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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 01:58:52 GMT  
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From: Tawnyangel22 Sent: 7/10/2006 2:20 PM

Tracy Island, Wednesday 18th July, midnight

Kat was feeling resentful as she headed to her apartment. She groaned to herself. As well as her usual work there was now the additional work on the jetpacks. I'll be hard pressed to complete the work by Saturday, she thought. Although she had repaired and tested the jetpack, she hadn't been thorough enough. I really thought that it would be okay. I removed the remote control device, and managed to fly it with no problem.

Entering her apartment, Kat picked up a cushion and hurled it across the room. It still seemed so unfair. Although the maintenance of the jetpacks, and the other equipment were her responsibility, she still felt a little of the blame lay with Gordon, for playing the practical joke on her in the first place.

Feeling worn out from the long day spent waiting for news of the rescue, and unhappy with the reprimand she had received from Mr Tracy, she got herself ready for bed.

But try as she might, sleep just wouldn't come. She thought back to that fateful day, when John had offered to show her how to use the jetpacks. She hadn't been with International Rescue very long and all this equipment was so new to her. When the jetpack had malfunctioned on me, I was absolutely terrified, she remembered. To Gordon it was just a huge joke, but it wasn't to me at the time. I thought I must have done something wrong.

Totally out of control, or so she thought, the jetpack had carried her across the island. Finally the straps had given way causing her to fall, as luck would have it, into the swimming pool, where Virgil had helped her out. John must have realised what had happened, because just as she was standing at the poolside, wringing the water from her overalls, the two brothers landed. Scott had been furious with Gordon, telling him in no uncertain terms that Kat could have been seriously injured. Suddenly Kat's lips twitched. I guess it must have seemed amusing, me sailing over the island, waving to Elise and Nikki. But all the same what would have happened if I had been seriously hurt?

Kat tossed and turned. It's no good; I shall have to get myself something to help me sleep. And getting out of bed she went into her kitchen and made herself a hot milky drink.

Eventually the young mechanic fell asleep, but her sleep was full of dreams about repairing and flying jetpacks.