

Saturday, April 28, 2068, 5:30 p.m., Tracy Island

"He shoots, he scores!" Virgil crowed as he leaped into the air and stuffed the basketball into the goal.

"Woo hoo! Nice one, Virge," Gordon praised as he gave his partner a high five. "Oops!" He leaned over, waving his arms to cover John as he dribbled the ball before him. The covering strategy didn't work, as John faked turning one way, then quickly pivoted in the other direction, and handed the ball off to Scott.

Scott's blue eyes met Virgil's brown ones as they moved back and forth, up the court a little, then down, the Thunderbird Two pilot matching his brother's moves step for step. Suddenly, Scott faked a pass over Virgil's head. The younger man reacted, and Scott broke away, dribbling the ball down the court and stuffing it into his own basket.

"Had enough?" he asked Gordon and Virgil. They were all perspiring heavily as the current court where they played was the outdoor one.

"Nope. Bring it on," Gordon challenged with a cocky grin.

"Scott, you're going to have to go one on one," John said regretfully. "I promised I'd eat dinner with Tyler. Hopefully get him to keep something down."

"Oh, okay," Scott said, absently bouncing the basket ball as he walked toward his brother. "How's the Spud doing?"

John sighed. "It's hard to say. I haven't seen him or spoken to Mom since breakfast. He didn't have a good night, though."

"I hope Mom can get him to eat, and soon. He's already pretty skinny," Gordon commiserated.

"Yeah, well, I'm going to try and help her this evening," John said, grabbing a bottle of Gatorade from the cooler they'd brought down. "But first I want a shower. See you guys later."

"Later, John," Virgil echoed as John walked off. He looked at his remaining brothers. "I'm with him. Plus I need some practice of another kind and if I can get a few moments in before dinner..."

"G'wan with ya! Who needs ya!" Gordon teased, waving him away. "Ol' Scooter an' me, we're gonna play for the championship of the universe!"

Virgil snorted a laugh, grabbed his own bottle of Gatorade and a towel, and headed off in the same direction John had taken, calling to him to wait up.

"Okay... Minnow," Scott said, grinning. "One on one."

"Suits me fine... Scooter," Gordon returned.

They played for several minutes. Scott had the reach and height on Gordon, but the aquanaut was sneakier and often managed to steal the ball from his brother. Thus, they were pretty evenly matched.

"Hey, Gords!" Scott said as he dribbled the ball down the court slowly. "What did you think about Dad's briefing about Christopher's departure?"

"I dunno, Scott. I mean, yeah, Mom technically caused a security breach. But really, it was her call to make as CMO."

"Yeah. It was her call. And I agree with Dad that it was the right one. But can he convince the new recruits of that?"

"Hasn't he told them yet?" Gordon asked, incredulous.

"No, he hasn't." Scott stopped dribbling the ball. "And I don't think that's wise. Scuttlebutt travels faster than light, you know."

"Yeah, I do. Have you talked to him about telling the newbies?"

Scott shook his sweaty head. "No, he's been a wrapped up with Ty, and with that expansion opportunity in Lima. Not to mention the upcoming celebrations. He's been online ordering furniture for the place in New Hampshire."

"Hope that doesn't bring back some nasty memories." Gordon said with a sigh. "And I hope that when he does tell the newbies, they'll understand. Sure sounded like Christopher didn't."

From Tikatu 8/8/2005

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