

Tracy Island; Wednesday, May 9, 8:45 AM

"Brains, I want to talk to you."

Startled, the engineer looked up to see Alan standing in the doorway with a look on his face that told Brains why he was here. But considering all the heartache he put Tin-Tin through, I'm not going to let him off easy. "Of course; come in and sit down. What's wrong? Is there a problem with Thunderbird Three?"

Alan moved further into the room, but didn't accept the invitation. Instead, he leaned against a table and folded his arms across his chest. "No, the vessel is in perfect condition. Look, I'll get right to the point. Is it true that you and Tin-Tin went for a walk on the beach and had a picnic the other day? Just the two of you?"

"I don't see that it's any of your business, Alan, but yes, we did."

"Why?"

"What? What's your problem, Alan?"

"I don't have a problem, but you will if you don't answer the question. Why did you go walking alone with Tin-Tin?"

Brains shook his head, but when Alan straightened up, and moved closer, he replied, "Because she asked me, and I wanted to, okay? And both of us enjoyed ourselves. It was a nice break from work, and we both returned relaxed and refreshed."

Alan relaxed his stance a little. "Well, okay, but don't make a habit of doing that kind of thing."

Brains found himself becoming irritated. "If Tin-Tin wants to go on a picnic with me, or do anything else with me, why shouldn't I agree to? If I like her and she likes me, that's between us."

"Don't you realize what's going on here? She's just trying to make me come back to her. The poor girl is --"

"Is completely over you, Alan Tracy." The two men looked up, startled, to see Tin-Tin standing in the entrance, her hands on her hips. "I asked Brains to go picnicking with me because I wanted to be with him. He's a nice man, and I like him a lot. We had fun, and I hope that we can do it again, soon."

"Now, Tin-Tin --" Alan moved toward her, but was stopped in his tracks by her next words.

"Don't you 'now Tin-Tin' me! You told me it was over between us. Do you expect me to curl up and die, pining away for you?"

Brains leaned against his desk, admiration for Tin-Tin and amusement at Alan's predicament warring with each other for priority. He folded his arms and waited.

"Of course not; I --"

"You really should get over yourself, Alan. I'm so not into you that I was amused by all the attention you got from Cherie's girlfriends. And you know what? It felt good. It feels good. You have no right to tell anyone how to treat me, or whether or not to go out with me. You gave that right up the night you told me it was over between us."

"Tin-Tin, it was for your own good that I broke it off between us; I told you that at the time. You don't understand that I --"

"Alan, you never gave me a chance to respond that night. Well now I'm going to. How dare you treat me like I am just a child who has no involvement in any rescues? You seem to forget that I was with you when we went to rescue that Sun Probe rocket, and nearly got fried ourselves. I've been there from the first, and I know how dangerous it can get. But you don't have to be a member of International Rescue to be in dangerous situations; the victims that you have helped can attest to that. No, Alan. It's for a different reason entirely that you broke up with me. And you would agree, if you were being honest. So don't tell me it was for my good!"

Alan turned to look at Brains. "Don't you have anything to say?"

Brains grinned. "Not really. I think she's saying it all." He looked past him to Tin-Tin, who was glaring at Alan. "I will say that I find your 'I-don't-want-her-but-you-can't-have-her' attitude somewhat childish." He was rewarded by a smile of approval from Tin-Tin.

"I suppose you two will want to move in together, then?"

"Alan!"

"Alan, that was totally uncalled for," Brains admonished. "I think it's time you left before you embarrass yourself any further."

Shaking his head, the youngest of the five original Tracy brothers turned and walked out.

From: Hobbeth Sent: 9/15/2005

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