

From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 4/17/2007 6:18 PM

"Mom?"

Dianne turned to Gordon, whose eyes were on the closed bedroom door. "Is there anything I can do to help? I feel like there should be..."

"From what I've seen, you've been a help already, Gordon. But you can brief the others on what's going on, and get a float ready for any luggage..."

He sighed. "I wish there was more I could do."

"I wish there was more that we all could do. It's one thing to rescue people you don't know from terrible disasters. It's another thing when it happens to someone you love." Dianne reflected. Gordon took one more look at the closed door worriedly and ran off to pass the word along.

In the bedroom, Heather sat down on the bed feeling a growing headache. "I can't believe any of this is happening!"

Setting the cup down on the nightstand she'd used only a few days, she walked over to her closet to the few clothes she had with her. "I guess it won't take long to pack. I didn't have much to begin with." Her hands fell on the red Lamaire dress that represented the glimpse into the future during Virgil's party. An eerie desire to rip the dress into shreds overwhelmed her for a moment before she mastered it.

In the lounge, Jeff had finally gotten in touch with Heather's old supervisor.

"Heather's mom and sister?" Blake said, incredulous. "I heard about that pile up on the news."

Jeff sighed a little. Should have known something that big would make the evening broadcasts.

"Too bad International Rescue couldn't come out, like they did for that pile up in Russia," Blake continued blithely. "But then, they might not be able to with their equipment broken and all."

Fighting the urge to tell his employee off, Jeff turned the subject back to the matter at hand. "I'm sure that the locals could handle things just fine. Now, about Heather's aunt..."

The dress reminded Heather of her stay at the Regis. That reminded her about the surprise she received when she went to pay for her stay at the exclusive hotel.

Scott had to have arranged to pay for her stay. "I owe them so much. Somehow, I need to come back. At least to repay all they've done for me," she said to herself.

With resignation, she reached down to grab her set of luggage, opened them up and set them

open on the bed. "I can't believe I've been here for such a short time, and I just started to settle in."

There was a knock on the door and a gentle, spritely voice called, "Heather? It's Tin-Tin. May I come in?"

Breathing a sigh of relief as the anger began to return, Heather hurried over to the door and opened it. Tin-Tin gave Heather a hug and stepped in. "I hope your mother and sister pull through. You can be sure my prayers are going with you."

She'd held her emotions in, but being in the bedroom alone with Tin-Tin, Heather felt a sense of release. The Malaysian girl's shoulder became rapidly soaked. She let Heather cry for a bit, then gave her an encouraging squeeze, and led her over to the bed. "You sit down here, and I'll fetch a wet facecloth. Let me do the packing."

It took time for all the preparations to be made, but at last, the Jet Star was ready to leave. The Tracy family and all the recruits were on hand to see Heather off.

They all came out to see me. Heather thought to herself appreciatively. Tin-Tin stood behind her, already on the ladder to get seated in the cockpit of Heather's Jet Star.

Jeff was the first to walk up to her, shaking her hand firmly, followed by a long fatherly hug. "Your contract is still active. You are part of International Rescue. I expect you to hold yourself to that. Am I clear?" he asked, initiating a sense of duty and responsibility for Heather to support herself for the days ahead.

The Navy airwoman's back straightened and she nodded. "Aye aye, sir. Thank you for everything, Mr. Tracy."

Dianne, who stood next to Jeff, gave her a hug and a goodbye. "Come back to us soon, Heather."

"I will, Mrs. Tracy."

Virgil and Scott were next. "Mother's right. You will have to come back and see us," Scott agreed as he took her hand and shook it warmly. "Thank you for the song, too, by the way."

"You're welcome, Scott." she said with a sparkle in her eye. Virgil added his hug and goodbye.

Suddenly, a slightly tipsy image of the Thunderbird 2 pilot came to mind and she smiled. "Think I can get you to send me a copy of that party CD?"

Gordon laughed and gave her a long hug. "Are you kidding? I'll send it out to you tomorrow. I promise." Pushing her back so he could see her, his expression came more serious. "Heather, may I call you? See how you're doing? And you'll write me. Right?"

Heather laughed. "I will if you will. I'd better get going. Goodbye, everyone!" she said with a wave. This is a horrible way to say goodbye, Heather moaned.

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