
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 13:54:15 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/24/2006 2:01 PM

Sunday, July 22, 2068, 11:30 a.m., local time, Sydney. (1:30 p.m. Tracy Island)

Brains settled back into his first-class seat and pulled out his PDA. He was on his way to Paris, to a conference where, for once, he was going to do far more listening and learning than teaching. He looked over his itinerary for the next few days, but didn't really see what was on the tiny screen. All he could think about was his last few moments with Tin-Tin at the Sydney airport.

She and Kyrano had been deputized to fly him to his departure point. Kyrano needed to get some groceries, especially in lieu of the children's imminent homecoming and Sydney was a prime place to get in some shopping. Before the pair went off to tend to Kyrano's list, they said their goodbyes at the airport, just before Brains stepped through the security checkpoint.

"I... will miss you," Tin-Tin had said shyly. "Remember your promise."

"I will," Brains had replied, smiling. He had taken her hand and squeezed it gently, and she had given him a small, chaste kiss on the cheek before turning to join her father. The kiss had made him feel warm all over, and the memory of it made him sigh, much as he'd sighed as he'd watched her leave.

He shook his head to clear it, and turned his PDA over to his "to-do" list. He checked off Lena's name; he'd emailed her the specs for the HUD and earphones. Don't know why I didn't think of that, he thought, shaking his head again. But it feels good to leave the project in hands as capable as my own. Looking over the list again, he checked off Kat's name, too. He'd left her with a data pad that had a list of chores above and beyond her normal ones so she'd keep busy while he was gone. Tin-Tin had a similar list, and there were several things marked for Callie's attention as well. I have to admit, it feels nice to get out from under the workload for a while. Thunderbird Eight will be claiming more and more of my time in the near future, and a breather before plunging wholeheartedly into that design will help me focus on it better.

An attendant came to his seat, smiling widely. "Sir," he asked, "can I get you a drink?"

Brains smiled back and nodded. "A glass of red wine, please."

"Very good, sir." As the attendant went to fetch his drink, Brains suddenly turned off his PDA, and slipped it back into his briefcase. No more work, he thought. Treat this as downtime before the conference, and whatever Paris may hold.
