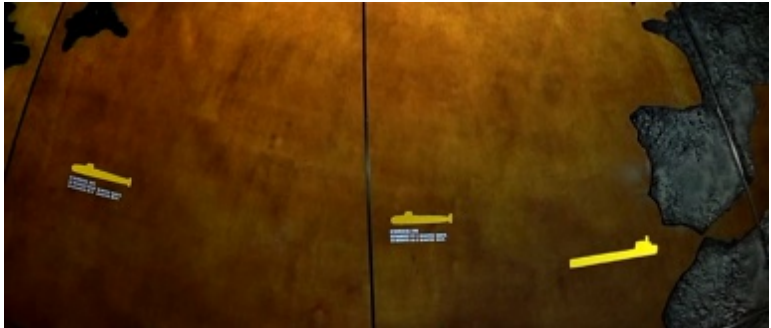
Ocean Pioneer explosion (L) and The Spy Who Loved Me explosion (R)

The very first time I ever watched this movie was with a former roommate, who happened to own it specifically because Shane was in it. That was what she was all about, all the Shane scenes, being a big Scott fan. But there was one particular scene inside the **Liparus** that turned my attention away from trying to equate Scott's voice with the guy on the screen running around getting shot at. It was a sound. One which first made me stare in disbelief, and then listen even more closely, then rewind it and listen again (about six times) and finally holler at the television screen, "Oh, my God, Stromberg has the Cham-Cham!" (Told you I was a total geek...)



Ocean Pioneer (L) and Liparus (R)

Yes, that's right, I said the magic special effects words. You are extremely familiar with Meddings' work from **Thunderbirds**. All you have to do is look at any part of the show outside of the marionettes to know Derek. From the opening credits where things explode quite spectacularly to multiple scenes in every single episode, from aircraft and ships to buildings and big blowups, we **Thunderbirds** fans were treated to epic movie-quality SFX on a weekly basis. Meddings proved it by going on to handle special effects for such blockbusters as **Star Wars**, **Batman**, the first three Christopher Reeve **Superman** movies and multiple Bond films including...yes, you guessed it...**The Spy Who Loved Me**. Funnily enough, Shane appeared in many of those flicks...



Above: The globe on Liparus that makes the Cham - Cham sound
Below: The actual Cham - Cham from Thunderbirds



Meddings (L) from Yes M'Lady

I tell you, I can geek out all day watching Meddings' special and visual effects. I think that's probably because watching anything he's had his hand in reminds me so much of **Thunderbirds** that it creates warm fuzzies in my chest for no other reason than that! C'mon, who doesn't love a good explosion..?

Okay, now that I've successfully ignited my own personal firebug, I'll take a step backwards to #3 on my quadruple whammy list: The Cham-Cham. What in the world, I can hear you asking, does **The Spy Who Loved Me** have to do with the **Thunderbirds** episode entitled 'The Cham-Cham'? Well, I'm glad you asked!



Those are screenshots of the scene where you can hear the sound in question in both arenas...a sound that is unmistakably the Cham-Cham...but in order to prove my point I've put two videos up [on this page](#): one of the excerpt from this movie and one of 'The Cham-Cham' from **Thunderbirds**, so you can hear it for yourself. I honestly still think it's the funniest thing ever for all this deadly serious stuff going on with Shane, Roger and the others and suddenly in my mind I'm hearing:



“Oh, of course! That’s it! Why didn’t I think of it before?”
“What’s it, Brains, what are you talking about?”
“That’s it! It’s a Cham- Cham!”
“A Cham- Cham?!?”
“What’s a Cham-Cham, Brains?” (Bless you, Virgil, always the practical one.)

Facepalm. I think I need therapy. Or maybe a permanent holiday to Tracy Island. Either way. I wonder if Q will lend me the submersible...or maybe Parker can swing by in FAB 1.



FAB1 takes a dive in Thunderbirds Are Go vs. Bond's submersible car

Let’s see that a little bit better via video: [click here](#).

Okay, maybe I don’t really want to travel either of those ways; they could prove hazardous to my health. But let’s get back to the whole real reason this flick is awesome...aside from Moore’s Bond, Meddings’ BOOM! factor and the Cham-Cham...and that’s Shane as Captain Carter.

What I love the most about Shane’s performance here is that you get to see on his face what you’ve always been able to hear in his voice: the realism that brought Scott Tracy to life even though we were all watching a fiberglass marionette with a lower lip that moved minutely up and down and eyes that shifted left and right. Shane’s Carter is in a dire situation with his new friend Commander Bond, and as such he’s running around trying to help 007 save the day, never mind their own lives and those of the various captive sub crews. And it’s when Shane’s voice gets urgent that he sounds the most, in my opinion, like Scott.

