

---

Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 20:29:49 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: Tawnyangel22 Sent: 8/26/2006 12:47 AM

Tracy Island -- 28th July, early evening

"Hola, mi nombre es Kat. Trabajo con Brains en la Isla de Tracy," Kat said.

John grinned and then replied, "Your name is Kat and you work with Brains on Tracy Island."

They were both in the kitchen at the Villa preparing a meal. He had arranged to cook a meal for them to eat in his suite, while he started teaching her Spanish.

"Es de Londres?"

"No," she responded.

As soon as the meal was ready, she helped him to carry the food to his suite. Sitting down at the table, he dished up some hot soup and bread rolls followed by a pasta dish. For a while the two ate in companionable silence.

Then John said, "Me gusta escribir cartas, porque tengo un nuevo ordenador."

She hesitated then replied, giggling, "I like writing letters because I have a new computer."

After they had finished, she helped him carry the dirty dishes and cutlery back to the kitchen, and together they did the washing up. Back in his suite, she sat down on his sofa. He joined her, and for a while they continued, he firing Spanish at her and she replying as best she could.

Eventually he suggested that they take a short break. "Can I get you a drink?"

"Yes, please," she replied.

"Wine or fruit juice?"

"I'd like some wine, please."

"Um, Red or White?"

Kat giggled as she replied, "Ooh, decisions, decisions. I'd like white please."

John got two glasses and took out a bottle of wine from his cabinet, filling the glasses, he handed one to Kat.

"Cheers!" he said, raising his glass.



"Cheers!" she replied clinking glasses with him.

"Your Spanish is not bad. Better than you led me to believe," he remarked.

She smiled. "I rather suspect it's very textbook. I don't think I could hold a long conversation."

"Then we'll have to work on that. Maybe we could have Spanish evenings, where we don't speak any English."

He chuckled at the look on her face. "Well not straightaway perhaps."

When they had finished their drinks, he said. "Okay, Kat, name the days of the week."

"Lunes, Martes, Miercoles, Jueves, Viernes, Sabado, Domingo."

"Bueno. ¿Como està usted?" he asked.

"Me llamo Kat," she replied.

He laughed, "Kat I asked you 'how you are', not 'who you are'."

She blushed at her mistake. "John, I think I've had enough Spanish for one evening. Please, can we continue in English?" He agreed.

She looked around his suite. It was very tastefully decorated in cream and coffee colours. There were thick dark blue rugs on the floor and two reclining chairs, as well as the sofa. On the walls were prints of various constellations. Noticing a large bookcase against one wall, she wandered over.

"Have you read all these books?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No, not all of them. If there are any that you would like to borrow, please feel free to choose some."

She studied his books, and choosing two, came and sat down again.

"So, what have you chosen?"

She showed him. "The da Vinci Code, and The Secret of Atlantis."

"Hmm, that's an interesting choice," he replied. "What made you choose those?"

"I've heard so much about the da Vinci Code, and ancient civilisations interest me. Anyway, that's enough about me. So, tell me, John, what was life like for you before International Rescue?"

"Dad left the family farm, to join the Air Force. It was during that time that he met and married Mom. Grandma was always there for her when each of us was born, and she helped afterwards. Sadly Mom died when Alan was very young, and Grandma moved in to take care of us all."

"It must have been tough for your dad, losing his wife, and having five boys to bring up," she said.



"Yes, it was," he agreed. "But after Grandma went back home, we used to spend as much time as we could spare with her. I really enjoyed my days on the farm.

"It must have been a lively time with five boys. Were you all very mischievous?"

He had to admit that they had all gotten in to scrapes at one time or another during their childhood.

"I did find it a little difficult being the middle sibling, with two older and two younger brothers. When we were all growing up I used to feel that I didn't fit in. Scott and Virgil have always been close. Gordon and Alan are closest in age and seemed to enjoy teasing their elder brothers," he admitted.

