

2.

IN WHICH THE SPECIAL BOAT SERVICES RESCUE TEAM,
FIND STRANGE THINGS AFOOT IN THE WATERS OF LOCH NESS,
AND BILLY WETHERELL AND MATILDA FINN
SHARE AN AWKWARD MOMENT.



LIKE
SLIPPING INTO
A COLD CUPPA
CHA'. LOVELY,
ISN'T IT, MISS?



SUB 1, YOU
ARE AWAY. ALL
LIGHTS ARE
GREEN.

"THUNDERBIRDS
ARE GO," THEN,
RESCUE 6.



COUGH!
GHK!



ALL RIGHT
BACK
THERE?

BEEN
COPING WITH
SOME ALLERGIES
THIS TRIP OUT.
IT'S NOTHING.





THE LADS BACK ON THE BOAT WERE SAYIN' THAT YOU'VE A LOTTA NERVE COMIN' OUT 'ERE AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT DR. KAYCEE.



I'M SURE HE'D WANT TO COME AFTER ME.



IT'S LIKE THAT, THEN, EH?

YOU KNOW, SPEAKING OF THE BOYS BACK ON THE BOAT, THEY TOLD ME YOU WENT OUT OF YOUR WAY TO GET SIGNED ON TO THIS RESCUE. WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?



MY GREAT-GRANDDAD WAS DUKE WETHERELL. FIRST MAN TO HUNT THE LOCH NESS MONSTER BACK IN THE THIRTIES.

ONE OF THE "BIG-GAME HUNTERS" OF THE DAY, YEAH?

DEAD RIGHT, HE WAS.

WAIT--I THINK I KNOW THIS ONE, BILLY. DUKE WETHERELL WAS THE POOR SOD FOOLED INTO BELIEVING THAT HE HAD FOUND EVIDENCE OF THE CREATURE.



HE DISCOVERED A FOOTPRINT THAT LATER TURNED OUT TO HAVE BEEN MADE BY A FOOT TAKEN FROM A STUFFED HIPPOPOTAMUS.



AYE, WELL... SO WHAT IF HE WAS?

I JUST FIGURED IF WE HAPPEN TO STUMBLE ON ANYTHING IN ALL THIS PEAT, I MIGHT TAKE A SNAP OF IT.

YOU KNOW, GET SOMETHING BACK FOR THE FAMILY, LIKE.



SUB 1, THIS IS SUB 2.




SUB 1 HERE. GO, SUB 2.

IT'S BEEN AN HOUR. WE GOT NOTHIN' OUT HERE, BILLY BOY. YOU LOT HAVING ANY LUCK?

NOTHING IN THE WATER SO FAR, SUB 2.




IT'S SURPRISING, THERE'S NO DEBRIS, NO SIGN OF A BOAT. NOTHING.



THIS IS RESCUE 6... SETTLE IT DOWN, NOW. TAKE YOUR TIME AND DON'T GET SPOOKED. WE'VE PICKED UP NOTHING ON OUR SCANS, EITHER. SUB 2--PROCEED TO YOUR NEXT GRID POINT AND CHECK IN AGAIN IN TEN MINUTES.

SUB 2 ACKNOWLEDGING ORDER--PROCEED TO GRID POINT 3 AND CHECK IN.

SUB 1, PROCEED ON TARGET PATH TO THE BOTTOM. CHECK IN WHEN SUB 2 DOES.



SUB 1 ACKNOWLEDGING ORDER. PROCEEDING TO GRID POINT 4.



WE'RE LIT UP LIKE FENWICK'S FRONT WINDOW JUST TO SEE A BIT AHEAD OF US. IT'D BE A SHAME IF WE SMASHED OURSELVES TO PIECES CRASHIN' INTO THE BOAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR.

DOES HE LEAD YOU INTO BOTHER OFTEN, THEN, YER BOSS?



