

---

Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 20:27:34 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: Tikatu Sent: 8/25/2006 9:28 PM

Saturday, August 28, 4:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Tyler knocked on John's door, then entered at his brother's loud, "Come in!" He found his favorite brother busily picking up books from the end tables in his sitting room and filing them where they belonged on the shelves.

"Hey, Ty!" John said with a grin. "What brings you here?" He moved over to his writing corner, and picked up the latest revisions to his book, tamping the galley proofs down and tucking them into a file drawer.

"I wanted you to come play pinball with me," Tyler said as he watched his brother. He frowned, puzzled. "How come you're cleaning up?"

John stopped long enough to run a hand through his hair, and look at Tyler apologetically. "I'm sorry, Ty, but I can't play pinball with you tonight. I've got an appointment with Kat to teach her some Spanish." He gave a distracted wave to the room in general. "That's why I'm cleaning up. Can't have all the clutter around, y'know."

Tyler looked startled for a moment, then asked, "How come you're teaching her Spanish?"

"Because I know it and she wants to learn."

"Huh." Tyler thought this over for a minute. "How come you have to teach her tonight? Why can't you teach her some other time?"

John, who had gone back to straightening up, stopped once again. "Listen, Ty. In a few days I'll be going back up to Thunderbird Five. I don't have a whole lot of time left to start these lessons, or to spend time with her. So, tonight's the night, my man."

"But, I won't have too much more time with you either," Ty whined. "You'll be away for a whole month again!"

John sighed. "I know, Ty, and I'm sorry. But I've had this set up with Kat for a few days now, and it's important to me."

"Pleeeeeeease?" the boy pleaded.

John smiled at his little brother, trying to make him understand. "I'm sorry, Ty, but not tonight. I'll see what I can do about playing with you tomorrow, okay?"

"Hmph. I guess so," Tyler groused.

"Now, please let me finish what I was doing," John asked. "Unless you'd like to help...?"

"No. I don't want to help." Tyler turned to leave but as he reached the door, he stopped and looked at John. "Promise me we'll play tomorrow?"

John shook his head with another sigh. "I'll see what I can do. That's all I can promise."

Tyler turned away again, his shoulders slumped. He kicked the carpet as the door hissed open and he left the room. His brother watched him go, shaking his head for a moment and sighing a third time. Then he turned back to what he was doing.

Outside, Tyler glanced back at John's door and snorted. "Hmph! I knew this was coming. I knew he'd get all kissy-face with Kat and wouldn't have time for me." He put his hands in the pockets of his jeans as he walked toward his own room, head down, a scowl on his face. I don't like it. And I don't like her, either. She's taking up too much of my brother's time.

Gordon came in from the balcony in the corner of the house just as Tyler reached his bedroom door. "Hey, Ty!" he called cheerfully. "Why so glum?"

"John won't play pinball with me," Tyler complained. "He says he has to teach Spanish to Kat."

The fourth Tracy son regarded the seventh thoughtfully. This could turn into a sticky situation. Let's see if I can defuse it a little. "Well, maybe she asked him to. He's good at that, y'know." Before Tyler could continue his complaint, Gordon put an arm around him. "Listen, how about you and I play some pinball. A tournament for the championship of the world!"

Tyler sighed, but nodded. "I guess so."

"Okay!" Gordon said. "Come on, best three out of five! And last one there has to take second turn!"

The boy brightened, and started off down the hall in a hurry. "You'll be last all the way around, Gordon!"

"Oh yeah?" Gordon hustled off in pursuit of his younger brother, happy to have distracted him from his whining over John.