
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 14:28:33 GMT
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 8/2/2006 7:27 PM

Tuesday, July 24; Paris, France; 8:45 a.m. (6:45 p.m. on Tracy Island)

Lady Penelope and Parker sat in the posh penthouse suite of a luxurious downtown Paris hotel to discuss their plans for the day.

"Thank goodness the h'air conditioning 'asn't let up, 'specially with this 'eat wave," said Parker as he turned the thermostat to a more comfortable setting for both of them.

"Yes," Penelope said. "I can't believe how hot it is both here and back in London. The paper did say Europe was experiencing one of the worst heat waves in decades."

Suddenly, just as she was ready to discuss their plans for the day, the power, including the air conditioning, went out. "Oh, dear, what's happened?" she asked.

"Must be a rolling blackout," answered Parker. "I did read there could be those 'ere in Paris today h'and tomorrow."

Already starting to sweat from the oppressive heat and humidity, she took the hand fan from her purse. "Parker, do you have my satellite phone?"

"Yes, M'Lady. Fully charged for use."

"Thank you." As he handed her the phone, she said, "I need to make two calls. The first will be to François to schedule an appointment and view his autumn line. That will be the cover excuse for our being in Paris when we meet with Brains for lunch."

"But Mr. Brains doesn't know we're 'ere." He shrugged, wondering how they were going to fool Brains.

Penny looked straight at him. "Parker, we all have satellite phones at our disposal. Brains never goes anywhere without his. I doubt he'll mind if I meet him for lunch...depending on where the power has not gone out."

"H'is there anything you need me to do while you have lunch?"

"Yes, there is, Parker. I want you to check with your contacts here and determine in which hotel Brains is staying. If he plans to have dinner at the same hotel, we must be there to watch him. I know other people are after our resident genius." She started dialing François's number, hoping to reach his cell phone. "I certainly hope he hasn't lost power at his residence."

*****12:30 p.m.; La Chocolét café (Same day, 10:30 p.m. on Tracy Island)*****

Brains sat quietly at a table on the inside of the café, himself already sweating from the heat wave. "I wasn't quite prepared for this heat." He started on his fourth glass of ice water to try to cool himself down.

Lady Penelope used her pink parasol to protect herself from the sun's beating. Upon entering the establishment, she folded up the umbrella and started looking for Brains.

He suffered a brain freeze from drinking too much cold water too quickly. When he saw Lady Penelope approaching, he did a quick wave and then held his head.

Walking up to the table, she said, "My dear boy, are you all right?"

"I'm okay, Lady Penelope. I'm just trying to keep myself cool. Unfortunately, I've been taking my cold water in too fast."

She sat down next to him. "So, Brains, how goes the conference so far?"

"It's been great. I've been picking up a lot of useful information and possible ideas for the... company." After taking a bite of his salad, he asked, "What about you, Lady Penelope? What brings you here to Paris?"

With a smile she answered, "I find that my wardrobe is getting terribly passé, so I am here to see what François has available to liven it up."

Rubbing his chin, he said, "François... why does that name sound familiar?"

"He hosted the fashion show on the new jet liner you created."

"Oh, yeah," he said with a nod. "Now I remember him. Good luck finding some seasonable fashions."

"Thank you." She took a bite of her garden salad and said, "Do you have plans for this evening?"

"Actually, yes, I do," he answered, then taking a sip of his water. "Professor Borrender has invited me to dinner."

"That's good. I'm sure you both will have many scientific ideas to discuss."

"I agree. It'll be good to see him again." Brains looked at his watch. "Oh, my. The next part of the conference is in less than 30 minutes. It's supposed to be a discussion of the advancements of aerodynamics in the 21st century. I really can't miss this."

He whispered to her, "I need to get some sort of improvement made for Thunderbird Two."

Penelope giggled at the comment. "Of course. Why don't you go ahead. I'll pay for the lunch."

"Oh, no, Lady Penelope, I--"

"Please, I insist. You go on to the next part of the conference."

Brains knew he couldn't win against her. "All right, if you say so. I'll see you later."

When she finished her meal and paid for it - leaving a hefty tip - she walked outside, parasol fully open. She saw Parker standing at the street corner.

"Well, Parker, I have some information. Brains will be having dinner tonight with Professor Borrender. Did you learn where he is currently staying?"

"Yes, M'Lady. He's staying at La Calais, about four miles north of here. 'Nother source told me 'e'll be 'aving dinner there as well."

She nodded. "Very well, Parker. Let us return to our hotel and prepare to keep an eye on him at dinner this evening."