What with all the grenades and shooting and dying and such, there’s ample opportunity for Shane to sound like his string-controlled alter ego. All the better for those of us who find that particular sound to be music to our ears. Especially [this clip](#), which also gives you a Cham-Cham moment!

Shane’s a great actor, there’s no doubt about that. And you don’t need to watch this or any other movie to believe that because he made us all believe Scott was alive back when *Thunderbirds* was hitting our television screens, through the use of nothing more than his voice. Getting to watch him act as himself rather than a disembodied voice is a real treat because you get the entire man to go along with the iconic voice and that leads to a whole other kind of geeking out, especially for us female Tracy son fans!

In the end, Shane’s Captain Carter helps Roger’s James Bond save the world (New York and Moscow were about to be nuked) and then Carter has to torpedo Stromberg’s underwater



Does this guy actually need to be captioned?

home while Bond and Agent XXX are still aboard. Hey, he was just following orders, what’s a Navy sub captain supposed to do? That whole thing with him ordering the torpedo to be fired is the last we see of Shane, sadly, but what a wild ride! And what a wonderful way to spend a couple of hours, with many old friends from our beloved *Thunderbirds* world ranging from Shane himself to the models to the explosions to even the Cham-Cham. (Bless you, Derek, for the fond and lifelong memories you helped bring to the world!)

We’d love to know what you think of *The Spy Who Loved Me* and especially of Shane’s role in it! Join us on the [Tracy Island Writers Forum](#) (and its associated Facebook group) to jump into the discussion today!

Now excuse me while I go back and watch it all over again...and pass me the number of a therapist who deals with obsessive-compulsive Shane/Scott issues while you’re at it...



Thank you for that fun ride, Shane. It’s one I can’t seem to get enough of!

Christine Davis





THE TRACY ISLAND FAMILY OF WEBSITES

CLICK THE PHOTOS TO BE TAKEN
TO EACH SITE



The Tracy Island Chronicles was created in 2004 to archive 'the best of the best' in Thunderbirds fan fiction (in our humble opinions!). Stories are selected by the TIC Story Selection Committee. There are a few other things on this site for fans to have fun with, too, like Gordon's games and the Thunderbirds version of the Mary Sue Litmus Test (a must-read for writers!) in Thunderbird Four's Pod, plus character biographies, episode guides and images in Thunderbird Three's Silo!



Here you'll find information about the discussion forum and our TIC chat days and times as well as TIWF's purpose and how to contact us. If you like talking Thunderbirds, this is the place for you!



Tracy Island Chronicles Fan-fic 'Guess the Story' Quiz

1. Lilpippin, *Blankets, Bells & Butterscotch*
2. Molly Webb, *Desperado*
3. Purupuss, *The Tracy Celeste*
4. Fran L, *Fish Out of Water*

Screenshot Quiz

1. 'Day of Disaster'
2. 'Edge of Impact'
3. 'The Perils of Penelope'
4. 'The Cham-Cham'

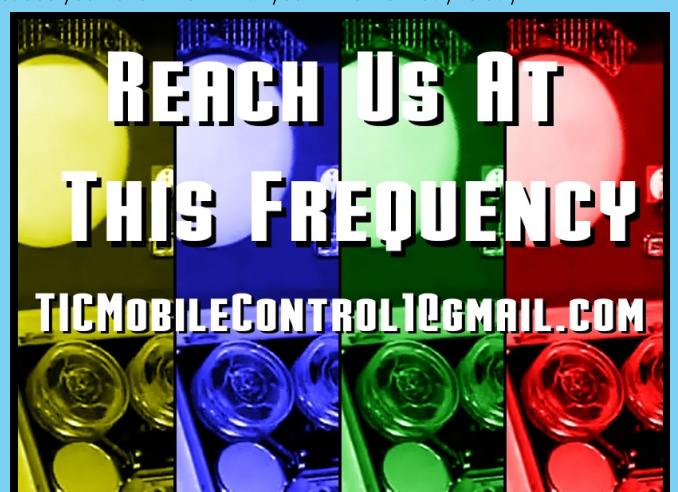
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TICipedia is exactly what it sounds like: the Thunderbirds version of Wikipedia. This site is designed to be a place where Thunderbirds canon facts and their sources are compiled in one place. In addition, TICipedia showcases facts about the voice actors from the show, as well as videos, images and sound bytes of them from other non-Thunderbirds work.



We decided we needed one place to share not only what's going on in the Family, but also to bring you Thunderbirds-related news in a way only Facebook can. So if you're on FB, please head over to 'Thunderbirds Are Still Go' and Like our page! And keep an eye on it, because you never know what you'll find from day to day!



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