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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 18:45:10 GMT  
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 3/25/2007 10:04 PM

Sitting on the beige striped couch with pink and blue threads, Heather sat studying the near empty walls. Dressed in the lounge clothes she bought at the Regis, she gazed about the living room. Every room in the apartment was tastefully furnished, but there were no pictures to hang on the walls. Her favorite family photo, her Naval Academy graduation photo, and Jeff Tracy's official NASA photo had all been destroyed. On the whole, the apartment was beautiful, but she had no good way to personalize it.

"I'll have to write Mom and Dad and Aunt Jenny for new photos to be made of everyone. I might be able to write to the academy about my graduation picture. Maybe Mr. Tracy would be able to print his official NASA photo for me, and I'd have a perfect opportunity to get it signed. Hopefully, he won't be too busy to do that, but that will have to be the last thing on my list, of course. His hands must be too full right now, I imagine."

Annoyed with herself for such sad feelings, she walked over to the window controls and cleared the opaque sheers. The glass cleared, displaying a grey and misty morning. "Oh great. Looks like a perfect day," she murmured, leaning on the window. The white capped ocean waves slapped the beaches in the distance and the palm trees seem to droop.

Heather thought back when she lived across from her aunt. Jenny would make a pie for a friend who was worn out over caring for a brand new baby, or a injured farmer next door to her own farm. That thought had Heather thinking about Dianne. After getting dressed, she set about making two batches worth of cookies. Dr. Tracy has to be a bit moody herself. She must still be pretty sore, and the weather won't help matters I'm sure. I think I have all the ingredients to make my rum and chocolate chip cookies. If I don't do something nice for somebody, I'm going to have a perfectly maudlin day!

As she grabbed bowls and ingredients out of the various cupboards in the kitchen, a beeping sound came from the living room coffee table. Uh oh...there goes the cellphone. I hope it's Tin-Tin. If not, I should call her. She's really gone out of her way to help me blend in with the others. I ought to come up with a way to thank her.

Setting the ingredients down on the kitchen counter, Heather walked into the spacious living room, and picked up the phone she left on the coffee table. Looking at the number, Heather crossed herself and answered it. "Hi Mother. I love you. How--?"

Martha's grating, scolding voice interrupted her daughter's greeting. "Heather, do you want to explain to me why your father and I have only received a post office box number to send mail to you?"

Deep breathing, Heather said brightly, "Hi Mother. How are you?"

"I'm fine, but your father is upset and so am I!" Martha answered sharply.

Honestly, Mother! If Dad was that upset, he would have called me directly! "Mother," Heather began patiently. "I'm under contract not to give out any other address. I have to honor it in order to take on the work. Working for Mr. Tracy is a dream a lot of people have and can't get. He pays very handsomely. I'm getting probably three times what I was making at the testing grounds."

"Where exactly are you?" Martha asked again, ignoring Heather's explanation.

"I just can't give out that kind of information. Mr. Tracy is quite adamant about that," Heather insisted. "That's all there is to it."

"Do you know I found naval academy brochures in Amy's room?! So help me if she's got any idea of following you--"

Suddenly, Heather's hard earned patience drained out of her. This is all I need. Heather thought to herself. "Mom? Why can't you just once say 'I love you'?" she sighed wearily. Just once I wonder what it would be like to have another mother--

"What do you mean by that?!" Martha said with righteous anger. "I am appalled at what you just said and I want an apolog--"

Heather cut the connection on her satellite cellphone and looked at it, concerned. "I'd better check with Jeff and see if my cellphone could be traced out here."

A moment later, her cellphone rang again. This time it was her father. When they're united on one thing, it's almost impossible to fight against. Two against one is not fair, she decided. "Hi Father," Heather said, preparing for the coming battle she knew she had to win. "I take it you talked with mother?"

"Uh--yes, Heather. I have to say that I agree with her on this--"

"Will wonders never cease!" Martha called out in the background, causing both Heather and Jim to roll their eyes.

"Martha! Let me get a word in edgewise!"

"All right!" Heather heard over the phone.

With a deep breath, Jim began, "Heather, all we have is a post office box for you. I would feel a lot better if I knew exactly where you were. What if something happened to you? How would we find out? You could be anywhere in the world, and we wouldn't know--"

"Dad, I signed a contract with Mr. Tracy not to ever give out the location. If something happened to me, he would call you immediately. I can't say any more than that."

On the screen of Heather's cellphone, Jim ran his fingers through his hair. "All right. Since it's Jeff's idea for all the cloak and dagger, I'll talk to him directly. He can explain it to me."

"Dad, he's taking very good care of me. Trust me. Dad," Heather insisted.

"Bye, honey." The contact was broken and Heather stared at the ceiling. There was nothing more she could do, and she trusted Jeff to be able to deal with her father. Going back to the kitchen, Heather began dumping ingredients into the biggest bowl on the counter.

Two hours later, Heather pulled out the last pan of cookies and filled two large plates with the warm gooey treats. With a chuckle, Heather found a small basket that would fit both plates. "One for the men and the other for Dianne. We slip the first plate in the lounge where the boys will make like bumblebees in the honeysuckle vines. While they discover the first plate, I sneak the rest of them in Dianne's room. Might be the first time she ever got that many cookies all to herself!"

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