"I know how you feel to some degree," she replied. "With two younger brothers, I know what you mean about teasing," she replied. "My brothers were just like that, all through my childhood."

"Did they give you a hard time?" he asked.

"No, they just played silly pranks on me. I could be rather serious as a child, especially where horses were concerned, and they certainly knew what buttons to press to wind me up."

He laughed at that. "So, then, tell me about your childhood."

"I had a happy childhood, enjoyed school, but I really loved the summer holidays when I was younger. I don't quite how, but they seemed to last forever," she remarked, as she curled her legs underneath her. "I was mad about horses. I think my mother use to hope that my pony craze would die down. It used to be one gymkhana after another through the holidays." She looked wistful. "In fact the only thing I really miss living here is horse riding."

"Did you own your own horse?" he asked.

"Yes, a New Forest pony called Rosie. She was lovely, so gentle, and so willing, although she could have her moods. I used to have some terrible falls. I really wanted to be a Three Day Eventer, but Rosie was too small, and I couldn't afford another horse."

"What happened to her?" he asked.

"When I went to college, I couldn't spend the time with her that she deserved, so I sold her to the daughter of a local farmer, the one who let me ride his horse when I went home for my birthday."

"I expect you missed her," he said.

"Don't let on, but I cried for days," she replied, then added. "Now what of your dreams, John, you must have had some."

"Like Dad, I wanted to be an astronaut. I attended college, eventually going to Harvard, and then took training in that field," he answered. "But then, I suppose International Rescue took over. Why



did your father start it?"

"After Mom died, Dad left the Space Agency, and formed his own company, specialising in civil and construction engineering, before branching out into aeronautic and astronautic equipment."

"And you five boys were part of that?"

"Not at first. I remember that there was a very bad accident. A lot of people died because there wasn't the equipment available to help them. Dad decided that he would make ground breaking equipment. He bought Tracy Island and we all moved here. He'd met a young man who was truly gifted, and with his expertise and Dad's money, the Thunderbirds and the other equipment were created."

"I assume that that was Brains."

John nodded as he leaned back, placing his hands behind his head. He was enjoying this evening, just the two of them relaxing and talking about their lives, getting to know each other.

"So, how did Kyrano and Tin-Tin come to live on the island?"

"Dad and Kyrano first met at the Kennedy Space Centre. They met again later, and Dad asked Kyrano to join him to help with the domestic arrangements. Tin-Tin graduated with degrees in higher mathematics, and Dad invited her to join the team. She assisted Brains with the maintenance of the vehicles."

"Which I am now doing," she stated "I don't suppose you have much time for other hobbies?"

"Well I think I mentioned before I enjoyed athletics when I was in college. My preferred sports were cross-country running, racquetball, soccer and track and field. I can only really pursue running on the island. But I do enjoy reading, both fiction and non-fiction. I run on the beach some mornings. You'll have to join me, but I'll warn you, I run very early."

Kat laughed as she shook her head. "I don't think I'll take you up on that; I don't do early mornings through choice."

"We have a tennis court; do you play tennis?" he asked.

"Yes, although I've not played since I was at school; but maybe we could have a game of tennis sometime. I used to love watching Wimbledon on the television."

He grinned. "Okay, then, we'll have a game of tennis one day."

"I'll hold you to that," she replied, grinning back at him.

Kat glanced at her watch; it was getting late. "Heavens John! I don't know where the time went; I'll have to go. But thanks for the meal and the lesson. I enjoyed them both."

"It's a pleasure Kat, I enjoyed the evening as well. We must do it again."



He walked her back to her apartment. Holding her hand, the couple walked down the stairs and through the kitchen, and then outside heading for the monorail. He glanced at her and squeezed her hand. She smiled at him; it just felt so right.

When they arrived at her apartment, she said, "That was a lovely evening, thank you so much. Oh no! I've left those books in your room."

"I'll make sure you get them tomorrow," he promised, and then he bade her goodnight.