
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:16:58 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 5/27/2007 2:46 PM

Tuesday, August 28, 2068, 2 p.m., Tracy Island

Jeff stood by the cart as the mail plane came in, shielding his eyes with a hand. The wind kicked up by the engines made him wish he'd worn a hat of some kind with his shades; the sun was fierce for this time of year.

Juan brought the small plane to a stop after turning it around at the end of the runway, closest to the cliff face. Jeff glanced up to see someone looking over the edge of the Cliff House patio: Nikki, he decided. The recruits had been positive about Luke's impending arrival; Callie had even snickered and asked, "You mean that hunk who was here last week?" But they'd had mixed reactions to his announcement about Heather.

Once the engines had ceased, he strode out to open the co-pilot's door. "Hello, Anna," he said with a smile. "How was the flight?"

"Interesting. I had no idea there were so many small islands with people on them out here." She gave Juan a quick smile as he handed down a small suitcase. "Thanks. See you next week."

"Next week. Ok." Juan turned toward Jeff. "Mr. Tracy, we have one thing that needs your thumbprint." Juan handed down a small data pad. After Jeff signed it and added his print, Juan handed him a large envelope and 2 bundles of other mail. Then he waved and pulled the steps back up into the plane.

"So, what happened this week? I read about the fire in Australia. The commentators said it was only the second time IR had ever offered help before they were called."

"Gordon was worried about rum prices." Jeff grinned

"He would."

"What happened? Let's see," Jeff mused aloud. "Well, Cherie's gone off to visit with one of her cousins at Andy's place. Kyrano and Lisa dropped her off in L.A. on their way to Greenville. Lisa's closing up her little hairdressing shop and selling her house. That young man I was interviewing while you were here last took the job." He sobered. "Our newest recruit, Heather, had to go home. Her mother and sister died in a massive traffic accident."

By this time, they were at the cart and Jeff had put the suitcase in the back. Then he sighed, and before taking the wheel, he said, "And Dianne went down to see Thunderbird Seven."

"Who went with her?" Anna got in the passenger seat and Jeff started the engine.

"No one. She couldn't sleep and went down there while everyone was out at the rescue."

Anna's lips tightened. "Doctors. They make the worst patients. How bad was it?"

"Bad. Alan and Brains found her down there frozen in place. She wasn't responding to them so they called me. Lisa and I went down there and managed to get through to her. She said she was having a flashback."

Juan's plane took off, garnering not even a slight glance from Jeff as he drove, a troubled look on his face, up the switchback path.

"How have things been since then?" Anna asked.

"Quiet... if you don't count her blowing up at Gordon yesterday. But her drawl's been heavy and in this situation, that's a bad sign."

"Any idea why she got angry at Gordon?"

Jeff shook his head slightly. "Something to do with the physical therapy. You'll have to ask her for more details. They seem to have gotten past it, though. The air seemed clearer between them at lunch."

He glanced her way. "Speaking of lunch, have you eaten?"

"No. No in-flight meals on that plane. But I had a late breakfast."

Jeff hesitated for a second. "Dianne wanted to see you first thing. We've just finished eating but Mother could make you something up, quickly."

Anna waved that aside. "I can eat after I've talked to Dianne. If she's waiting for me, I don't want to give her time to get worked up about it. Besides, as a gracious Southern hostess, I bet she has some sort of snack waiting."

"She did mention something about coffee," Jeff commented as they pulled up to the villa. "We put you in the main house today. The renovations to the Round House aren't done yet."

"You didn't have to renovate anything for me." Anna climbed out of the cart.

"Yes, we did. You need an office, not just a bedroom. Besides," Jeff grinned. "It kept the boys out of mischief. The older ones that is."

Emily came to the top of the stairs. "It's good to see you again, Anna. Let me show you to your room."

Briefing Anna by susanmartha and Tikatu
