

March 16, Tracy Penthouse, New York.

Elise found herself once again unpacking the things she would need while she was in New York. She was glad she'd thought to bring some cold weather clothes; New York still was chilly this time of year.

She started making notes in her head as she settled in, and the first priority was to get her belongings taken care of and shipped. As she wasn't exactly sure where her stuff had been taken, she decided to ask Gordon. After all, he was at the apartment helping pack it all before Scott had her whisked off to the island!

She left her room and began looking for Gordon. Elise knew the layout of the penthouse from when she stayed there after leaving the hospital and before she left for the island. Virgil had been here then; now it was Gordon who was the resident Tracy. She heard him before she actually saw him. Following the noises of a disgruntled sports fan, she found him slouched on the couch, munching on chips and complaining to a sports announcer who was oblivious to the fact that Gordon's tirade was directed at him! Elise watched for a minute, amused, until Gordon sensed her presence and looked up.

"Elise! Hi! Um... how long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough!" she smiled back at him.

"Sorry!" he mumbled as he sat up.

"S'okay. I know how you guys are with sports!" Gordon laughed.

"Yeah, it's a genetic thing. Can't help it, I'm afraid! What's up with you?" he asked, casually.

"Actually, I was wondering if you wouldn't mind coming with me tomorrow to locate and take care of my stuff. You know... the stuff you put in storage?"

Gordon looked a little lost and then realized what she was talking about.

"Oh yeah! Sure, no problem. It won't take long to get it taken care of. You wanna go early to do it?"

"Yes, the sooner the better. Thanks."

He flashed his boyish grin at her and she smiled back. As he started to stand up, his back gave him a twinge, and Elise noticed.

"Are you okay?" she asked, concerned.

"Yeah, it's just a cramp." He twisted his torso around a bit, loosening the muscles. Elise thought about a remark she'd heard Dianne say at the airport. Something about Gordon re-injuring his back?

"Gordon? Did you injure your back?"

He didn't reply right away, contemplating on what to tell her. He hated to talk about it, and even more, he hated the sympathy people usually tried to offer him. Gordon liked to pretend he was never injured in the first place.

"Well? Did you?" she persisted.

He nodded, "Unfortunately... yes. Yes, I hurt it a long time ago, but I recently re-injured it."

Elise saw the far-away look that had appeared on Gordon's face. He looked sad, and then almost angry, but in a flash it was gone. She walked around the couch and sat down.

"How did it happen? On a rescue?"

Gordon sighed heavily and sat down, leaning back against the couch. "No, not on a rescue. It happened before International Rescue."

"Ah, I see."

Gordon knew the tone of her reply meant she wanted details, details he wasn't sure he wanted to give.

Why the heck does she even want to know?!

He looked at her and noticed her eyes were staring off to nowhere. He studied her for a few minutes.

There's something bothering her, something bad.

He knew that look. He had seen it time and again; on the faces of the victims he'd rescued, on the faces of his brothers, and on his own face.

She was trying to mask her fear.

"Elise?"

"Hmm?"

"Is there something bothering you that you want to talk about?"

She looked at him, but averted her eyes quickly.

"No, not really. I was just curious about your back, that's all."

LIAR!

He knew a tall one when he heard it. He hadn't spent years concocting the best lies in the world for nothing!

"I'll be fine, don't worry," he assured her.

They arranged a time to leave the next morning and said their goodnights.

Gordon was up early and was surprised to see Elise ready and waiting to go.

"Anxious, are we?" he joked but noticed how jittery she seemed.

"I was awake earlier than I expected, so figured I'd get ready."

"Okay then, let's go."

Gordon grabbed the keys to the car that was kept downstairs in the garage and they headed out.

Post by FrankieCTB2 on 24/11/2004

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