
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 15:01:27 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: Tikatu Sent: 8/14/2006 5:42 PM

Wednesday, July 25, 6:30 p.m., Paris, France (Thursday, July 26, 4:30 a.m., Tracy Island)

"You people are total incompetents!" Giles Hightower hissed. "You've tried and tried to capture this Hiram Hackenbacker, and nothing has worked! Nothing!"

Celeste, the woman who was in charge of the operation looked definitely uncomfortable. "But Monsieur Hightower," she said. "We will get him. There are three more days to the conference. In fact, this evening we have planned to remove him from his room."

"Then I shall expect to see him here soon afterwards," Giles retorted. "Don't fail me, Celeste, or believe me, you will have earned my extreme displeasure."

xxxx

Brains untied his bow tie and tossed it on his bed. It had been a long, hot day, and all he wanted was a cool bath, something to eat, and a good sleep. It was intention to get exactly that, and he had announced it to his fellow panelists after the final session. He began to draw the bath, and while it filled, he looked at the menu, trying to figure out what to order.

Meanwhile, Celeste and her helper - the man who was supposed to get into the taxi with Brains -- had commandeered a room service cart with someone's dinner order on it -- and the uniform of the unconscious waiter who was to deliver it. The man put the uniform on as they took the elevator up to Brains's floor, while Celeste secreted herself on the the lower shelf of the cart, concealed by the linen table cloth.

The phone in Brains's room rang, and he picked up the receiver. "Hello? Someone turned in what? My wallet?" He patted his back pocket, and found his it empty. He sighed. "I'll be right down."

He went into the bathroom to turn off the water and drain the tub, then headed for the door. Just as the false waiter was going to press the buzzer to Brains's room, the door slid open, activated from the inside. "Pardonnez-moi," Brains murmured, as the cart was pushed inside his room... and he stepped out.

The false waiter looked around frantically as the door closed between him and his quarry. "Celeste!" he cried. "The man... he's gone!"

"Idiot!" she said sharply. "Go after him!"

Her compatriot opened the door and looked down the hall, just in time to see Brains enter the elevator, and the door closing behind the engineer. He hurried to the elevator, Celeste in pursuit, and punched the button to call the other car to their floor, all the while keeping an eye on where

Brains might be heading.

"The lobby," Celeste said as she pushed her compatriot into the car. There were people already aboard, and those passengers regarded the false waiter and Celeste with wary expressions. The car stopped at least twice to pick up more passengers before they got to the lobby. When the duo came out, they saw Brains step into the car going up, surrounded by a small group of other hotel elevator riders. Not only that, but the sirens of both an ambulance, and the local gendarmes, could be heard outside.

Celeste drew her companion aside into a secluded nook. "They may have found the waiter!" she whispered. "Quickly! Take off the uniform shirt and let's get away!"

"But... Monsieur Hightower!"

"We will try again tomorrow!" she said. "Now we must go!"

Brains got off the elevator on his floor, his wallet in hand. Good thing it was one of my fellow panelists who found my wallet, and that she knew I was staying here. I'll have to be sure to thank her when I see her again.

He used his card to get into his room and stopped short at the sight of a room service cart sitting just inside the doorway. "Did I order this?" he murmured to himself. "I don't remember ordering..." Reaching out, he drew the cover off of the tray. "Mmmm. A roast beef sandwich and a cold beer" Picking up the plate and bottle, he took them over to the suite's table, and set them down. "Even if I didn't order it, I might as well have. It's exactly what I need." With a contented sigh, he sat down to eat.