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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 16:01:11 GMT  
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 8/24/2006 9:17 PM

[color=orangered]July 28, 2068 11:00 a.m. Tracy Island[/font]

In the cart, Heather was given the seat of honor and as they drove, she tried to look at everything at once. Crashing waves of the sea caused her to look out towards the wide, rolling ocean as Jeff drove them to the compound. The fresh, sea air seemed to revive her from the unexpectedly long trip.

As she settled on looking ahead at the massive bi-level building, she began to chuckle, catching everyone's attention. "Mr. Tracy, you were definitely right."

"I was? Oh good. Right about what?" he asked as they neared the swimming pool.

"Well, you did say that your home was a little further out than Topeka." Heather spoke wryly.

When they stopped, Jeff made a grab for Heather's luggage, but his reach was ill-timed as Scott had beaten him to it. Scott was already into the house with Heather's luggage. Leading the women into the Villa, Jeff issued instructions. "Now, Tin-Tin will lead you to the guest room. I'll leave it up to you if you'd like to have your interview now or after you rest? I know that you have to be a bit tired with jet lag and the length of the trip."

"Let's take care of business first."

"To business it is. Soon as you're settled, meet me in my office," agreed Jeff, pleased with her choice.

A few minutes later, Tin-Tin led her into lounge, whispering to the possible new recruit, "Don't worry. He won't bite!" The Malaysian girl's words had Heather laughing as she sat down across from Jeff and next to Scott.

"I heard that!" Jeff groused good naturedly. "Okay. Now to business. I have to say I'm very impressed with your credentials, Miss Kennedy. Tell me something about some of the aircraft you've flown."

"I have flown short Stealths. You probably know them as the miniatures of the old Stealth bombers. I've had several hours piloting the Dogstar, which has a vertical takeoff ability. I've landed that on the aircraft carrier the Nimitz IV. I've flown a couple of early 20th century Hueys and I was accepted to fly Blue Angel number 5 on the demonstration acrobatic flight team."

"The F/A 25 Hornet?" asked Scott with delight.

Warming to her subject, Heather nodded. "That is a lovely jet aircraft. If you were going to dogfight with a craft like that, it would make for an elegant dance. Its maneuverability is wonderful!"

"And you've been testing out our new planes at the plant as well. How's the latest model on the X-Star III?"

"It's coming along beautifully, Mr. Tracy. All they need to do is adjust the weight on the left wing struts and she should be good to go. She's fuel efficient, too."

Shifting the papers, Jeff studied them for a moment before asking her, "You have your own private jet housed on the training grounds. A Jet Star?"

"Yes, I do," she responded.

"And you use this for making emergency flights?"

"Yes. I modified the plane to be able to carry any kind of donor tissue. All the paramedics have to do is slide the box into a special harness and if needed, there's a separate generator for power to keep the boxes cold. After that, I get into the air and get to the hospital."

"How did you come up with the idea?" Jeff asked, wondering if she got the idea from the news stories about International Rescue.

"The idea came from when I was getting my flying lesson in Virginia and my teacher had a seizure in the air. I took him directly to the nearest airport where they had a medical team waiting. I happened to overhear someone on the team remark to his buddy that they could use something like a volunteer organ donor pilot. So, when I got out of the Navy and ended up working as a test pilot for Tracy Industries, I talked Dad into helping me finance the Jet Star, and then set it up for donor flights and anything else they might need me for."

"That's the how. Now why did you set this up?"

"Once I made a delivery to a hospital. It was a kidney and the mother of the young man that it was going to insisted on talking to me. She gave me the biggest hug, soaking my shirt with her tears. That's why."

"How many babies are named after you?" asked Scott suddenly.  
Laughing, Heather raised up one finger.

"Okay, now tell me something about your family," encouraged Jeff, genuinely interested.

"My parents are James and Martha Kennedy. Dad's an architect in Virginia. He sat on the board with you for saving the September 11 memorial."

"Jim is your father? Wears a ponytail?" inquired Jeff.

"That's Dad," said Heather.

"Good man. And your mother?"

"She's very active in high society. I also have a brother, Donald, and a sister, Amy."

"Do you have a significant other? Boyfriend? Husband?"

"No, sir. I've never had the time."

"What do you do for fun?" Jeff's question caused her to smile.

"Shop on eBay, and I play a mean game of poker."

Jeff looked directly into her eyes and she didn't flinch an inch. "Maybe if there's time, I'll set up a game. I think that's all the questions I have for right now. Is there anything you'd like to ask me before we conclude?"

"Yes," Heather answered. "I'm curious to know why you wanted to know about the more technical aspects of my skills and the donor flights? Flying someone to the mainland and back requires only general piloting skills."

"Whenever I hire someone, I like to know everything they can do so that I can use their abilities to the fullest measure. You might say I like to get my money's worth. That's why I'm where I am." He stretched in his chair, gathered the sheets on his desk together and tamped them down a couple times. Standing up, he replied, "Okay, why don't we break for lunch?"

Graciously, Scott helped Heather out of her chair. "I'll take you to the dining room where you can meet the rest of the family. Be warned. It's noisy!"

"Can't be any worse than a base mess hall." Heather laughed as she thought to herself, That was the strangest interview I've ever had! I heard Jeff Tracy was rather odd. I wonder if it had anything to do with the time he spent on the moon?