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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 15:49:24 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 8/19/2006 9:47 PM

July 26th 2068 8:00 p.m. El Dorado, Kansas / July 27, 2068 1 p.m. Tracy Island

When a very tired Heather finally walked into to her home finally that evening with a fat purse earned from someone who thought he knew how to play poker, she noticed a large parcel sitting on the kitchen table. It was wrapped in white paper and had the gold lettering of a high priced department store called Hadley's. "Hmmm," she mused with a smile. "I know I haven't ordered anything and I don't have a boyfriend who'd be sending me gifts. Aunt Jenny must have brought it inside."

Sitting down at the table, she tore off the white wrapping. The air around the parcel smelled of a rich, warm fragrance. Lifting the lid off of the box, she smiled. Inside the box was a large 10 ounce bottle of her favorite perfume along with a bar of soap, body wash, a bottle of body lotion with the same scent. Included was a gift card. "Dad!" Eager to use the items, she took them to the bathroom and started the shower.

At 8:24 p.m. she walked out in a cloud of fragrance and dressed in a set of silk lounge clothes covered with a simple bathrobe. She sat down in her easy chair and answered the vidphone call with a smile. "This is Heather. Go ahead, Father."

One of the many things Heather liked about James Kennedy was his ability to ignore the normal pace of men's fashion by keeping his hair in a long ponytail. Once, when she asked about it, he said that the general public's idea of an award winning conceptual architect was to dress a bit radically. The sides of his hair were graying, she noticed.

"Hello, sweetheart. How are you doing?" Jim asked with a delighted smile.

"Doing pretty well," she answered with a smile. She always hoped that she could find a man just like him.

"Did you receive a box from Hadley's?"

"Yes! I just love it! It will last me half of forever." Heather laughed.

"Wonderful! I was with your mother in the store and passed by the perfume counter. I hoped you'd like it. She said that was your favorite perfume."

"Yes, it is. Thank you very much, but what's the occasion?"

James looked at her sympathetically as he spoke, "I know that you work every day of your life with men for the most part. You do everything you can to work in their environment, so I wanted to do something that reminded you that you're still a young woman."

"Mom told you about my shooting a rattlesnake, right?"

"Every little detail as quoted from Jenny. Are you all right?" he asked, his forehead wrinkled with concern.

"Oh, I'm fine. Can't say much for the rattler. It was a Western Diamondback rattler and those are rather rare for southern Kansas. I figured it wandered from its normal habitats, looking for dinner. Changing the subject here, Dad, do you know anything about Jeff Tracy? Other than the usual press release stuff?"

Jim scratched his ear as he thought aloud about her question. "Not really, honey. He and I were on the board to save the September 11th memorial. I remember having lunch with him a couple times, and he told me a little bit about his family. Pretty proud of his sons, he was. Why?"

"Hmm. Well, I have an interview with him at his home. I suggested that I fly there myself because I assumed it was somewhere near Topeka. That's what the scuttlebutt is at the testing grounds. He told me that he was a bit further out than that. Do you know where he lives exactly?" she asked, tightening her robe.

"No idea. When we were sitting on the board, he said he had an apartment somewhere in town. That's all I know."

"He said he was going to send two pilots, Scott Tracy and his head engineering assistant, Tin-Tin Kyrano."

"Two pilots and didn't say where you were being taken?"

The way Jim said it made them both pause. "Look, honey, are you sure you want to go through with this? What about the testing grounds? Won't being a personal pilot to Jeff Tracy, when he has several pilots already, be a bit tame for what you're used to?"

Her response caused him to bend over laughing. "Oh, Dad," she groaned. "There're so many younger up-and-coming pilots that I just feel like I'm getting... old..." She had to wait until her father came up for air. "All right, Dad! Give me a break!"

"Ha ha ha!" he gasped. "You're not old enough to feel old! I'd say of all my kids, you're the one who's put the gray in my hair!"

"DAD!" she whined as he rolled his eyes at her.

"Ha ha ha! Baby, you won't know what old is until you have kids of your own. Okay, I'm done teasing you. So, what are you going to do then? Are you going to go through with this?"

Heather sat back in her chair while rubbing her chin. "Yes. I'll go through with this and then let you know what happens after that."

"How long are you going to be gone?" he asked.

"I leave on the 27th and I'm to stay as his guest for the weekend. I'll be back by Monday."

"I see. Okay. I'll be waiting to hear from you," Jim said with seriousness. "Be careful, sweetheart. I love you."

"I love you, too. Goodnight. Give my love to mother," she said before breaking the connection.

As soon as the monitor reverted back to its whole screen of the 24-hour weather channel, Heather went to the kitchen to get herself a glass of milk and a large wedge of pecan pie. Setting them down on the kitchen table, she went to poke around the drawer of silverware to find a fork. It was when she sat down to eat, she became aware of the silence around her. Outside, crickets chirped their mating calls and there was a rumble of thunder in the distance. Other than that, all was quiet out on the prairies. Through the open windows, she could see arcs of lightning flashing across the sky.

--a father-daughter moment from AmandaTracyandFred