
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:18:03 GMT
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 4/10/2007 8:38 PM

(Tracy Island August 24, 2068; 9 a.m./ Richmond, VA August 25, 2068; 5 p.m.)

On Tracy Island, Jeff was rapidly reading a report from a subsidiary company who'd sent information on a new development in lightweight polymers, when he heard Thunderbird 1's gantry exit hiss open. Heather was the first one to walk in. Scott followed seconds later. The two highly skilled jet pilots came out in the middle of a noisy discussion.

"Look, Scott. On a regular basis, you describe Thunderbird 1 as 'my baby, my baby'! Good jumpin' grief! Thunderbird 1 doesn't belong to you!" At this, Jeff hid his grin in the electronic reports in front of him.

"Heather, you're just jealous. C'mon! Admit to the fact! Thunderbird 1 is under my chief command, and that's all there is to it! If you want to fly her, you've got to do it to my satisfaction," Scott countered, making Jeff wonder if there were two separate conversations going on and the two 'kids' weren't really listening to each other.

Turning around in the middle center of the lounge, Heather placed her hands on her hips, defiantly. "Face it, Scott. You can't stand the idea, but the truth will out!"

"And the truth is?" Scott countered.

"Thunderbird 1 doesn't belong to you."

Scott's mouth fell open, feeling as if he'd been hit square in the head. "Come again?"

"I said Thunderbird 1 doesn't belong to you!" Heather insisted more firmly.

"Explain this one, Heather."

"International Rescue is for all intents and purposes a quasi-military installation. Thunderbird 1 and all the other equipment used to carry out your missions belongs to International Rescue. Right?"

"Well... right," Scott agreed.

"Okay, that means that Thunderbird 1 belongs to International Rescue. Not you."

Still looking at his paperwork, Jeff slid into the conversation. "She's right, Scott."

Heather grinned at the field commander. "Gotcha!"

"Now hold on a minute. What about Blue Streak?"

"Am I prideful about Blue Streak? Yes, and I'm not afraid to admit it, but you have to remember, too, Blue Streak is mine! I own her. She belongs to no one else. Thunderbird 1, however, cannot be considered your own private jet plane. It does not belong to you. You. Just. Borrow. Her," she said, emphasizing the last four words.

At that moment, Heather's cellphone rang as they stood glaring at each other. She pulled it out of her phone holster and looked at the screen. Scott witnessed Heather crossing herself, raising her hands in prayer with the little cellphone between her palms. Taking a deep breath, Heather stepped outside the lounge. "Hi, mother."

"Heather? You and I have to have a discussion and now!"

"I'm all ears, Mom--"

"I am fed up and tired of your attitude, young lady! And that's 'mother'."

"This is what you called me about? You want to talk about my attitude?"

"You hung up on me the last time we talked--!"

Swallowing her growing anger, the new pilot straightened as the ocean roared in the background. "Mother, why do we talk this way? All my life it's been like this! I can't live the life you--want--me--to live." An idea began to take shape. I'm beginning to wish I could strangle Grandma. "That's what you're trying to do, isn't it? You're not angry with me. You're angry with your mother and Grandmother is dead now. I remind you of who you could have been if you hadn't listened to her."

From the receiver, Heather heard a strangled sound. "You have no idea what you're saying!" Martha shouted.

Calm came to Heather when she spoke aloud her thoughts. "Mother, you're angry with me because I blew you off. I'm doing what you wished you'd done to Grandmother." When Martha didn't respond, she tried again. "Mother," Heather entreated. "You've always been free to do whatever you ever wanted to do! You didn't have to follow Grandma's footsteps! You're beautiful! You're intelligent--!"

A chilling voice came over Heather's cellphone. "How dare you desecrate my mother's memory. Don't you ever talk to me like that again. In fact," Martha intoned coldly, "don't talk to me at all! Is that clear?"

Heather exploded so loudly Scott and Jeff could hear her from the lounge. "Mom! You're the one who called me--!"

Suddenly, the dial tone popped back on, leaving Heather feeling cold all over.