

Tracy Island, April 22nd -- 3.30 p.m.

Kat was resting on her balcony; things had slowly gotten back to normal. She was just debating whether to join her friends in the games room, or write to her father when her door chimed. Kat wandered to the door and opened it. Standing there was John. Kat looked surprised. "Why John, how nice to see you! Please, do come in."

As he entered, John explained, "The day before we got the call for the tsunami, Gordon told me that you had had some rather bad news regarding your mother. We've been busy, but I thought I should come to see if you are okay, and also to ask how you Mom is."

"Mum is feeling better, thank you, she is home now and being spoilt rotten by Dad. In fact, I was just thinking of emailing him. Thank you so much for asking. Would you care to join me in a drink?"

John nodded, and while she was gone, he began looking at some of the books on the small table. Picking them up, he browsed through them.

"They're my favourites," Kat said as she handed him a glass of juice.

"I have to say I don't know these authors," John murmured.

"They are whodunits, sort of medieval Miss Marple," Kat explained. "You can borrow them, if you like."

John thanked her. "I will if I ever find the time," he said. He took a sip of the juice, then asked, "So, you really had no idea just how ill your Mom was?"

Kat shook her head. "No, I think that Mum kept quiet, because it was around that time that I was having an interview for this job. I suspect that she knew that I really wanted this, so didn't want to make me turn it down. But now she is on the way to a complete recovery. I would like to visit her, but at the moment, Dad has said that there is really nothing I can do. I may ask permission to visit her on my birthday later this month."

"I'm sure that'll be fine," John replied.

"That would be wonderful! If so, I may plan my visit as a surprise for her."

Looking at her, John asked, "So tell me; what made you decide on a career as a mechanic? Is your father a mechanic?"

Kat laughed, "No, actually my dad is a college lecturer in the building department. Carpentry and Joinery is his subject. When I told my mum and dad I was going to be a mechanic, my mother nearly had a fit. Of course, she blamed it on my dad. I can still hear her now, shouting at him that



it was his fault. But I suppose in a way she was right. I used to spend hours watching him tinkering with old cars. I just loved to help, loved the hands on approach. Mum used to tell her friends that she was sure it was just a phase I was going through, but when I enrolled for college, she had to give in to the idea of a daughter permanently in oily overalls, smelling of petrol and oil."

John laughed. "Hard on your Mom. What career did she think you should have had?"

"Oh, you know. Secretary, Florist, Hairdresser, girly things really. Anything but a messy, dirty mechanic."

John chuckled and Kat smiled.

"Now it's your turn. If your dad hadn't started International Rescue, what would you have liked to have done with your life?"

John looked thoughtful. "Mm, that's a good question. I probably would have concentrated on astronomical research, or maybe have stayed with the NASA or gone to the WSA."

They chatted in general about her work with Lady Penelope. Kat explained how thrilled she was to have been offered a job with International Rescue, but how guilty she had felt leaving Lady Penelope. "After all," she explained. "I had been working for her for four years, and we had a mutual respect for each other. Sometimes it was more than an employer/employee relationship; it was a friendship that formed over those four years."

John looked at his watch. "I really must go and leave you so that you can email your dad."

Kat smiled. "You're welcome any time, John. I enjoyed the chat; it was better than just sitting on my own. And thank you again for enquiring about my Mum."

John picked up the books and headed for the door, followed by Kat. "See you later," he said as he left the apartment.

"Bye, John. Thanks for visiting," Kat replied, as she closed the door.

From Tawnyangel22 July 23, 2005