
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:25:34 GMT
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 4/17/2007 4:57 PM

After lunch on Tracy Island, Virgil and Gordon lead Heather on an in depth tour down where Thunderbird 2 was berthed. Their footsteps echoed around them in the mammoth cavern while Virgil reflected on one of his most memorable rescues with Gordon adding backup information.

"Actually, it wasn't the rescue that was scary, but what happened to me afterwards--"

"Oh, you mean when we had to rescue Ned Cook and his cameraman? Gordon asked, remembering when he had to take Thunderbird 4 on a trip to New York City. The Navy's fastest battle ship, the Sentinel, had to transport him and his sub there after the same ship had nearly blown Thunderbird 2 out of the sky.

"That's the one," Virgil sighed. "I got the equipment back into Thunderbird 2 after stopping a petroleum fire in Texas. I took off ahead of Scott, while he had to explain to Ned why we couldn't have pictures taken of us."

"So that's what happened," Heather said thoughtfully. "I remember hearing about that on the news. Right after that, Ned was doing that crazy report on the moving of the Empire State Building and was buried alive under the rubble when it collapsed. He almost died over that."

"He's lucky he survived at all!" remarked Gordon sharply.

"Anyway, on the return trip back to the island," Virgil continued, "the Sentinel sent a total of six guided missiles after me. The first two missed me, exploding underneath the fuselage, but I got nailed on the second set--"

At that moment, Heather's cellphone began beeping. Looking down at the glowing screen, she saw her father's number flashing. "Excuse me," she sighed as she answered the call.

"Hi Dad. How are--Dad? Slow down," she said, catching both Gordon and Virgil's interest.

"Heather? You've got to come home!" she heard Jim say over the little speaker. Your mother is--"

"Dad, I can't come home right now. I just signed an agreement with Mr. Tracy and I can't leave--"

"Heather Marie!" Jim snapped. Never had her father treated her this way before, and she fell obediently silent. A knot in her stomach appeared as instinct told her something was very wrong. "There was a--I think--a 25 car, high speed pileup on the highway going into Richmond. Martha and Amy--they were pulled out of the wreckage--"

Heather's stomach clenched tighter at the news. "Oh no," she stammered in disbelief. "But--but I was just talking to her a couple hours ago!"

"Police found them at the front of the accident. They were flown to the hospital and they're both in emergency. I'm at the hospital now. Honey," he fairly pleaded, "you've got to come home."

Just the pattern of her speech and the blood draining out of her prairie tanned skin alarmed Gordon and Virgil. "I don't like this," Gordon whispered.

"Bad news," Virgil said simply. As she snapped the little communication device closed, the boys slowly flanked her. "Heather, are you okay? What's happened?" he asked firmly.

She heard nothing they said as her head began to pound. A gale force wind of emotions formed of guilt, fear, and growing anger whirled in her mind.

Virgil and Gordon flanked her. "She's goin' into shock. Come on, Gordon. Get her back to her apartment and I'll go get Mom and Dad."

"I'm on it, Virge. Heather? We're going to go back to your place, okay? I want you to come with me," Gordon spoke to her firmly, while taking her hand and wrapping his other arm around her. Sadly, she followed him subdued. This is really bad. he thought.

Virgil ran through the villa looking for Jeff who was in his study at the time. Jeff glanced up at Virgil as he knocked on the door, and then walked in without permission. The alarmed look on Virgil's face alerted Jeff to trouble. "What's wrong?" Jeff asked firmly, already getting up out of his seat.

Virgil took a deep breath to explain, while Gordon held Heather in his arms on the couch after getting her to her apartment. She hadn't said what was wrong, but she rested her head in the hollow of his shoulder making not a sound. Her entire body shivered hard as if she were freezing.

"Heather?!" he called. "You've got to tell me what happened."

Unable to speak, Heather screamed in the protective recesses of her mind. You've finally gone and done it, Mother! You found the only way I would ever come back home! You had to go and do it! And you took Amy with you!

"Heather?! Talk to me!" Gordon called louder getting into her face.

Taking several deep breaths to control her fury, Heather whispered, "Gordon, I'm so sorry. I have to go home!"