
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 14:24:59 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/28/2006 9:25 PM

Monday, July 23, 2068, 1:30 p.m., Paris, France (Monday, July 23, 11:30 p.m., Tracy Island)

The conference was very interesting so far. Brains had met up with several different friends, having dinner with them the night before it started. He was looking forward to more seminars, and his panel discussion later that afternoon. Right now, he was heading out to a local technical university for a demonstration of a new method for generating an anti-gravity field.

If it's more powerful than what we are already using, and could be adapted for field use, it could have multiple applications, he thought. Especially in debris removal. We still don't have an effective method to remove large piles or pieces of debris without disturbing what is beneath them. An anti-gravity ray, or perhaps a lifting device, like Thunderbird Two's grabs, that can be positioned using AG, would be a boon to our operations.

He was deep in thought all the way down in the elevator, humming absently under his breath, which gained him a few strange glances from his fellow passengers. One of those people, however, was interested in him from a different perspective. She had been discreetly following him most of the day so far, and was reporting every so often on where he was and where he seemed to be heading.

As he left the elevator, she lifted a phone to her ear and said, in French, "He is heading for the main doors. We need that cab up here, now."

So it was that when the doorman of the hotel where Brains was staying called a taxi for the engineer, a particular car pulled up, one that had been especially prepared for him. Another man waited nearby, smoking a cigarette, ready to climb in after their target and prevent him from climbing out again.

The doorman opened the taxi door for Brains, who smiled and gave him a small salute. He received a touch of the cap in return as he slid into the back seat. But just before the cab could move, Brains saw someone he hadn't expected.

"Oh my!" he said aloud to himself. "Professor Borrender!" He moved over to the other side of the taxi cab and slid right out the door, waving and calling -- just as the taxi driver's accomplice slid in, and an impatient doorman waved them on.

Brains's stalker watched in stunned amazement as the engineer met up with the older man and the two of them got into a taxi together. She shook her head slowly. "Monsieur Hightower is waiting for this man," she muttered. "He will not be best pleased about this development."