

---

Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:48:25 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: Tikatu Sent: 5/29/2007 4:37 PM

Tuesday, August 28, 2068, 7:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Luke stepped off the plane into the brightly lit hangar and grinned. "Wow, big hangar space." He glanced over at Thunderbird Two.

Virgil chuckled. "We need it, and not just for my baby over there."

Rommel chose at that moment to rush down the plane steps, his whole body quivering as he tried to take in the new environment. Luke smiled and snapped his fingers. Rom came trotting back to his side.

Elise emerged from the plane and called out to Virgil. "Post-flight checks are all set."

"Great. Thanks, Elise," Virgil replied.

"No problem. I'm going to head up and grab myself some dinner. Luke, I'm sure I'll see you later."

Luke nodded. "Sure thing."

Elise made her way to the monorail, soon disappearing from view. Virgil turned to Luke. "Why don't we leave your stuff here for now; we can grab some dinner then come back for it."

"Sounds good." They too started for the monorail terminus. "Do the others stay at the house?" Luke asked.

Virgil shook his head. "No, it's just family in the Villa. We have the Round House for guests and the Cliff House for the other members of the team. You'll have an apartment there; I just have to see where Dad put you. For now you can join us for dinner and then we'll see what's going on."

A few minutes later they'd made it to the house, and Virgil led Luke to the dining room. "Hey, I'm back, and brought company. Luke, you remember my brothers." He smiled at Anna. "Hello, Anna. Welcome back."

"Hello, Virgil. And it's Luke, right?" Anna asked.

Luke held out his hand and Anna grasped it firmly. "Pleased to see you again, ma'am."

Anna snorted. "Ma'am; I'm not eighty! Anna will do fine."

Luke grinned and sat down in an empty seat, Rommel curling up next to the chair. "Anna it is then."

"Hi, Luke. Gorgeous dog, what's his name again?" Alan asked.

"Rommel," Luke replied. The dog looked up and wagged his tail, then at Luke's hand signal, lay back down.

"How was the flight?" Scott called out.

"Smooth as silk," Virgil said as he helped himself to salad. "And Luke here got a kick out of going Mach-2."

Scott's eyes lit up. "Yeah? Wait until you go for a ride in my baby. Mach-2 will seem like a walk in the park!"

The others all groaned and rolled their eyes. "Don't get him started, dear," Grandma said as she spooned a large portion of spaghetti onto Luke's plate. "He's a bit vain when it comes to Thunderbird One."

"A bit?" Gordon whispered loudly, nudging Alan.

Tyler stood up on his tiptoes and tried to peer at Rommel over the table, then resorted to looking underneath.

"Tyler." Grandma's voice was soft but firm. "You can see Rommel later."

"Yes, ma'am," Tyler said, sitting in his chair and sounding a bit disappointed.

Luke peered around the table, trying to remember names and faces. "Let's see; you're Alex, right?"

Alex looked up, his mouth full, and nodded.

"And you're Tyler," Luke said, glancing over at the boy.

"Yes, sir," Tyler replied respectfully.

"You have a sister, as I recall..."

"Cherie's gone to the mainland to visit family," Scott said, jumping in. "She'll be back at the end of the week."

"Oh, thanks. I remember meeting you, too, Brains," Luke said. He looked puzzled. "I don't know; it seems like there are a lot fewer people here than last time." He glanced at the head of the table, where Scott sat. "Is Dr. Tracy all right? I noticed she's not here."

His comment caused all the older Tracy sons -- except Virgil -- to sit up and either cough or studiously look at their food. Emily looked at them and shook her head. "Dianne's fine; getting better every day. But she and Jeff are... occupied... right now."

Her speech and the reaction of the others helped Luke make the connection. "Ah, okay," he said, nodding.

"Grandma, do you know what apartment Luke is supposed to have?" Virgil asked. "Thought we could move him in after dinner."

"Your father mentioned that he should have apartment 3C. It's one of the remaining one-bedroom apartments." Emily nodded at Luke. "If you prefer a two-bedroom one, we have two of those available, too." She sighed. "I will give you fair warning, though, the last occupant of 3C had a cat. We've done everything we can to remove any scent, but I'm sure Rommel will be able to smell it still."

"I don't think it'll be a problem, but thanks for the warning," Luke told her.

After dinner, Virgil and Scott helped Luke ferry his things up to the apartment, and showed him how the elevator system, and the monorail spur worked. Tyler was allowed to tag along; the boy was fascinated by Rommel.

"You'll find it pretty quiet up here. Your next door neighbor, Brandon, is away for a family emergency, as is your downstairs neighbor, Kat," Scott said as he lowered the bag full of sticks to the floor.

"The apartment is great! Much bigger than I expected, and bigger than my place in Boulder," Luke said as he parted the curtains on the French doors. He took in a deep breath at the colors of the sunset. Glancing back at the brothers, he said, "One thing, though. Rommel sleeps with me, and he's a bed hog. Is there any chance I can get a king-sized bed?"

"Sure, no problem," Scott said. "I can order one and it'll be here in about a week." He handed Luke a box. "Here's your satellite phone. We don't get land line service out here, for obvious reasons. You can give out the number to your family and friends; set it up just like a phone anywhere. Brains or Virgil will help you with aligning your computer for Inet use, and your televid should already be set up for satellite." He smiled. "If you've got any other questions, just give us a holler."

"Don't forget this!" Tyler said, holding out another, smaller box.

"Oh, yeah." Scott opened it. Inside was a watch. "These are our wrist communicators. We used to use them during rescues, but now just use them around the island. If you need to find someone here in a hurry, this is how."

Virgil intervened. "Why don't you let Dad go over this with him tomorrow, after breakfast? It's after midnight, Denver time."

"Oh, sorry. You're right. I'm not thinking." Scott scratched the back of his neck.

"No worries; I'm still good for a bit. But I do have to unpack," Luke said, grinning.

"Okay then, come on over to the house for breakfast around 8 and we'll get you set up with

everything else you need. You can make a list of things you want from the stores, or catch a ride... damn, Kyrano's away, too." Scott turned to Virgil. "Who's making the grocery run tomorrow?"

"Hm. I'll have to ask. Brains is going to pick up Tin-Tin; Anna might be catching her ride back with him." Virgil frowned. "I'll ask and make sure. In any case, we'll help you get stocked with food as quickly as possible."

"Sounds good," Luke said. He was beginning to sound weary.

"We'll let you get unpacked, and see you in the morning, then," Scott said. He motioned to Tyler, who was petting Rommel. "C'mon, Ty. Let's get out of Luke's way here."

The Tracy brothers left, and Luke went back to the French doors, watching as the sky changed colors. Rommel came and sat by his side, nudging his hand.

"Well, Rom, this is certainly a new experience," he said as he scratched his dog's head.

settling in by Lillehafrue and Tikatu

---