
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 15:04:55 GMT
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 8/14/2006 5:46 PM

*****Thursday, July 26, 2068; Tracy Island; 3:00 a.m.*****

Callie found herself in a dense jungle filled with lush vegetation. It was vaguely familiar to her, like the jungle where she had encountered the Hood. She looked down to see what she was wearing. It was her IR uniform, but she didn't think this was strange. All around her were the cries of the jungle birds and the buzzing of insects in the humid air. She felt calm. Then, she heard a rustling nearby, the rustling coming with voices.

Jeff yelled, "Have any of you found her?"

"No," said Alan, "no one's seen her yet."

The way their voices sounded, she believed they wanted to find her safe.

"We need to find her," demanded an angry Scott. "We have to punish her!"

Brandon said, "Yeah, she almost gave away everything! We'll teach her a lesson!"

With a gasp, Callie knew everyone in International Rescue was after her. "I've got to get out of here..." Running for her life through the jungle, her feet sloshing through the bushes made enough noise to alert the others.

John yelled, "She's gone that way!"

"We have to get her back here!" shouted Jeff. "She must be punished for almost destroying International Rescue!"

She kept running while dodging trees and frantically swatting swarms of midges with her hands. Occasionally, she would look back, hearing the now-vague shouts of her pursuers over her own heavy breathing. During one of those times, she tripped over some thick vines and fell down, scraping her right knee against the Penelar material.

As she started to get up, someone said, "Hold it, right theah."

Callie looked up, only to see Dianne holding a gun on her. "Doc? What are you doing? I--" She gasped when she noticed Dianne's eyes glowing in yellow. "Your...your eyes..." Shaking her head, she tried desperately to stand up.

Firing a warning shot, Dianne angrily said, "Ah said don't move! Y'all can come ovah heah, Ah've got 'er."

Everyone ran to where Dianne and Callie were. "Good work, my love," said Jeff with a snicker in

his voice. "This will make things much easier for us."

"Easier? What do you mean?" Callie asked frantically.

His eyes glowing in yellow, he answered, "Because you almost compromised our security, we have to...eliminate you...now!"

The others, eyes also glowing in yellow, took their guns from their holsters and had them all pointing at Callie.

"No...stop, please," she pleaded. "It's not my fault."

"Oh, yes, it is," Jeff whispered angrily. "Time to die, Miss Spencer!"

As they all pulled the triggers on their guns...

Callie awakened with a jolt and screamed, "NO!" Her heart beating fast, she was sweating and shaking badly. Looking at her surroundings, she realized she wasn't in the jungle but in her apartment. Her breathing returning to normal, she took some deeper breaths. "It was that dream again, only worse than ever! The guns...all pointing at me. And the eyes. They never turned yellow like that before..."

She got off her bed and checked to see if her scream had awakened anyone. Not hearing any knocks at her door, she said, "Good. At least nobody heard me."

Afraid to go back to sleep, she poured herself a glass of milk and heated it in the microwave. When it was warm, she sipped it, trying to control her shaking hands as she thought about the dream.

"Why is this happening to me?" she asked herself. "Perhaps I should--no." She shook her head violently. "I can't allow this to get to me." With a sigh, she added, "Oh, what am I thinking? What I'm letting this do is affecting IR's operation. I really need to get some help."

After finishing her milk, she went back to her room and noticed how damp her sheets were. "Can't go back to sleep like this." She changed the sheets to a fresh batch and soon climbed back into bed. Despite a little tossing and turning, she finally managed to get herself back to sleep.